

TEARS are the crushed essence of this  
world,

The wine of life, and he who treads the press  
Is lofty with imperious disregard  
Of the burst grapes, the red tears and the  
murk.

But nay! that is a thought of the old poets,  
Who sullied life with the passional bitterness  
Of their world-weary hearts. We of the  
sunrise,

Joined in the breast of God, feel deep the  
power

That urges all things onward, not to an end,  
But in an endless flow, mounting and  
mounting,

Claiming not overmuch for human life,  
Sharing with our brothers of nerve and leaf  
The urgency of the one creative breath,—  
All in the dim twilight—say of morning,  
Where the florescence of the light and dew  
Haloes and hallows with a crown adorning  
The brows of life with love; herein the clue,  
The love of life—yea, and the peerless love  
Of things not seen, that leads the least of  
things

To cherish the green sprout, the hardening  
seed;