

For All That Love May Be

Desire . . . translates the language of the heart
- Samuel Taylor Coleridge

For all that love may be a matter more of will
than irresistible impulse, lonely by his study window,
feeling intensely the dawn coming up, *love*

he thought (an image of Youth and Hope embracing and
so passing through his mind as one), is always an abrupt
creation of a moment a moment that may come at first sight

or in a flash after years of deep affection and one
who has not been in love can understand what it is
no more than we can see someone else's dawn.

It is like two corresponding concave mirrors
with common focus each its own construction polished
to perfection of its peculiar mettle each reflecting

and magnifying the other. It is an element
like oxygen (not a compound like friendship
or sexual attraction), and having like oxygen

an almost universal affinity and finely
graduated scale of elective attractions (lust
not the least of them able to call forth love

no more than the reek from a marsh over dark water
calls forth the sun) so though one has the most tender attachment
compounded of esteem, friendship and lust confined to one

dear object (for all that that is all very well
and he said may make for a fine husband)
it is not love as we know love to be.