

PLATO'S LOVE-SONG.

Of the Dependence of Love upon the Will: because of the One Underlying Unity.

Love as the Thread that binds Life to Life, showing its Identity with Philosophy.

No Love but the Highest worthy of the Olympian Crown. Love and Philosophy the twin Paths that meet there.

Of the Final Marriage of Love with Philosophy through means of the Will.

PLATO'S LOVE-SONG.



Where are the Islands of the West?
A mirage of the Western Sea.
What is the image in your breast?
A foolish shadowing of me.
What is the meaning of the sun
That shines upon the floating meadow?
When thou and I and it are one,
Ah! We shall know that sun a shadow!

What is the sun? And what am I?
Your eyes are blind; your soul is dazed:
You cannot gaze upon the sky;
And when you gaze, your thoughts are
crazed.

But I! Oh, from the Western Steep
I came to seek the Soul of Man:
And if I find it when I sleep,
Awake, I'll know the Olympian plan.

Come then to me. The stars are high :
 The earth is deep : the moon drops dew :
Swift Hermes floats along the sky,
 From Jove to me, from me to you.
I should despair of power and peace,
 Were I alone to sigh, to sift
The silly from the wise in Greece ;
 In you I see the shadows shift.

Birth is a dream ? Then shall we wake !
 The sun's a shadow ? Cast by what ?
Never the poet's heart shall break
 While life shall ask, and answer not.
My curiosity shall still
 Awake, and reawaken yet,
Until I climb the Sacred Hell ;
 And even so, shall I forget ?

Shall I forget ? If I forget
 I shall know nothing : only this ;
That I must live again, and yet
 Forgo awhile the Jovial kiss
Till I return. I question still
 If any of my dreams be true.
I scale the stern Olympian Hill,
 Alone : and yet I long for you.

Come then to me : and you and I
Mayhap shall know when we are one !
There is a sheltering : the Sky ;
There is a centre : called the Sun.
Separate life and separate Will
Leave something still in our desire ;
Look ! on the high Olympian Hill
The Sun burns on : a single Fire :

A single Flame fills all the earth ;
A single Sun fills all the blue ;
A single death, a single birth,
Suffice us not. Let me with you
Discover if there be a way
Separate from that path, above
The plains of earth ; the high gods say,
There is a Way : the Way of Love.