

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.