

From My Gallery

LOVE

O what is Love? How may one tell?
And yet within its narrow girth,
Four letters, just one syllable,
Are hid high heaven and all earth.

O what is Love? A little word;
But he who can its message spell,
And has its deepest music heard,
Is standing on life's pinnacle.

O what is Love? A heart-disease,
Far better than untroubled health,
Sweet torments, too, and poverties,
Not to be bought by painless wealth.

Love? 'Tis an Open Sesame,
For him who has the gift of eyes,
To more than Spain or Araby,
Or any earthly paradise.

O what is Love? A leveler
Of ragged beggar-mail and king,
A free and lusty reveler,
Who spills his wine on everything.

Love? 'Tis a fairy in disguise,
A hunch-back'd wither'd crone, who can
With crooked stick immortalize
The so-called simple, common man.

Yes, love, it is a lunacy,
Some smoking brand it calls Orion,
An Ygdrasil is every tree,
And every bald old hill a Zion,

A thing discarded, vulgar, null,
A derelict without lateen,
A waif, a vagabond, a trull,
Who rises up to be a queen,

A lackey, bidden stand and wait
Without, while Commoner and Lord
The high affairs of church and state
Discuss around the council board;