

RODIN
X
La Main de Dieu

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The Hand. From mystery that is cloud control
The mystery that is emptiness of air,
Purpose and power. What blossom do they bear?
Stability and strength inform—what soul?

*Turn to me, love! the banks of air are soft.
Turn to me, love! the skies are blue,
Fleeced with the clouds that hang aloft,
Buds that may blossom into dew.*

*Turn to me, love! lie close and breathe
The smooth waves of the wind!
The zephyr in thy locks I'll wreath,
The breeze entwined.*

*We are so safe; so happy we:
Our love can never falter; fate can never close
Hard on the flower of land and sea.
Lift, O rose petals of my rose,
Toward me, rest, dream on, we are here, we love.
There is no shadow above,
No ghost below; we are here. Kiss! Kiss!
For ever. Who would have believed, have thought of this?*

Outside is nothing. Let what will uproll,
Within all's certain. Are we not aware
(Who see the hand) What brain must know—and care?
What wisdom formed the racers, find a goal?

Careless and confident, let us love on.
Life, one or many, rises from a seed,
Sprouts, blooms, bears fruit, and then is gone—is gone.
Let go the future, ominous and vast!
Loose the bound mind from the unavailing past!
Live, love for ever, now, in every deed!