

## 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 lies,  
When his eyes are glazed with mirth,  
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 bit right or wrong,  
Let man cling and cling and cling,  
Forever clinging so,  
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 and an infidel.

## Second Spirit

Suck 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 labours has an end.  
 This only he shall see,  
 As Death comes all to rend.

## First Spirit

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

Sweeter than pearls of dew,  
 Drop by drop melting grief.  
 Then light up and laugh in glee,  
 With breasts as white as snow  
 With hearts & 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 with 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, thou, 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,  
Learn over thyself to preside,  
Thou art the master alone!  
The world ~~is~~ itself is in thee,  
Not thou in the world dost live,  
Thou twist and weave and be,  
To sleep, to forget and forgive.

August 1, '01