Cupid's Darts

by

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Dedicated to all those who still worship at the Eternal Altar—and those Holy Priests, who
Kindle the Holy Fire

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A Foreword.

I have no apology to make for these few, scattered verses. My critics may remark that Cupid has bent his bow to a poor shot—dull and crooked arrows. Howbeit, I beg of you, My Friend and Reader, to forget the imperfection of my rhymes in the contemplation of a form, that, regardless of its grubs, seeks for no apology and needs none. You, who have knelt, in agony or joy at the Altar, know this. As many gods, as races; but only one God, whom all men worship. The fragrant flower entwined; the brightest butterfly breaks its cocoon—for what? The bounties of the forest and plain grow strong, but to perpetuate their kind. Man serves no higher god than Love. Man's achievements in this 20th century—his great palates, books and music—all feed the sacred fire of Passion; and—his creeds were formed to preserve this same World—reason, when misdirected by ignorance, Disease or Fear.

Call it blasphemy or nonsense, your actions and mine attest its validity—and as you read, remember that behind my crude lines lie the transforming spirit of this conviction.

Nov. 27, 1918. —The Author.
Your Little Girl or Mine.

There’s a dear little girl in purple,
Who’s my “Queen” by night or day—
And she’s nodded at me, so blithely,
That she turned my work to play.

There’s a fair little girl, out yonder,
Where the daisies and clover bloom,
And she smiled at me so sweetly,
I’m afraid that smile sprang, “doom.”

There’s a tiny little girl in purple,
Who always waits for me—
And she gave me a kiss, so modest,
No longer, now I free.

Do you know this maiden in purple?
“Ah, No!” did I hear you cry?
She’s your little girl,—in blue, perchance:
But for her, we’ll live and try.

My World

Only the scent of lilac,
Stealing unseen, ‘cross the lawn,—
Only the warmth of her presence,
Glistening a heart, that was cold—
Only a shy, little smile,
That ever played peek-a-boo—
Only a pair of enchanting eyes
And those roguish lips, I adore—
Only a fair, dreamy face,
Neat’s a mass of combed hair—
Only a heart, that is beating,
Sometimes, for me, I know—
Only a dear little girl,
But she kindles the sacred fire,
That illumines my world, with a glow—
Only the scent of lilac,
Sweet lavender, burning for me,
(Thus a message of love, she sends.)
A fragrance, elusive, oh, my love—
Only the breath of lilacs—
Only that Sunday eve—
Only a girl,—just a little girl;
But a vision, it makes, don’t you see?
Since she wore those lines for me.

“Love is the beginning, the middle and the end of everything.” —Laurelton.
Memories.

There's an old, old-fashioned parlor,
With rose-somber ceiling and wall —
And a clock of it, comes over,
When memory seems to call.

I sit again on the half-cushioned sofa:
I hear love's end, sweet song:
I see in the dim lunation, a figure
My heart has known too long.

Again, she is sitting, slim and strange,
At the nook's furthermost end —
To my window, she'll never be drawn.
Once more she's a shy blossoming
To her chime, the forehead hailing.
When I whisper soft and low,
What she knows must soon be so.

My face:
I'm so lonesome ever here,
Can't you really see,
That I'd rather be
Close beside you — very near?

I can't love you, if you fear:
I'll just snuggle, close, dear.
I can't kiss you, ever here:
Can't you smuggle closer, Dear?

There's an old, old-fashioned maiden,
That I loved best of them all:
And again, I sit beside her,
Though she's answered death's low call.

I sit again in the one-time parlor,
My vacant couch seems to fade.
The boy, in his Bhilasheer bent, I'm seeing,
He courts that nun, though haughty maid.

Again she's blushing, modest shy,
At the nook's furthermost end:
Still her love she seems to send —
Though a lifetime's interesting
Since on me, she was stung visioning —
When I whisper, soft and low,
What she knows will soon be so.
The Immutable.

There once, I say, thrice, and
In that dim chamber of each life
Where thoughts and fancies, shadows are,
That ill, take heart, in some dark day—
There where the footsteps stand and touch you—
Stand, like a sparrow, hiding from your gaze,
Deep, and deep corroded with a soul's hot blood—
There, where anguish seems uniting
Where hope is born, to die half-destroyed:
There, where shadows, quit, enter:
There, Where fancies and dreams gather;
All the far, shadowed shapes and bodies:
There, the Etymon exists, so offering;
There, the doors, that lead to hell:
There, the blasted horse and sword
And the kingdom just, eternal:
There, the crew and spreading palm-branch:
There, the end and each beginning—
So, alone, I sat and wondered
In that chamber — my soul—
And, beyond, a number certain hiding,
Stranger, mysterious, has unknowingly into the Shadow,
Loomed the secret thrill of all life,
Where the altar moved and sparked
And the Subject stood, different, unbound:
But I, the Shadow, turned earthquake:
To Him, that sends not, swoon out.
Lost, with head bowed in the darkness:
Hopeless of time's fight, I lingered
In that soul, where death meets God.
Unlike, around Ambition's wriggle:
Faster, Showed the crimson altar.
Kneeling, played for Time's prisoners.
Till, it seemed the light would fall forever.
And the Shadow, said to angry
Loss itself means, within it all.
Then, it seemed, another Shadow
Entered that dark, secret place:
Stood beside myself and whispered
Till the old blood thrilled and bared,
Till upon me's passion first me.

Love is the problem of Eternity: a confused allusions of Time: above all memory of a language all one of an— "Shades Of The Past.

And my broken heart strike
Then, reddened with the present
I arrested toward the altar and the eye.
Put in the darkness, fierce ambition.
And I could not reach the living soul:
But even as I guessed, the other Presence,
Moved by the scepter, master of the fate,
Toward the dull altar, and the abode—
And the sun, half cloud awoke
And stirred with the found light,
Transfixing all, itself and I.
Then, all delirium with this joy.
Upon the older Shadow of the God, I gaze,
And see! Take me, God, it was the Woman—
Beautiful, wise, staid, voluptuous, pure,
Unshamed by a World's lightning or fear.
No shining veil to lead that form—
Shamed but a name whom the Finance—
Thrilled by a nameless word, I gaze.
Until my eyes, undusted, not;
And time, will not the red liquor drunk,
I started to my feet, and boldly exclaimed,
I clamped her in a mad embrace—
Within the Holy Place, no space of time;
Imperial hers has need of nothing—
Now long without these arms, elapsed soon, we stood—
Affrighted by some hand of her own she started back.

What love I desea, to enter here, in time, one first?
Ah, Soul of my soul, understand, I've been;
For ere I counted this threshold here,
To the harsh word I was another's.
My heart and hand, I gave to him;
Because I feared the mockery of men,
Because I was a slave to foolish pride.
And dared not try a secret heart:
But now I know the Subject whom is not love,
Except the laws of Nature, God, of life—
Tis but the Shadow, earth would call it,ath
To drink foul draughts of happier time.
Tis the life that's o'er, not the mortal bond:
And so forgive me, for I lift the flame—
Again, I clanged that other Shadow to my breast
And felt, not knowing how, was love,
Then from the Holy Place, there came a voice.
The mighty Subject—the Reality that:

"The fire, once kindled on the altar's top
Nine-born forever: To the Seat of Things,
No power above, below, can bar it out:
That is the burning fire, the Force, the One.
And all the rest are blinding Shadows,
Changing shapes, that ever go:
Yourself and I, but dreams. "'Tis Love, that's real!
'Tis Love, that's true."

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