

## 08 Reason

The candle fails beneath the flame,  
Like our bodies, which cannot withstand for long  
The intensity of the life they hold,  
Burns bright for a moment then is gone.

If we became lovers, it would be a dream,  
Or possess each other at great cost.  
What reality has no connection to this,  
What gain is ours with so much loss?

Still I long to hold you in my secret heart,  
To be wretched for love, never sleeping.  
Share a morsel of food, a splinter of peace,  
Rejoicing in joining and anguish in leaving.

The blazing eye of the sun can see  
Where every man wanders, league upon league.  
The inward eye sees the hidden streams  
That make him search in thirst for his dreams.

The Eye of God most fully sees  
What present, past, and future means.  
The eye of man sees life as it seems,  
Not as things are but as he'd have them be.

The pull of adultery with inflamed passion causes the body to melt. The heart imagines what satisfaction it might have, and temptation appeals to the self-interest of the soul, to selfishly have it. But the awareness of the consequences by the conscience intrudes. It says, "He that will live in passion's house must be passion's slave."

The eye of the sun sees *where I am going*, but the sun does not know why. My soul's eye sees temptation as plausible *self-interest* to me. The Eye of God which sees *the objective truth and meaning* of what is happening. But the eye of the heart only wants to see the *subjective truth*—what it *wants* to be true.