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PSYCHE TO THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

A CHANT OF LOVE AND FREEDOM.

BY FRANCES ROSE MACKINLEY.

Arise ! my soul, thou breath of God !
Awake, to a full sense of thine all-comprising consciousness
To hymn the praise of Love-Creative—
And Freedom-Regenerative of Humanity.
Disrupt the tyrannic bonds ;
That have held captive thy sex for ages !
Reckles-ly speak thy thought ;
Mindful only of allegiance to Truth !
O for a voice !
That could resound throughout the universe.
A voice !
Not pitifully plaintive, like wailing Philomel's ;
Nor calling aloud for relief,
Like Israel in bondage ;
Nor yet a voice, shrill and sharp,
Penetrating the spheres
Like that of the soaring skylark—
But a voice, new made,
Louder, clearer, sweeter, fuller, than any voice yet heard—
An archangelic breath ! a voice divine !
Wherewith I could arouse Humanity from its lethargy,
And make lovers and freed of all women and men.
A voice to chant a Pean of Freedom, boundless as space ;
And love infinite and all embracing.
A voice, to stir in woman
Some inspiration of her coming destiny,

That she may know that, in the future,
 She is to lead the van of the Army of Progress,
 Now advancing with victorious strides.
 This age asks for new women—
 Women, untrammelled by the temporary and stationary,
 Not stunted or warped by prejudgment or bias :
 No more bigotries! no more prejudices!
 For the woman who is to come—
 The true woman, the pure woman.

I would sing the glory of the sexual act;
 The most ecstatic bliss of the body!
 I would sing the praise of creative copulation!
 The act generative of an immortal soul;
 Wherein, God as man, and Nature as woman,
 Blend their essences.
 I would sing, of the coming woman—
 Moulder of a new race;
 Made perfect by her recognition
 Of the goodness and purity of nature's laws;
 Of the woman who prides herself
 On every particle of her delicious and sublime body,
 The habitation and sanctuary of the Eternal Spirit.
 The woman—slave of the Time Being—
 Who is ashamed of herself—ashamed of Nature—
 Will be ashamed of me.
 Let the good and perfect woman
 Have compassion on the woman
 Who is ashamed of herself!

Who invented this trick electric, of nature—this Eroto-
 mania—
 Whereby immortal consciousness is forced into entity?
 Was it invented? No! it is coeval with existence!
 Invention and conception are forms of the same process;
 And this material feat of concentrated sensuousness
 Symbolizes the creation of intuitive and inventive thought.

Eternal Coition is, then, the WILL automatic of the universe;
 O Nature's cunning method of causation;
 Instinct working itself up, forever, into reason;
 By the principle of ceaseless and inexorable evolution.
 The idea of ONE SUPREME is but a thought-limit;
 Or the swell of presumptuous vanity, in the mere male mind.
 The ELOHIM, that spoke to Moses on Mount Sinai,
 Proclaimed his Godhood bi-sexual:
 So, God and Nature—male and female—are perpetually be-
 getting ;
 And the lustful Jove is but Jehovah in another character.
 Into this instantial moment of transcendent felicity,
 Nature concentrates every possibility of pleasure.
 Science has exhausted the study
 Of the outward, unconscious universe.
 In this causal deed of the energy of nature,
 Science must find the true origin of all things.
 To study, know and apply its highest laws,
 Will be to people the planet with gods,
 And bring about the Millennium.

In the antique time, *
 They consecrated temples to the Gods of Love:
 To Venus, lascivious and free—
 To Eros, hot and ardent—
 To Lampsacus of the garden, fierce and lusty—
 To the goatish Pan, chasing wood nymphs.
 These deities are spiritual symbols
 Of qualities of the soul.
 Build anew to-day
 These Fanes embalmed in poesy !
 Science now knows these ancient cults
 To have been the worship of truth, not myths.
 Build them !
 Tokens of our return to the ecstacies of nature;
 From the cold mathematics of Mammon,
 Into which we have fallen.

Crown with a wreath of lilies, emblems of purity,
 The men and women—angels of love and freedom—
 Who will offer, at the shrine of these attributes of Divinity,
 Incense of honor and adoration !
 Confess the sanctity of your natures ! Declare
 How sweet, to man or woman,
 Is the tremulous and tingling titillation of nature's battery,
 Evolving a conscious soul-spark out of chaos !
 Earth holds, for me, no more beautiful picture,
 Than the nude bodies of a man and woman,
 Clean, fresh and white (or be it brown or black),
 United in amorous fondness,
 As before they were severed by Jupiter.
 The quivering lips, red cheek, bright eyes and palpitating
 form,
 Are but the shadows of the convulsive throes of nature.
 O for Venus-loving women ! for Sapphic souls !
 And Lesbian natures !

I had a dream,
 APHRODITE, the Celestial Goddess, appeared to me,
 More radiant, more glowing, more interfused with love,
 Than when first she sprang from the foamy sea. ~
 " Daughter," she said,
 " Repair to Cyprus !
 Thence to all corners of the globe, send bidding,
 Announcing that my worship is to be renewed.
 Grecians loved me in lascivious wiles;
 And in licentious rites.
 This was a true tribute to my power.
 Too much of love, too much of freedom,
 Too much of delight, thou canst not have.
 But I am to be worshiped, in the future,
 As I have never been in the history of the earth :
 With all the voluptuous imagination of the past,
 And all the light of the science of to-day.

In Olympus,
 The fulfillment of an olden prophecy is expected:
 Astrea returns to earth
 Whence she fled, ages ago, from the cruelty of men.
 The Goddesses sit in council and co-operate,
 Hoping that the gentle and feminine virtues
 Are about to replace the cruel reign of male force.
 Minerva, Psyche and myself clasp hands in heaven,
 As knowledge, soul, and love, must conjoin on earth.
 And thus am I Venus !
 To be venerated in reason and principle,
 As well as adored in love.
 Because my name has been mentioned with blushes ;
 Because the arts I taught humanity
 Have been practiced in secret and in shame,
 Men have been converted into monsters of absurdity,
 Instead of monuments of grace;
 And penury and misery reign
 Where art and plenty should."

So spake the Goddess.

Join with me, O women,
 In this song of love and freedom !
 And, by the truth and beauty of your lives,
 Inaugurate the reign of Psyche, Minerva and Venus !

