

LOVE IS
a life story

DAVID LOYE

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Dedicated to

Riane

and to

my family, friends,

and all those,

here now, or long gone,

for whom I've cared

FREE AND EASY READER'S GUIDE

. How is it, and what is it, that in the best years of our lives we come to know of the *billion year thrust* of love in evolution?

Here ... in *Love Is: a life story ...* you'll find forty poems reflecting what science, spirituality, and most of all the life experience for many of us tells us.

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PROLOGUE

What can I say about love that's never been said before? More to the point is what can I say that might bring love's wonder to life in any new way?

I came to feel this intensely in completing the last of four books in which I write of the attempt over now thousands of years to capture the foundational power of love in evolution.

First I'd written of the attempt by the visionaries of religion and spirituality, e.g., Jesus, Paul of Tarsus, Rumi. I moved on to how for more thousands of years philosophers, such as Empedocles, Plato, Aristotle, tried. Then last, in our time, how a few scientists, such as I am, have tried.

Particularly for the fields of science that I know or monitor the problem becomes acute.

However true, however ingenious and compelling our efforts may be, one can't help but know how Walt Whitman felt in writing that great poem *When I Heard the Learn'd Astronomer*.

How after . . .

*"the proofs, the figures, were ranged in columns before me ...
shown the charts and diagrams, to add, divide, and measure
them ... I became tired and sick, Till rising and gliding out I
wander'd off by myself, In the mystical moist night-air, and
from time to time, Look'd up in perfect silence at the stars."*

Jotted down on the fly, out of a long life given to other pursuits, my poems are the offbeat product of a life outside the track for contemporary poetry. But they do seem to offer something different in being the offspring of two passions governing what endures.

One is that force that inspires most love poems—in this case my love for my wife and partner Riane Eisler. But the other passion is for that wider world to which, at best, this passion leads.

It is that greater place where who we are and what we feel melds into the wonder and the challenge of the mystery we call evolution, which drives the larger life and work for both ourselves and thousands of others who care for what happens, or doesn't happen, in this particular life time.

So it was that when I laid out nearly 200 of them before me, within a selection of forty I was excited to find the pattern that unfolds here.

No longer helter-skelter, squirreled away in many places, in sorting them into "chapters" for what go together, I found they seem to evoke a universal story—that is, the story of many of the rest of us, if not at times indeed all of us.

First comes the worldwide experience of *Love's Beginning*.

Next the delight of how often, and delicious, is the fact that *Love is Playful*.

There come the hard times, we've all known, when *Love is the Pain, the Fear, and in the end the Great Sadness* of the passing of those we've loved and cared for.

Love is Our Sunrise, High Noon, and Sunset Ecstasy, reaffirms the lift of the good times we've known—and plan to go on knowing.

Love is the Fist of Flame Against the Night, asserts the drive of that firm, fixed place in mind to fight for what can be and should be, rather than just go along with or knuckle under to what is.

Last, with *Love is Where the Heart Soars*, we move beyond this life into the question of whether love endures.

In answer to our longing, across all space and time, can love possibly open the way from the deepest past into the future for lovers?

LOVE'S BEGINNING

**Love is the quick look
and elfin smile**

Who are you?
Something in you
seems to speak to
me out of a past
beyond remembering,
or from a future
too far ahead
to yet behold.
Who are you with
the elfin smile
and soft hands?
Why do I love you
so intensely
so quickly?

**Love is a country beyond
imagining**

There is a country
beyond imagining where
we go in love's
bright rocket.

Beyond castles, beyond
towers, beyond clouds,
beyond the sky,
beyond the cool
loving hands of
the Southern night.

It is a country
where all life is
vibration, where man
and maid are gone,
where all is music
and we are the two
half-notes of a
whole in a song
sung by a choir
lasting forever.

**Love is like the river that
dances to the sun**

Our love is like the river
that dances to the sun,
like the soul's leaping when
moon and stars are one.

We ride a golden stallion
through sable silvered fields
and all that's dark or dreary
to this bright presence yields.

We swim in green oceans,
soar with the highest birds.
An armor soft as the sunlight's
touch our frail presence girds.

There see the mighty mountain,
the green golden valley beyond.
We are the eager searcher
outward and inward bound.

I cannot speak, words block,
it is too deep and wide.
I only know that time's
endless with you by my side.

**Love is the voice of the
glass and fingernail**

This day is as clear as a
glass of the finest crystal.
You hold it up and marvel
at how it catches the light.
You look into it and through
the cool bell curve and the
pedestal grounding it you
can see into eternity.
You strike it with your
fingernail and its voice
speaks to all that is
joyful, delightful, haunting,
enchanted, and delicious.
I give it to you.

Love is two pebbles, the dream, and a child

I look at this newspaper as I drink my
coffee, and I think what would the world
be without you. Nothing. Nothing for
me, nothing for you. We stand and
live together in this whirl of madness
like two pebbles clustered together in a
corner of a stream. And the floods come
and everything is torn out and
hurled before it. And the drought
comes and the stream is gone. And
the great beasts trample through
the dry river bed, or in flood time
great uprooted trees lash and tear at the
stream floor. And there we remain.
Two together. Two pebbles meant
to be together. Meant to shine there
to delight the eye of the child
who one day comes to the stream
on a bright day and, yes, of course,
sees us there, down beneath the water,

(continued)

two bright things, two bright jewels of
immense attraction. But the child
does not take them. They remain
there together forever in the stream.
And the vision of the two pebbles
the child carries in her heart forever.

Love is the sun and moon

The sun is love.

You have only to wake and feel
the touch upon your face, that
through the east window warms
into the caress, that expands
into the blaze that becomes that
gently insistent slit of light
along the eyelids—to which mind
says yes, thank you, but please let
me lie here and feel the wonder
before I must rise to face the day.

Gold before the lesser metal.

The molten melting before
all hardens into certain shape.
The call from the mountain before
the fields insist upon attendance.
The voice of a life that goes
on and on and on.

(continued)

The moon is love.
You have only to walk out into
the night, and look into the sky,
and now with that vast expansion
of what you now know to be both heart
and soul feel the spread of it all—
on and on and on dotted with
the far adventure of the stars
and nearby, so near you might
in trance feel you could touch it,
the mystery of that face in a dream,
that face that for this moment in the night
is real, indubitably yours and yours alone.

Silver before the lesser metal.
The touch of a hand out of
memory before the night passes.
The call from the reflection in
the stream before the wind picks up.
The voice of a life that goes
on and on and on.

You are my sun, my moon.

**Love is the river,
Passion the rapids**

Love is the river,
Passion the rapids
and the waterfall.

Love is the sunlight,
Passion the thunder
and the hurricane.

Love is the mountain,
Passion the rumble
and the earthquake.

Love is the campfire,
Passion the prairie fire
and holocaust.

Love is the deer,
Passion the trampling
of the buffalo.

(continued)

Love is the bud,
Passion the burst
of bougainvillea.

Love is the porpoise,
Passion is the salmon
in the torrent.

Love is the bird call,
Passion is the sky
reeling with clouds
of hungry gulls.

Love is what we have known,
and will always know.
Passion is what I
increasingly feel.

Love is the everywhere force field of embracing arms

There is this force field healers say
they are attuned to, some say it comes
from God, others say they do not know, it
is just there. Through them it seems to
pour into, or surround, or bathe those they
heal with an unseen but tangible light.

It is love, they say, the force of love.

Others report suddenly being transported
to a great height from which they can
see the world, indeed the universe, in
glory beyond describing. There is again
involved this force of love, they say.

Or it comes upon us as an enormous
expansion of one's self, of one's
consciousness expanding to embrace all
life, everywhere, in caring intimacy.

Or it is what so softly, quietly explodes
within us looking into the heart of a flower
of a certain color on those mornings when

(continued)

everything about us, weightless, air born,
ascending, dances in a different light.
It comes to us looking at our child asleep.
It comes to us when hearing an old song.
It comes to us seeing nobility walk among us.
There it is again when, weary beyond
endurance, we give up and give ourselves
over to whatever remains, down beneath it
all, eternally there, when all else is gone

Oh look to the sky, the trees, the finger of
cloud just touching the moon! Look up and
see the high touch and the working wings of
that tiny bird for which I have no name!
All this is love, all these are its voices,
all this as in a mighty swirl of energies
seen and unseen is this force that has its
tides, its waves, winds, storms, calm days,
quiet nights, the call and deep sounding of
earth's choir, and all the times of eye, heart,
mind and soul widening magic like the sea.

(continued)

Oh yes, I know and you know all this so well!
It is what caught the two of us up as leaves
in the playful arms of the wind that from long
ages ago knew us, was looking for us; that knew
the time had come that day, and the night
thereafter, that our lives began.

LOVE IS PLAYFUL

**Love is the epic trial of
new romance**

Once upon a time
our stalwart hero
met a fair maid.
Love grabbed them
like a vacuum cleaner
but then the cruelest fate
parted them; for years
he fought the gorgon in
the swamp, the woods wendigo,
the centaur hordes upon
the bleak plain, while
in her tower she languished,
knitting, sighing toward
the meadow, rejecting
all suitors. Then lo
and behold it was
here and now,
you and me—
and we had been apart
a day.

Love is settling in for life

We're settling in.
Yes mam, we knew
we liked the place when
we first saw it,
but you never know.
Things can happen, things
can get out of joint
and so on. You know.
Well, I hope to tell you
this is some place,
yessiree. Why, you
can sit right here
and see one hell of
a stretch of mountains.
And let me tell you
when it rains she's
tight as a drum.
It hasn't snowed yet,
but I can tell you
those double-pane windows

(continued)

will hold in one hell
of a lot of heat.
And the fireplace—
isn't that something now?
You know what, that
flue was put in
by a master builder.
No smoke back-tracks
into the room here.
You put in your log
and whooey in no
time, let me tell
you, mister, you got
heat like nobody's business.
Yes mam, and when the
wind blows gentle of an
evening, why this house
plain hums like a
fiddle box, like it
was musical. Yes sir,
we got everything we
want here. I can tell
you for sure, we're
settled in for life.

**Love is the lilting lettering of
everywhere desire**

Palms punctuate the sky

!! ***** !! *** !**

Fences bear the voluptuous questions
of the curling bougainvillaea

??? ?? ?? ??? ?? ? ??? ?

Tails at the alert, three cats watch

; ; ;

the delectability of sixteen birds on
the telephone line

, , , , , , , , , , , , , , , ,

All the world is a desire
that speaks to those who can read.

Love is the excitement of footprints

Footprints are a someone thing,
a dotted line over the snow's moon surface
connecting here and where?
The black abyss? The crunching avalanche?
Or, praises be, you — anybody,
big, little, man, woman,
little human on earth in galoshes,
soaking mittens, laughing,
tobagganing.

Love is the love of writing love poems

What can one say about love
that no one has ever said before?

Once said, who can say again
my love is like a red red rose that's
newly sprung in June, or my love
is like a melody that's sweetly
played in tune? ¹

Or that my vegetable love should grow
vaster than empires, and more slow?
Or suggest we roll all our strength and all
our sweetness into one ball and
tear our pleasure with rough strife
through the iron gates of life? ²

Though it be true that journeys
end in lovers meeting every wise
man's son doth know, ³ and

(continued)

tis better to have loved and lost
than never to have loved at all, ⁴
what can I add to what's already said?

Yes, love most certainly is an ever-fixed mark
that looks on tempests and is never shaken.
True too it is the star to every wandering bark,
whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken. ⁵

It is indeed the desire of the moth for the star,
of the night for the morrow,
further too the devotion to something afar
from the sphere of our sorrow. ⁶

Who ever loved, that loved not at first sight
could be questioned, ⁷ but who could deny
her voice is low and sweet, she's
all the world to me, and for my own "bonnie
Annie Laurie" I'd lay me "doun and dee." ⁸

She does walk in beauty, like the night
of cloudless climes and starry skies,

(continued)

and all that's best of dark and bright
meet in her aspect and her eyes. ⁹

All true, all well said, but all in all
what after all is left for me to say?

Take heart, for love is only half the equation.
Here across the table from me, the candle light
sparkling in your eyes, our two glasses gleaming,
the murmur of others like waves of the sea
that make of our table the island we two share,
the other half is you.

You are the statement of love beyond words, old or new.
You are the tender mathematics completing us two.

**With thanks to Robert Burns,¹ Andrew
Marvell,² William Shakespeare,³ Alfred
Tennyson,⁴ Shakespeare,⁵ Percy Shelley,⁶
Christopher Marlowe,⁷ William Douglas,⁸
and Lord Byron.⁹**

**Love is the mad merriment
of a real wild love story**

They shall not stop me,
Nay, he cried, as rapier
whipping the air before him
he beat back the Corsair Gang
clustered on the bridge before
him, their fierce moustacios
ablaze with evil incarnate
and their truculent sneers falling
like the rain. Then as the gorilla
leaped out of the trees upon him
he reveled in this new-found strength,
single-handedly bending back the fingers
of its left paw until it bellowed for
mercy. But would he get there in time?
For his love was last heard of at the
top of the tower with all about her
the ravening wolves slavering and
leaping to snap at her white velvet
shoes. Then out of the sky came the

(continued)

Huns, 37 of those frightful birdmen
with their 30-ought-30-30-40-40's
blazing like the popcorn of the damned,
and into their midst he plunged in
his Spad with the bunged wing and
the propeller held together with
bubble gum. But what of her, loveliest
of all the lovely, that truly wonderful
girl from old Vienna, yet with the
cornfed charm of his native Oklahoma,
what of her, this darling of the
days of derring-do? Alas, they
had strapped her to a plank and the
buzz saw was approaching. Then through
the ceiling of that foul warehouse he
burst in the gondola he had cut from
the ropes to the balloon he had stolen
from the circus and flown through the
blizzard to zero by psychic power
upon exactly the right building below.
And the crocodiles nudged closer,
their slavering mouths and red eyes

(continued)

glaring, as gingerly he bore her,
helpless, fainted, in his arms across
the wiggling log in the deep darkness
of the great Okefenokee Swamp. An
owl hooted. Overhead the moon loomed,
then melted into the drifting fog,
and it was then the submarine surfaced.
Ye Gods, it was Professor Zylborg, the
mad zyborg, and his band of fossil-
fueled robots. Belching the Diesel
fumes that had by law been
banned from every civilized
nation on the face of the
globe, Zylborg's robots advanced.
Already one steely hand had grasped
the hem of his beloved's dress
when like a mighty organ blast
his super power returned! Then
the pill they had given him was
not permanent! The nation could
yet be saved! Leaping into the
air, in one stride he covered the

(continued)

distance from Minneapolis to
St. Paul, landing amid a group of
amazed old ladies in a church
bazaar. Pardon me, he said with
the gentle delicacy for which he
was in later annals remembered,
but has anybody here seen my Sal?
And so as the peasants danced,
the old piper played, and from
out of the castle the grand lord
himself, his lady, and all the
court came riding, there was a
great celebration, and they were
married beneath the great oak
the little man still shows to
all visitors who will pay a
dollar for the privilege between
the hours of noon to 4:00 every
Sunday except on holy days.

**LOVE IS THE PAIN,
THE FEAR, AND THE
GREAT SADNESS**

Love is the ghost and you gone

How can it be so cold in June?
The house is cold and empty these
nights, you gone, me here but like
a ghost roaming these cold rooms, a
lone creature from elsewhere whose
ears cannot hear here, these rooms
so silent that I pass through with
nothing solid beneath my feet.

Love is finding love for ourselves

They say if you are ever
to be whole and healed you
must learn to love yourself.
But I realize I cannot.
And I know you cannot.
There were just too many
times, and places, and years
of living naked and yearning
outside the wall of glass.
Too many years then of
living chilled and unloving
within the wall of glass.
Too many years of that brittle
world of unlove, of feeling all
about us the frantic fingers and
hearing all about us the screams
frozen within the glacier of
5000 years encasing all of us.
I find I can only love you,
as you love me, and this is

(continued)

our wholeness and our healing.
For in the radiance of the fire
and in our naked life together behind
the wall of glass we are as one.
And in loving you, and you loving
me, we can through this tunnel
to each other at least feel the glow
of what it might be to love ourselves.

Love is the lonely fight of ghosts

Wearily I strapped on the armor,
tightened the horse's girth,
hefted the old rusty sword.
My wife and I then met
in combat on that worn
plain that stretches so
empty, cold and bare between
the castle of numbed love and
the mountain of forgotten joy.
I took blows that still hurt,
lost an ear and another eye,
but managed with the old
wiliness that has kept me
alive to slice her from
crown to toe three times.
In the end it was not the
pain that hurt so, though;
it was the sense of all we'd
lost over the years through the
ritual stupidities of marital feudalism.

(continued)

It was recognizing there were no
longer real bones to break
or real blood to spill; that
where once was love now there
was only this fight of ghosts,
this hollow, haunted shadow play.

Love is the fear of fears

All evening the shadow
hovered, oh my dear I
cannot bear these fears
that having barely possessed
you now you could be
taken from me by the
Great Gross Sportsman—
that burly being
who so blithely guns
down and bags here
all that is lovely,
noble, delicate,
rare, and endangered.
My love must be your
escape, your shelter,
your mountainous and
deep woods hideaway.
My love must hide you
now I hear the fat footstep
near—the cock of the gun,

(continued)

the coo of the lips, the
lure of the teasing whistle.
Again and again I hear,
and again and again
shall bar the door.

Love is desperation's wild journey

Ask not where
this frolic leads, for
we all know the destination: it is Death,
that awful place.
The thing to do, love,
is the thing at hand, love;
and so I kiss your breasts, your lips, your
eyes, your legs, your face, and clasp the
wild journey.

Love is the message of a single rose

A single rose knows
what roses bunched
together however beautiful
cannot tell so well.

It is that love,
while multiple, has
a single voice at those times
when out of crisis
relief comes.

Such a rose I give to
you, now, today, at this
healing time after fear
beyond contemplation,
grateful that you
are here to receive it
and I to give it.

Love is the new Adam and the new Eve

I had a terrible dream she said.
He groped his way toward consciousness.
You're safe, he murmured, reaching to her.
No, it was terrible, she said, I cannot sleep.
I still see that glorious garden, the birds,
the fruits, the clear streams with pebbles of
agate and the trancelike wandering of green
fish, and you were there, and for a time it
was good, but then this terrifying old man
came and told me I must not think for myself.
And soon a snake came and said— He laughed.
A talking snake! Don't laugh, please don't laugh!
She shuddered. This was so real, more real than
now, much more. The snake offered me a brain
and mind and when I took them the old man came
rushing in, his eyes exploding, his mouth aghast,
and cursing with hurricane force he threw us
from the garden. And you blamed me, she cried,
and in a world of misery we fought for five
thousand years.

(continued)

The sun touched the window sill, touched
her hair: he touched the gold along her neck
and back and sighing she rolled over and for
a long time they held each other, then she rose.
Come see, she called, joyous beside the
window. In poured the full glory of the
morning, the copper-gold of sky, the far-off
crowing, the clear, muted laughter along
the river, the light, cool fragrance in from
the fields. It will be a good day, he said,
smiling. And night, she said. For years,
they both thought. For years and years.

Love is rose petals and a candle

Rose petals and a candle,
the sea sounds nearby,
the quiet deepens.

We have been apart.
We have known the
cheapening quarrel of
lost chicks.

Now there moves within us
the quiet voice of enjoyment.

It is good to sit here and share
the rose petals,
the candle, and the
sound of the sea.

**Love is the pain of parting
for Jack and Jill**

Ah, the anguish of the older
and the younger lover.

Grain by grain, older Jack
sees the sands run down
to break his crown.

Younger Jill too sees
this, but worse: the long
lonely years before she
comes tumbling after.

Love is the long lingering goodbye

Last night before Nan left us I saw
five white egrets as white as writing
paper against the black rocks, and high
against the scarlet explosion of the setting
sun a great blue heron flew overhead.

Never before had I seen five egrets
here on our shore. Sometimes one,
sometimes two, only one time I can
recall ever three, never before five at
one time stilt-walking white as snow
among the shore's black rocks. In the
thirty years we've nightly walked this
beach at sunset, only once before has a
great blue heron soared out of nowhere
to pass overhead as stately as the passage
of a ship into night.

To herald the passing of the great from
this earth again and again recorded in our

(continued)

history is the gathering of portents—of
sudden flocks of birds never before seen
in a particular place, unseasonal turbulence,
owl calls, a configuration in the clouds.
Unknown to the world at large, I feel
sure now the same must be recorded in
family annals, old letters—the dusty
collection of countless attics, to mark for a day,
a year, who knows how long, the sight of
portents and the tug at the soul and tears for
all of us as one by one our generations go.

Supposedly their lives, and we ourselves, leave
no mark on history, no shove one way or the
other to our evolution, and all else that matters here.
Five white egrets, and here within the evening
wonder of the sky, and over the great restless,
beckoning and glistening breast of the sea the
flight of a great blue heron overhead say otherwise.
They tell of the witness of our tears for the also great,
who lived here close with us, and among us, and added
to the joy of life, and now are gone.

**LOVE IS OUR SUNRISE,
HIGH NOON, AND
SUNSET ECSTASY**

**Love is a morning's walk in
the garden**

The roses in our yard are sturdy
fellows, stolid, planted deep.
You would never think they could be
the least bit visionary and
then suddenly they are wearing
these astonishing velvet caps
like mind's ultimate image of
who we are and what we could be
in deepest orange, and pink, and red.
The gladiolas burst up before me as
I write—I like these tall, slim
folk with spray on spray of purple,
yellow, rose-red and salmon-red
ascending, ever ascending.
The marguerites are everywhere,
their splendid little heads of white
and yellow clustered together,
nodding to each other, all atwitter
with the gossip of the morning.

(continued)

In hopeful puffs of blue the lone
bachelor button says, "Here I am,"
and all over the wet earth the
nasturtium are laughing gaily,
going up, down, around—like orange
dolphins at play in a sea of green.
Walking among them, you are the
presence they've been waiting for.
Their voices still, now the garden
is calm, expectant, all aglow.
To think that such wonder is here!
Proclaim it to the universe, stop
time, somewhere fix it forever!
To see this wonder, how it's mirrored,
you in them and they in you.

Love is the glory of a thousand choirs

All those years without you!
I was a child and there was
this emptiness in the air
beside me for companion.
There was this small black hole
in space the size of another
child but within it nothing but
the sound of endless emptiness,
nothing but the well into
which I dropped a rock
and never heard it land.

I was a young man and
there were these girls
I loved with desperation
only to find the person I
sought was not in them but
beyond them—and yet beyond
them lay only once again

(continued)

the tunnel going nowhere,
a dropping of the rock into
the well again and again
over the years raising
neither voice nor echo.

I am an old man still young
but now the air all about me
is crackling with wonder, the
black hole has been turned
inside out, and the rock,
oh that rock now rings with
the clamor of a thousand
bells and sings with the
glory of a thousand choirs.
For out of and into eternity
you are here beside me.

**Love is our sunrise, high noon,
and sunset ecstasy**

Old age is not so bad.
Childhood is the sunrise
in all its scarlet wonder.
Middle age is the high noon
peak of the sun at its most
intense, which fortunately—
but also unfortunately—reveals
the reality of oneself and our
perilous time on this planet.
Old age is the sunset, yes—but
this above all, a sunset that somehow
miraculously goes on and on, some days
glum and cloudy, some days with the
wind crashing trees and the sea
whipped into line on line of giant
snarling mouths crashing shore.
But gloriously many, and many,
and many many more, to see that
trumpet and kettle drum level by

(continued)

level ascending blaze of yellow, red,
rose and purple wonder.
And all of us, old, middle, young transfixed,
as still as sentinels here on shore, to stare
with one's heart surging, to stare with the
transcending ecstasy of maybe knowing at last
what it's all about, upon the westward signal
of its passing and yet eternal glory.

Love is the voice of Mozart's 27th

Do you remember Mozart's twenty-seventh?
When the bright boy gone old now
let loose his mighty rolling horns
and there followed that fantastic piano statement
saying listen, listen, I'm sick, I'm sad,
but I've loved this life, loved gaily,
loved the grace of man and woman,
the good ones, those gracious good ones,
and loved the dance, the joke, the glass,
some hands, many eyes—their messages,
the look of teeth when lips smiled;
oh yes I've loved it all, and most of all
loved love, its gentleness, fierceness, its
sadness . . . and now my piano tells you
all of this, sending this person permanent
across the horror of seven revolutions and
forty wars, across the terror of the Bomb at
Hiroshima, the killing of Lincoln, of Gandhi,
Kennedy and the six million Jews at Auschwitz,
Dachau, et cetera, et cetera ad infinitum,

(continued)

et cetera. Now timeless this telling of
my world and what I felt and knew, now more
eternal than rock this personal fluid, these
strings, these lively and majestic strings,
the haunted horn, my piano now conversational,
now crying out . . . But there is too much
pain to sustain the cry, far, far too much
pain, and so quickly I will cover my heart
with a little laughter of the keys.
Let this leave-taking be graceful, oh
most beloved of all possible worlds;
let us depart as though by magic and in wonder.

**Love is the golden reassurance
of the mate's return**

The New Year neared,
walking by the ocean on
the most glorious evening of the year,
you ahead, me lagging behind as usual,
I stopped seeing a patch of white
among the rocks.

Could it be? With a little shudder
or a shaking, it slightly unfolded
its wings, and then the white neck
unfolded—yes, it was!

It was the white of the egret, the little
newcomer to these rocks, among the gulls
with the flight of pelicans overhead.

The white of this messenger of what
from elsewhere? This gentle venturing

(continued)

of the little stranger into this new territory,
this purest of white against the black rocks.

Where was the other? For the thrill had
been to first find this egret on our walks
by the sea. And then, one evening, out of the
dying sun, across the eye-blinding bright
path on the water, to see its mate come
winging in to dip into the rocks, and to see
the glorious white wings adjusting to the
landing, to settle in beside “my” egret.
Where was the other now? I stopped, as
you went on, on ahead—so wanting the
epiphany of its appearance. So wanting
the excitement and the affirmation of
the other’s return. Could I be granted this?
I watched the egret, so white there,
so small against the black rocks.

(continued)

I looked to the sky and saw the pelicans
in the grandeur of their flight, these
stately shapes across the flame
of the sun's flamboyant farewell as it
sank into the sea.

I saw the waves now a rippling path of
gold toward where the sun was going down.
I saw the houses on the far shore, and
the people, tiny as dots on a page in the
distance, walking the beach as all this
glory neared its climax.

And then out of the air, as if suddenly
materialized rather than come from
anywhere elsewhere, here he or she was!

Down out of the air the mate all in
white against the red gold of the sky
came to land gently with again that
settling flutter of wings beside
the other.

(continued)

I sensed more than saw or in any other way could have known of the touch of happiness, the quiet delight in the reassurance of this reappearance that passed between them—not that there was any reason to fear that anything had happened. They were parted likely only a few minutes, an hour at most. But still there was this touch of relief to find that once again by one's side was one's mate.

And then, as if sensing my desire, they rose together into the air—and side by side they swung from one side of the sky before me to the other. Ah, how can I write of it! It was as if this was their ballet—as graceful and mighty as two of the greatest dancers in breath-taking, white airborne wonder had crossed the stage from side to side.

It was as if they knew this was their performance for an audience of one who among our species knew how rare and wonderful what they were, and what they did, really was.

(continued)

It was as if this was their thanks to me for loving them, and out of my heart went thanks to them for this signal, this message, this reassurance or harbinger, whatever it was.

And as they settled back into the rocks you came back—gone for only a few minutes but your face bright as the sun now gone with that eternal gladness to see me again.

And I caught my breath, and wiped my eyes, and gasped with love.

**LOVE IS THE FIST
OF FLAME AGAINST
THE NIGHT**

Love is the flame of caring

The flame does not die, nor ever will.
Let the winds blow, the rains
come, the very earth crack
under our feet—it merely
sidesteps fate and goes on
flaring.

It is, I would say, what you and
you alone lit up in me.
It rises from the nestled coals
deep within time of an
eternal caring.

Love is giving a damn

The eye of night looms through
the sky overhead,
the stare of silver,
instinctual, unwinking,
coin of the universe,
big moon-faced coin
that says, “Don’t-give-a-damn.”

The track clacks,
the whistle shrills its
here and now reminder.
And where are we going?
Does it matter?
What matters?

Only the journey, the mystery,
the sense of having coins to fling;
and passion, laughter —
small coins to match the wealth of void,
small *do-give-a-damn* coins.

**Love is the flame on a high place in
the dark night of our age**

Flame to flame,
I think of you as
a flame in stillness,
a flare of mind and spirit
all by itself on a high place
in the dark night of our age.
And yet, as you well know,
not alone, a flame fueled not
only by the fire within you
but also by the fire
within me, two hearts,
two minds, two flames that
no storm, no winds, not even the
darkness of death shall quench.

**Love is soaring in boats with
sails of fire**

As in a dream, as in a boat with sails of fire,
I saw the two of us in motion above the ocean.
It was as if we had become the high up swallow
at sunset still climbing the air, hovering there, its
wings aflame with the sun, but for us there was no
hovering point, only this steady flight westward, the
Pacific ocean giving way to the Indian ocean
giving way to the Atlantic, ever toward the dawn.

I felt our exhilaration, our joy to be there soaring
still aflame with the sun while steadily below and
behind us spread the darkness over the earth. But
then I felt our despair—to look down into the dark
shark's mouth of the hungry ocean waiting there
below, and to feel how swiftly we could plunge into
it, and that no one would see or, as time droned by,
even care.

We were alone, so terribly alone.

(continued)

But then with the uncanny beauty of pelicans rising into flight—very, very thinly spread out over the water but now by eyesight at last linked together by knowledge of each other—there they were! Ocean by ocean and climbing into the bright air over the pockets of the seas, I saw all those two by two in boats like us rising or already risen.

As far as we could sail and eye could see, there they were, rising out of the darkness of land and water to pursue the dawn in boats with sails of fire.

Love is life's clasp of fire

Once when I was a boy
hiking in the Osage Hills
I came out of the high
up scrub oak upon a bluff
overlooking a long valley
much like I see spreading
below me here to the sea.
The sky had that comfortable
clear blue endlessness that
always amazes me every
time I return to Oklahoma.
In a gnarled old cypress
nearby three black crows
were cawing and there below
me, the dust rising in
a tiny golden rope over
the road that disappeared
into its distance, lay this
long valley stretching out
like all the future before
the fine boy I was then.

(continued)

Oh how I felt the sense
then of the high adventure,
of all I'd dare to do—
the seas I'd sail, hills
I'd climb, battles I'd
win, goodness I'd advance,
all the wonders that would
be mine, and the great mystery
of beautiful women that I
would come to understand.
I sailed those seas, climbed
those hills, fought and won
battles, advanced some goodness,
have known many wonders, and the
greatest wonder of good women.
Now I stand again on that
bluff, greying, bearded, my
eyes filling with these
damned floaters, a little
short of breath, my youth
long gone—but through

(continued)

me ranges as great a thrilling
as ever all those years
ago that fine boy knew.
For I stand here not
alone but with you.
Through me course the
winds of freedom from so
much that bound that boy,
that binds all men;
and through you I, mortal
no longer, in flight even
as I stand here, clasp
the fire of the gods.

**LOVE IS WHERE THE
HEART SOARS**

Love is where the heart soars

Where the heart soars

Who can tell

Where it soars

When well

Into the night

Of doubt

We sight

Our rout

But then it

Soars, a steady

Lift,

A heady

Moving upward,

Forward, on

And onward,

Toward the sun,

Toward the sun.

(continued)

I ask you,
Light thing,
How you sing,
Winging,
How you sing,
When fear nears.
How is it
You do not run
But move steady
Toward the sun?

The lights of scatter city spill like jewels
upon the mountain.

Who does this dusk enclose?
Whose arms are nearing
Through the darkness
As we wander, longer
Than we care to know?
Give over, oh my soul,
To the Eastern urging,
To the message musks of

(continued)

Beckoning silver
Like a plate upon the night
To catch my coins,
Like a plate upon the night
To receive my soul.
The flow is out of one, into one,
Around and in and out.
We do not die, but melt
Into the other world air
That is roundabout. Stop!
And listen. There it is.
It is there!

Love is the moment and two wishes

If I could have a wish today
it would be that I could pick a bouquet
for you that might live forever.
And you to look upon the fresh
faces of those flowers with eternal
delight, with them there forever.
And I likewise to look upon you
as centuries gave way to aeons, and
the aeons became a tunnel, and
then a great tendril that reaches out
through time to become again a flower
in an everlasting garden.

If I could have a second wish,
it would be for you simply to look up at me,
now, this instant, and smile upon me with
love meeting the love in my eyes.

That, too, would open the gate and
passage through the roses to eternity.

Love is the ageless flash of recognition

I came, you gone, and sat upon the dunes
along the roadway where we like to nightly
walk. It was late afternoon, evening
coming on, and the blue of the sea and river
mouth, the white of that great swathe of
beach, and the mighty rumped green of the
great hills that framed the scene spoke to
me of this love we have for sea, sand,
hills, and all that is the eternal mother
of us all. This love does not, as some
psychologists say, come solely from our
experience at the mortal breasts of our
own earthly mothers, nor only from our
small hand within the clasp of the large
warm hand of our earthly fathers.
It comes from what is already there.
It comes from where we came from.
It recognizes the continuity between here
and then. There was this vision given us
of where, should we accept the mission,
we were to go and stay awhile. Yes, we
recognize this place—as almost in an
instant I recognized you.

Love is belief in the journey of souls

I often wonder whether we are indeed souls that pass into and out of many bodies over rich thousands of years. I know this must be so when I think of our love, for so many times, in something said, in the look into each other's eyes, in the soaring of the touch of a hand or great music shared there is this sudden bridge across what seems to be the gulf of time, and we are no longer two bodies embedded in a tragic reality where all must die. Rather, then, there is this recognition of one another not simply across the ages but across any other notion of a compartmenting of time or place. We are like sleek, sportive water creatures surfacing at night, bathed in ceaseless light, to see each other within an endless meld of sea and sky.

Love is ever after

I dreamed that when I got there
it was all they say it is,
and more, beyond description.
Wait here, they said, there
is someone coming for you.
The world beyond worlds
stood still, and all was
quiet beyond quiet and
yet alive beyond alive
and like a song beyond
all singing.

They came as in wonder
the light at sunset
slants across the plain,
or as mountains soar,
and they said because you
have loved her, and she
has loved you, beyond
all that is quiet, and

living, and singing,
a decree is made.

You shall be together
forever.

Love is what remains

The continents rise and clash and
split apart, yet love remains.

Trees, flowers, grass, the very
soil beneath our feet is caught up
by the wind, yet love remains.

The flood of mail, magazines, and
messages crests, machines ring out
one last time, yet love remains.

I look at you, you look at me, our
eyes meeting melt into a single
golden crystal through all eternity,
and love remains.

L'ENVOI

Award-winning author of *The Healing of a Nation* and twenty other books, **David Loye** is an internationally known psychologist and evolutionary systems scientist. For more about him, click through to his personal website www.davidloye.com.

If you want to further explore the greatest adventure of our lives, here's a quick list of Loye's other books on love.

3,000 Years of Love (available worldwide through online book sellers) is the story of the real life behind these poems—the adventures of the author and his wife and partner, internally acclaimed author and cultural evolution theorist Riane Eisler, in advanced territory for 20th and 21st century science and social action.

100 Days of Love and **1001 Days of Love** (also online book sellers) are collections of love poems by the author from which much of this selection was made for **Love Is**.

Behind Loye's poems are forty years of his work as exploring the science and spirituality of “the best in us before the worst in us destroys us.”

In **Darwin's Lost Theory** and **Darwin's Second Revolution** (both available through online book sellers), Loye writes of the recovery of “the rest of Darwin”—the long ignored, higher order and potentially revolutionary completion of Darwin's theory of evolution behind the fact that in the famous **Descent of Man** Darwin wrote only twice of “survival of the fittest,” but 95 times about love!

Within this wider context, this book, **Love Is**, celebrates the fifth of six foundations for moral evolution and transformation that seem to exist within an underlying consensus in science and world religion.

Here, within accelerating concern about the future for our species and life on this planet, seven new **free** books by Loye explore what these foundations—and moral code—for both progressive science and progressive religion tell us of why and how we may speed up the evolution of the best in us before the worst in us destroys us.

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The Parable of the Three Villages

and

The River and the Star:

The Story of the Great Scientific Explorers of the Better World.

Being readied for publication are

The Science of Evil

Moral Sensitizing: A guide to a new method of learning and therapy for teachers, counselors, ministers, and self-healers

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