

ΚΕΦΑΛΗ ΙΗ

DEWDROPS

Verily, love is death, and death is life to come.
Man returneth not again ; the stream floweth
not uphill ; the old life is no more ; there is
a new life that is not his.

Yet that life is of his very essence ; it is more
He than all that he calls He.

In the silence of a dewdrop is every tendency
of his soul, and of his mind, and of his
body ; it is the Quintessence and the Elixir
of his being. Therein are the forces that
made him and his father and his father's
father before him.

This is the Dew of Immortality.

Let this go free, even as It will ; thou art not
its master, but the vehicle of It.