

# THE FEAST OF YOUTH

O111,1M98,F  
E8  
002772

HARINDRANATH CHATTOPADHYAY

THE FEAST OF YOUTH

# THE FEAST OF YOUTH

Poems by Harindranath Chattopadhyay

THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE

ADYAR, MADRAS, INDIA

1918

DEDICATED

TO THE REVERED AND SACRED MEMORY

OF

MY MOTHER

SRIMATI VARADA SUNDARI DEVI

AND

MY FATHER

AGHORENATH CHATTOPADHYAY

*Aghore Mandir  
San Thomé  
21st August 1918*

## CONTENTS

	PAGE
I. THE FEAST OF YOUTH :	
The Feast of Youth . . . . .	3
Fire . . . . .	4
Earth and Sky . . . . .	5
Realisation . . . . .	6
Changed . . . . .	7
Aquarium . . . . .	8
The Hour of Rest . . . . .	9
Worship . . . . .	10
Song to Memory . . . . .	11
Day and Night . . . . .	14
Sweetness . . . . .	15
Magic . . . . .	16
Thy Name . . . . .	17
Marvel . . . . .	18
Branches . . . . .	19
Messages . . . . .	20
My Unlaunched Boat . . . . .	21
The Poet's Song . . . . .	22
Sea-Song . . . . .	24
Love in the Desert . . . . .	26
Sufi Worship . . . . .	27
" Within my Being " : A Sufi Song . . . . .	28
Ecstasy . . . . .	29
II. SONNETS :	
Sonnet . . . . .	33
Sonnet . . . . .	34
Sonnet . . . . .	35
The God of Warriors . . . . .	36

	PAGE
III. SONGS OF THE SUNLIGHT :	
Dawn . . . . .	39
Sunrise . . . . .	40
Noon . . . . .	41
Dusk . . . . .	42
Night . . . . .	43

---

## FOREWORD

I HAVE written in my book, *The Renaissance in India*, of the problem presented by the poetry of Harindranath Chattopadhyay in its exquisite and most desirable impartation of oriental vision and magic to poetry in the English language, and in its consequent menace to India's literary and national future in the possible drawing away of other young poets from their true instrument of expression, their mother-tongue.

This book, his first, with its lyrical morning joy and bird-like assurance on the wing, accentuates that menace; and yet, almost simultaneously with the declaration of opinion mentioned above, and with glaring inconsistency, I here unblushingly, nay, with pride, introduce the dangerous young poet: the poet within myself rises above the jungles and swamps of the mind to some quiet hill-top on which he makes salutation to a comrade born with new and compelling vision and utterance—which are all, after all, that really matter to the soul of humanity in its hunger and thirst for articulation.

“A thousand gold-bags of a Persian king

Are equal balanced with a grain of sand,”

our poet of nineteen years sings sagely in a poem not in this book; and it may be that in the scales of art the weight of much predilection and a great many theories of human relationship will be found light in comparison with a grain of genius. We plan out our political systems, we expound our schemes of education, we talk of the vernacular as the safeguard of national spirit (with the examples before us of Ireland preserving and uttering her soul through centuries of foreign speech, and Wales in

her own ancient tongue swearing away her soul to the foreigner, examples which do not make us change our opinion as to the national necessity of vernacular expression). Then comes some individual bearing the sacred fire of genius, and its white flame makes our apparently shining "dome of many-coloured glass" look like variations of the primal darkness. We are forced to recognise that our plans and arguments are only props to weakness, stimuli to derivative-ness, signs of disease through which humanity is slowly progressing towards health. They are certainly not evidences of activity of the free spirit, which shows itself through individual genius rising above the level of a race or an age, and uttering itself in any tongue it pleases to use. It has done so in the case of Sarojini Naidu; it is doing so in the case of her young brother, the author of this book; and literary history has now to record the fact that the wind of the spirit can blow with equal strength simultaneously from two points of the compass.

Harindranath Chattopadhyay is, I am convinced, a true bearer of the Fire—not the hectic and transient blaze of youthfulness (which has its place and time, and only a place and a time) but the incorruptible and inextinguishable flame of the immortal Youth which sustains the worlds visible and invisible.

In that conviction I find refuge from inconsistency.

JAMES H. COUSINS

---



**THE FEAST OF YOUTH**

## THE FEAST OF YOUTH

Lo! over the mountains in the silver-grey  
Enchanted distance, breaks a burning day!  
Long clouds of faery-flaming fire  
Bloom on the heaven-looming mountain-tops . . .  
And everywhere warm, silver fountain-drops  
Scatter the music of desire!

The old stars dance enkindled with divine  
Ecstatic sparks. The sea is foaming wine!  
The moon, a luscious-ripened grape,  
O'erfloods the Cup of Youth . . . The ocean-shells  
Transform themselves for rapture, into bells  
For Youth's bright feet of faery-shape!

Thrilled by the scented breath of Youth, the wind  
Shapes earth into a rich, creative mind!  
And threshes out the sleeping snow  
Into an active dream of joy . . . The world,  
A secret flower, its petals hath uncurled  
Like visible hints of godly glow!

O! I shall draw the blue out of the skies  
And offer it like wine of paradise  
To drunken Youth . . . pluck the red sun  
Like a rich fruit to set before his mouth,  
And satisfy his hunger and his drouth  
After the moment of our union.

## FIRE

Kindle your glimmering lamp in the infinite space,  
O Love!

Let the dark shadows dance in the burning depths of  
mine eyes.

I am athirst for one glimpse of your beautiful face, O Love!  
Veiled in the mystical silence of stars and the purple  
of skies.

Thrill me with radiant rapture, O Love! of your ravish-  
ing flute,

Folding my silence in song, and my sorrow in silver  
eclipse,

Shaping my heart into flower, and the flower of my  
heart into fruit

Meet for your orchards of light, and the touch of your  
luminous lips.

Cast in the shadowy deeps of my being, your love,  
like a spark,

Fan it to magical flame, till my dead heart burst into fire,  
Swing, like a censer, my dream of devotion, O Love!  
through the dark,

Turn into tumults of incense my richly-pulsating desire!

## EARTH AND SKY

Bird-loud, luminous, laughing sky!  
There is an endless light in your eye  
That tells me of earth  
As a slave to your dreams,  
And a boy from your lap,  
With a springtime coat and a flower in his cap,  
And silver songs in his mouth at his birth  
Of rippling rivers and shimmering streams,  
Born in a mystic hour of dreams.

Are you richer than earth, my sky?  
Is earth low-born because you are high?  
You may have silver stars in your store  
And the golden lock of the moon for your door,  
But earth has its dreams of flowers and streams,  
Without its shadows, what are your gleams?  
Earth and you shall fight no more. . . .  
O sky! your heart and the heart of the sod  
Are born in the wonderful womb of my God.

## REALISATION

A man lived over the mountains  
Out of the world of strife.  
He quelled the beautiful passions  
That haunt a human life.

With the knife of lonely silence  
He sought to cut the mesh  
Of a million-tinted Maya,  
That the soul weaves for the flesh.

A man lived over the mountains  
Through dawn-hours and the dusk,  
Away from the Flower of Beauty  
He sought the godly musk!

A brother of his sought comfort  
In the universal ways,  
All day he wrought at the anvil,  
At night, he sang God's praise.

He wrought for two mouths so tender  
That waited at home to be fed . . . .  
He wrought in the Name of His Father  
For the love of the one that was dead.

The man that lived on the mountains  
Groped endlessly in the dark . . . .  
The man that wrought at the anvil  
Forever caught the spark!

## CHANGED

I have strangled my yearnings and buried them deep  
In the flowering sod !  
In the silence of darkness I made a bold leap  
In the river of God !

I have scorned all the joys and the pleasures of earth,  
And its colour and song . . . .  
And forgot even the mother that shaped me to birth  
And built me so strong.

I have put out the lamp of my love and desire,  
For their light is not real . . . .  
In the dark, I descry a miraculous fire  
Of my laughing Ideal !

I have left my great burdens of sorrow behind  
In the flowering sod . . . .  
In immutable silence I carve a new mind  
In the Beauty of God !

## AQUARIUM

Each dream that strives to glow and pass  
I catch, and in a home of glass  
Imprison with the thoughts I think . . .  
Twinkling blue and sparkling gold,  
Visions new and fancies old  
That like warm-coloured fishes blink !

In my crystal house they live,  
Each a deathless fugitive,  
Drinking waters of my heart . . .  
Day and night, and night and day,  
In their gleam-entangled play  
In and out they dive and dart.

Babes and youths and old men pass  
My fishes in their house of glass  
Blinking large and bright and clear . . .  
The tiny baby claps her hands,  
The youth but little understands,  
The old man sheds a silent tear. . . .

Day and night and night and day,  
In their rhythmic colour-play,  
In and out they live and dart . . .  
Each a deathless fugitive,  
In my crystal house they live,  
Sipping waters of my heart.

## THE HOUR OF REST

The village sleeps with all its huts . . .  
The tired day must die ;  
The dazzling knife of sunset cuts  
The throbbing heart of sky,  
That bleeds itself to death and shuts  
Earth's beauty from its eye.

The flower of rest is blossoming  
On earth and hill and stream, . . .  
The homing birds, at sunset sing  
A song of shade and gleam . . .  
The West is like a parrot-wing  
Tinged with a peacock-dream!

I gaze athwart the lonely wold  
And commune with the flowers . . .  
Whose little, lovely lives are sold  
To sunshine and to showers . . .  
And in their coloured breasts they hold  
The secrets of the hours !

I watch the faintly-dreaming hill,  
The sky's dim-silvern line . . .  
And feel that I have drunk my fill  
Of clear, renascent wine  
Drawn from the rich grape of God's will  
Half-human, half-divine !

There is a sweetness in the world  
That I have sometimes felt,  
And oft in fragrant petals curl'd  
His fragrance I have smelt . . .  
And in sad notes of birds, unfurl'd  
The kindness He hath dealt !



## WORSHIP

You flood my music with your autumn silence  
And burn me in the flame-burst of your spring.  
Lo! through my beggar-being's tattered garments  
Resplendent shines your crystal heart, my King!

Like a rich song you chant your red-fire sunrise,  
Deep in my dreams, and forge your white-flame moon . . .  
You hide the crimson secret of your sunset,  
And the pure, golden message of your noon.

You fashion cool-grey clouds within my body,  
And weave your rain into a diamond mesh.  
The Universal Beauty dances, dances  
A glimmering peacock in my flowering flesh!

## SONG TO MEMORY

O Burning Daughter of the ashen hours!  
Veiled in a rainbow veil  
Of many-coloured joys and agonies!  
Thro' the rich heart of flowers  
To-day, I send thee an imploring wail,  
And a pale message thro' my dreaming eyes . . . .  
I see thy beauty floating in the skies  
In vast assurance of a higher birth  
Of them that lived and died upon the earth . . . .  
Thou playest on the heart-strings of my lyre  
A song of ancient fire,  
Making my dead heart live into desire . . . .  
O! flying Goddess shod with radiant flame,  
I catch thee in thy glowing flight  
To hear thee speak thy music-pointed name,  
Piercing my endless darkness into light . . . .

Thy touch is beautiful and strong and free,  
O Living Memory!  
It thrills my flesh into a flaming god,  
That laughs in swift, ecstatic flight,  
Mocking the gain of time,  
And waking the death-smitten from the sod!  
O Memory! I catch thee and enfold  
Thy beauty like a blazing dream of gold,  
Plucking renascent glory from the Old . . . .

To-day my being breaks in ringing rain,  
The clouds are filled with yearning and with pain,  
And I invoke thy aid,  
O! Blossom like a shade-enfolding tree,  
Unfaded Memory!  
That I might murmur in thy ample shade  
And feed thee with fire-mingled tears like rain,  
Till leaves upon thy branches be unlaid . . .  
My heart cries out to thee,  
O Dancing Memory!  
Thou dancest thro' all time  
In dazzling ecstasy . . .  
Thy feathers, moon-sublime,  
Spread grand and perfect as a Poet's rhyme!  
O Peacock mine! commence  
Thy crystal dance before my showering eyes . . .

(My tears are more intense  
Than God's, who weepeth in the clouded skies)  
O Dance before mine eyes, my peacock, dance!  
And through thy moon-eyes fling a sudden glance  
Into my sleeping heart,  
Like a fine tinted dart,  
And wake me from my fragile mortal trance!

O Memory! engirt with deathless power,  
Thy beauty and thy laughter  
Change from passing hour to hour  
Like an undreamt chameleon-flower . . .  
I run thee after  
As if thou wert my troubled bride  
Evading me and flying at thy will,  
Maiden Invincible!

O come to me this day, my silver-eyed . . .  
O be thou still  
My only joy and love and pride . . .  
Come! long-necked Camel from the dreary plain  
Of ever-burning Pain . . .  
And let us journey thro' the long-dead hours  
Until we reach at last  
The memoried gardens of the glimmering past . . .  
The music of thy tread  
Will wake my lovely dead,  
Bursting the brazen bosom of the earth,  
And cry: "There is no death without a birth,  
No birth without the passing of a breath  
Thro' the dim gates of death . . ."  
O Memory! forgive my foolish cry,  
Thou hauntest earth and sky,  
And weavest with thy magic wondrous grand,  
Strange fascination in the heart of things,  
My old, dead sufferings  
By thy most scented breath-winds fanned,  
Flower anew into red wine-fraught bloom,  
And like a thirsty bee, thy sweetness stings  
My flesh until I cry,  
And spread athwart the tranquil sky  
The murmured rumour of my own perfume!

## DAY AND NIGHT

God watched a little child at play,  
Divined the sparkles in its eyes,  
And through their depths He seemed to say,

“O Child! your wisdom makes me wise!”  
Then, forth He went to make the day  
And set the moon-glow in the skies!

## SWEETNESS

I love you radiant-glowing flowers!  
For you are like the thoughts I think.  
I love you madly, cool rain-showers!  
For you are like the love I drink.

I love you wildly ashen cloud!  
For you are like the pain I hold.  
I love you, thunders bursting loud!  
For you are like my passion, bold.

I love you soft, incessant streams!  
Your little songs resemble mine.  
And you O dark-red sky of dreams!  
Are coloured like my youth's dark wine.

I love you Earth! I love you best!  
You hold my memories in your sod.  
In you the heart of men seeks rest  
And makes your heart a lovely God!

## MAGIC

The sky to-day hath turned to magic gold,  
And earth with warm, celestial beauty glows . . .  
I tread my inward gardens and behold  
A blossomed Rose!

The silver starlight, through the shadows, streaks  
The forest-heart . . . I laugh in inward dusk . . .  
My musk-deer soul, in her own vision, seeks  
The hidden Musk!

My thoughts are turning incense, and my blood  
Burns in the dawn, breaks in the falling shower . . .  
The magic light hath kissed my dreaming bud  
Into a Flower!

## THY NAME

O! cleanse my tongue in the immaculate flame  
Lord! of Thy sacred Name.  
And, in the silence of my lonely breast  
Lord! ever let it rest.

O! play upon my flesh, as on a lyre  
A song of sacred fire.

O! in the dark, illimitable, deep  
Skies of my mortal sleep,  
Let the star-beauty of Thy matchless Name  
Twinkle in endless flame!

On the mute forehead of my waking, print  
Thy Name's unfading tint.

Light Thou Thy Name amidst my heart's desire  
Like an immortal fire . . .  
Write Thou upon my mortal love, Thy Name  
In letters fraught with flame . . .

O! in my young heart let Thy Name take root  
And burgeon into fruit . . .

Thy Name shall make Life's journey ever seem  
A sweet, enchanted dream . . .

My offerings to Thee when Life shall end  
Will be Thy own Name Friend!

*—12th September, 1916*



## MARVEL

My heart, I told your King about your rags,  
He laughed at me, and stroked my streaming hair . . .  
And from His shining bags,  
He drew the great coins of His heart's despair,  
And told me you were richer . . . Silver tears  
Flowed like a radiant river from His eyes,  
And made me weep likewise!

Go! heart of beggars! Give your songs to Him . . .  
He is a poor man hiding in the dark.  
The moon, that rises over the eastern rim,  
Is of His pale, sad heart a lonely spark,  
That speaks of His vast sorrow . . . He is poor,  
And oft hath knocked in darkness at your door  
For help, you rendered not . . . Go, Heart! and give  
The secret riches of the life you live!

## BRANCHES

The branches of my heart are now in flower  
For the bright, Universal Spring hath woken  
Within my being, in her fullest power.  
A vow she pledges through a shining shower,  
I give her back a blossom for a token !

Through immemorial mists of faded dreams  
A new thought twinkles like a golden glimmer.  
My tears flow towards the End in opal streams,  
My laughter bursts into a thousand gleams  
And thrills the star-fires with a twofold shimmer !

The Spring-hues deepen into human Bliss !  
The heart of God and man in scent are blended . . .  
The sky meets earth in one transparent kiss . . .  
My heart springs up out of the dim abyss  
On wings of light god-rich and beauty-splendid !

## MESSAGES

Secretly He sends His message  
Swiftly through the flowering years . . .  
In a child's resplendent laughter  
And a woman's tender tears . . .  
Sunset-fires are dancing, dancing  
To the music of its feet . . .  
In the burning breast of sunrise  
I can hear its footsteps beat.  
In my slumber and my waking  
I can hear His sobbing flute . . .  
Thro' the springtime and the autumn  
Shaping every flower and fruit . . .  
And His gleaming laughter colours  
Orange hills and purple streams,  
He is throbbing in the crystal,  
Magic centre of my dreams. . . .  
Lo! His splendour bursts like lightning  
Thro' the burning mystic space . . .  
Shadows dance upon my pathways  
To the light upon His face . . .  
Silver stars are visible twinkles  
Of His clear, transparent touch . . .  
He is moving every moment  
To the world He loves so much!

## MY UNLAUNCHED BOAT

The hour hath come to launch my boat, my sailless boat  
At sea. . . .  
I sit upon the shore alone, and daylight dies  
In silence on the bosom of the darkening skies . . .  
And with him, every note  
Is crushed to silent sorrow in the song-bird's throat,  
Ah me!  
And I have not launched out my boat to sea!  
The Spring hath come and gone with all her coloured  
hours.  
The earth beneath her tread  
Laughed suddenly a peal of blue and green and red . . .  
And for her tender beauty wove a flowery bed . . .  
She gathered all her touch-born blossoms from bright  
bowers  
And in her basket rained quick-dazzling showers,  
And fled with all the laughter of earth's flowers . . .  
Ah me!  
And I have not launched yet my boat to sea!  
The restless waves are dancing in the sea  
Mad with a drunken grief . . .  
From every tree  
Quivers and drops each red and purple leaf  
That was its spirit's joy and hidden heart's relief!  
In every breeze and corner of the sky  
Whose lip was dumb and mute  
Showers suddenly a scattered melody . . .  
Behind the clouds some hidden Flutist plays His flute . . .  
Ah me!  
And I have not my boat launched out to sea!

—12th September, 1916

## THE POET'S SONG

I hold a garden in my mind  
Hushed from struggling songs of wind,  
Lone, among the shadows old,  
I sit and watch the green and gold  
Flickering in the dying gleams  
Of quick-crumbling sunset-dreams.  
Through my mind's ecstatic mist  
Scattering diamond-showers of spray,  
Plays a fountain night and day  
Games of pearl and amethyst . . .  
While my dark life floats away  
To eternal light unwist.  
A separate shadow of my own  
Covers me when I am still  
Singing like a bird, alone,  
Of a bright, unfettered will,  
Watching twilight's dreaming rill  
Purling o'er the distant hill  
Mute, invisible, unknown.  
Not one footfall breaks the air,  
Nothing mortal enters there . . .  
'Tis a mind of loneliness  
Where, from intolerable life,  
Free from agonising strife,  
Empty music and caress,  
Swinging boughs and dazzling wings,  
Shattering its lamp of fame  
That burns with a deluding flame,  
I have prisoned time and age  
In a strong, invincible cage,  
Like small birds whose fluttering wings

Make me chant of secret things.  
The magic scent of love and death  
Blows through the garden of my mind . . .  
God holds His swift, enchanted breath  
To catch the fragrance on the wind!

## SEA-SONG

O Sea! I watch thy many-coloured game  
With changing sky in vast play-halls of time . . . .  
I would I could divine thy peacock-flame  
And shape it into rhyme!

God churns thy waters into silvern foam  
And breathes His music into every shell . . . .  
In breaking waves He builds His secret home  
Nearest thy heart to dwell.

Thy breast burns night and day to reach the sky . . .  
The sky to kiss thee yearns herself to tints!  
Thou, gazing at the crystal of thine eye  
Dost prophecy her glints.

O! I would fain possess thy hidden dreams  
And quell thy mystic sound-and-colour strife,  
Weaving thy gorgeous songs and pearls and gleams  
Into my dream of life.

My inward ear hath caught each subtle note  
That sky plays on her silver flute above . . . .  
Through dawn, thy loud and ruby-flaming throat  
Breaks into tunes of love.

I hear thee chant to heaven and rejoice . . . .  
The blue sky drinks thy waves like godly wine!  
O Sea! there is some magic in thy voice  
That makes the sky divine . . . .

I gaze within my heart and find thy shells  
Scattered in shining heaps of glowing light,  
Thy emerald waves break like enchanted bells  
To flood my heart with white !

God hides His dreams of passion and of power  
Amid thy wave-house built so strong . . . so  
strong . . .  
My joy in thee hath blossomed into flower,  
My sorrow into song !



## LOVE IN THE DESERT

My breast burns wildly like a desert lonely  
Beneath the cruel sun-rays of desire ;  
That scorch its herbless sands like glowing fire . . .  
And thou, O strange belovéd, art the only  
Traveller that treads the desert of my breast,  
Leaving soft footprints on its sands to rest.  
Thine is the only tent of Love that stands  
In tranquil splendour on its glowing sands,  
Where thou, O stranger, like a king dost dwell,  
And drinkest crystal water from its well,  
And riding on the camel of desire,  
Wakest my silence with the tinkle of its bell . . .

When the red, passionate sun of longing sets to rest,  
Thy face, thou turnest towards Love's dreamy West,  
And prayest on the desert of my breast!

## SUFI WORSHIP

Sometimes, O Love ! Thou art revealed  
To me, and sometimes art concealed  
Somewhere. This strange Unity  
Flowers in Thee and only Thee !  
Love ! Thou sayest to me, " I  
Build my home in earth and sky . . . .  
In the hue of the new-blown rose  
See ! my hidden beauty glows.  
I am born in every note  
Showering from the bulbul's throat . . . .  
My pulsating dreams rejoice  
In each tender maiden's voice.  
I dwell in every starry spark,  
And laugh alike in light and dark."  
And yet, sayest Thou, " Behind the screen  
I breathe alone, unknown, unseen !"  
How oft, O Lover ! Thou dost bless  
Our hearts with Thy pure loveliness . . . .  
And yet, Thou whisperest, " Alone,  
I smile behind the screen unknown !"  
How long, O hidden Lover mine,  
Shall I seek Thee in mosque and shrine ?  
Dost Thou not hear me call to Thee ?  
If Thou dost hear, O answer me !  
Give o'er this war of Thee and Me !  
And thro' clear eyes of wisdom see,  
In Love, what difference can there be  
'Twixt Me and Thee ?

“WITHIN MY BEING”: A SUFI SONG

There is a sweetness that I hold, within my being !  
The wine of love is bought and sold, within my being !  
The flowers and stars, before they ope in earth and  
heaven,

Their twinkling colours first unfold, within my being !  
O Alchemist ! I claim thy golden dawns and sunsets,  
For thou hast learnt to make thy gold, within my being !  
The sky and earth that blossom like two mystic flowers,  
Have scented thy creative mould within my being !  
As in the deeps of blossomed flower the scent is hidden,  
Thy flowering fragrance I enfold, within my being !  
The ocean haunts without a pause the sky with music,  
Thro' endless time its waves have rolled, within my being.  
Thou art a mystic weaving music deep and subtle,  
Thou hidest secrets yet untold, within my being !  
O dreamer ! all thy dreams are mine and mine thy beauty,  
Thou dost thy spotless face behold, within my being.

*He lives thro' endless dawns, and loves thro' dusks of  
silence,*

*He shapes anew things turning old, within my being !*

## ECSTASY

O make my burning blood Thy sparkling wine  
For Thee to drink at pleasure and rejoice !  
Transmute my flesh into a song divine  
For Thee at will to voice !

Transform my tears into a silver shower,  
To mingle with Thy rivers clear and white.  
O ! make my laughter an enchanted flower  
To blossom in Thy light.

Fashion a banner out of my desire,  
And float it on Thy Palace, secret King !  
Cleanse Thou my life with rich, relentless fire  
Of endless suffering !

O ! make each word I speak, a crystal prayer,  
Each thought I think, a deathless Temple-flame . . .  
Strike on the anvil of my heart's despair  
The solace of Thy Name.

## SONNETS

## SONNET

Love! I have known you for one little hour  
And claimed you mine for ever. . . . You have wrought  
My life into a white, continuous thought  
Of you, and left me breaking . . . into flower.  
Your fragrant breath was prophet to the shower  
Within my heart. Belovéd! I have bought  
Your love with painful silences, and caught  
Your echo in my soul's resounding tower.

Only our mortal lives are lived apart . . . .  
We are together through the lonely years  
Invisible lip to lip and heart to heart . . . .  
You laugh my laughter, and I weep your tears.  
We move to meet each other on our ways  
O Love! down burning nights and burning days.

## SONNET

You move among the crowd on flowering ways . . .  
I stand alone in shadows full of fear.  
I dare not call your name lest they should hear  
And know the secret of our nights and days.  
They offer you their flowers and songs and praise  
Day after day, beloved, year after year.  
I wait among the shadows, with a tear  
A-tremble in these eyes I dare not raise.

But this I know that though I stand apart  
You are not far from me, my very own!  
In separateness you move among the crowd . . .  
Their offerings can never touch your heart,  
For O! mine own beloved! you have known  
My offering of a tear, and felt so proud!

## SONNET

We shall not meet in fear, nor love and part.  
Our love would perish and our dreams grow poor. . . .  
Life would turn bitter to the very core,  
O Love! my heart would soon forget your heart.  
We shall not meet in fear, nor love and part.  
I fain would love you more and more and more  
Until my soul knock whitely at your door  
To claim your soul that wept so long apart.

Over the earth's dead margin we shall rise  
On great white wings towards our shining goal. . . .  
We shall not yearn to see through earthly eyes,  
But love like lightning flying from pole to pole  
Will light our lives, till all the earth and skies  
Ring with clear marriage-bells of soul to soul.



## THE GOD OF WARRIORS

I have a God . . . His arm is the white sky  
Tattooed with starry beauty, and His proud,  
Determined brow, the dark and threatening cloud.  
His sword gleams in a lightning flash. His eye  
Opes in the fiery Sun. . . . The winds that sigh,  
His burning breath. The thunders bursting loud,  
His mighty war-drum. Lo! a gleaming crowd  
Of colours in His rainbow-banner high!

He is a warrior beautiful and strong . . . .  
Thro' endless ages, dauntless in the fight  
He fights alone, against the world's dark wrong,  
Taking its people prisoners of right . . . .  
Across my dreams bursts His victorious song,  
"Out of the darkness, march into the light!"

SONGS OF THE SUNLIGHT

## DAWN

Through the unfathomable depths of dark  
Dawn drops to earth, a lightly-blossomed rose.  
The pale sky lit with day's prophetic spark  
Laughs inwardly, and glows.

The shadowy hills begin to chant aloud  
In audible crimson to the listening ray.  
God writes a purple message on the cloud,  
"Another golden day!"

The fire of Beauty thrills my dreamy sense . . .  
Frail lips of Light all secretly I kiss.  
My heart-bud blossoms, blossoms in intense,  
Ecstatic pain of bliss!

## SUNRISE

The warm sun rises over the eastern rim,  
I feel his rising glory in my frame . . . .  
He thrills my blood with warmth . . . . I blow in him  
A breath of inward flame.

He burns in my flesh . . . . I turn a part of his  
fire . . . .  
He follows still his ancient-beaten track !  
I mount him like a horse, and higher and higher  
Soar on his ardent back.

The warm sun rises over the eastern rim,  
And journeys towards the shadows of the west.  
I tread the burning, burning path with him,  
Towards the hour of rest.

## NOON

The noon, a mystic dog with paws of fire,  
Runs through the sky in ecstasy of drouth,  
Licking the earth with tongue of golden flame  
Set in a burning mouth.

It floods the forests with loud barks of light,  
And chases its own shadows on the plains . . .  
Its Master silently hath set it free  
Awhile from silver chains.

At last, towards the cinctured end of day,  
It drinks cool draughts from sunset-mellow rills . . .  
Then, chained to twilight by its Master's hand,  
It sleeps among the hills.

## DUSK

The bird of daylight folds her yellow wings  
Behind the violet-shadowed hills afar . . .  
From heights of peace some secret poet flings  
On dusky streams, the poem of a star.

The sky, the silence and the dusk are mine,  
For they are Thine, and Thou art mine, in love.  
Ah God! my heart is turning crystalline  
Seeing Thee play at crystal stars above!

Deep in my soul, the voice of Beauty lulls  
My white-flame heart and earth-enchanted eyes.  
Through the dim-purpled dusk my listening pulse  
Throbs to the music of the dreaming skies.

## NIGHT

God plays upon the heart-strings of the dark  
To lull the cry of birds and flowers and streams.  
His magic fingers weave each starry spark  
Into my sapphire dreams.

Out of the depths of night, a vision starts,  
Haunting my anguish with a touch of flame. . .  
Like a rich flower unfolds the Heart of Hearts  
The petals of my name.

The stars are white because His thoughts are white,  
And are, like them, in deeps of darkness born.  
O God! I seek the message of the night  
And find the gold of morn!

**Printer : G. Subbaya Chetty, Vasanta Press, Adyar.**