

ΚΕΦΑΛΗ ΚΗ

THE POLE-STAR

Love is all virtue, since the pleasure of love is  
but love, and the pain of love is but love.

Love taketh no heed of that which is not and  
of that which is.

Absence exalteth love, and presence exalteth  
love.

Love moveth ever from height to height of  
ecstasy and faileth never.

The wings of love droop not with time, nor  
slacken for life or for death.

Love destroyeth self, uniting self with that  
which is not-self, so that Love breedeth All  
and None in One.

Is it not so? . . . No? . . .

Then thou art not lost in love ; speak not of  
love.

Love Always Yieldeth : Love Always Hardeneth.

. . . . . May be : I write it but to write  
Her name.