

## Life's Dialogue.

## First Spirit.

Out of hope and despair,  
 Man twists the rope of life,  
 As beautiful and fair,  
 As born of passion and strife,  
 He twists and twists and twists,  
 Forever twisting he dies,  
 When his eyes are glazed with mists,  
 When cold and naked he lies.

## Second Spirit.

The rope of life is not  
 The rope of sand; 'tis long,  
 'Tis strong and knotty and hot.  
 Let man cling to it right or wrong,  
 Let man cling and cling and cling,  
 Forever clinging go,  
 Till the funeral bell we ring  
 To call him away 'ho ho!



## First Spirit

Out of laughter and tears,  
 Man weaves the web of time,  
 With motley paints he smears  
 The simple texture sublime:  
 Woof of hatred, warp of love  
 Tints of heaven and hues of hell,  
 Fire of snake and meekness of dove,  
 An angel in an infidel.

Narrow

## Second Spirit

Inch by inch the web he weaves,  
 And inch by inch, sees it grow;  
 Yet nothing behind him he leaves,  
 How and why no mortals know.  
 Unlike Penelope  
 His labour has an end.  
 This only he shall see,  
 - As Death comes all around.

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## First Spirit

In sorrow let him weep:  
 Sweet are the tears of relief



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Sweeter than pearls of deaf.  
 — Drop by drop melting grief.  
 Then light up and laugh in glee,  
 With breast as white as snow, Ah?  
 With heart and forehead free  
 To the wind that listeth to blow.

### Second Spirit

If blood is boiled with fire,  
 There is the poison to cool:  
 If bones are eaten by ire,  
 There is the dagger to fool:  
 If it is hope he speaks,  
 There are the Gospel's teachings:  
 If it is peace he seeks,  
 There are the Buddha's preachings.

### First Spirit

Go on, then, little creature  
 Called man, in mind deranged,  
 (The image of God in feature.)  
 Revenging and revenged,  
 And loving and beloved,



To be hated and to hate!  
 Thy hands alas! steel-gloved  
 - Are too weak thy passions to bate.

### Second Spirit.

The world is wide; as wide  
 The mind thou callest thy own, thine  
 Learn over thyself to preside,  
 Thou art the master alone!  
 The world itself is in thee,  
 Not thou in the world dost live.  
 Then twist and weave and be,  
 To sleep, to for<sup>get</sup> and forgive.

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