

If is beauty here loved
and love that stands alone
It is song that lives unsung
and knowledge here known.
It is death between two lives
and hell between two storms
the void whence rose creation
and that where it returns.

So if the tear-drop goes
to spread the smiling form
It is the goal of life
and peace its only home.

RIDGELY MANOR.

Peace

Behold, it comes in might
the power that is not power
the light that is in darkness
the shade in dazzling light.

It is joy that never grieves
and grief unfelt informs
immortal life un-lined
Eternal death un-mourned

It is not joy nor sorrow
But that which is between
It is not right nor wrong
But that which joins them in.

It is sweet rest in music
and pause in savor art.
The silence between speaking
Between the fits of passion
It is the calm of heart

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