

ILLUSTRIOUS AMERICAN
and Other Verses



by

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THE ART GUILD
Atlantic City

Illustrious American

* * *

America, guardian of world-democracy!
Rampart of human liberty!
All eyes are now on thee:
from rich plateau and sandy plain,
from every cove and inland sea;
Defender of the down-trod serfs,
battling to make all slavery end,-
protector of the Refugee
and Mender of the broken hopes of men.

Thy rugged shores beckon from other lands
the freedom-lovers of the world,
to find here on these golden sands
a haven 'neath the flag-of-unity unfurled.
Aflame within thy breast
pulsate the raw desires and protests
of the Nordic, Russ and Magyar;
and well does thy memory retain
the songs and the loves
of the Scot, the Swede and Tartar.

Thy ancestral vein runs back
to the dwellers along the Danube and the Seine,
and the children along the Thames
and the Volga revere thy name.
In thee culminate the dreams
of the races of the earth;
and all men are thy brothers,-
for thou are the great Cosmopolitan,
the composite World-Citizen,
emissary to the world's friendless ones-
illustrious American!

Dauntless rebel for social-justice,
equality and fraternity,
struggling for a higher humaner civilization
where some day, men practicing Christian brotherhood,
will discard war and greed
and let the land and its fruits,
like the sea and the sun,
become the common heritage of man!

Release

* * *

How often,
O how often,
have I burst
through the bars
of my cage,
in pursuit of the hawk
and the lark
to their secluded
mountain hiding;

and then,
amid the mysterious beauty
of Nature,
went sailing light-heartedly
away with them
across sequestered waters,
where I too
dipt my wings
into the tranquil blue
of the crystal lake!

* * *

To live in this world
is a joy
to each one of us,
though we may be
unwilling to admit it;
for no matter
what surface-disturbances
are ours,-
yet deep beneath
everyone is saying:
"Afterall, isn't living sweet!"

Evening Peace

* * *

Soft murm'ings of the ev'ning breeze
blending with distant echoes
of the Whip-er-Will's call;
a gentle sougning in the sleeping trees,
and sounds of leaves that fall.
Memories of childhood,
and a sweet-heart or two;
life and light,
with joy that overflows.

Moonlight glistening on the ev'ning dew;
and calm inner-peace
from the Unseen-One who knows.
Children's laughter in the distant heard,
and love-thoughts wild
that only in the heart are stirred!

Darkness falling on the wings of Night,
and stealthily falling
on the brooding Stillness;
with deep'ning shadows
chasing other shadows
in nymph-like flight.

A last look at a purple-furrowed sky,
narrowed toward the West
where fleece-like clouds pass
and mourn and cry
for a day that's gone to rest.

Then countless hours in dream-thought spent,
in soliloquy and happy contemplation
on glory and accomplishment;
on friendship, honor, strength
and a lovable home!

Thus lingering long in meditation,
until at length
all the dear and gilded fancies
of the morn are flown,
while but one fond hope survives,-
and only the Infinite and I
are left alone!

My Gift

America!
I give the best
that I possess,
dear Motherland
to you,
my gracious Alma Mater
glad smiles, mistakes,
considerateness,
with hope and zest
and all it takes
for soul-full
happiness.

My strength and thoughts,
my precious hours
all for you
unstintedly,
nor count the price!
Yea more,
my love and life
I offer too,-
a holy sacrifice,
as my cheerful gift
to You.

* * *

Great Possessions



REAL possessions are not essential to happiness;
but a glad heart and a clear conscience are.
With these, as our prized possession, we may
richly enjoy whatever small or large measure of
wealth has come our way.

Our source of income may be meager, yet if we spend just a
little less than we earn and keep a hopeful outlook, we will
find we are still ahead of the Game.

However, whether rich or poor, proletariat or aristocrat,
vagabond or gentlemen, we must concede that social-security
and equal opportunity for wealth acquisition must ever be
the sacred right of every individual.

In the last analysis though, they are richest and most content,
who having found their peace-of-mind, their equanimity and
place in the complex scheme of things, have nurtured and
acquired a material, mental, and moral equilibrium.

We Fight! What For?

* * *

We fight for our way-of-life and life itself.
We fight that we may live
as sane and social beings.
We fight for homes and opportunities to give
our children glad and welcome birth.
We fight to slay the Dragon
that has his ugly claws
in everyone who breathes
in every corner of the earth.

We, human liberators everywhere-
on battlefield dieing and on the desert burning,
on Russian hills and Libyan sands,
on every continent and island of the Seas,
in industry sweating and by home-fires yearning:
we fight for more enjoyment
of earthly wealth our labor produces
and for a bit of soil to call our own.

We fight for the democratic State
where we may live unmolested
by tyrants with a bloody sword,
by brazen Autocrats of stolen gold and power,
and smirking slick Magicians
who keep us poor and dumb.

We fight for the union of humanity:
yet to each their own form of government.
for collective security among Nations we fight
and for a World Federation
where every State is assured access to materials
it needs for economic prosperity;
and for such a world where all the slaves walk free.

We fight to speed the day the architects
may again re-build the devastated Lands,
and men's sublimest dreams may be carried out,
and Industry hum;
that Christ-like trust and fellowship return
to every sea and shore,
that common-sense and sanity will come,
and Monsters rule the world no more.

Common Clay

Could we but peep within
the hearts and thoughts of others,
we'd notice something there akin
to make us all as brothers.

Could we but lend
a helping hand
a little quicker, kinder,-
a vision clear we would command
as a reminder

that human feet
are common clay
which sometimes slip
and often stumble;
and then reflecting this,
we'd surely be
more helpful, and
more humble.

* * *

Carefree

Long I tarry on sunny hills
to drink the blue of the sky;
long I list to music
of playful rills
and say: "Who is so rich
as I?"

Patiently I grow and flower
in spacious garden lands,
the while nurtured
by a raindrop
from a summer-shower
and fanned by fairy hands.

By the south-wind
rockt and tosst,
and softly kisst
by the morning mist,
and by the bee
that comes to sip
the nectar from my lip.

Wanderlust

* * *

I hear the call
of the wide open spaces,-
I'm fretful for the Road;
I dream of the green Oasis
where travelers make their abode.
I yearn for the freedom of earth and sky
and the great broad world as my home,
for within my breast is Wanderlust
which nothing else will satisfy
except to loaf at ease and roam.

It is a call that clamors to be heard
in a soul-appealing way;
like the plaint of a captive bird, intensified;
or the chirping song of a swallow
in a chiding rondelay,
from which one dares not turn aside
but must obediently follow.

I cannot say
If it's something in the balmy air
or the gypsy in my blood,
that whirls my thoughts in a daze;
but truly there is an urge
my rebellious spirit fills,-
some touch of the buccaneer,
a vagabonding mood,
or the lure to reach the haze
on far-off hills!

I hear the self-same bechoning
each new and glorious Spring;
engulfing my soul in restlessness, deliciously,-
and setting my feet ajourneying
for distant street and tranquil dale,
that gladden my heart
in devious ways, so many days
through foot-paths
along the Friendly Trail.

The Dignity of Labor

* * *

Attention there! You idlers everywhere!
Stand aside, make-way;
for this is the day of earnest toilers
of brain and braun
and of the bold defenders of our Land.

Men in battle cannot fight without bullets!
Men in battle and men in industry
cannot carry-on without a full stomach.
So stand aside, you dawdlers everywhere,
make-way for busy determined men,-
since we have a war and peace to win.

* * *

To work, at present and anytime,
is highly dignified and commendable.
Only effeminate snobs and useless drones
think it un-refined
to be classed among the workers.

Rather, it is un-manly and un-patriotic
not to work.

All work which is essential is honorable.
All work well-done is art-and dignified;
Whether plowing, printing, or portrait-painting.

Is not all wealth produced by labor?
by labor applied to natural resources?

There is nothing accomplished without effort.

At present, to work and work hard is heroic,
For it takes lots of work to conduct a war.

Whatever humans have achieved in this world,
and what they still hope to achieve,
in science, art, business, morals and home-building,
is all the result of hard persevering WORK.

What Is Mortal Life?

* * *

What is man's odd caravan
of turbulent years,
but a swiftly moving stream
rushing onward toward an Ocean!

What is man's brief span,
but joys and fears
enmeshed in a troubled Dream
of strange incidents and motion!

What is man's life
but a colorful tale
that's quickly told!
What is his life,
but a mirage pale,
that fades e'en while we behold!

What is his life,
but dust and vapour,
mixed with spirit and air.
What is it but a dying taper,
sparkling aglow,
only to disappear!

What is mortal life?
but a flower that grows;-
and grows and grows,
and then is touched by the frost
and shivers.
What is it!
but a full-blown rose
that's scorched by the noon-day sun,
and calmly withers!

That, my friend, is earthly life;
a flash, a thought,
a breeze, a span!
That my brother, is human strife;
the swift little journey
of mortal man!

Hope

We have traveled
the Road of Night,
dream-dimmed
and beset with snares,-
where hideous seductive voices
in the throbbing Dark
enticed, and threatened to destroy;
but, Morning came,
and with it
Light and Hope!

* * *

My Cry and My Song

My Cry and my Song
is a paean of astonished amazement
at the wealth of human gratification
awaiting man's awakening;
a chant of joyful participation
in daily events,
making living a precious adventure.

My Cry is a song of triumph
for men and women,-
jubilant, rejoicant;
because of virt'ry in this
our homelike world;
because of so much to live-for,
with no need to wait
for another re-incarnation
to know the pleasures of heaven
or the pains of hell,-
since sufficiency is on the threshold,-
is here, at hand, prepared for every human heart.

The Drones

Lounging languorously in limousines,-
affluent, over-dressed avordupoise;
modern Cleopatras, acting, talking,
yet after all, only noise!

Heartless, brainless, and bereft.
the higher aims of man;
wasting, trifling,-
gaudy, pompous, impudent;
every movement but a sham.

Idling through their languid days,
incompetent, indifferent, profligate;
stagnant, vain, pretentious in all their ways,
wastrel, wanton, degenerate;

And relieved
of wholesome pleasure,
labor, strife;
voracious, thoughtless,-
anxious to deceive,-
dissipating out
a useless life!

* * *

Equality

To be equal with one and all,-
not only our duty,-
but a necessity;
as well as to each
the same opportunity
and rights of possession,
that justice may be done.

Light-heartedness

Cheerfully swings the heart along,
attuned and lightheartedly;
for even though the flesh
and the mind
suffer
with the grievings
of humankind,
and strive
religiously
to make amends;

still,
there need be no weariness
in altruistic trends
while there is faith
and sincere brotherhood;
nor can the memory find a pain
that has not helped us onward
toward the Good!

* * *

Compensative Worth

The love we may give and take,-
the beauty appealing to us everywhere,
the freedom of thought and fancy,- the delight
of un-restraint,- the fragrance and charm of friends,
the balm and warmth of human sympathy,- the revered
memory of noble lives,- the grandeur of illustrious minds,-
these are things that compensate in full for our every lack
of good or excess of ill we may have charged against life,-
which offset by their luster, all that is cheerless, ugly, mean
and vicious!

Exultation

* * *

Here in the U.S.A.
at ev'ry dawn of another day,
at ev'ry view of sunset's purple splendor,
at ev'ry glimpse of verdant pasture lands
and stretching mountain ranges;
upon ev'ry look at midnight's starry vastness,
at ev'ry thrill with the love of true comradship,
at each thought of the marvelous possibilities
and powers of the human mind-,

we pause in exultation!

When we contemplate in all its fullness
the perfect Mechanism of the Universe
the sovereignty of the individual,
the protection of a powerful Nation,
and Natures bountiful provision for us all,
we can only stand in awe
and cry aloud in exuberant praise!

We must revel in joy of our anticipation
of achievements, temporal and immortal,
made possible by the unity of purpose and action
of our one-hundred-and-thirty-million people!

When we ponder
the manifold benefits of privileged existence
of breathing the freedom-air
in a strong united Democracy,-
physical, educational, spiritual benefits,-
of health, wealth, friendship, knowledge,
and the many human contacts,
all large, generous, boundless and un-restrained,
we can only acclaim:

"How glorious this delight of being!
How grand to live, to love, to know!"

Immortal Atom

Out of the microcosmical I rise!
Up from the infinitesimal
to the supernal
I force my way.

With snail-like process
and indescribable patience
I creep through aeons of Time,
amid protozoon, hydra, newt,
and deep-sea slime;

up through the creature-stages
of pisces, reptile, amphibian,
and aboriginal-man;
and thence onward
blundering through superstition,
fear, ignorance,-
yet ever advancing in spite of
false leaders toward the finished product
of spiritualized Anthropolos
I journey on my ameliorating way!
I, the indestructible individualist!

* * *

In the Garden of the Heart

In the garden of the heart
bloom the lillies of fond desire;
bloom the roses fanned to sacred fire;
flow the rivers of endless peace,
glow the flames of loved release;
in the garden of the heart.

Out of the garden of the heart
blows the perfume of passion flowers,-
grows the fruit of love and blessed hours;
stalks mystery, to be mystery freed,-
walks the king, to be king indeed!
Out of the garden of the heart.

To the Lord of Life

* * *

Thy glory glows in the golden dawn,
thy splendor shows in the crimson rose;
thy skill in the agile fawn;
and in the mother's soft caress
we see thy beneficence
and tenderness.

On silent beach and crowded mall,
we hear thy speech,
We sense thy call!
Yea, in storm and calm,
and in the voice of thunder
we see thy strength,
and in the force that rents
earth's crust asunder.

Pray tell, who fashions the lilly's cup
and clothes the earth with green?
Who creates the smiling vales
and winter's icy mien?
Who shapes the hailstones in thunder-showers
and sends the raindrops, frost, and dew;
forms crystals in the snow-flakes
and paints the rainbow colors
in summer-flowers,-ah indeed, Who?

Lo, Lord of Life, on ev'ry hand
appear thy gifts;
on verdant plain and forest land,
and in the raging river;
while unto human lives
rich peace and happy consciousness
thy grace bestows abundantly,-
great Lord of Life, O Bountiful Giver!

Awakening

So new, seems the world today!
New hope and faith
is in the air
since Winter's dreams
have blown away,
and life springs up
from everywhere.

As if from caves
men come forth
to labor and rejoice;
youth and birds
come out to sing;
everyone with new ambition,
heart, and voice,
for now is resurrection
and the Spring!

* * *

The Humanist

The greatest among men is the humanist;
who loves all humanity, and places the needs
of others far above his own. He does not really
wish to do or to have what mankind at large cannot
have. His desire is for universal happiness, usefulness,
education, perfection,- rather than for selfish individual
goodness.

These Things My Heart Has Met

* * *

These things my heart has met:
the perfume of love's divine sweet breath,
the sting of remorse and the pall of death.
The glory of the golden dawn
and the glow of the setting sun;
the wonder and the vanity of brain and braun,
and the anguish of the tempted one.

The flattery of flowers
and the ephemeral of grass,-
the flush of new wine
and the love of many a lass.
The longing for the brighter Morrow
and the sparkle of mirth,-
the gloom of sorrow
and the reverence of the earth.

The beauty of friendship
and the coldness of fear;
the lilt of song
and the weight of many a tear!
The magic touch of woman's lips
and the charm and grace of young and old;
the pure divinity of an angelic face
and the bliss of heaven deep in the soul;

the scorn of fools and malice of knaves I've met;
the esteem of men, and strange mystical feelings,
inexplicable feelings, beyond human ken.
And Elysium have I met
with truth and right,
and love's bright flame
held high aloft;
and hells of cruel-thoughts
with fires of jealousy, discord, and pain.

All these have I met,
and doubtless will meet again,
until at last I meet the grim Reaper,
the Harvester Death!
who reaps and reaps with his sickle of wrath,
and sweeps and sweeps all in his wide Path;
for He is the great Reaper,
the lord of the Reapers,-
the Harvester of Breath!

June

The year is still so young,
and life's at flow of tide;
while a friendly sun
sends healing rays
through windows opened wide.

On ev'ry hand
new leaves and buds appear,-
ev'ryone as if from tombs;
and all the sunlit gardens
are astir
with fragrance from the blooms.

From out of its chambered cage
my joyous spirit runs,
to spend a day with forest friends
and other un-caged ones
in God's great Out-of-doors;
together we go feasting then
on bounties spread before us.
In soothing sun and air
together we revel,-
until at length
with goodly droughts of woodland smells
we satisfy and heal ourselves.

* * *

Abandon

Deeply I inhale
the curative anodyne
of sylvan dale
and wooded hill,
while my thoughts
I let frolic
freely as they will.

I sniff the rarified ozone,
enriched with cedar, sandal-wood and clove;
and it seems as if
I cannot sniff quite enough!
and then relax and surrender
in reckless abandon,
losing all sense of bodily presence.
Presently I become so permeated with life
that I mount, as if on wings!
I rise, and soar,-
like the eagle in her upward flight,
like the swelling tide, I rise;
and like the river-freshet,-
heaving full of freedom!

For You and For Me

* * *

For me
the bobolink sings,
and the spider weaves her web;
for you and for me
the bee wings
from flower to flower
and tree to tree,-
for you and for me.

For me the cosmos
and the daisies shed
their petals,
and bow their head.
For you and for me
the moonsheen's silvery,
and the sunset's gory red;
for you and for me.

Calm is the dusk
and peaceful our sleep,
when day has been bright;
and kindly vagrant stars keep
faithful vigil through the night,-
for you and for me.

On Springtime's wings
in May and June,
honeyed lilacs waft
their rich perfume
to you and to me;
and ev'ry month
Some fragrance rare
enrich's the radiant air
at morning, night, and noon
for you and for me.

Yea more, though this redundant be!
A generous Hand, unseen, unsung,
gives life, and love abundantly;
paints jonquils gold, and gentians blue,
gives earth her richness, glory, hue,
for you and for me!

Arrival

We may not all arrive
at our destination
precisely at the appointed time,-
but, we can at least
preserve our true course:

* * *

Estacy

Who will share with me
fond ecstasy
and love fraternally?
Who will join to celebrate
the rapturous joys
of animated consciousness?
Then come with me
so we may jubilate
in carefree juvenescence
and mirthful gaiety.

Bring robust fellow-feeling,
with taste and song, exquisitely.
Then let us chat
and fraternize convivially,
and visit long,
platonic and congenial
as brother-creatures of the soil,
to gladden each other companionably
in body, mind, and heart;
enjoying our beneficent sun,
earth, and sky,
and whatever else is here,
soul-satisfying with substance
and replete with gratification
for our luxury-craving senses!

A Roving Star

For Pomp and Flare
I would not care,
nor wish to drink
bacch'nalian wine;
much rather be
for travelers free
some guiding star to shine.

I would not want
to wear a crown,
nor in some sheltered vale
to settle down,-
could I but always be
a brightly shining star
for sailors on the sea.

A jolly roving star
then let me be;
without home-ties
or affixed abode,
to wander on and on
and know no rest;
and shine and shine
to luminate the lonely Road
where anxious souls pursue
unending quest.

* * *

The Kingdom of Heaven

The kingdom of heaven will eventuate
when more heavenly principles are lived out
by the dwellers on earth in their everyday lives;
and when more individuals exhibit the spirit of
friendly unselfish service.

The outward display of beautiful, or heavenly
surroundings, will readily follow when heavenly thoughts
and feelings issue from a large enough majority!

The Rainy Day

* * *

I love a rainy day
now and then,
when I may shirk
some trivial task
and stay away
from accustomed work
to spend the time in rummaging
through musty souvenirs
that waken memories
of flaming youth and courtin' years!

O yes indeed, I do prefer
the bright and sunny days,
that garland the earth
with gold and green;
but say, I also love
the rainy day
that's sandwiched in between.

On rainy days
the wooded hill
is fast asleep,
wrapped in a gauzy haze;
while the gnomes are still
and birds have no song,
and only feathery clouds,
like droves of downy sheep
move drowsily
all day long.

Dreamily I watch
the musical rain,
dripping off the steaming roof
and streaming down
the crying window-pane;
'tis then I like to think
the rain is good,-

to sprout the seed
and grow the wood,-
thus serving as the Season's chaperon
to do those many miracles,
so human lives may have their livelihood
and strength to carry-on.

How wholesome to enjoy
the music of the wind
moaning in the trees,
to which one may hum
some long-forgotten tune;-
now tearing at defenseless twigs
and wildy whistling 'round the eaves;
then sighing and talking
consolingly,
on days like these!

It's on such days
one thinks of Thanks,
for the gifts of the years;
for friendship, love,
and money in banks!
For health and smiles,
and even tears!
Yea, for raiment and for bread
in a land of peace,
and for a well-built roof
over one's head.

Yet even though
today the clouds
may be hanging low,
we need not fretful be;
since we may know
the clouds will presently pass,
along with the goodly rain,
and soon the land will smile once more,
for the sun will surely shine again!

The Common Aim

In the final check-up
we may find
that all forces in the world
are working to advance
the general welfare of mankind.

Eventually, we may discover
that all political, social, industrial,
fraternal, civic, and religious groups
do their part heroically,
even though it may appear
that some took a devious route
to arrive at the same destination.

* * *

The rarest delights of life
have never come to him who has not learned
that it is grander to give than to receive.

When we ascertain
that giving is getting;
that serving is ruling and ruling is serving;
that loving is being loved; that helping is being
useful; that we may have no enemies if we do not hate; that
the kingdom of heaven is within us; that paradise is en-
tered by right living; that there are not good and bad
people but merely fortunate and unfortunate ones; THEN,
life's wondrous enjoyments come to us all the time.

My Bivouac

* * *

Of, when the last streaks
of vermillion Sunset have faded,
and there is then
no more of rapturous beauty
for me to see;

I pause by the wayside,-
and in an instant
construct my cabin for the night
along the edge of some friendly forest!

Arched protecting arms of a hemlock or a pine,
and the diamond-studded inky sky,
form the roof;
and the darkness around,
the four solid trusty walls!

Thus, well-pleased with my bivouac
I'm soon reclined, outstretched, and relaxed;
offering a prayer of thanks to the Divine Protector
for the blessing of the day, and for peace
to every living creature;

and then, suggesting youth and harmony
to the subconsciousness,
so that I may grow in youthfulness and poise
the while slumbering.

Meanwhile, wonders of inspirational thought and
feeling hover 'round in the symphonic silences,
ere the matchless music of the sylvan night
lulls the senses off to rest.

There is more than fruit and leaves
to a tree;
there is more than lumber
in a tree-trunk!
Indeed,-
volumes of inspirational song,
and a wealth of art and beauty
issue forth
from one lone pine
upon a knoll!

* * *

Refreshment

Through woodland grove
and fertile plain I roved
upon my journey long
as in a sensuous dream;
until fatigued from want of drink
I stopt to hear the cheerful song
of a spurling, mur'ring stream.

I stooped beside the streamlet's mossy brink
and quietly dipt my little cup
in cool refreshing waters
that laughed and raced in glee
and smiled the while
they gladly offered up
their treasures rare to me.

Lo then, while on my traveling
through the years,-
love-sweetened and full o' smiles,-
I'll pause a moment now and then
to drop my hates and fears
beside the Springs of Life
that flood with joy;
where eagerly I'll plunge
my goblet of silver mirth,
and drink deeply
from the blessings of the Earth!

Dream Idyll

I muse and dream, a dream of yore;
I dream of days and years of incarnations gone before.
I dream of heart-aches, pain, defeat,-
of such as mortals never knew.
I dream of love and song,
and of the many friendships that grew
in the garden of the soul for ages long.

In sunny breezes along a far-flung ocean reach,
away from acrid mundane strife,
upon this lonely barren beach
I meditate, and ponder on the mystery of life!

Underneath these strange uncharted skies,
I dream a dream of silent rest,
touched by the magic touch of Heaven's breast.
While far off yonder there in space,
in a dream-filled haze
I see through vaporous tears
far down the labyrinthian maze
of ancient years,
the actors that appeared in their turn
in the endless Drama,-
who've vanished now
as strangely as they came,
to Lands Unseen,
and valiantly erased their foot-prints
and closed the Gate between!

Then, through the threshold
of the mind's mysterious door,
I behold, O such cool, celestial caves
and languid lacy trees,
waving in a surf-tapestried
opal-ocean breeze!
I look intently, and lo, I see
heavenly glories spread before!
O say, I'm enraptured and amazed
at the beauty visioned o'er;
until ecstatic and entranced,
I enter triumphantly,
Heaven's Elysium Shore!

(Written on the 3rd day of the Nation-wide heat wave,
July 15, 1937, in Atlantic City, N. J.)

The Unseen Habitant

That which you judge to be me
is really not me!
You are misled
by outward appearances.

What you see
is but a faint reflection
of what I am,-
a carpenter, tinker,
tradesman or printer.

That is not even my business!
And what might be my business?
Well, just to be helpful,
glad and kind;
as glad and kind
as I can.
And above all,
to use my mind
to build
the very best I know.

What you see
is but the shell
hiding the kernel
What you see
is my vocation,
which secures me the needs
for the physical, ephemeral.

What is truly me
strikes deeper root,
and you see it
but once in a while.

* * *

The Conquering Attitude

Our vitality should be of such a high voltage
that we will feel in every atom of our being, we are
predestined to be the happy smiling conquerors shining
with the light of truth; and therefore cannot help diffusing
beneficence wherever we go, since we are the spiritualized
Anthropos,- the upward-looking, forward-moving creatures
with a social brain,-the highest, divinest aim of all Creation!

The Soul of Poetry

* * *

I am the mystic soul of prophesy,
interpreting the language of the stars;
I am the tranquilizer,
silencing the turbulent multitude,
and pacifying the anguish
in a million troubled hearts!

To and fro I go,
among ev'ry breed of men,
in ev'ry clime;
I step amidst contention
and there is calm.

I am the soul of poetry;-
continually I hear sounds
not to be spoken or heard
by jittery mortal man,
and translate them
into the crude dialect of the Time

I sense the clumsy dumb desires
of the Masses,
and fit them to words and song
of the Spirit-of-the-Times!

Day and night, melodies unheard
by the rabble in the street,
vibrate in my ear.
I grasp the sublime utterances
of flower and bird
and clothe them
in the coarse garment
of human speech.

Entranced by the symphonic sounds,
I lose myself in a moment's reverie,
where I become eyes to the blind,
ears to the deaf and tongue to the dumb;
lo, I become heart, and voice, and conscience
for the surging Throng!

The Weeds

* * *

Soon we shall lavish
greater consideration
upon the weeds of life!

The weed is but an unloved flower
needing thoughtful care.

The pervert, the outcast, the racketeer-
but products of neglected environment.

As we emerge into more rational Understanding
we will draw the weeds also
high up to the status
of admired sun-kissed flowers!

Eventually the weeds, the chaff, the rubbish,
shall have found their place.
Eventually, the Wilderness,
the Alleys, the Ghettos
will have been transformed
into gardens of delight;

presently the desert-lands
and barren wastes-
within and without-
shall bring forth abundance
and blossom as a rose;
and man will become the crowned king,
the purest, finest, human-divine form
the world has ever known!

Then, shall the grouse and wild hare
be no more wild;
nor shall man be filled
with apprehensive fear;
then shall neither man nor animal
be the ferocious beast,
but playmate to the child;
nor will the elk and the deer
evinced the slightest fear
at sight of man,-
for man will have learned
the better way,
and every soul
will have come
into his own.

Free-thought

* * *

From this day henceforth
let me dedicate myself
to the freedom of thought
that will grant all men
the widest latitude.

From unhappy, unhealthy environment
to free mankind;
resolving to press no limits
to anyone's thinking.

Let me go where I list,
or feel the free-est.
East, West, let me go;
to all savants and sages,
to all philosophers
and philosophies.

Giving ear to them all, -
listening well, contemplating long,
and gladly hearing what they say,
yet serenely formulating my own;
ever breathing my own free air
and going my gladsome way.

for all space and time
is yours and mine;
from the Alps to the Himalayas,
from the Pyrennes to the Caucasus,
from the Rockies to the Andies.

More-over, I am larger,
and you are larger
than the opinions of others;
while no slave-thoughts
can with-hold us
within bounds,
once we realize
that we are expanding gods!

Compassion

* * *

I see grim Justice take a brother-man
from out the blacken'd bars
and dragged an' hanged
before my quivering eyes!

I see another, flogged, humbled and abused;
I sense their shame, I feel their pain
as I too am humbled, flogged,
and strangled by the neck!

For I am he they hang!
and I am he they flog!
I am the drunkard, killer, thief,-
but for the Grace o' God,
or some trick of Fate!

Yea, how heavily falls
the Arm of Guilt on me?
For I too must bear
my apportioned share
of the World's big sin
as well as love and hate!

In spite of all the good I would,
I feel a choking weight,
that drags me to the dust;-
like part of a ponderous Grief
hanging heavy on the world;
and accept I must,
my share of sorrow, loss, and ill;

for I, like Christ and you,
must carry my Cross,
alone

up

the

Hill!

Social Harmony

There is a song in man
that few have found;
abiding in the secret sanctuary
of the human heart.

They that befriend it,
walk in the sunlight
of happiest days,
Clothed in the royal robes
of noblest creaturehood.

Then behold! What thrilliant music!
of human lives in social-harmony,
transcending all symphonic sounds!
For believe, human unity
bestows the highest state
of ecstasy!

* * *

The Travelers

Is not all activity
for the progress of human unfoldment?
for the mental and moral growth of individuals?
for the development of character?
for the development and preparation
of immortality in the flesh?

The kaleidoscopic march of events,
civilizations, theories, conduct,
arts, craft, industry,
the refinements of culture
and every mundane activity,-
are they not all
the necessary sustenance
for the Travelers?

Thanksgiving

Soon every man will thankful be, and kind;
endowed with gentleness and mercy
for the weak, the poor, the blind.
Soon, each will know to think and pray,
and grant every one the right
to live, to speak, to work and play.

Soon, a larger interest will flow
from man to man,
and from man to brother-creatures
in the rank below.
Soon, all life from out the chrysalis
will be human-leavened
with the leaven of the humanist.

Then thankful everyone,-
each day, each hour;
for peace in Nation, home, and soul;
give thanks for love, for life
and mental power
to journey onward
toward the Goal!

* * *

O Stars of the Night

O stars of the night,
so shy and discreet;
will you kindly answer:
are there other Planets
that wait for the tread
of our anxious feet?

Are there other worlds,-
fairer, grander,-
where human hearts encompass
a larger pleasure, freedom, bliss?

O you eternal jovial stars,-
I believe it not;
none other Land's as fair as this!

Harvester

I am the jovial harvester,
feasting
on the sunset's vermilion artistry
of autumn's frescoed sky!

I am the tireless reaper,
gathering the sparkle of the dew
in the early morning light.

With generous smiles
and rays of cheerfulness
I laugh my granary full.

Ceaselessly I gather acres
of priceless possessions
from flowering trees
and fragrant meadow lands.

I harvest the fertile field's glory,
(and leave the farmer his hay!)
I take uncounted wealth
from prolific growing crops
afar and near;
and garner the laughter
and the buoyancy
from young and old,
along the city's turbulent mart,
and store them all as new-found joys
in the inner-most vaults of the heart
to draw upon
when Winter comes.

* * *

Ephemeral

Like a blade of grass
does man appear;
up, up from the ground.
and, as the noon-day shadow
does he pass
from mortal sphere
and can no more be found.

Twilight

Comes now the dusky Stillness,
brooding meditatively;
enveiling the landscape
in the sombre hue
of Twilight's mysterious haze;
and then
noiselessly
enshrouding the view
with the cloak of Night,-
while the peaceful Silence steals abroad,-
broken only
by the thrush
singing his ev'ning song.
But soon
even his clear sweet notes
melt away,
leaving me
with the Solitude,
yielding resignedly
into the comforting Arms
of Morpheus!

* * *

We are rich,
for we live in mansions
whose architecture
is the finest ever known.

* * *

We are rich,
for we are the recipients
of royal gifts,-
heart, hand, and mind!

The Hermit

* * *

While on my homeward way
along a lonely mountain road,
I chanced upon a little cot
that stood amid a pine-wood lot;
'twas a hermit's quaint abode.

The place was lone and drear,-
the window and the door was shut;
I saw the lonesome dweller move and weep,
and shyly creep about, and peep
from out the window of his hut.

His step was slow,
his mien was sere;
upon his face
was not a smile,
but in his eye
a tear!

This wooded haunt,
this form so gaunt,
is all that is his own;
the joy of life,
the bliss of love
he has for years not known.
while the warm clasp of comradeships
long since slipt his memory,
and the velvety touch of children's lips,
all from him have flown.

Yet, he delights to live, aloof, alone;
far from the fold of the sheltering clan.
(He calls it the "fold of poor fool man"),
But, why does he weep,
and why is he under this ban?
Ah, he weeps for social ignorance
and for Sin,
that is transciently entered in,
that makes a knave and slave of man!

Winter

* * *

I peep out of my house of clay
upon the leaden day,
in search of a hope for man!
But alas, man's but a leaf,-
his days so brief,
his days so brief,
are full of grief;
so brief as a spider's span!

All day long the snow's been falling;
and now at eve, the merry flakes so soft 'n cold
still whirl and twirl in playful mood,
and clothe the earth with fold on fold.

Nymph-like couriers of pure delight,
driven to an' fro;
purifying an' spreading a mantle of white,-
tumbling, dancing, sporting as they go,-
reminding us, lest we forget
to love the Winter and the snow.

How kind of Winter to blanket us
with a spotless robe of silence!
How wise of the frost thru the soil to creep,
preparing the fields for planting!
How noble of Nature to chant her cradle-song
and sing her infant child asleep!

Relaxation

How pleasant is rest
and the ev'ning best
when the heart finds balm
in quiet reflection.
When the day has been calm, then
rest seems twice-blest.

O hallowed rest,
becoming divinest
when a vict'ry won
with glad and firm endeavor;
and a kindness done
in dull and stormy weather, then
rest seems loveliest.

But say! when in the twilight's
moody Stillness,
we appraise terrestrial treasures
as we linger 'neath our vine-clad arbor
and muse on life's manifold pleasures,-
when serenity is our guest, ah then,
rest is sublimest!

* * *

Freedom

The only freedom which deserves the name.
is that of pursuing our own good in our own way,
so long as we do not attempt to deprive others
of their freedom or impede their efforts
to obtain it.

Hospitality

* * *

Here in this hospitable world
let none be strangers;
here, let all be welcomed, ev'ryone.
Given heart to heart
and hand to hand.
Here, let seekers of the Light be one;
congenial with those of ev'ry Land;
one in freedom, hope, and truth,-
one in labor, love, and song.

Here, let all inhale a fuller, free-er breath;
here, vast joys and wealth behold!
Here let loves and labors blend,
here in this world so old,
yea ever so old!
Here, let all accept, enjoy, spend,-
laud, laugh, and pray,
live, love and mind their own.
Here, let united toilers' banners
be unfurled!
Here, let all prepare to stay,-
here, in this new old World!

The End