

IV. – CORRESPONDENCES

Nature is a temple whose living pillars speak
In words that are at once mysterious and wise,
Where hidden symbols watch us with familiar eyes
As we meander through her forests of mystique.

Like echoes in the distance that themselves confound
Into a deep, profound, tenebrous unity,
Immense as night's dark shroud and day's bright panoply,
All perfumes, tones and hues in harmony resound.

Some perfumes are as pure and cool as infants' flesh,
Sweet as the oboe's sound, as meadows green and fresh,
— And others, rich, corrupt, exotic, triumphant,

With the expansive range of all things infinite,
Like amber resin, musk, benzoin and frankincense,
That sing euphoric hymns to spirit, mind and sense.