

## Love is One

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I love God only when I love thee most.  
    Censing the altar with the whispered shower  
    Of worship, I approach the holiest hour  
When in the monstrance burns the blessed Host.  
Landed on life's chryselephantine coast,  
    I make the godly gesture of pure power.  
    The silence shrouds me like a folded flower  
When all life lapses in the Holy Ghost.

How could I love God if I loved not thee,  
    Or love thee if I were not lost in God?  
    Could there be three unless those Three were One?  
There is no shore to the celestial sea;  
    There is no pylon to the last abode,  
    The temple of our truth, Hilarion!