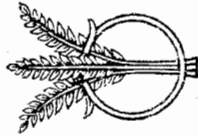


# Cupid's Darts

by

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"Man Deman."



Dedicated to all those who still worship  
at the Eternal Altar---and those  
Fair Priestesses, who  
Kindle the Holy Fire

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"Love manufacturer every man into a poet, while the fever lasts!"—Mrs. Campbell  
Præd.

## A Foreword.

I have no apology to make for these few, scattered verses. My critics may remark that Cupid has lent his bow to a poor shot—dull and crooked arrows. How-be-it, I beg of you, My Friend and Reader, to forget the imperfection of my rhymes in the contemplation of a theme, that, regardless of its garb, asks for no apology and needs none. You, who have knelt, in agony or joy at the Altar, know this. As many gods, as races; but only one God, whom all men worship. The fragrant flower matures; the brightest butterfly breaks its cocoon—for what? The beasts of the forest and plain grow strong, but to perpetuate their kind. Man serves no higher god than Love. Man's achievements in this 20th century—his great paintings, books and machines—all feed the sacred fire of Passion: Aye!—even his creeds were formulated to preserve this same World—Emotion, when misdirected by Ignorance, Disease or Fear.

Call it blasphemy or nonsense, your actions and mine attest its validity—and as you read, remember that behind my crude lines is the transforming spirit of this conviction.

Nov. .27, 1910.

—The Author.

"I must be cruel, only to be kind."—Shakespeare.

## Cruelty.

Can Beauty hold such fatal darts,  
To wound a heart, forlorn?  
Or can the mantling blush, that starts  
The mad, life-passion through my veins,  
Be but an Eden-mem'ry, now re-born?  
Is love so selfish in so fair a form,  
Not e'en a single touch can give  
To lips, dry from unholy morn,  
That Fate compels me now recite?  
Can hands, so dainty, tear a soul,  
That breathes for Thee, alone;  
Or give to famished, tiny dole,  
When all I am starts forth for Thee?  
Thy mocking laugh o'ercomes my moan:  
Kill me with glances, cold disdain.  
Flay me before the damned in hell;  
Sneer at my passion; feed me, pain;  
Still will I speak my soul's desire,  
And dying, only love re-tell.

*Our Atlantic People Co 12/6/10*

"It is one of Heaven's best gifts to hold such a dear creature in one's arms!"—  
Goethe.

## Your Little Girl or Mine.

There's a dear little girl in purple,  
Who's my "Queen" by night or day—  
And she's nodded at me, so blithely,  
That she turned my work to play.

There's a fair little girl, out yonder,  
Where the daisies and clover bloom,  
And she smiled at me so sweetly,  
I'm afraid that smile spelled, "doom."

There's a trim little girl in purple,  
Who always waits for me—  
And she gave me a kiss, so modest,  
No longer, am I free.

Do you know this maiden in purple?  
"Ah, No!" Did I hear you cry?  
She's *your* little girl—in blue, perchance:  
But for her, we'll live and try.

"Love is the beginning, the middle and the end of everything."—Lacordaire.

## My World

Only the scent of lilacs,  
Stealing, unseen, 'cross the pews,—  
Only the warmth of her presence,  
Gladdening a heart, that was cold—  
Only a shy, little smile,  
That ever plays peek-a-boo—  
Only a pair of enchanting eyes  
And those roguish lips, I adore—  
Only a fair, dreamy face,  
'Neath a mass of sun-kissed hair—  
Only a heart, that is beating,  
Sometimes, for me, I know—  
Only a dear little girl;  
But she kindles the sacred fire,  
That illumines my world, with a glow.—  
Only the scent of lilacs,  
Sweet incense, burning for me,  
(Thus a message of love, she sends.)  
A fragrance, illusive, o'er pow'ring—  
Only the breath of lilacs—  
Only that Sunday eve—  
Only a girl—just a little girl;  
But a world, it makes, don't you see?  
Since She wore those lilacs for me.

"Love is the only possession which we can carry with us beyond the grave"—  
Madam Necker.

## Memories.

There's an old, old fashioned parlor,

With rose-flowered ceiling and wall—  
And a vision of it, comes ever,

When memory seems to call.

I sit again on the hair-cloth sofa:

I hear love's sad, sweet song:

I see in the dim lamp-glow, a figure

My heart has yearned for long.

Again, she is sitting, prim and straight,

At the sofa's further'st end—

To my words, she'll scarce attend—

Once more she is shyly blushing;

To her cheeks, the love-fire rushing,

When I whisper soft and low,

What she knows must soon be so.

### *Refrain:*

I'm so lonesome over here,

Can't you really see,

That I'd rather be

Close beside you—very near?

I can't hug you, if you fear:

I'll just snuggle, closer, Dear.

I can't kiss you, ever here:

Can't you snuggle closer, Dear?

There's an old, old-fashioned maiden,

That I loved best of them all:

And again, I sit beside her,

Though she's answered Death's low call.

I sit again in the once-time parlor,

My smoky office seems to fade.

The boy, in his Sabbath-best, I'm seeing,

He courts that sweet, though haughty maid.

Again she's blushing, modest, shy,

At the sofa's further'st end:

Still her love she seems to send—

Though a life-time's intervening

Since on me, she was shyly leaning—

When I whisper, soft and low,

What she knows will soon be so.

"Imparadis'd in one another's arms"—Milton.

## The Dream Maiden

I only dream of Thee;

'Though heretofore my Fancy's led

My wandering steps to gardens,

Where many an Enchantress

Gave me opal cups of burning wine,

And gorged me on the flesh of passion,

'Till soul and body, o'er-swol'n with rapture, deep,

Knew not that Time had passed,

And at the gate, a Puritanic morn—

But now, I dream of Thee.

Thy hand, the mystic cup, is filling

From the red spring, the Sun is kissing

In youth's proud ardency:

My body, burning with a holy fire,

Seeks for thy embrace and fervent kisses.

All the mad ecstasy of ages

Finds vent in amorous caresses,

So that I seem more drunken, now

Than when I loitered in the garden

Of the naked nymphs, whose forius

Glowed in the dull light, as rubies—

But Thou art now the Spirit,

Whose fair figure, all suffused

With the myriad-hues of dawn,

Leads me afar to wondrous lands,

And lets me gaze on the free depths

Of space, untrammelled, where worlds

Are born from goddess' cavern-womb.

Henceforth, O Maiden, guide me!

For in my dreams, I see Thee, ever.

Thou makest me, the Son of Heaven—

That plots the destinies of planets—

He, undominated by force or limit,

The great Unseen, that burns;

Yet unconsumed.

"Life is a sleep, love is a dream, and you have lived, if you have loved."—Allied De Musset.

## The Immutable.

There alone, I sat, forgotten, sad,  
In that dim chamber of each life  
Where thoughts and fancies, shadows are,  
That flit, like bats, in some dark cave—  
There where the longings stand and mock you—  
Stand, like specters, holding rusty daggers,  
Damp, and deep encrusted with a soul's hot blood—  
There, where anguish seems undying;  
Where hopes are born, to live half-nourished:  
There, where shadows, only, enter:  
There, where fiends and monsters gather;  
All the fair, ethereal shapes and bodies:  
There, the Elysian gates, so shining;  
There, the doors, that lead to hell:  
There, the blasted hopes and sorrows  
And the winged joys, eternal;  
There, the crown and spreading palm-branch—  
There, the end and each beginning—  
So, alone, I sat and pondered  
In that Chamber o. my soul—  
And, beyond, a sombre curtain hiding,  
Strange, mysterious, half-unknown unto the Shadow,  
Loomed the secret Holy-of-all-Holies,  
Where the altar glowed and sparkled  
And the Subject stood, indifferent, saddened:  
But I, the Shadow, prayed contritely  
To Him, that bends not, bows not.  
Long, with head bowed in the darkness,  
Headless of Time's flight, I lingered  
In that spot, where Self meets Soul.  
Useless, seemed Ambition's struggle;  
Fainter, glowed the crimson altar;  
Wierdly, played the Temple's prisoners.  
'Til, it seemed the light would fail forever  
And the Shadow, mad no longer  
Lose it'self again, within It's All.  
Then, it seemed, another Shadow  
Entered that dark, secret place;  
Stood beside myself and whispered  
'Til the cold blood throbbled and burnt,  
'Til again life's passion fired me,

"Love is the emblem of Eternity; it confounds all notions of Time; effaces all memory of a beginning: all fear of an end"—Madam De Staël.

And my drunken Self awoke.  
Then, maddened with its presence,  
I struggled toward the altar and the fire,  
But in the darkness, feebly stumbled.  
Alas! I could not reach the dying coals:  
But even, as I groaned, the other Presence,  
Moved by the Subject, master of our fate,  
Touched the dull altar, and the ashes—  
And the flames, half dead, awoke  
And glowed with god-found light,  
Transforming all, itself and I.  
Then, all delirious with this joy,  
Upon this other Shadow of the God, I gazed,  
And lo! Unto my Soul, it was the Woman.  
Beautiful, she stood, voluptuous, pure,  
Unhampered by a World's restraint or fear!  
No clinging veil to mar that form—  
Shame's but a name within the Place—  
Thrilled by a nameless dread, I gazed  
Until our eyes, undaunted, met;  
And then, with love's red liquor drunk,  
I started to my feet, and boldly unafraid,  
I clasped her in a mad embrace—  
Within the Holy-Place, no space or time;  
Immortal love has need of neither—  
How long within those arms, clasped close, we stood!  
Afrighted by some fancy of her own she started back.  
"What have I done, to enter here, to light the fire?"  
Ah, Soul of my soul, unkind, I've been;  
For ere I crossed this threshold here,  
In the harsh world I was another's.  
My heart and hand, I gave to him;  
Because I feared the sneers of men,  
Because I was a slave to foolish rules  
And dared not try assert the Real:  
But now I know the Subject makes not laws,  
Except the laws of Nature, yea, of life—  
'Tis but the Shadows, that would call it, Sin,  
To drink full draughts of passion's wine.  
'Tis life that's sacred, not the formal bond:  
And so, forgive me; for I lit the flame."  
Again I clasped that other Shadow to my breast  
And felt, not knowing how, 'twas love.  
Then from the Holy-Place, there came a voice,

The mighty Subject's—the Reality Itself:—  
“The fire, once kindled on the altar's top  
Must burn forever: 'tis the Soul of Things.  
No power above, below, can fan it out:  
That is the undying fire, the Force, the *One*.  
And all the rest are fitting Shadows,  
Changing shapes, that ever go:  
Yourself and I, but dreams. 'Tis Love, that's real:  
'Tis Love, that's true.”

Sept., 1909.