

Canto I

The very thought of you
Shakes off my listlessness;
Though I ask naught of you,
Having lost my loneliness.

Having lost my loneliness,
I seek no inspiration,
There's no scope for wistfulness,
No pause in life's elation.

No need for outer force,
No dumping of intuition;
Love charts a steady course,
Love is its own fruition.

I do not dream of your face
Which covers you as you are,
There is nothing that can replace
Love – not sun nor moon nor star.

I do not waste my dreams,
Despoilers of ecstasy –
I refuse to be caught in schemes
That bide reality.

Excuse if I write
This halting, jarring verse,
Since I have caught the sight
Of an endless universe.

Since I have caught the sight,
I have also heard the sound
Of music emitting light,
And of wonders newly found.

Since I have caught the sound
Of music, the world would dance
On life's stage which is not bound
Even by the greatest romance.

Since I have seen the dance,
I return to solitude.
And hope these words, perchance,
Will express my gratitude.

Canto II

At twilight the sun dives into the sea,
Refreshing itself after a heavy day,
Hangs his multicolored clothing in the sky,
And turns to play.

At twilight the mind should stop its musings
And free itself from vain imagination,
And all the harrowing impressions of life—
By meditation.

At twilight the mind should stop, turn to rest,
Seeking a refuge from emotion and pain,
And by looking into the mirror of itself,
Love again.

Canto III

The swallows have returned to Capistrano,
Heralding the awaking of spring,
But heart need turn only to itself,
To sing.

The cherry blossoms color the Potomac,
And Washington again feels clean and bright,
But heart revolving on itself will see
The light.

The green grass carpets all our hillsides,
And Mother Earth again feels strong and gay,
But heart by touching heart can find
Endless day.

Canto IV

How sacred were the footsteps of the ancients,
How holy their feet—
How wonderful your calmness and your patience,
To make us feel that ebullient magnetism which goes
From our nostrils to our very toes,
And makes this life complete.

How marvelous the newly found expression
Which forms a dance,
And liberates man from slavish impression
Which holds himself creative in his ego blindness,

But owing to your very loving kindness,
He surmounts his ignorance.

How wonderful the wisdom of the body,
The majesty of the bones,
Men is not animal, but truly Godly,
And when the nerves awaken from their dullness,
The heart will know life in its fullness,
And sense its overtones.

Canto V

Echo is the shadow of sound,
Shadow is the echo of light,
Now that I have found
You, it is to let you know
That all I write is but an echo,
An echo in the night.

Canto VI

The warm delight of flesh is nothing
Before that grand exhilaration
Which the dance devises; everything
Disappears before the compelling elation,
When the consciousness is magnified.
Space and the self move side by side,
Rhythm speeds the spiral gyration
Which takes the dancer into the beyond
Where the lover is lost, but love is found.