

THE LOTUS.

Lotus, tender flower
Of the crystal wave,
Whence thy magic power
Say, for thou dost save
Anon from chilling thoughts and Sorrow's wretched slave.

Young when Phoebus rises
Through the misty veil,
Under his flaming kisses,
Like an approving green with passion trembling frail.

Yet how coy and distant
To the languid moon;
Whose bloodless beams extend
To embrace thee soon.
But thwarted by thy shrunken frown do pining swoon!

Can the green and diamond
Paving soft thy floor,
Dance, thou spirit jocund,
Laughing evermore
Dance, dance and laugh for pain did never reach thy shore,

Like a naiad lovely
With her sister nymphs,
All the day full gaily
To celestial hymns
Still dancing stately measures unwearied in her limbs.

As thy breath delicious
Overflows the air,
Heavenward rising wishes
Free from guilt or care,
Inspire the soul till it sparkles as thy water clear

Sweet as is thy fragrance
Holy, deep, serene
Never sensuous joyance
Wild and gross and keen,
Thy pious petals breathe, for godly is thy mien.

Like a saintly maiden
Clothed in purest thought,
Whom passions never madden
With vexation fraught,
Thy sister white communes with Heaven that rains the peace she sought.

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Like a mild beamed star
Of the clear azure,
Sending from a far
Her tranquil light and pure
When clouds, like evil thoughts, do not her orb obscure.

Sounds of war or strife
Shaking souls that bloom
On the vale of life,
Do not yell their bloom
To mar the sacred calm that reigns within thy home!

Nature's heart unfolded,
Shedding love and bliss,
Till the world be moulded
Into a soul of peace
Where tenderness wells up and furious never hiss!

Music sweet unearthly
From thy presence rains
Heard by mortals hardly
But whence their spirit reigns
In ecstasy upraised from lulled corporeal trains.

A. SUBRAHMANYAM.