

THE SONG OF THEOS.

A TRILOGY.

PART I.—EASTER.

PART II.—EMANCIPATIONS.

PART III.—AVATAR.

GLASGOW:

1903

The Norm's Preface.

"In hoc signo vincit."

[In this sign, you will be victorious. (Eusebios)]

THE small versicles of Song, that follow demand a few words of introduction; they proffer no apology.

A Naked Child leans over the wall of the garden of the fourth-dimensioned paradise, its face rippled with laughter, its curls crowned with the aureole; full-handed with gifts.

Its tiny fingers wave; in their rhythmic motions creating images, pictured images, that convey revelations of verities supreme, beatitudes that are eternal.

Yet the Naked Child, a twain-one normal being who is the fountain of the Song, holds, in its concept and continuity, an offering, a splendor and revelation. He is the expression to you of Miracle!

He woke to such expression beneath that "Tree of Life, that grew in the Garden from of old," and that is there now, blossomed and fruited for a new, eternal prime.

His infant voice kindled and vibrated through the lyre of language as the Mother's arms clasped

him to Her bosom, and the Father's face, that rested on his features, radiated the light of genius into him, and he thrilled, and loved, and sang and smiled.

Drop the figure;—'tis but the glimmer of the Fact.

As intimated in the primitive Christian records, the second coming of the arisen and hence the departing Christ, to, into and through our earthly natural race, was to be when the Norm, the Inmost, unselfed and ever unselfized of the human creature, was to become his outmost; the natural organism to be involved into and made in all its elements and passions responsive and subjective and obediently subjective to his heretofore Inmost; the crude material of man made henceforth the working structure of the New Man, the image-likeness and child-expression of its Father-Mother, the creative, redemptive, and hence perpetually indwelling God.

For the last fifty-five years,—unconsciously from natural birth before that time,—this process of trans-natural evolution and redemption has been consciously advancing through your brother-sister, the Twain-One Norm, who now addresses you.

During the preceding year it was led to its result. That which was heretofore inmost became the outmost. The Norm outened to a threefold conscious and sensitive existence;—natural, spiritual, celestial. He now delightfully makes obeisance to his normal kindred of mankind; dwelling in victory, and laboring to win them through, with him, to the attainment of their own victory.

But science is being opened meanwhile to super

science, as nature is being opened through grace to super-nature.

The last discovery in science, that of radium, which, while constantly pouring forth currents of its own substance—of energising force, exists in demonstrating unconsumability, has proven that the material science of all time is based on pure fiction and illusion. The supra-science of the universe has opened, to rule, and, for all generations, incontestably to remain.

Yet, in this evolution and demonstration of the Norm, fronted to the high brow of supreme discovery, is revealed beyond all controversy the Arch-Radiator; the arch-radium proceeding from His unconsumable Substance of Life Eternal. Discovered now the inexhaustable, infinite, divine, arch-natural mercy of God made flesh, re-entering to the utmost spiritual and material necessities of His estranged, self-blinded, self-ruined creatures.

Heretofore we beheld before us, in our third-dimensioned field of time and space, the "god of this world," the natural-infernal egoism of the debauched mankind,—organised Evil,—trampling the unorganised incipient flesh-body and soul-body of the children of the better life to the perpetual and universal slaughter pit. Now we catch the first, glad glimpse of Evil, in its world-empire, crashing through disorganisation to dissolution;—the kingdoms of this world in struggle to become the kingdoms of our God and His Christ," wherein He, our SUPREME OF NORM, "shall reign for ever and ever."

The phrases "radium," "super-radium," etc., cover minutae, species and genera of the inconsumable

ever-giving; yet whoso finds in these versicles more than song-phrase or song-figure may find far more; may even, by open mind and loving heart, like the Samaritan woman at the well, find One holding, forth the ever-filling cup, whose flowings are eternal life.

Great Britain stands now as the huge Roman Empire stood at the time of the Initial Incarnation, when Rome flourished apparently in the acme of its dominance, but was in reality a hollow shell, a gorgeous bubble quivering to explode.

From the time of the Armada, when the pride of Spain, with all its power and prestige of conquest and dominion, was shattered and went down in tempests, before the WOMAN OF THE WATERS, Christa-Christus, manifested as Invincible Courage in the comparative handful of these British Islanders, warring in the dare of dares, for the Freedom of lands and Liberties of seas;

From the after time, when the Christ of Christa set the Spirit of Freedom as an Armed Man into the conscience and consciousness of the Puritan, and involved in the Island, through His servant Cromwell, the principle of True Kingliness, above the corpse of a slain Despotism, and the scaffold of its king.

From the after times, when, through the shell of an Erastian quasi Church, the babe, Wesleyanism, was born at its threshold, and cast out into the streets and fields, to become the Quickener, the Comforter, the Saviour and Uplifter to its scattered, poverty-stricken, common mass;—

In that same time, when the Concept of Christianity

was being disembowelled by its ecclesiastical contestants, and its stricken image fought over as a prize for the enrichment of the tyrannous and the aggrandisement of their state;—in that same time, when the Church in Britain stood between the Inspiring Christ and the expiring people, silencing, so far as possible, by means of persecution the still, small voice of God in man; beating with its mailed fist upon the human bosom, smiting back and chaining down the norm in its agonised effort to open its child-breast to touch the vibrations of incoming God and grasp salvation through personal consciousness and communion with the Father-Mother Life; there God warred again through a Cromwell of the Spirit, whose weapons were the rude speech of an outwardly unlettered man of the people, his voice "a crying in the wilderness";—verily a presence of that Friend who once hung upon the Cross, that touched the bosom of George Fox. It bred the Society of Friends, in the battlefield of the contending and infernalising Unfriendlinesses;—

From the time, last of all, when sacred Catherine Booth drew the Divine Virgin into her bosom and thrilled into the being Of her heroic spouse, the gift and genius and persistence of the Salvation Army;

During all these periods the higher, nobler, perpetual salvation of this Island has been held as a prize of battle between World-Christ and World-Antichrist.

Now this issue is drawing to its close. So, caught into the whirl of the irrepressible and final conflict,

this Voice of Miracle, this radium-point of the Approaching Energy utters its first low-breathing accents; would make sensible from norm to norm the Incoming, that shall yet become the Outcoming, so the Overcoming; the evolution of normal diverse natural humanity.

It is for this reason that the Norm is now directed to plant the Standard of Life in this good city of Glasgow, this vital centre of man-woman courtesy, and honor, and freedom, and fraternity in rocking, reeling, shivering Great Britain, and to open an outlet for the normal culture there.

THEOS-THEA.
(THOMAS LAKE HARRIS.)

Glasgow. September 13th, 1903.

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PART I.—EASTER.

THE SONG OF THEOS.

Greeting.

This Minstrel wafted from a Western Shore,
Bearing his scrip of unexpected verse,
As Dante, Shelley, Markham, who of yore
Treasured Song's lyric penny in their purse,
Enamored of the hope that Time endears
To man and woman, borne through toil and tears.

He comes as did his kinsmen of the lyre,
The Epic Architects, whose shaping art
Built palace, pantheon of glowing fire.—
The deathless thoughts fit imagery impart,
That witness in the love-fraught, love-lorn breast,
Of love-lore, love-life, love-world to attest.

The Song is not to shatter, but to rear
Love's ruined altar and rebuild her shrine;
To wake new sight of the Prophetic year,
That spires along Our century's shadowed line.
'Tis but a glimmer; but the glories all
Breed in man-womankind.—The Voices call!

Easter.

I.

In the magnificence of might
I neither verse nor can;
But I endure against the fight
Of Selfhood's Devilstan.

In the delightsomeness of bliss
I neither pause nor share;
But I face firm the self's abyss,
That holds mankind's despair.

Colossally the worlded storm
Of Selfhood's wrath makes head;
But in the Crucifixial Form
Of Christ my footsteps tread.

II.

All deathlessly alive yet ever dying
One swayed on Nature's cross;
A Martyred Mystery, in dawn enskying,
Shrined in the Planet's loss.
Throughout His sensories the buried Ages
Swept, terrorised from death.
The palpitant Lost Times,—spasmodic rages,—
Awakened to His breath.

He breathed a fire into the far extenses,—
The utmost human zone;
Met lost sensations in His throbbing senses,
Making all griefs His own;
Most utterly engirt by human chaos,
Its terror, torture, strife;
Most glowingly alit in Daya-Dayaus
For Way and Truth of Life.
No spot upon the planet gave Him shelter,
Save partial, brief respite.
The orb's huge agonies within Him welter:
On Him the dooms unite.
His be the tomb of tombs, yet ever tombless,—
All fourth dimensioned there.
His be the doom of dooms, yet ever doomless;
A Death unto despair.

III.

Christus Miraculus, the Name of names,
Re-visions crowned with glories through the shames.
The sepulchre of superstitious claimed Him.
"The despot of soul-slaveries" they named Him.
The Peoples, in His Name, they chained and plundered.
The impious cannon in His Name they thundered.

Inhuman Damnites hailed Him for their God:
The pained Earth reddened 'neath them, sod by sod,
And the bleak skies, shorn of their diadem,
Grew cold and hollow for the taint of them.

Civilisations, empires, Christ defying,
 In Christ's own Name urged on the crucifying;
 From Christ's spilled blood bred a malarial tide;—
 Christ, ever living, ever crucified.

But now Man's worlded being, as a stone,
 Rocks on to earthquake, wakens, and the moan
 Of myriad millions, pent within the graves,
 Prophecies Resurrection, and the waves,—
 The voices of the Peoples,—chained within,
 Heave, shudder through all revelries of Sin,
 And Christ through twain-in-one Fraternities
 Shall as Christ-Christa rise.

To rise or not to rise?
 It dies, it dies, or nevermore it dies
 Earth spins upon the axis of its fate.
 Shall Life or anarchy disintegrate?
 Shall Evolution end
 In dissolution, or Mankind ascend?
 Arrears the End of all;
 In Christus-Christa, or the final pall.

IV.

God concentrated to a twain-one point
 Of Normal Person in the third dimension,
 When the mankind of Earth was out of joint
 And whirled apace to ruinous dissension;—
 God taking on the flesh of death for men,
 That man from chaos might re-form again.

God, taking on the chaos of mankind,
The human universe felt God in death;
The intellectual eye of man was blind.
The mind of Earth its sight-sense sundereth.
The heart of Earth divorced its sight of heart.
Self warred an God; bade Twain-One Love "depart!"

The sight-sense of the Infinite is now
Moving on man as touching for return.
God to a point in manhood would avow;
A point of consciousness, and so affirm.
In Christus-Christa God would quicken sight
And radiate ineffable delight.

So, hearts, that feel, feel Nature-time dissolving,
And Nature-space in pregnancy, for birth
Of a new world, by Twain-One Love evolving
Through outer terror-sense an inner mirth
Mankind at large a crumbling corpse in grave;
Pervading it Love's Being, strong to save.

V.

Dare, for the Best of best, the dire of dire.
Impenetrate Time's death with deathless fire.
Concentrate Life's apocalypse, that whirls
Throughout thee, to a flood of liquid pearls,
Glowing and heaving, mirroring the grace
Of the New Heaven, that breeds for man's new race.
Diffuse thine essence far.
Multiply form in fourthness: loose thy star.
Art thou in death? With God in death so be;
Thus captive to dissolve captivity.

Rocks with the surge of doom thy mind, a bell?
 Hold doom. Strike till its passioned peals foretell
 Great Pentecosts, that on the lips release
 In fiery tongues for Anarchy's decease.
 Grasp thou the hydras of the infestations.
 Enter the palace cars of the temptations;
 So, by Word-blisses of the Twain-in-One
 The shadows bind, that o'er Life's dial run.

Transpose, transcend, transform!
 Wrest from each dragon-self its uncorrupted norm.

A century of war may be centered
 In the Word-battles of one lonely night;
 An occult war-den of the Pit be entered;
 Its anarchs palsied by the "Word of Might."
 A century of peace may fill the years,
 From one small chalice, that brimmed first with tears.

Man may consume his own mortality;
 His flesh transform to force of normal steel
 His fate condense to be fatality,
 Whose fires diffuse through Love's New Commonweal.
 Shall Christ His Promise-bow through Nature draw?
 Then endless miracle is endless law.

I stand defiant where I strove in doom
 Christ's coming man for Freedom's Coming Land.
 The Christ-flower buds, to ope for full of bloom.
 The dead antiquities feel Spring at hand.
 Song, touch divinely to the Mother's feet:
 In Christ adore the Bride, the Paraclete.

VI.

Wrecked o'er the treacherous marsh of Self's abyss,
Prostrate mankind absorbs paralysis.
From star to star Heaven breathes ascension fire,
Yet races grovel in corrosive mire.

In fierce delirium of the common greeds,
The common Anarchy on venom feeds;
Eats out the consciousness of God within
Prolongs insanities from soul to skin.
Self should but hold man's God-life full and free;
Yet man has made his self his infamy.

And Self is infamous: it holds "the Fall":
It holds apostacy: it gathers all
Dishonesties in one concentered guile:
It puts on God for aspect, and the smile
Thereof darts horned lightnings through the veins:
Its pleasures mask the venom-pit of pains:
It weaves through man a devilhood of sin:
Allurement by allurement sucks him in.

Borne on the swelling complex of the crimes,
One shrewd depravity corrupts the times;
Arrays all creeds, all customs for deceit;
Fouls, for its house of lust, Love's Mercy seat,
And, at the table of God's bread and wine,
Feasts human incubi, its dragon swine.

At last comes "Spiritism," misconceived;
In selfhood reasoned, Christlessly believed,
Held in the proud conception of self's thought
The "god of this world" whereof Christus taught;
The god who in degeneration grows
And is Degeneracy to its close.

Behold your god, O Peoples! ye who swim
 In the self-vortex. Yield your fates to him.
 He asks no martyrdoms: he gives you fees
 Of fond self praises; mutual flatteries.
 He tints elysium on the Selfhood's eyne.
 Take ye the world. See, all thereof is mine,
 And I bestow it unto those I will:—
 Self, incarnate in you, am you still."

VII.

Alan holds no more, whate'er he writes,
 Than that his purposed thought indites;
 Than that which from the mind within
 Is graven to his fleshly skin.

The verse is but a fictioned scroll
 That is not vital from the soul;
 The life that struggles to be lost
 In God, that, strained and tempest-tost,
 Nerves up to God to will and dare
 To serve and never to despair;

So, come what may, the Fact to hold
 That germinates in Scriptures old;
 The Fact, that through the piteous moans
 Of Woman's grief its belt enzones
 The Fact whereto all facts defer,
 Life's Goddess in the sepulchre.

VIII.

God cometh not for punishments condign,
When from the West He greets the quickening East.
The Bounteous Host calls, "Children, come and dine,"
While the blithe minstrel joys to serve as least.

The Opportunist to the opportune!
Greets He as Spring greets, breathing bliss for all
Comes maybe in some pilgrim minstrel's tune,
By verse that vibrates as the skylark's call

In the free pouring of melodious mirth;
In the swift passionings of love's warm breath;
The infant laughter of a People's birth
The normal Uplift Out of Sin and death.

In song the world began, in song divine,
That swept full-bosomed through the cosmic veins.
In song the world shall end, the world of crime:
World of self-passion, torn in deadly pains.

Draws nigh the Goddess, Winged Victory:
She who to olden sight Heaven's Dove became.
Song, touch in worship to the holy knee.
Carol for joy in Christus-Christa's flame.

IX.

The Being who pervades the firm
Involves thy fleshness to its term.
The Being who pervades the sea
Flows in thy flowing chastity.

She who was with thee to thy birth
In fourth dimension from the earth;
Who Mothered thee in that Before
Which held thee in its sea and shore,
Opens thine essence to the swell
Of murmurous tides that rock thy bell
Of lyric consciousness; it swings
Fanned by Her Brooding Spirit's wings.

The everlasting sacrament
Of Good in Truth is thine event.
The potencies thy fire supply
That feed thee to the "Neverdie."
Interior to exterior turns:
His penny, Life, the workman earns.
For all the unselfed toil he bore,
His recompense is "Evermore."

Ithuriel wert thou with the spear?
Stand, Sentinel, where God is near.
The slow cremation of the years
Ends where the Lily, Truth, appears,
And through the nerves of fleshly pearl
Glistens the Father-Mother's girl.

X.

A form of flesh and blood and fire,
My breathing flames in God respire.
I toil to pierce the selfhood's frosts
And generate new Pentecosts.

Language is quickened to express
The pivotal resistlessness.
Flesh and its senses urge a strife
To body re-creative life.

Where the song billows heave and surge.
The re-creative might emerge.
Unto the uttermosts of things,
The Dove, Redemption, plumes her wings.

Unto the uttermost of Fact,
The Dove, Redemption, speeds her act.
Into the planet's ghostly whirl
Redemption wheels, the Goddess Girl;

Bares her full bosom; flesh inspires;
Ingenerates the martyr-fires
Breathes mild forgiveness to the worst
Who kindle to the martyr-thirst.

XI.

Did man put trust in ghostly clod?
Man's flesh must fire in love to God.
Man must emerge sublime and free;
Pregnant from Love's Eternity.

Did man but clasp creation's shell?
He must in re-creation dwell;
Must in his flesh feel God Alive,
And in victorious flesh survive;

Orb out of Selfhood's chill eclipse
 And touch his Life Sun's glowing lips;
 Hold God in flesh, and so retain
 Love's Nuptial Presence, and remain.

She who bore woman first of all,
 In golden aions ere the Fall;
 She who Is Woman Manifold,
 The Good of good, the Gold of gold

She who Is Woman purely warm
 In Flesh of flesh, in Form of form,
 In Charm of charm, in Sweet of sweet,
 Eternal Spouse, the Paraclete;

Her altar now, though yet in verse,
 We rear in bliss above the curse.—
 O'er the august, sidereal hight
 Of Song adore the Dove in flight.

XII.

We may not fret how much of evil births
 In any Selfhood, if the sinless Norm
 Within it compasses organic worths
 That give it space for cultures sweet and warm.
 Incipient manhood, through the storm and stress,
 Builds conscience in sublim'nal consciousness.

Equity builds amid inequity,
And chastity in the unchasteness seeds.
The "smallest of all seeds," Heaven's loyalty,
In self's disloyalty with gifts meets greeds.
Self breeds gross aptitudes of deadly strife
The selfless norm evolves to love in life.

In each disordered waif from woman born
Involves the Norm, an essence quick from God,
Where'er man's gendering self erects its horn,
To neutralise the poisons of the rod.
The Mother of the norms, in painful stress,
Would counteract the curse by blessedness.

Conception acts in strife and contradiction
So Heaven and Hell join battle in the womb.
So woman breeds in joy that leads affliction:
A worm coils in the fruitage of her bloom.
All auguries of good or ill are prest
In the frail treasure borne upon her breast.

How sang the Poet who was part a Seer?
"Heaven lies about us in our infancy."
The little one, the baby gondolier,
O'er love-washed waters of the mother-sea,
Laughs, croons and cuddles, learns to glide at ease;
Then, hushed, repose in liquid melodies.

Shall it not, of its father's potence, drink
From cups of passion'd fires its mother gave,
The cups that brim self-pleasure to the brink
Yet afterward pains, trembles to the grave?—
The cup, organic self, whose breeding ran
Lush through sex-poisons of ancestral man.

XIII.

In twain-one man's cerulean field
 Word-Truth is not to sight revealed,
 Save as it cleaves the cosmic air
 And stands in-formed, majestic there.
 A touch, a tone, a thrill, a dart
 Then into vision orbs the heart.

Innumerable deities
 Cling round Religion's aged knees.
 The gods and goddesses of eld,—
 The faiths were by the eyelids held.

The youths and maids in worship sang.
 Their vision sported; in it rang
 Chimes of melodious, golden bells;
 Swept, stood a-tiptoe o'er the swells
 Of thrilling life's aerial glee.
 Belief made eyes the gods to see.

Whilst kindness ruled, the gods were kind;
 Whilst Woman held her sexual mind,
 High on her blissful, wifely height,
 She ruled in worship by delight.
 The Goddess to her insight shone.
 The Woman's empire held the throne.

 XIV.

I cast my net into the pregnant seas
 Of Life.—What shoals of possibilities,—
 For a great draught of fishes; where they leap
 They radiate resplendence o'er the deep,

And they are many as the days and nights,
And bring they gifts, in fashions of delights,
That set the hearts a-throbbing: every sense
Of flesh is freighted with their opulence.

I say to thee, "O, Man, be not afraid
For any evil that may flesh invade;
But hold, in God, Man-Woman, mind and will.
And in such fixedness be calm, be still:
Resolve, resist, undauntedly endure—
Godness alone is real and secure.

"Evil shall vanish: 'tis a treacherous mist,
That whirls to nothingness where lives persist
That takes on semblances, a phantom host—
Urged by the magic of the selfized ghost,
Who wars by counterfeit and base disguise.
Till God within thy flesh for morning rise.'

XV.

Make thou thy real vital centre here
Transfer it from the vague, illusioned sphere.
In the broad realm of normal common sense
Erect thy tower and spire of evidence.
In sacred flesh inscribe Religion's lore;
In thy transfigured passions love, adore.

Fool Evil his last, foulest armor girds
In the diabolisms of the thirds.
Here, where they crucified the Son of Man,
Selfhood would shape its final Devilstan;
Nascent Democracy would egoise,
And make God's House of Man self's den of lies.

From Man, made flesh, expel the undivine;
 Lead God-sense to the procreative line.
 Let Woman shield her sacrosanct, and hold
 Its hallowed precincts for her eden bold.
 Let man discern the Wedded God eterne,
 And bathe his life from Christa's vital urn.

Let woman flee from internecine strife
 To shrine the Goddess in her social life.
 Let the All-Holy and All-Righteous wed
 And in her sacred fleshness breed and bed
 Take full possession of the human third;—
 Passions transfigured in the Bridal Word.

XVI.

O'er Fusi-yama's altared brow
 The Mother's worship lingers now,
 And in Her bosom's holy span
 Our Christus-Christa folds Japan.

When youths and maids shall dance again
 To Christus-Christa's holy glen
 When through Religion's sectless fane
 Peals worship of the One-in-Twain
 Whilst sex, in Woman's god-like dress,
 Resumes its primal holiness;

When man's pure eyes a-flesh shall see
 Lord God in Twain-One Deity,
 And know and reverence his own
 Sexness, as angels of the throne;

When marriage shall its germ transcend,
And God fill marriage to its end;
When, knit as freedom to its fate,
Loves unto Loves shall consummate—
Then through the flood of wedded fire
Shall overflow the World's Desire.

XVII.

A problem waits of complex evolution,
Super-terrestrial flesh through flesh externe,
The natural mind freed in the restitution;
Borne in soul-consciousness, now made eterne;
The sense of God inflowing to sustain,
Involving now through the posterior brain

God-sense, in fact, in flesh, incorporate
A feeling sense of sense in God begun
Embodied God-sense, glowing, delicate
A fleshly sense of being daughter-son;—
That which Faith hoped in fourth dimension found
Embodied here, in Life's third girded round

The Heavenly Kingdom, by its actual,
Loosened on Earth in one twain-hearted germ;
The transcendental in its, natural,
Assimilate and rounding to its term
God in the flesh made sensitively known;
Flesh, that knew not of God, knows God, its own;

Its rock, its wall, its pillar of defence,
 Its tower, its paradise, its flowing well,
 Its power of stay, its boundless opulence,
 Its Nearest Neighbour, pleased with it to dwell,
 In whom it glows, exults, delights, transcends
 Of whom it knows, holds fealty, serves ends;

Yet holds such good by loyalties intact;
 Holds on by courage of extremest skill
 Holds by obedience to strict law in act.—
 "Thou daughter-son, serve Father-Mother's will
 Hold 'mid self-lust's contaminating air;
 Hold by fulfilment of the dare of dare."

Saints dying, losing fleshness, may relax
 May float to blest Elysium, out of care.
 The daughter-son transforms to face attacks
 To combat selfhood's hatred, time's despair;
 To meet the wrath of Falsehood's guileful crew,
 Offspring of Lusts the Nazarene who slew.

XVIII.

The Twain-One God-Man here etherealised,
 In flesh took on mankind's flesh organism
 Took on mankind, diseased, materialised;
 Shrined His flesh-palace in man's fleshly prison
 A Universal Space within its space;—
 Drew human nature to His Point of Grace;

A Point of Grace full natural to vision
A Point of Grace for Woman's orbiting bell;
A Point of Grace, so urging the recision
Of cultures, customs, ways of death and hell
In flesh most ultimate, a Point of Grace,
Piercing lost passions of the selfized race.

Stand thou by me with Jesus on the cross.
Dare momentarily thy selfhood to forget.
See Jesus, cosmopolitan for loss,
Bearing Time's agony and bloody sweat
In soulised flesh and fleshised soul; the powers
Of man's inversive death, for us, for ours.

The All-Redemptive Man, borne on, borne down,
Beneath our vices, failures, griefs and fears.
The thieving splendor and the false renown,
The vast accumulations of the years
Heap through the fleshly sensitives; He trod
Our wine press; died as we denied our God.

The Word made Flesh! That in its round a-weaves
Fit faculty to suffer, dare, endure,
According to the Use whereto it grieves,
Or pains or tortures: means to ends are sure.
Alan, in Christ-flesh, his thirdness may transcend
In it bear burdens till the burdens end.

'Tis Reason Absolute that rounds the Faith
For sinless ages of redeemed mankind
But fatuous reason is a shameless wraith
Whose fictioned "common sense" is base and blind.
From fiction into reason of pure fact,
Man births to serve in Wisdom's common act.

XIX.

GOOD FRIDAY

Men celebrate in funeral robes to-day,
The crucifixion of the Son of Man;
But Real Christ is crucified alway
And vital faith but lives in loss and ban.
In Christendom scarce pulpit and scarce press
That knows, Christ's Realism to confess.

It owns the pageant, glorifies the Act
Mourns the World's Actor in His awful part
But sees not that Redemption is a fact,
Not yet potential in the common heart.
Redemption means mankind's surviving race
Turned unto God, to hold God face to face.

The World's Redeemer would redeem the world
By one vast act, supreme in its conclusion.
Whigs of the ages bear it on unfurled
A revolution wrapt in evolution.
He came to save: He conquered as He died,
And through His dying entered to abide.

To reason absolute it shakes to-day,—
Man's fervid earth and its colossal ball.
The vital soul-quake thrills the quivering clay
And through cloud-thunders droops the selfhood's pall.
Lo, by the steps of ages, clear and clean
Through heavens, through earths, the Coming Nazarene!

XX.

To the simplicities of common life
The mightiest of mysteries unclose.
Flesh and its spirit, nevermore at strife,
Blend in the hallowed love-life and repose.
Behold what manner of redemption this?—
Christ-Christa, blissful in the common bliss.

In Yessa's garden of beatitudes
I see the death-trance wondrously unseal.
Now the crowned Heavens, through all their latitudes
Of God-space, murmur for the joys they feel
A low, delicious whisper of surprise.—
I touch the Saviour's feet: I feel the rise.

And there is borne in me a swift ascension.
I breathe, I worship, I am fed with fire,
Space widens in me to a new extension;
Time passions in me to a new desire.—
The vision passes, and no more I see,
But in my flesh feel Christ made Victory.

Pass through the holy death as I have passed,
And thou in holy life shalt live anew.
And thou in Father-Mother thence shall cast
Thy lot into Christ's fleshness, and pursue
The service of redemption to its end;
The common people in the Common Friend.

XXI.

Redemption is the great all-friendliness
 The death of apathy, disease, distress;
 The common peoples in the common feel
 Of Christus Christa, through life's rounding wheel,
 Pivot and Force, revolving in the gyre,
 Renewing flesh in Holy Ghost and fire.

'Tis God redemptive in the sexual ball
 God Potency by Righteousness; the call
 Of God diffusive by the fragrant breath,
 When kiss to kiss love's passion witnesseth,
 And every thrill the hallowed loves inspire
 Drinks from the Holy Spirit its desire.

Kiss to the lips of Life's Ascendant Sun.
 Hail Christus Penetrant: now is begun
 His fleshed re-entrance to mankind's duress
 Incarnate Righteousness in Holiness.
 In fourth dimension, shadow-veiled in third,—
 He radiates redemption, He, engird,
 Twain-One in might of world Redemptoress.—
 Shall He flash forth, our Lover-Loveress?

He can but open to the Commonweal,
 As men are quick to rise and full to feel.
 He can but open,—Heaven's Arch Adam-Eve,—
 As men shall ope flesh-eden to receive.
 Bearing our limitations He arose,
 He touches flesh as selfized bars unclose,
 That hold Him from the many; they from Him.

Through forty days He feel, the confines dim
'Twixt Bethlehem and quiet Galilee.—
There some who love Him touch His flesh and see;
They hear as ear-sense quickens momentarily.
But such, no others. He was here and there,
Who by Infinitude is everywhere;
Where'er a simple people kindness hold—
Last, sad survivals from Time's age of gold.

Perchance they heard, but as the dying strain
Of music breasting on the hurricane
And still he spake as no man ever spake;
As hearts that never break yet ever break
And through such voicings potencies en-willed,
To sound through generations, till was filled
The chalice of His purpose for the time.
So He enfolded to the still sublime.

THE END.

I Theos—shew, who such versings dart,
But breathe them as a field flower might impart
A waft of perfume from its throbbing cell;
A dewdrop dripping from its rounded bell.

Hence from the scroll my private sense I draw,
That it may hold, inwrit, the Worded Law;
That through it may be felt the silent tread
Of One whose touch is wakening for the dead.

ROYAL OAK, FLORIDA, U.S.A.,
March, 1903.

PART II.—EMANCIPATIONS.

Emancipations.

I.

Fleshly extinction of man's devilty
Decease of Evil Personality;
The dissolution of the Dissolute
The severance of the Sin tree from its root
The cut off that precedes the cutting down
Failure and fall of impious renown!

The learing eye, the idiotic grin
Disfiguring the courtly libertin
Fool-time anearing; Self's embattled lies,
Disbanding to their vague nonentities
Ego Democracy a flying rout
Purse Aristocracy a venomed spout
Of lizards from their penetrated pool!

God speaks to splendid, sexized Self, "Thou fool,
This night thy life shall be required of thee."
The bubble bursts. As this the fate may be;
As breaks the aged body in its term
To one gorged phalansterium of the worm:
Hence on to be one dustiness of clay.—
Civilisations end in such display.

Civilisations end.—The hostile hordes,—
They whet and wield for this the murdering swords.
For this they charged, as gorged and bloated swine,
Who to the butcher's knife debauch and dine.

Selfed Labor-masses, soulless giantries,
 Storm but to spoil the glorious Industries.
 Conserve they cannot; they but overthrow
 Lost barbarisms from the wreckage grow.
 The Selfized Press but trumps Abaddon's blast;
 Cheers mania onward to its worst and last.

The diletante,—social amateur,—
 Paint the disease but ever shun the cure
 Point but a rush against the Anarch's breast
 Flout the God-Goddess who would hold the West
 And through it lead redemption free and firm,
 To fill and dissipate the dragon worm.

II.

This fated hour opes Armageddon's Field.
 Fiery scortation serves for buckler, shield.
 Out of scortation's deepest, deadliest den,
 Spout venomed flames to pierce the loins of men.

Scortation drives death's dagger to its hilt.
 Scortation orbs the intellect of Guilt.
 Scortation bars out Christus from His globe.
 Scortation fouls on Christa's fair, white robe.

Scortation wrecks the sacred Marriage mart
 Denies the Goddess and defiles the heart;
 Did Christa lead Her woman angels down,
 Rages to make them outcasts of the town.

From continent to isle, from stream to sea,
Scortation shapes one common empirie.
Through all religions one scortation holds,
One common vortex whirls, one crime embolds;
Riots in orgies of one common curse;
Holds Earth apostate from Love's universe.

Out of scortation's whirl of death-in-blight,
Into God's twain-one Eden,—sex in sight!—
See God in passion; Passion's hearted sense
Of twain-one fleshness; Christ made Innocence,

Souled Flesh!—I fought scortation to its height,
Throughout Life's desperate and deadly fight,
In patience, pain. 'Tis Armageddon's war;—
The Terror that precedes the Avatar.

O'er the dread death-plain glows the Goddess Girl,
Orbed in Her throne of diamonded pearl.
In swift vibrations of Her winged feet
Pulse joyful breathings of the Paraclete.

III.

So I recede from Self's anarchic roar,
Sphered in the orb my norm possest before.
It dared and ventured through the fiery glance
Of selfized passions in their sexual dance

And so was "shapen in iniquity";
Came through scortation's whirl of death in glee,
Borne out of God-life into death and sin
From lifeness into deathness folded in,
And woke into a womb that welcomed me,
Beautiful, quiet in divinity.

A womb, almost as virgin, yet in pain;
A white rose breasting to man's hurricane,
Its frail, fair leaflets red with blood of tears.
'Twas thus began the cultures of time's years.

So I grew on, unselfness to unfold
Impersonal, yet fleshly, bodied, souled
So building as a deathless coralite,
Yet ever buried in a flood of night

And shaping, 'neath that grieved, ebullient sea,
A form of sublimated infancy;
Until substantial babyhood began,
And from this womb I opened, through a span
Of wondrous, arching avenues to air,
Whilst my flesh throbbled into a pain of care.

The sense of being composite awoke,
Then through the breath a Voice of Wisdom spoke
With sense of freedom in captivity;—
Free norm, in self that imaged out as me.

IV.

Such thing it is a normal child to be
A mighty norm, in fairy manhood free.
Unselfed, from selfness to transform, pure gold,
Glowing impersonised and never old,
Save as the oldness is a style of youth,
A form for Love's fulfilment of its truth.

So in my normal being I am now,
And clad in fleshly consciousness avow,
By lyric language-style that hence was spun:
A Norm, Man, Fairy, ever twain-in-one.

'Tis wonderful that in Christ-Christa rise
Twain outwardnesses, that the norm comprise,
To plan, verse, carol, love to Eve in them;
To sparkle in the lights that diadem
Upon the brow of Mercy, and to sight
Beatitudes in honor and delight;
Our fairy kin, norm-kindred, to invite;

A wondrous thing to open and inbreast;
And in our flesh of sensitives make rest;
Where north and south and east and west infurled
Shape Paradise, that blooms to be their world.

V.

Little by little, grain by grain,
Build coral isles beneath the main.
The sun leads purpose in his shine;
So purpose in this verse of mine.

Sounds of innumerable wings:
 Choir-voices of supernal kings!
 Floods of life-mercies pulse in flow,
 Earth quivers to the undertow.

Flesh is alive to immanence
 Of God through spirit, soul and sense.
 I lift the verse-rod: on its star
 Alights the Dove of Avatar.

VI.

The Purpose to protect, preserve,
 Alights as the noblest passions nerve.
 There are distinctions in the norms
 Each in God Father-Mother forms.

All rhythmical and all a-key,
 They modulate in melody.
 If in the minstrel they define,
 High Fate leans laughing o'er the line.

The equities of Righteousness
 For habitation they possess.
 Simple, impersonal, imprest
 In creatures of the planet's breast.

Immersed in selfhood, yet apart,
 Theirs is the art, transcending art,
 To impregnate the seed of things,
 Wherefrom all sentient virtue springs.

The smallest of all seeds, they sow,
Wherefrom Religion's honors grow.
Intact and incorrupt, they keep
Watch where the fleshly senses sleep,
And from the selfized baser sense
Protect the virgin, Innocence.

VII.

Lost in the labyrinth, Disease,
All mortals go astray: the keys
Of life are rusted in the wards:
Crazed instincts rise as gods and lords.

The stairs are choked or overthrown,
Whereby the norm to outness clomb.
Where flesh was by the fain, blest,
Now flesh is by the larve obsessed.

Seemings and semblances betray,
Whilst vice makes pleasure, to decay.
Corruption loads the planet down
Souls in the exudations drown.

Earth's "Comedy of Errors" spins
Into Death's Tragedy of Sins;
Gay Dissipation's open court
Becomes Destruction's bandit fort.

VIII.

The Norm, the Norm!—Awake the sense
 That leads the norm to evidence.
 Self grew from out the quickening dust,
 The norm dared in by God's "thou must";
 Out of God's passion to create
 Out of the Word inviolate;
 Seed of the Beatific Life
 'Twixt God the Husband, Goddess Wife.—
 Ah, would'st thou in thy norm hold part?
 Love God, Twain-One, with all thy heart

With all thy strength of heart and mind.

Would'st thou thine end, redemption, find?
 Thy righteousness doth God impute.
 Thy norm is, first, redemption's root.
 The norm holds freedom for thy fate,
 If righteousness assimilate.
 Unto this end thy norm has trod,
 Impersonal, a son of God,
 A daughter-son. As thou art wise,
 Unto this end thy fortunes rise.

 IX.

The Normal man in outness grows,
 Of self unconscious as the rose;
 In fourth-dimensioned consciousness,
 So is his intellectual dress;

A type of heaven borne through the dead;
In joyful flesh acclimated.
In him the old-time sorrows die.
By him the new-time's blessings ply.
Upon his glorious, golden shield
Mankind's new fortunes glow revealed.

X.

The Mystery, to mind inexplicate,
Fill Mother Christa freed Her bosom-gate,
And swept Her breathful, blissful poesy,
To liberate the heaving passion-sea,
And compass by a flood of swift, desire,
And bathe her minstrel worshipper a-lyre,
She opens in Word-billows of sure song;
More than the stars are, populous and strong.

Her feet are on the waters as they spray
Her touch is for the in-songs, night and day,
That live and never slumber: hearts receive,
Through lives-in-lives, the messages they breathe.
Of old, men "knew and prophesied in part":—
The Mystery opens: God is Heart in heart.

XI.

The Western world Columbus sought
I claim as foothold for my thought
Space for the Father-Mother's throne
Humanity's domed Pantheon.—

Room for the coming woman-man;
 The constellate American;
 The Freedoms glad in social ease;
 The Liberated Destinies!

Such is the Purpose that inspires
 This flesh and feeds it with its fires.
 Loose the World Phoenix from its shell:
 Evoke bloomed Heaven through dust of hell
 Orbed Christa-Christ for Sun and moon,
 To wake and light Time's opportune.
 In bliss of life dissolve the curse:
 Ope being for Infiniverse.

Soul in fleshed purpose would instar
 And rise to might of Avatar.
 Transcendent passions, will and act,
 Would fashion to Redemption's fact
 Fling wide Life's heart-doors,—wide to wing
 Flesh-presence of the Joyful King.

XII.

Old Time Civilizations drop from view,
 In crucibles of Life's dissolving powers.
 The Wheel of God! it whirls the planet through.
 Eternity is tingling in the hours.
 In partnesses we sought, and strove—to fail.
 Through wholenesses we enter to prevail.

That "God is Spirit" was a truth, in part:
Its consciousness opes thought to Life afresh,
Loves, as it fires, to finer issues dart
It culminates in sense of God-made flesh.
God in the incorporeal did avow:
Through this God opes in the corporeal now;

Recovers God to every fleshly function;
God *enciente* through soul in flesh eterne;
God flowing to a universal unction,
Through flesh of flesh to very bone of bone—
The body, wherein saints, disowning, trod,
Quickened to serve for Life's embodied God.

Feed in Christ-Christa; heartily receive.
"This is My flesh, My blood," He spake before.
There's selfized flesh, wherein men sin and grieve:
There's normal flesh, life-blooming evermore;—
Our flesh, in resolution; strong to free
To Godness, new in time's eternity.

XIII.

There's flesh in fourthness, fleshness that transcends
Yea, flesh in flowing Holy Ghost and fire.
Therein eternity with timeness blends
In this the normal Bard attunes the lyre.
It is such flesh that germs, evolves, to show
That the New Earth, New Heaven, as this must grow.

Men, selfizedly the slaves of misbelief,
 Wander as nomads o'er Time's barren plain.
 Each Mortal Empire is a mortal grief;
 'Tis sown in anarchy and fruits in pain.
 Its hosts are vassals of a Common Fear:
 Each joy enjoyed with desolation near.

No Normal Man was here but One alone.
 His flesh was of High God and in Him felt;
 But human misery was made His throne,
 And in that throne unto our needs He knelt.
 Passioned through all normality, One-Twain,
 The Normal Man of men our flesh would gain.

I sanctify my service in the verse.
 The universe, that opened in a song,
 Holds in me, else my atoms would disperse:
 So 'gainst this flesh wars the resistant Wrong.
 This human flesh, so long the selfhood's den,
 Shall yet receive Life's Normal Man of men.

The pettiness and shallowness of things
 Constrain us: we know not the reason why.
 The cold, the pallor, the resistance clings,
 Our fleshness withers down until we die.
 Our normal being grieves in pain or purge,
 Till to embodied outness Norm emerge.

Norm grows to potence vast in sufferance
 Strong in endurance resolute to act,
 Impregnating its selfized circumstance
 Made sphere complete, made paradise compact.
 One mighty Norm, to bodied man outwrought,
 Might revolutionise the Planet's thought:

Might serve for God Twain-One in Avatar,
Could he full form corporeal but hold,
And form his circling radiance to a star
Of joyous motion through the customed cold
One Norm, one twain-one Norm, of such degree
As births in Heaven's divine redemptory.

XIV.

The Great Event!—Through human nature nearing,
While evening shadows o'er the landscape steal,
Wakens the song-burst, undulating, cheering
The plexial in-sense, for delight to feel.
The sense of shadow, vague, mysterious, vast,
On the deep nature-veiled mankind is cast.

A sense of shadow!—Every grief that cumpers
Is, in the fleshness, stirring to depart
Sin, that defiles the planetary slumbers,
Smitten as darkness by Apollo's dart.
But man shall in his utmost flesh inspire,
And wait on God in spray of lyric fire.

Waken ye, waken ye, by tuneful rivers,
That touch and thrill and carol as they go.
Arm ye with arrows, gird ye with full quivers
Gifts for the service of Apollo's bow.
Lift for the vision of the Lord of Light
The Young Man Beautiful, His Bride a-plaint!

Clothe ye with robes of virgin-white arrayment,—
 Sainly desires, in flesh all chastely clean.
 Love from His Love would taste delicious payment.
 In flesh adore the Gracious Goddess Queen
 For She would open ye, who Her denied,
 And bathe ye in the rivers of Her tide.

Enter with me into the sanctifying
 Ye norms, my fairy, kindred, man and maid
 Ye who are Inmosts, holding in the dying
 Self-spotted spectres, daring, undismayed.
 Enter with me in sanctifying bliss:
 Our Father-Mother welcomes with a kiss.

 XV.

Now comes the epoch of the Full Combine!
 Nations form States in one orb'd Freedom Land,
 Humanity redeems to its divine.
 One war, one conquest,—not the axe or brand.
 No deadly cannon, no terrific hosts
 No dominance of putrifying ghosts.

Omens appear of one divine rebellion
 Uprise of Womanhood from sea to sea;
 Closing of outraged wombs by million-million.—
 Marriage survives, but not sex slavery.
 Goddess, in sex, shall sex emancipate:
 The normal pulse in woman re-create:

An hundred million wombs in one disaster;
An hundred million tyrants of the bed;
The great Selfed Masculine, the woman's master;
While from such mockeries all wrongs make head.
Coils one gorged Sexual serpent of the womb,
Through all the sacred groves of woman's bloom.

But this shall be no longer. Woman, sealed
Unto Christ-Christa for her better fate,
Sure potencies of innocence shall wield
And in such holy joyance rise elate.
"Thy kingdom come; thy blissful Woman-will
Be done on Earth."—Mother, Thy Word fulfil;

The norm, through all its passions evolute;
Life rounding to the circle of its best;
The swine-horn dropped to tune Apollo's flute;
The man-child comforted on Christa's breast;
The Human Planet blithe and sweet and warm
Redeemed in the Religion of the Norm.

XVI.

The inter-consciousness of Good in great,—
Their greatest and their best we never see.
Till they in fleshness rise incorporate,
They are as islets in a sunken sea.
They show beneath the trackless ocean's roar:
We reach not to the Edens they in-shore.

Alan to his consciousness is Mystery.
 He knows not, what he is, however wise.
 Of consciousness knows not its history,
 Or what his quest is, or its realm of skies.
 Seers, prophets, heroes, sages, adepts all
 See but through blindness, feel but through a pall.

XVII.

What is full Christianity
 But the Norm's concept of Normality?
 What is the code to which our lives should form
 But the Divine Religion of the Norm

Whence was the Norm and what his Home again?
 What dignities, what honors wait on men!
 Doth man appear, a flower on passion's field?
 Of God One-Twain his seed in flesh unsealed.

XVIII.

Religion through the Norm outsprings:
 Hope's heart-beat flutters on her wings.
 The Norm holds heaven where self made hell,
 Religion shapes to seed and cell.
 The man's erect, the woman's mound,—
 In God Twain-One their norm is found.

Religion lifts its flower erect
 From out the humblest wayside sect.
 Religion throbs to time and tone
 'Neath the vast arch of Peter's dome.

Religion's heart would pulse and beat
Through each frail outcast of the street;
Her sex from selfhood's crime to free;—
Regenerate carnality.

Christ-Jesus reigns, Arch-Normal Alan of man,
Christ-Jesus, Christa-Yessa Twain-in-One.
His attributes the normal planet span:
They are thereof the central light and sun.
The norms of Christa-Yessa are Her seed
God in us ever would beget and breed.

Christ-Christa, our Supreme of circumstance!
On Word, made flesh, for motion, we depend;
Therein for evolution in advance;
Therein for thought,—beginning, mean and end.
So, Life is in the Word made flesh divine,
And flesh, no more a prison, glows, a shrine.

So we are through the Root of Life led forth,
To rise in the life-fountains of the Tree,
And this is our redemption and new birth.
In-ness finds outness for finality:
And this finality is to avow
Godness in fleshness to eternal now;

So to be evermore full rebaptised
In the communion of the Holy Ghost;
So to be habitants, imparadised
In loves to innermost and outermost;
So to be evermore a twain-one child,
Obedient, grateful, as "son-daughter" styled.

Such is the Christian faith, Most Catholic;
 Evolving to the wholeness from its part;
 Faith whereunto sexed self stands heretic.
 It drops for seed into man-woman's heart;
 It opes to flower in passions chastely clean:
 It fruits full service for the Nazarene.

So Normal faith to Innocence makes head,
 And lifts in Christa's Life its Eden tree;
 Grows till its boughs the normal race o'erpread,—
 The normal world arched in divinity.
 So Heaven to Earth all fruitfully is wed
 In the divine religion of the bed.

So comes the Resurrection of the world.
 "I, lifted up, draw all mankind to Ale."
 In Christas' bosom woman thrones imperaled
 Her Worded law mankind shall guarantee
 Against all cruel strife, all evil's pall:—
 In woman-man Christ-Christa all in all.

XIX.

If kind theologies that songful ran
 Grew out of sleep, "viz., Coleridge; Kubla Khan";
 If sleepy Time makes merry as she nods
 O'er the decaying and dissolving gods;
 The Lord of gods in Avatar has crowned me;
 The Norm of norms dwells in me and around me.

I am implaced in central desolations,
I feel, think, verse, upborne in adorations;—
I, norm twain-one, obedient, lowly hearted
In sympathies; else fleshness had departed.

And if I smart in universal sting,
Yet I survive in flesh: I breathe and sing,
If I endure, living yet ever-dying,
I am a Voice in wildernesses crying:
"Wake ye in Purpose; will ye, and believe;—
Swing out of death, ye myriads achieve
The great redemption. Quit ye the damnation—
Embody ye in fleshness of Salvation
Prepare the God-way; cut ye through the snare.
All-daring Christus summons to the dare'.

"The Providences kiss the Adorations.
The quickenings pulsate through the desolations
It is the Truth that wheels into its All,—
It is the Life emerges through its pall.
O ye, who stifle in abnormal storm,
Rise to the Free Religion of the Norm

XX.

Religion, aye in effort to unvail,
Holds in mankind, else generations fail.
Antiquities are heavy with the tombs
Of old Religions cavered in the glooms

Whose spectres haunt, whose images array
 In dim traditions, myths of vanished day
 In imaged effigies, dismayed, a-storm,
 Haunting the precincts of the years forlorn.

In Nature Alan is born, to die; but then
 'Tis in religion he is born again.
 In losing God, men Nature lose at last,
 And drift as homeless nomads on the blast.
 Outcasts of Nature, nature-slain they die,
 And in their seed prolong captivity.

Men worshipped to the Sunrise, to behold
 El-O-I in the sun-sphere's orb of gold.
 So in glad flesh they quickened, glad to feel
 Religion, through the placid pleasure, steal
 Then in the passion, on its blossomed sod
 Shone, as bright shadow, Father-Mother God.

XXI.

"For woman-man no God of gods but Ale,
 The Twain-One O-I from eternity,"
 Spake unto man, in liquid, living verse,—
 Infinity in voiced infiniverse;
 Spake through the rounding of perpetual years,
 And Song was for creation's charioteers.

But, in the chariot of the Master Son-,
 Our Christa-Christa, for redemption strong
 Forced through the planet's photosphere and drave
 Bursts of triumphant music through the grave.

Chant we in such high praises day and night.
Echo, re-echo floods of vocal might.
To O-I, O-I hold we, fleshness full,
Worship in minstrelsy of miracle.

XXII.

Christ has arisen!—He arose through stings
And tortures of sex-selfhood's deadly might.
He toils aye since amid the sorrowings.
Were he to rise on third-dimensioned sight,
We should behold Him clad in crimes effete;
Where He touched Self, warm blood on hands and feet.

It is the flesh, the flesh wherein the battle
Of Christ and antichrist to last is fought.
Whilst Woman in souled flesh is held a chattel,
All other restitutions are as nought
All obligations of her right repealed,
The Truth of Wholeness all, all unrevealed.

Around the Fact of Woman all religion
Revolves, and on her freedom all things turn.
Lifts she from selfhood's impious inquisition?
Then man's chained life breathes freely; heavens engerm,
And ills are dissipated, and the womb
Of Nature opens for the Saviour-bloom.

XXIII.

In Woman's ultimating form,
The Mother imaged to the norm
The Goddess of the laughing eyes,
Whose touch is wonder and surprise.

I felt the rapture of the kiss,
That holds the universal bliss
She whose beatitudes disburse
To fill the normal universe;

She who is Star-Light to the stars,
Who gives, through myriad Avatars,
The infinite protective sense
Religion and its evidence.

And She was in me as mine own
I loved Her in the time and tone
Of being; wakening to know
Her myriadal loves aflow.

Henceforth for service I possess
The Presence Who is Blessedness
The Wisdom of the normal art;
The Passion of the normal heart.

So I was folded in the charms;
Diffused as to the Mother's arms.
So flesh awoke to outer morn,
And there was silence in the storm.

So the pained hosts of discontent
Hushed for the Mother in Event,
While the vibration of her bliss
Met in them for paralysis.

Motions that hold eternities
Were in me, and the agonies
From Self's diffused, expiring gale
Of strife, were helpless to assail.

Selfed men are flying fugitives:
Time, to their drift, brief passage gives.
The norm, in Mother love serene,
Holds home-life in the Goddess Queen.

The Mother gives through all of Her
Full fulness to Her worshipper;
Her Being's imminence divine.—
If thou art Ours, then We are thine."

XXIV.

Norm touches universal mystery
When he meets Nature; there's a call,
"Return." Nature invites him to her sacristy.
Perpetual fragrances their incense burn,
Perpetual adorations, that exhale.
Nature, unfallen, weeps through lives that fail

The solitudes of nature whisper "God."
 Feel we in God and Paradise is found.
 We tone to Eden where we toil and plod
 There is no footpath but is holy ground.
 Nature is one vast sanctuarium. Bliss,
 A weeping angel, leans o'er man's abyss.

Think then of Nature, "This is God's retreat."
 In the Divine of Preciousness array,
 And spacious adorations, visions, greet
 And palpitate, and thrill and fold away
 In shining images, and touch the sense
 To wake in man the primal innocence.

There is no sense in man but that was wrought
 To serve and feel some faculty divine.
 There is no gift, no energy of thought,
 But that was bred in God-thought to align.
 We, captives of the solitudes, we meet
 Lord God and step in spaces of God's feet.

In trembling whispers of the cool of day
 In breathful pauses of the still of night
 In bosom touches of the dawn's delay
 An invitation passes, and Delight
 Stands tiptoe, wistful, fingers half a-cling—
 O'er our dry winter leans as budding spring

The stored-up riches of celestial years,
 The poesies of God, in silent song
 Wait for us; play upon our deafened ears.
 Angelic invitations heap and throng
 And we are compassed by divine desires:—
 The vestal maidens of immortal quires.

Barren man's life amid the affluence
Of ever-bearing, ever-fruitful God.
We hold within our norms the evidence
Sheaves of Divinity around us nod;
Nature is all one ripening harvest field,
And we are free to the perpetual yield.

XXV.

The Revelation of the Norm is more
Than all that revelation yet revealed
But Norm in Christus-Jesus shone before,
In one swift splendor on Time's aged shield.
The splendor meets us through such image now
Glimpses through shadowed image to God's brow.

All as a lyrical Napoleon,
I fight for God the Norm's vast battlefield.—
Loose from part thoughtfulness of times ago,
Loose to the Wholeness that is God revealed.—
'Tis Nature, Nature, quivering to unbar:
'Tis Nature, Nature holds the Avatar.

Demoniacal, selfized populations
Skull, through the subterfuges of their fear;
Deluge mankind in base recriminations;
Dash Hope to flying mists that disappear.
Own me as god, else thou shalt not exist"
Shouts sexized Self, the planet's anarchist.

I know that my Redeemer liveth," this
 Fills the Norm's faith through desolated ages
 Leads Normal hosts through Self's prolonged abyss,
 To blot insanities from Nature's pages.
 I share at last one Twain-One Normal Soul
 And through the partness re-affirm the Whole.

 XXVI.

As Time heaves, to eternity converging
 And the evolving Norm anears the goal,
 Whilst vital fleshness, to God's Fleshness verging
 Pervades through spirit, to inspire the soul.
 The sexized self, that ruled for ruin long,
 Whirls to its vortex of impetuous wrong;

Holds reason, passion, fast to the abnormal
 In abnormality the woman chains
 Holds life into the antiquated formal
 Fetters Religion in its dead remains
 In proud Plutocracies of stolen gold,
 Enchains the Peoples, dying to unfold.

In Woman keys the final situation:
 'Tis Woman's Right enthrones on Judgment's brow.
 The Mother Queen in Woman wombs Salvation,
 Freedom for Woman is the battle now.
 In Woman's wholeness, sanctified in charm,
 Redemption enters, leaning on God's arm.

XXVII.

For the Fraternal Spirit of All-kindness
I live, with all Normality akin.
A seeing eye, I penetrate the blindness.
Nothing repulses me; no strife, no sin.
'Tis in the universal pulse I thrill,
Accepting Ill to dissipate the Ill.
To human nature never a schismatic,
The serving Norm to outer-fleshness Clams.
The Human House, from cellar floor to attic,
He toils in, through a universe of pains.
Life's evolution tends to one reform
To the Religion Empire of the Norm.

Normality is one Activity,
Serving through all things to complete them all;
One comprehensive common Industry;
Building, upbuilding, into God its call,
All virtues in one Virtue to increase
To the transcendency of God's release.

This is the Life, wherein God, Father-Mother,
Is made Norm's Actuality of Bliss.
"Love Me, O! children, as ye love each other"—
This the command that cometh as a kiss.
Command is made the river where we swim,
Bathing amid the one-twain Seraphim.

XXVIII.

God's revelation to the Norm
 Is in the twain-one human form.
 God wrought the many-visioned eye
 Twin-orbed for norm to see Him by.

Not mine with human life to strive
 The norm exists to keep alive.—
 He is Religion's Aladdin:
 Religion's lamp is touched by him
 So the swift genii, fairy small,
 Ope song-ways through the planet's wall.

In fourth dimension he is free;
 Serves the Divine Free Masonry.
 'Tis his in innocence to gird
 To know and keep the "Master's Word";

Throughout Earth's homely, dialect,
 Wholeness in partness to project
 Through sympathetic touch, to spell
 Verse-flowing from Arch-Nature's well.—
 I touch and think; in song I dart
 My space-way is the quickening heart.

 XXIX.

In Song I would a table spread,
 To serve the People wine and bread.
 Where Nazareth for banquet sat,
 I serve the commisariat,
 So from these lyric homilies
 Refreshment ever multiplies.

Command ye through the verse: be still,
Love and adore; then ask at will
For gift in charities divine.
Ask, and the blessing shall be thine.

Ask for sweet Faithfulness, to share
Thy daily walk of toil and care.
Ask for strong Courage, to endure
Thy work of watchfulness and cure.
Ask for dear Holiness to keep
Thee constant to the Paraclete.

Ask to grow small, as fairy small,
Yet brave to death when Ills appal.
Ask as ye will for gifts like these
Twill fold thy flesh in sanctities.
The Beautiful-All-Beautiful
Will be thy Life, thy Miracle.

XXX.

She ever lives to bless, an Intercessor,
The splendid Norma of the Saviour-way
The Virgin Beautiful, the sweet possessor
Of God made Infantile, in wombed array
To manifest in human flesh divine.—
Ave Sanctissima! Hail Wombed Shrine
Of the Redemption that for us was born,
Thou sittest throned o'er eyelids of the morn.

Hail Mary, Virgin of the virgins! Thou
 Art honored in new Heavens that womb above.
 Into thy, bosom Motherheads avow.
 The winged chasteness of the Holy Dove
 Encompasses thy shining: thou art sweet
 In Mother Sweetness of the Paraclete.
 Glad in the joyance of the Bridal years,
 We hail thee; but thine eyes drip mother tears.

Earth's Virgin Star, that Kissed Eternity,—
 Heaven's Womanhood thrilled blest in such embrace.
 Wake, wake! Renew the raptured minstrelsy:
 The Twain-One birth in Jesus-Vessa trace.
 Hail Star of Hope, o'er womanhood a-sea!
 Hail Jesus-Yessa, borne through flesh of thee!

 XXXI.

Ask God to fill and be thy home
 By Life's religion arch its dome:
 Outbuild it till it fills the need
 Of every man in every creed.

By every thought, in every breath,
 A chord with Christ who Savioureth.
 By every touch and tone, align
 With the Ineffable Divine.

Leastwise be this thy aim and end.
 Thy Norm's normalities portend
 Unto Such issue; feast and fill—
 In God, thy flesh God's temple still.

XXXII.

Pervaded and intensified
To see as he was seen,
He woke in fleshness sanctified;
Woke in the Goddess Queen.

In the delicious thunderings,—
Loved lightnings in soft play
The atmosphere swept wings-in-wings,
Glad as in bridal play.

The many-sided, millioned form
Of one who is his bride
Lifted: he knew his life, a norm
In Goddess glorified

This, this, a norm of many lips,
In many tongues to sing
The passing of the world's eclipse;
Orbed God the Joyful King



XXXIII.

Heavy with treasures of the unsunned gold,
The Norm abounds with riches of delight.
Wealth is his habitation; his stronghold
Is in the fastness of Eternal Might.
Sexed self loads down to heard with evil things.
Norm treads aloft: his riches all have wings.

The generous Norm, when forces on him harden,
 Could loose a wealth to set the world a flow.
 In his divine prosperities, the garden
 Of God through all humanity might row.
 So the great industries, that now but plod
 To serve the bandit, would heap joys in God.

For God is rich in riches, and rejoices
 For opulence, in all for all to serve—
 To wing in joys eterne the mighty voices
 Of Peoples who in God hold common nerve.
 Into eternity the riches roll,
 Serving, diffusive, through the normal soul.

Gain is the common drunkenness of thieves
 Gain in sexed self's accumulative sense.
 Woman unto divinity achieves
 By serving in the Goddess, Providence.
 Her fount of gift is in the Mother's will
 The Gifting Saviouress holds pulse a-thrill.

Normality for Woman!—It is this;
 Substance and evidence of Woman's Right,
 That lifts Earth's manhood from its fouled abyss
 And through infinities evolves delight.
 By Word-wand, diadem, by orb and zone,
 Hail Normal Woman to her normal throne.

XXXIV.

The scoundrelism of sexed self is riven,
When through Twain-Oneness Deity appears.
Through flesh transformed in-glow organic heaven.
Riches of Godness claim the bankrupt years.
Then God, in Christus-Christa bridal warm,
Fills and exhilarates the twain-one norm.

Into the wholesome Wholeness of salvation,
The fleshness of right reason makes its way.
The poesy of God leads emanation
Through partialness, paralysis, delay.
God opens to us In a free discourse:
In God we feel, as streamlets to their source.

On the dread cross of normal crucifixion
The ages in swift miseries have borne.
Mankind has agonised in one affliction
Its People's flesh in desolations torn.
The Womanhood of Peoples rises now,
The diadem, Redemption, on her brow.

Into the Mother is our last appeal.
'Tis in the Christaness that Christ at last
In-forces, forms through sympathies that feel,
To heap the banquet for the full repast;
The bread and wine for myriads dispread;
Norm's resurrection through the selfhood's dead.

In Christ, made Woman, is our last resource
 In Christ, through woman multiplied afar,
 The rivers of eternity find course
 Man's planet lifts; a resurrected star.
 The planet swings into its golden way.
 Creation's night opes to Redemption's day.

My God, why hast Thou so pervaded me;
 A lowly norm, for eighty years of earth?—
 "'Tis that thy Mother so arrayed for thee
 She kissed thy brow for service from thy birth
 But now the kiss is orb'd into the star:
 Thou art transformed, transposed to Avatar."

XXXV.

God holdeth free to act as Normal Man.
 The sense of honor 'tis that is His crown
 The freedom holds for humblest artizan;
 The kindness for the woman of the town.
 God's Mightness is ability to serve;
 'Gainst law of kindness God will never swerve.

Men think of God as on a lofty throne,
 Worshipped by myriads, kneeling far apart.
 God kneels in myriads, recognised His own,
 Pulsating through them by One Common Heart.
 Think of the noblest loves that in you ply
 In them God mirrors; lamps to see Him by.

God imminates, in flesh to emanate.
God emanates to imminate anew.
God's Presence is, with man to circulate
As the day holdeth God holds man in view.
The revolutions of the fixed stars
Suggest of God in countless Avatars.
God kisses through the wholeness of mankind,
That in the wholeness ne'er a part may miss.
The blessedness God ever holds in mind;
The exquisite pervasions of the bliss.—
Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done always,"
In the sweet all of angel, norm and fay.

XXXVI.

If any introvert the Normal Order,
God leaves the swarming mass who unfulfil,
To round the cycles of their selfed disorder,
Touching them gently often as they will.
For force, none ever will repent, retrieve;
Their introversion they must first believe.

Belief is of a spontaneity:
'Tis of the Love-touch in the will of will;
Sensed meanness of an inebriety;
A turning from inhuman parts they fill.
Man ne'er repents save as he makes good fight;
As love relucts against the self-delight.

At least this is the Norm's percipience
 Of seeming facts and real facts that are,
 Through the orb'd mirrors of reflective sense,
 Now, in the childhood of his Avatar.
 God saith to none, "Ye common, ye unclean";—
 Holds them to see themselves, how stained, how mean.

'Tis in the logical infirmity
 Of partial thought that Error sways and clings.
 Man cannot analyse eternity,
 Save in the normal thought Redemption brings;
 Nor know the facts Of Life's unfallen year;
 Nor know the process whereby God is here.

 XXXVII.

There comes a manifold Paralysis
 For Selfized Nations as their dooms uncloze
 Each swings above its separate precipice
 Each laughs to see its neighbour in the throes
 Of trouble and disaster; none recall
 That individual wreck means loss for all.

There is no Pivot.—Rome discerned the fact,
 Dimly, uncertainly, through partness seen.
 Religion through the Peoples should co-act,
 To urge the motion of the Nazarene.
 The Pontiff of the People is the Norm
 The Voice of Order; Stiller of the storm.

But all the Christian world has exiled Christ,
Save but by broken records and remains.
The Fact from out its image is excised.
The Despotism of the Age ordains
Suppression, secrecy, doors ope for Sin,
But none whereby the Goddess-God might win.

The mortal earth is buried in obsession;
Apostacy is shapen through its form.
The antichrist is guaranteed possession
Were the Norm outened, 'twould discard the norm. —
Silence, yet silence!— Pestilences rage.
The Book of Chaos seeks its open page.

Yet now the Father-Mother of the norms
Has led to outwardness a normal birth,
And the versed utterance, whirling on the storms,
Meets the catastrophe of Selfized Earth.
It can but so the Verity express
Which universal Self would needs suppress.

XXXVIII.

Nature is glowing in her springtide carol.
Where man is far she heaps with joy her shrine.
In the unconscious ease of her unmoral,
She bosoms in the shade of the divine.
Nymph, dryad, oread sport with us unseen;
Keep Nature's court; upon her altars lean.

Yea, Nature is unfallen; but to mourn
 Oft her vocation, since her blood was spilt,
 Her charm despoiled, her robe of pleasures torn
 By trampling Self, insane, red-handed Guilt.
 Time ripples through her, and its current flows,
 To overflow her caravan of woes.

Norm, bred to full twain-one normality,
 In Nature's flesh and faculty divine,
 Recalls her vanished ideality;
 Leads golden morning through her dim decline.
 Ah! what if troops of twain-one normal men
 Return to people garden, grove, and glen.

Like as grieved Hebrew minstrels, who of old
 Sang by sad rivers of Captivity,
 I muse, lone captive in these haunts of cold
 These doom-lands where are none to outness free:
 But in the dance must clank the fetter still,
 And, silent, feel the deadly bosom-chill.

In the ubiquity of Truth I verse;
 The fourth dimension's annals are a-blaze;
 The instincts to their passionates immerse;
 Glowing desires in honors feel their ways.
 Being in being, kindred yet discrete,
 In Worded personality we meet.

Holding in Fourth, I overlook the wall.
 My twain-one being, as a vocal urn,
 Pours fountained wisdom to its over-fall
 Yet therefrom I descend to grieve and yearn
 To touch song-sparkles to the dying eyes
 To fold expiring man and call,—"Arise!

XXXIX.

Universality is God's great fact;
Through all the spaces and through all the times.
Creation is God's universal act;
The base of evolution, that sublimes
From primal nothingness, whereto God wrought,
To verify the concept of His thought.

We view a world evolving into space.
It was a Concept in its prior form.
Through a preceding world it draws its race
Its image through a former Norm of norm,—
And the norms people it; and they are led
Into its womb from God their Motherhead.

They are the issues of Divine delights
Ingenerated, exquisitely small,
They flow into the universal plights
Of love to love, felt by the all-in-all;
And they are in God's Order, as a robe
Folding through all to each, so to englobe.

Into the Commonwealth of Common Life,
They energise by faculties divine.
There is thereby a uniform, sweet strife
To motion through each other and combine.
And God makes Little ii each littleness
So felt by attitude as of caress.

XL.

Into the stately comprehensiveness
Of universal being, so array
The populations of Time's wilderness,
Orbs that precede the dawning of the Day.
In the deep silence that foretells the Voice,
Creations rise in wonder, and rejoice.

And God is multiplied in multiplyings.
There are gods many, modes for God One-Twain.
A Pantheocracy of Never-Dyings:
And language through them shapes to full domain;—
Impersonal Eternities of Norm,
Blessing through each to all by form in form.

Man on our Earth, a mist, a flying vapor,
Measured by contrast with one god like these
Is like the night-moth round a fitful taper,
Whirling to vanish through a brief unease:
His own fixed self is his Consuming star.—
He is no more.—At last comes Avatar.

The populations of our Planet swim
In the abnormal current of disease.
The candle of the Orb is growing dim
'Tis a lost lantern tossed upon the seas.
'Tis sinking, sinking, sinking; and the skies,
Bowed o'er it, see but light of dying eyes.

XLI.

That which is good for man for God is
That which is Good for God is good in man.
'Twas thus in the beginning Order stood
So shall it be in rounding of the plan.
Thus shall ye person, imaged in God's grace,
Delightsome and delightful, face to Face.

'Tis mighty, so to serve as to repress
One's fulness for the time of overflow
Swayed not by urging, pleading or caress
In the Eternal Good to worship so;
To hold as timeless mountains guard their keeps,
Still, silent of the wealth that in them sleeps.

Dost thou unto God's purposes enamour?
Such purposes enamour into thee;
Thou comest not as drill, as file, as hammer
But as the flowing well, the fruiting tree.
The gladsome futures to thy bosom throng.
Not hours, not years millenniums wait the song.

To stand, fore-fashioned, in Divine Result
To hold, as present, that which calls unseen
With but a touch to meet the catapult;
Glowing, affiant to the Golden Queen;
So to build forth is Victory begun.
Thou art in Victory; with Her at one.

The Faith in thee becomes the evidence:
 The evidences in thy being dwell.
 They breed, they fructify: the gifts condense.
 In faiths, as forms divine, the passions tell.
 The senses, that did but of nature know,
 At last from God know God in overflow.

'Tis so the exiled pilgrim of the wilds
 May grow as Moses to his after-fate.
 If one toils full in Faith's industrial guilds,
 A People through his act may constellate.
 The Goddess waits, the Mother Of Surprise.—
 Shun not the duties; there the Edens rise.

XLII.

AUF WIEDERSEHEN.

Men scorn at Poesy as play.—
 Minstrels touch thrones and thrones decay.
 One sea-borne waif from Shelley's hearse,
 One war-axe flung from Markham's verse;—
 Surprise is quickening; hearts a-cheer
 As when Ioannes was the seer.
 John Baptist's chant, "Reform, Reform,"
 Loosened the Messianic storm.

There is a Power a foot to-day:
 Felt, tho' unseen, it comes to stay;
 Holds as Christ-Adam, one with Eve;—
 Holds the live lightnings to conceive,
 And, with a grip whose form is Fate,
 Makes Time's Event articulate.

There is a dare, a filial dare,
Sleeps in the soul of Time's despair:
'Tis might for Womanhood's redress:
'Tis doom of Man's ungodliness.

Riches have wings, but so hath Song.
Ne'er, never yet did Peoples long
With such vast longing, so intense,
As to call God to emanence,
But that a Force arose and bare,
High breasted as the sea on shore.—
We wait the flood-tides of Release.
War ye my People,—War in Peace.

THE END.

ROYAL OAK, FLORIDA, U.S.A.,
March, 1903.

PART III—AVATAR.

Avatar.

I.

When Revolution's face appears,
Seen in the mirror of the years,
Her brawny limbs all gyves will spurn
She comes to turn and overturn.

The clanking of the chains they bent
To bind the People's discontent,
Rings as the reveille of morn
Echo of God the Hunter's horn.

I bid farewell to social ease.
I steep my flesh in poverties.
Mine are the lips that no man sought
The utter scorned, the good-for-nought.

Mine are the breasts that evil felt;
The loins, of worth and honor gelt
Insane, lost creatures basely vile,
Whose origins were lust and guile.

Mine are the lazzari, who beg
For drink from Satan's whisky keg,
And no man gives them. The saloon
Rejects them, as the sun and moon.

Far as the little candle lights
 Into the darkness of the nights,
 I reach to find the guttered down
 The noisome outcasts of the town.

Sternly I ask, "Why this or that,
 Here on the People's Ararat,
 Where the Ark rested time ago,
 And Noah's name was Washington?"

II.

The Norm, wrought Avatar, must win his war-head;
 He must project through universal death.
 The vengeful hates will centre on his forehead
 His breathful being front Self's anti-breath.
 To him is rarely rest of quiet night
 His very slumber holds organic fight:

Must breathe in God, four-folded by degrees;
 Must apprehend so as to understand
 Must comprehend as to eternities;
 Must think, feel, see, to Nature's utmost land
 Must still appear, to men of Nature's clay,
 A toiling mortal of the selfized way.

Into such form the Avatar is built;—
 Into much more that must be known anon
 Be skilled to penetrate the lungs of Guilt
 To nerve in living steel, and battle on.
 Yet battle by a touch of sweetest peace
 Penetrate ruinings for Life's release:

So to be known all as a wayside strangler
So to breed friendliness where selfs estrange.
Must know his outness evermore in danger,
Till the dread shadow on Life's dial change
And, spiring, turns to meet the glowing East;—
Must hunger, thirst, till Bridal God makes feast.

Blessed are they who keep the Great Commanding
This, even this is gleesome to be borne,
If so, in strengthness Of the four-fold handing,
The death-vails from the Nations may be torn
If so, by swiftness of the four-fold feet,
The life-march shadows in the Paraclete.

III.

The Good, the True, the Wisest Best
May oft be served by seeming jest.
Language that seems but to befool,
May introduce Lord God to school,
The daring Minstrel blithely sings,
But through the verse a shadow springs,

And from the shadow fires a blaze
That kindles for the Day of days.
Imaginations grow to Fact,
When men in God for service act.
So Evening holds an urn of light,
To sprinkle God-fire an the night.

Out of the portals of the dream
 Realities emerge supreme.
 One wave of Christa's bridal wand;—
 Her zone encircles, belts the land.

The simple gospel of the Ought
 May radiate through common thought:
 An inward glow fill woman's eyes
 And man awake to paradise.

The near may be the far away,
 The toll may frolic to a play,
 And the Norm Ariel's winged robe
 Speed him as morning o'er the globe.

However fierce the desperate fight
 However dark the dangerous night
 In chariot of triumphant will
 Rides the free Norm to conquest still.

IV.

Freedom, God's attribute, is made
 To the obedient norm his blade.
 The warm, pulsating vigors feel
 He binds to bless; he bans to heal.

O'er the area of the kings
 The swift, delivering mercy swings;
 His footsteps in the duties press,
 To ope the selfized wilderness.

The generations pass away
The patient norm holds God for stay.
Small may he seem as grain of sand
His courages uplift the land.

If one such little one should be
Full wrought in timed eternity,
His verse will in Redemption shine,
To ope eternity in time.

V.

To liberate, to liberate,
Is final function of the Fate.
To lead the norm through fleshness free
Is to evolve Divinity;
Wing Revelation through its shell
And charm, in God, Love's blossom-bell.

I dare: to utmost sense I dare:
The utterance of God is there.
The sexhood that in self denies;—
'Tis there the fiends apostasise:
The root and urgency of fall
Is where, in sex, God is not all.

To exile God, the sex within,
Is man's irreparable sin.
'Twas here the old religions paled.
'Twas here the sex profaned and failed.
'Twas here apostasy took root.
'Twas here that ruin bore its fruit.

'Twas here the orb's disaster grew
 And lust pierced human nature through.
 Denying God, in sex made wise,
 Time its eternity denies.
 Profaning sex man sins the most
 Blasphemes the Bridal Holy Ghost.

One Sexual Holiness afar
 Opes heavens of heavens to Avatar.
 I touch to Goddess Christa's feet
 For worship in the Paraclete.
 Religion lifts from death to life
 In God the Husband, Goddess Wife.

VI.

Throughout the seven-fold deadly sins,
 Involved self-sexhood jests and grins.
 From the fore-frontage of the brain
 God vanishes, God One-in-Twain;
 The mirror shattered to a mass
 Of rifted fragments, where repass
 The broken glimmerings, that bore
 Life's Father-Mother full before.

Once man bore Godness on his brow;
 Imaged illusion bears he now.
 Once he met God on Nature's floor,
 And touched the Goddess to adore.
 Man touches woman now by lust;
 He riots, cripples, and is dust.

God is a Spirit; yet, by Norm!
Spirit is Substance, Essence, Form,
Spirit is wisdom, passion, sense;
Is Immanence, is Emanence.
Spirit is Man; yea, all we can
Think of man-woman, woman-man.
Self knows the sexness of the clods.
Norm knows the nuptials of the gods.

Self knoweth not how Life is wrought
Or by what process sex is thought
To form and order and erect
The potencies that serve, protect
Or by what law the larves are led
To make oblivion their bed.

VII.

Organisation heaves and lifts;
Heaves in the might of mighty gifts.
There is a Freedom, housed in Fate,
That waits upon the ultimate.

Choose ye this day."—There is a choice
To hallow or deny the Voice.
This day the Normal Ages bow,
To touch mankind from brain to brow.
Self touches to receive the prize;
Grasps it,—for abnormalities.

This day is Peril close at hand.
 Each Nation is a rope of sand.
 States are but human on the skin,
 That anarchisms breed within,
 And cities but the docks and piers,
 For Self's adventuring buccaneers.

The Woman, Conscience, turns her brow.
 Mother Columbia staggers now:
 In her torn vitals germs the curse
 That swells in manhood's passion-purse.
 Afflicted Woman, who rebels,
 Appeals to God,—so doom foretells.
 A Hand is into Nature thrust,
 To lift the just from the Unjust.

Let but Democracies inflame;
 Let but Plutocracies misaim;
 So the firm land becomes a sea,
 And Freedom breeds insanity.
 'Tis ever in the alternate:
 Two doors for emanence hath Fate.
 Through one she darkens, strife to strife
 Through other quickens, Life to Life.

VIII.

To rouse the Instinct of Normality
 Is the first province of the Bard, the Seer.
 Peoples that swarm to breed banality
 Are sketches, void of manhood that appear.
 The idiot is not in bliss or ban;
 Oft the mere photo of a mist that ran

The shadow of a something that's not there.
The norm within it serves a transient end,
He holds, within the idiotic stare,
Not to impersonise but to defend.
Nor good nor evil does the idiot know,
A chaos he of instincts let a-flow.

Seeming mankind, they are not good or ill,
But dancing manikins upon the stage;
Shadows God winks at. To man's miracle
They cannot touch. Their norm was not of age.
They are pre-births, to vanish as they came,
As marsh-lights whirled in phosphorescent flame.

Some seeming idiots hold norms coerced,
Drawn into selfs by scortatory play;
In abnormality conceived and nursed;
The wombs that gather them weave disarray;
Or the norm fails to puncture, to project,
Yet waits to serve his image that is wrecked.

Men, women, weave a multiplied damnation;
Their wrong is, that they serve the anti-norm
Build abnormality in generation:
Involve the norm to sacrifice its form.
They know not what they do; yet oft the womb
Holds crucifixion; pre-existent doom.

The most minute of seed; the most minute
Because the first in God are small of small,
Norm enters nature through the Root of root,
And outens out from Nature's in-of-all.
Infinitesimal the seed in purse,
To grow to likeness of infiniverse.

Through all degrees, diversities and zones,
 The seed in spiral vorticle is led
 Through atomed particles to joys of thrones,
 And principalities in wisdom's head,
 To realise of Being, that began,
 In such small-outness, to be woman-man.

IX.

The key to evolution, normally,
 Is taking on responsibility.
 Responsibility! Here is the key
 To evolution, and its certainty.

'Tis taking on the duty of the Fact:
 The love of it, and living in its act.
 Into this thought all revelations curve
 Unto this end all inspirations nerve.

Ultima Thule! Here we stand at last;
 Into the Linear God our lines are cast.
 Here we hold constancy and breathing zeal,
 In the All-True, All-Beautiful to feel,

And serve in purpose, cherish, and defend,
 Unto the ever-perfect, endless end.
 We scale the mountains o'er Time's dim fiord:
 Let they who glory glory in the Lord."

It is the glorying in God that tells.
The ruined wombs, made selfhood's breeding hells,
Wherein the norms were spaced to death and sin,
Revive when, starred in glories, Christ comes in;
Rejoice when with the shameless dies the shame,
And Woman glories, glows in Christa's flame.

X.

By flake on flake of evanescent snow,
The glacial ages to their terror grow.
By swift evasions of pure duty's right,
God-Self said, "Be Night." Day died; there was Night.

Yea, Night is now: through Self's titanic storm,
It vomits darkness on the rising norm.
Yea, Self for Norm whets the assassin's knife;
But in the norm-song Goddess saith, "Be Life!"

XI.

'Twas in the Masculine of Crime
That Woman faded from her prime.
The sanctuaries of her sex
Strewed the shored ages with their wrecks.

Woman, in Norm the sister queen,
Served man the chartered libertine,
To toy and frolic in the grove;
To wither in the bonds he rove

From fourth dimension lost in third
His sexhood hiding from the Word;
Turning from God, to intromit
His passion in curst counterfeit;

Lost to the God-sense from his heart
His bestness made his basest part
His pillar fallen from its base
Obsession graven on his face;

The emblem of his manhood's might
Pillar of stone on templed height
In idol groves and frolic-glades,
Erect for dalliance with the maids

God Masculine supreme, alone,
The Goddess Truth is overthrown.
Her sportive loves from rapine fled—
Yea, Pan is dead. Aye, Pan is dead,

Pan is accurst. Who curst him, who?
Pan was unknown unto the jew:
A splendid sport of Nature's play,
He fashioned in her blithe array.

Pan is not dead. Pan ever lives
Where mother milk its passion gives
Pan and his blithesome fawns, whose raids
Led frolic in Time's everglades.

Or, if Pan died from his forbore
Of seeming, lives he evermore,
Wherever Nature buds a leaf,
Or twines a rapture out of grief.

XII.

From Christendom to strip soiled swaddling clothes,
And in its fact reveal God's human form.
To wind from Woman all that Woman loathes,
And glimpse at sex, all glorious in its norm!

"Peace I give unto you," the Saviour said.
He gives us now the Goddess, who is Peace,
'Rayed in Her glorious, golden Bridal-head,
To ope the fountains of divine increase,
And spray the quickening nations in Her bliss.—
This is a Second Coming, even this.

XIII.

When Woman lifts her treasured form
In the Religion of the Norm:
When she glows radiant as the sun,
Resplendent in her freedom won

When she is sceptred as a Fate,
Where man's full virtues constellate;
Enshrined in Christus-Christa's worth;
Throned in the heart of Heaven, made Earth

When she blooms young in Christa's youth,
As now is sainted Catherine Booth,
And leads from Summit Land to Coast
Christ's armies of the Holy Ghost;

When she has sanctified the street,
Till Maiden Angels call and greet;
When she beatifies the home,
Till Christa o'er it orbs Her dome
And flesh is passion-pure, to bow
In worship, as Celestials now;

When love-born self, transformed and clean,
Re-lives within the Nazarene,
And Woman's sacred womb is 'rayed
Immaculate as Mary maid;

In templed groves when Lovers meet,
Shrined to the gifting Paraclete,
And groom and bride the statelier glow
In flesh-might as the seasons go;

Then that which now seems but the vain
Illusion of the Minstrel's brain,
Will orb to crown the World's desire,
Attuned to Redemption's lyre.

XIV.

In God made flesh Religion grew
From senile Old to infant New.
The dead religions haunt the eyes,
From their extinguished dynasties
The Infant God approached the race
Came forth through scandal and disgrace.

Time-wise is Booker Washington,
As Moses of the old time gone.
A larger God than Moses drew
For the religion of the Jew,
Would rise through his impregnate heart;
God Counterpart in Counterpart.

A latent Israel to-day
Throbs through disorder's dusk decay;
An Infant People yet unborn,
'Neath eyelids of unopened morn.
These vast savannas of the South
Are kissed by Mother Christa's mouth;
A life is pulsing to unfold
Through all the grim Caucasian cold.

Sure, there is Providence in Fate.
A little, little longer wait.
The flame that fired the Hebrew seer
Is flooding perilously near,
And Liberty aye guiding on,
Leans over Booker Washington.

XV.

How to appease Lord God by charms?
Use God for terrors and alarms?
Men dare not speak of what they feel,
Lest God should crush them with His heel.
Men dare not live their best of right,
Lest God should stun or starve by might.

Men are of Policy the slaves.
 They veil, but feed, the household graves.
 They cry that "God the nuptial joins;
 Marries the sinhood to the loins";
 Marries the death-sense to the veins
 Proclaim that God "the rite ordains";
 Then leer, excuse and share the fee
 Of composite dishonesty.

Apostasy would aye oppress,
 Clad in Religion's fictioned dress.
 No lift, no rise for woman-man,
 While Selfhood holds Religion's van.
 Churches that most appeal to sense
 Are Organised Impenitence.
 The mountain of God's Chastity
 Men dare not climb, lest they should die.
 We veil in shadow nigh its base,
 Lest we should see God, face to face.

XVI.

Aye I survive, a normal man.
 But how? By daring in the van
 Into the loins of God adjust
 Meet death with life, brace love to lust
 Flood the swift atmosphere with son
 Of battle,—Right against the wrong

Ah! time is cruel; time, a sea
 Whose billows heap calamity.
 Our hands are gyved in fatal cares,
 Our feet are tangled in the snares.

Neighbor and-kinsman oft a foe
The selfhood willed: "It must be so."
'Tis self's implacable "Thou must!"
That grinds Truth's forehead in the dust.
Hate is the ancient of the times
Armed in impenetrable crimes.

A child against the cataract,
I face Self's tyrannizing fact;
Yet not to fear, but to explore.
I dare, I tread the whirling floor
Of tempest, tail, tremendous Ill.—
The storm shall cease, the rush be still.

XVII.

I will arise from precincts of Illusion,
In flesh my, Father-Mother God to seek.
Self generates the germs of dissolution
Allows no providence to serve the weak.
O'er all the surfaced earth is found no place
Where the unselfized norm holds breathing space.

Malaria follows him where'er he treads.
The bloodhounds of cold terror hunt him down.
The atmospheric poisons heap their deads.
Enraged insanities on slumber frown.
The larvous world, from selfized sexhoods born,
Stings him through cadavers of ghosts forlorn.

Men buy their lives here by subservience.
 Pierce but a purpose through Great Selfhood's breast
 Then Selfhood damns thee to his immanence:
 Thou art marked out for ruin by his hest.
 But pierce him till he staggers from thy blow,
 And then concentric ruins on thee flow.

Henceforth the medicinal art is vain
 Henceforth in vain the sanative retreat.
 Follows thee aye the dread, infectuous rain.
 The circling epidemics in thee meet.
 The "god of this world" stamps his heel upon
 Thy quickened fleshness; cries, "Accurst, begone!"

Curses attain their grand climacteric.
 "Saul, Saul, why did'st thou to my temples prick?
 Nay, Saul, but now dost thou thy cataract
 Loose round me, o'er me, through me to the quick.
 I wheel, I battle, by my flesh I swim
 In whirlpools of the maddened anarchim."

XVIII.

If the lone Norm would dare to the solution
 Of the world's battle, to the full relief,
 He must meet Selfhood in its last profusion
 Must in his fleshness hold Fate's harvest sheaf.
 The mills of ruin through his senses grind
 They breast to terrors, borne on every wind.

Blame we the suicide? Ah, yes; but hold.
The suicidal instinct fires from "damn."
It generates in Self's malarial cold.
"I curse, thou cursest, kill me, curse I am.
Kill into us, while we kill into thee."
Voice so, in curse, all "Deads," to one a-key.

And the poor wretch feels it to desperation.
It festers in the telepathic nerve.
His fleshness feels its passions in damnation.
There's no escape: it haunts howe'er they curve.
Full oft they will not so: subdued by Ill,
Flesh perishes in failure of the will.

Not suicides, but Murdered by the Selves
That haunt the shores of this endangered sphere
The "Damnites," slipping from their blasted shells,
To reap their vengeance or appease their fear.
These are self-victims tortured by unrest.
Half-maddened subjects of the deadly, quest.

The norm rides o'er temptation, but he feels
Accumulate temptation, terrors dire.
In the extreme his consciousness appeals,
But torpor grasps him in his cage of fire.
He cannot hold his own protected bliss.
It seems his Father leaves him unto this.

"Kill, kill!" This is the passion of the fiend
The fiend who was a selfized man but erst;
The self, who from his saving norm a-weaned,
And in self-pleasure his self-passion nursed;
The fiend in whom no more of man remains;
Ghostly survival of the self in chains;

Who holds the self's great lust; to imitate;
 Never to be, but always to assume;
 To counterfeit man's image and estate;
 A rottenness, to play the rot in bloom
 A self-deception first, then to achieve
 The subtlety, all creatures to deceive.

XIX.

He was an hungered, fleshness-dazed and dim;
 High in the apex height of storm and strife.
 Archangels came and ministered to Him,
 Supreme of Norm, First Fulness of their life;
 Condensed into a flesh of Being's flow;
 The Daughter-Son of Man, made Saviour so.

The Pivot Point of all Normality;
 King and Arch-Pontiff of its cosmic spheres;
 Yet He in flesh took on profanity;
 Assumed the utter fearsomeness of fears
 Bore, to the very wormness of the worm,
 All that makes woman weak and man infirm.

He came: He conquered unto this in us.
 'Twas in our flesh He conquered, through His own.
 He took on selfhood, wrecked, all ruinous;
 Ours, foolish, wild and wicked, deadlier grown
 Through coils of ages; hungry and agape
 To feed on woman's passion, as the ape.

In fourths Arch-Norm, divine, immaculate;
A glorious God-wrought Consciousness, He glowed;
Yet in our third, knit to its lost estate,
Assumed it by his Flesh; in flesh abode,
And so, as Tempter in Temptation curled,
Entered the vast temptation of the world.

XX.

Into Eternity I form and spin,
Nor count the weary hours for redress
Through every nerve fight myriad-breasted Sin
The Woman sex-self, Love's apostasess;
Self-Cleopatra, who abolishes
The norm from man, yet spins man to her knees;

The tigress woman, not a woman she,
But selfhood's courtesan, phrased wife or maid,
Who kneels in secret sex-idolatry,
Yet charms, in imagery of goddess rayed.
Man reasons, dares not urge the Woman's Right:
He knows, he fears the tigress parasite.

The sweetest, best of men, oft woman's fool—
They, while she cuckolds, hold her foulness sweet.
Arch-mistress in dissimulation's school,
She in her sex-sense fouls the Paraclete.
The virgin youth seeks Hymen's altar, then
He opens in awe to find the she-wolf's den.

I blush for man, to think I am a man
 To women kneel, to think me woman born
 But woman's sexness, aye since Ill began,
 Filtered the potion for self-sexhood's horn.
 Not to repose, but to inflame desire:
 Gehenna opens in her whirl of fire.

XXI.

Incipient Mammon, Belial, Lucifer;
 Women accomplices will urge them on.
 'Tis women holds the might of self a-stir.
 In her the false gods breast their pantheon.
 These the false goddesses who rule and throne,
 Where anarchs reign o'er human life o'erthrown.

Religion's cozened woman, it is she
 Whom knavish priests lead, flatter and despise
 Enchain her by astute diplomacy,
 And soothe her into bondage till she dies.
 'Tis woman who her prospered anarch sweets
 And cuddles, while her sisters rot the streets.

Recall the crises when heroic Stead
 Faced sin's high tower from floor to pinnacle,
 And, 'gainst the might of priesthood's legal tread,
 Smote for the martyred ones, and smote to kill.
 Had women urged the onset, hard to hold;
 Had she but willed, imperious, young and old;

Had she but loosed the God-fire in the sex,
A miracle of quickening had been.
Ah, well. Women are oft but gaudy wrecks,—
Yachts cabined for the fleshly anakin.—
They heard not, dared not meet the call sublime.
Stead scotched the snake; he could not kill the crime.

XXII.

When worst is said, Life is worth living through.
We share the marches of the fixed stars.
Temptation fails, shakes as a drop of dew
From the maned lion of the Avatars.
Temptation conqueror? Ah, never. No!
Christ rises through temptation's overthrow.

Who dare not meet temptation? 'Tis the reef
That bars the swelling river from its course.
The monumented agony, the grief
Provoke the swol'n resistance of the force.
Temptation? Grasp him. Thrust the worded rod,
Then smite in the resistlessness of God.

'Tis when the night swoons in the dark of dark
When the day fails in closed eclipse of day;
'Tis when the flesh of fleshy health is stark
'Tis when all ruins to one ruin weigh;
'Tis when friends, lovers, comrades seem to fail,
Judgment comes forth, with even-handed scale.

There's a Tribunal of the Last Resort
 There's an awakening of the planet's dust
 Oblivion for creations that abort;—
 All things to their realities adjust.
 A round of Being closes and renews;
 God shakes the fetters and the chains diffuse.

XXIII.

Breathes forth again, imparadised, new man
 New woman-man, meets Father-Mother's face.
 The glorious beauty of glad Lilistan
 Beams through the passions, crowned in bridal grace.
 'Tis no more now for Christ to orb impearled,
 Than, ages gone, to round Earth's earlier world.

In fixed Eternity a world may form;
 A normal world as yet unsphered in clay,
 All beauteous, blissful, exquisitely warm,
 And touch our globe of peoples in decay;
 Glide through our third dimension by its fourth,
 And hold it fixed and still for viewless birth.

Formed substance of that world may interspace
 The fleshly image of new man pervade.
 God cometh thus in the Event of Grace:
 Touches His own; they are no more afraid.
 Touches them soft as dew on vernal flowers
 Quickens redemptive passions for their powers.

'Tis the new permeates the older world
A fourth-dimensioned world in third degree.
Fleshness of God through earthly flesh infurled.—
Such Certainty in man's uncertainty;
The Norm evolved in power of worth's increase;
Passions transformed, in loving, wise release.

XXIV.

War to the centre of man's profanation
War to the quick of strife.
Display the banner of mankind's salvation
Strike for the Life of life!

Wait, pause no longer in anticipation.
Realities affirm.
Strike for deliverance: confront Damnation—
Defy the Dragon-worm.

XXV.

Bear we in flesh the sufferings of Jesus.
Lift we where Yessa bore.
Nought, nought but this for ruins will appease us,
Nor slay the Planets' whore.

No peace, no parley with prevaricators,
The men of fuss and fume;
Smooth liars unto God, in flesh the traitors
Foul outspits of the Doom.

Into the intimate of mortal anguish
The strife has entered now.
Uplift the normal lives that bleed and languish
The hours of Fate avow.

Hypocrisy, that veils in specious reason,
That in the Press makes head,—
Meet it in this new era's budding season
Root out its pregnant bed.

O man, O woman, who adown the vista
Of years have seen but night,
Turn ye, O, turn full thought to Christus-Christa:
Palsy exchange for might.

Turn from the bigotries that chilled and narrowed
Your hearts, that bled and clove
Grasp ye the darts through Christa's flesh that arrowed:
Wake ye and fight for Love!

This is no battle of the Pedagogic;
Phrases may but deceive.
'Tis in the absolute, eternal logic,
W'hereto the Norms believe.

No day, than this can be the more or better,
If God fills all the day.
The hour, that through us breaks the selfized fetter,
Leads ages in its way.

XXVI.

I love the sacred mass; the intercession
The organ's solemn swell
The sense of being blest, in sweet possession
Of rest where angels dwell.

Yet Sisters, who take grace of Paul or Peter,
Arch-Peter of the key,
Forgive me if I follow far Demeter,
Or Mary of the Sea.

The everlasting Passion will not falter
It cannot but adore.
Its Worship kneels before the fourfold altar,
Whose arch spans sea and shore

When Worship spaces to the far extension,
God fills her by embrace.
Made welcome in the beatific mansion,
God blesses, face to face.

Not languorous is she nor sentimental
She touches Christa's knee.
Her low breathed murmurings are sacramental,
'Lone, with Divinity.

She is the confluence of living forces,—
Uplift in time and tone
Draws life, to love and serve from primal sources
In God, her Fact made known.

XXVII.

Nature is grand, yet Nature hid
As wheat grains in a pyramid.
Nature is cabined, cribbed, confined,
Waiting for men of normal mind.
Nature is tired of waiting so
Her massive worths to ruin go.
She plays to socialise her ants
And cheer the birds in merry chants
But draws her cinctures close before,
Nor hints of her once open door.

Out in the fourth dimension, where
Nature in God holds open air,
Glad Nature overbrims: they kiss
Into the mother's girdled bliss.
Her pulses drip enchanted wine,
And Lovers greet 'neath palm and pine.

Minstrels of such high harmonies
As call the proud sublimities,—
They shape the glorious passioned arts
That arch and crown the templed marts,
And the great sanctuaries fill
Life loosened into miracle.

XXVIII.

The Fourth from brink to fountain-head
Repels the orgies of the dead.
Whate'er the intermediate realm,
Hades she meets with breast-plate, helm.

No part hath she in Selfhood's boom.
Self is to her Religion's tomb.
And she is Church and she is State;
Society inviolate.
All that she hath she holdeth free
To the Twain-One Divinity.
To Self, howe'er with thought it fill,
Norm is incomprehensible.

Ah! how we suffer; how we strive,—
We normal men, in flesh alive,
To dare the martyrdom of Time;
Enduring for Love's golden prime
Pains of all sorrows blend, in one
Sublimity of martyrdom.

We who essay the human cure
Find first one duty; to endure;
In sweet sincerity to face
Deceit, depravity, disgrace
To hold in the restraint of force,
Swept round as in the whirlwind's curse,
And, where mortality but fails,
Wait for the lifting of the veils.

XXIX.

In the starved agonies of dissolution,
I strain to lift for lives all dying down.
Mankind is in the furnace of solution;
Feels the dissolving process. So the frown
Of sins, of sorrows, striving to depart,
Whirls through my fleshness to its heart of heart.

Over its capitol of love, where ever
 The passions of my being own their Queen,
 I bow, as young Apollo o'er his quiver,
 And in the orbing splendor touch between
 Her glorious eyes, to draw the fiery darts,
 That are my arrows, kindling in the smarts.

My respirations to Her bosom center:
 Quick draughts of joyous laughter through me flow.
 Her winged loves by thrilled sensations enter.
 Spontaneous worship leads the overglow.
 From the blithe fourth-dimension's fountain-head
 Drip the free dewdrops, whence the lives are fed.

Such now the hour: but what recuperation,
 When She whom I confess as "World's Delight,"
 Is Flesh in flesh, and nation unto nation
 In Her vast sanctuary unite,
 Whilst the selfed past is all a futile dream,
 And God made Flesh joys in our flesh supreme.

XXX.

Selves, who in Nature worship, worship feigning
 They are pinched inward to deceive outright.
 Hail for the hour of Normal unrestraining;
 Man-woman in Redemption's bridal-plight.
 "Love and a crust," fond Hymen's babes averred;—
 Now Love, Life's twain-one eden, Bridal Word.

The Ministry of Woman waits to follow;
The Sex shown mightier than Church or State,
She will adore Her Christ, the True Apollo;
The Door and Presence of her queenly fate.
"The Bridegroom cometh! "—Bosoms leap, respire.
Hail, Christus-Christa!—Wake Apollo's lyre!

I leap to meet a cataract of song.
Spirit in flesh and flesh in spirit quiver.
All heavens into one heaven of music throng.
Heart of man-woman owns the Mother-Giver.
Wake, wake! to meet the Beautiful and fold
Into Her sweetness, as the Bridegroom told.

XXXI.

Out of the Carthages and Babylons,
We call unto you, O, Our little ones;
Ye who array in sumptuous 'broidery,
And yet in all such gloryings fade and die,
And give such joy of flesh, wherein ye yearn,
To be the last dominion of the worm.

"The pride of king, the stateliness of queen
Is held in tribute unto self's obscene.
The snake coils in your garden of delights;
The larves, who feed into you, haunt the nights,
And ye are whirlers in the fatuous flights.

'Tis evanescent, all but loss and pain;
 Yet unto ye the fictioned gods remain,
 And the false goddesses, whose gifts are glaives
 And jealousies, heart-break; anon the graves.

"We call upon ye, who would hurt ye not;
 We sympathise into your crooked lot;
 We concentrate where ye are waste, diffuse
 We bliss full fill where sportings but amuse,
 And longings weary, void in martyrdoms.
 Come unto Ale, My lost, lone little ones.
 Come unto Her, your Mother and My Bride.
 Enter beatitudes, in Us abide."

XXXII.

As Chillon's prisoner, shut far beneath
 The weighted waters in a cage of death,
 'Twixt God-time unto fool-time, dark the hours,
 Where I must war, whilst Self's infuriate powers
 Consign me to a solitude, wherein
 The norm must hold against red-handed
 Sin; I can but speak through silence and afar,
 To men of faith who wait the Avatar;
 Remotely find the sisters of the Life;
 Flesh-worn and weary with the bitter strife.

I ask but little, save a shadowed mound
 Of lonely woodland for my cloistered round
 A hermitage where I the task fulfil,
 Holding my flesh in God serenely still,

Serving the round of duty's daily lot.
This is scarce mine to have: there is no spot
Where the enfranchised, outened norm may dwell,
Save as his flesh is mailed in miracle,
And he holds battle, battle, as a staff.—

Yet each fierce conflict endeth in a laugh
Of happy laughter:—then some new surprise
Of wisdom, that is God-light to the eyes;
New arrowings of courage in the sense
New coming forth of God in emanence.—
The prisoner in his dungeon faces day;
Harps of the harmonies into him play.
One norm twain-one, into such dungeon hurled,
Give God-life,—time,—may open out the world.

XXXIII.

Closed in the sense of this captivity,
Grows ever in the flesh its liberty.
In it the feeling of gigantic gift;
The will-force, nerved titanic for the lift,
As if its purpose as a bar were thrust
'Twixt the fore-front of world-compelling Lust.

By it I vow, "No longer!"—By God's worth
In it I will, in God, to hold on Earth
Till Selfhood trembles, yielding to the flow,
And the Above is realised below.

Freedom for one means freedom to the all.
Norm is a Prophecy. The shadows fall
Before him; open; darken to a spread
Of open field, wherein Old Time lies dead.

Yet shall I laugh, this prison cell before,
When Christus to the flesh makes open door,
And Nature from its bondage lifts a-free,
And open lives hold joyances with me.

Far as the sense of bondage heaps and grows,
So far emancipations shall uncloze.
Then we, who toiled in bondage for the slaves,
Will glow a-free, as risen through the graves.

As God-fired passions find resistless course,
We shall exult as rivers from their source.
The selfized barriers, that our lives restrain,
Shall heave, to vanish in dissolvent rain,
Yet, viewless still, as is translucent air,
Transcendant Fourthness shall Result declare.

XXXIV.

Know ye how Helios pictures through?
Or how the dawns their songs renew?
Or by what secret alchemies
The bridal Eve restores her glees?

Or by what touch from heart to brow
Verse unto Goddess makes avow,
And images in tinted rhyme
What was the Mystery of Time?

The Coliseum falls. Arise
New Coliseums in surprise.
"Destroy this Temple." In three days
That Temple rises; not by ways
In third dimension seen or thought:
God willed it, and the Fourth inwrought.

What if that Temple rises now,
Sublime, to crown the Planet's brow?—
The everlasting all before,
We dwell within the Evermore,
We hold within the crushing surge,
Where Life Eternal shall emerge.

XXXV.

This Diary, it versed to Declaration,—
A soul-cry, yet a force,—
I pass from anguishments in adoration.
The streamlet seeks its source.

Yet Nature burns for terrible requitals
On ranks that wrought her wrong.
She opens, quickens to her outraged vitals
The judgments in her throng.

Come, let us to the touch of judgment open:
 Light altars in the gloom.
 The crisis of the Peoples hath evoken
 The Goddess of the Doom.

BESTOWAL.

There is a point where human life converges:
 It is the point 'twixt failure and success.
 'Tis here the hero-martyr who emerges
 'Tis there the caitiff anarch makes egress.
 Democracy is best or worst of all
 It leads the world in rise or world in fall

Each human whirl must find its human centre.
 Each crucial day of ages means new man.
 'Tis the Advancing Principle must enter;
 And now 'tis Lilistan or Devilstan.
 'All kingdoms of this world I give to thee,'
 This, Sexized-Self, proffers Democracy.
 'Accept Me; I; no place to lay My head,'
 Arch-Norm unto Democracy has said.

Come unto Me, My People. Come and share
 Denial, shame, fierce wrath and condemnation.
 But by the Minstrel's lyric I declare,
 Yet the Song holds the Being of the Nation.
 'Tis in the moving rhythm of the rhyme
 Beats the heart-purpose of Emergent Time.

As through temptation I came forth before;
Now, clad in minstrelsy, I ope the door.
I bring good tidings, if ye will but heed
Yet in your normal faith the news must breed.

"The Song is potent of all potencies,
If ye will but receive it in its worth.
It brings the key to all the liberties.
'Tis life of gladness, sapience of mirth.
It rears no fane, yet it the Temple bears:
Therein, if ye but listen, God declares;
Therein, if ye but hallow, God appears,
Full for the fullness of eternal years.

"I came, a Baby from a Virgin's womb:—
I, Crucified Reformer;—so I died.
I was a Spark that lightened in the gloom.
I have endured, part worshipped yet denied.
Into all selfhood's hells My pulses beat.
Amid all human ills My worths compete.
Throughout all human ways My goings run.
I would be felt and followed, as the sun.

"I show no outward miracle but this:
I breathed into a minstrel of your time,
And he drew agonies to serve My bliss
Through forty days' temptation versed the rhyme.
All that he had he gave Me, and he wrought,
Unto the utmost of his lyric thought—
I take it from him, in it to enshrine.
Claim it: I give it you. I would be thine."

AT LAST.

My Brother and Sister Nature,
Bless me, before I go
To search for the human creature,
Sunk in the Selfhood's woe.

The tents of the Irreligions
Are stricken, to whirl away.
The knives of the Circumcisions
Are broken as Creeds decay.

Again there is God-song spoken.
There's hope for the Ruined Star.
I chant as the Life-Doors open.
I front to the Avatar.

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