

**SONNETS TO LITERARY
PERSONAGES.
TRANSLATED FROM
THE GERMAN OF PLATEN**

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Sonnets to literary personages. Translated from the German of Platen by Reginald B. Cooke

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REGINALD B. COOKE

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PLATEN

BY

REGINALD B. COOKE, Ph.D.

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MOTTOES

I

The world grows more and more profane;
No champions now the Faith sustain.
What wrong hath the Eternal wrought
That we but seldom give him thought?

II

Know that so long as you let reign
An epidemic of reflexion,
In quarantine you must remain
At Poetry's portal for inspection.

III

Oh that I had but the power
With vigor to route and avert
From every poetical flower
The political bugs and their dirt!

TO SCHELLING—I

DO TH not he ever king in Truth's domain
Reign too o'er Beauty's realm by kingly right?
Thou dost behold them perfectly unite
And closely fuse in one harmonious strain.
This little present thou wilt not disdain;
These oriental throngs with true delight
Thou wilt survey, so picturesque, so bright,
And grow accustomed to their strange refrain.
On blooms of a far land admittedly
I poise but lightly like the butterfly,
Joying perchance in some mere vanity.
But from the brims of flowers 'neath every sky
Thou dipp'st the wing of the inviolate bee
Into the mysteries of How and Why.

(1821)

TO SCHELLING—2

WE hung upon thy words with zeal untold,
Each in his seat how eager to detect
Th' amazing flashes of thy intellect,
Piercing like lightning from the clouds unrolled.
Our fragmentary world thou dost behold
Entire, as from some mountain peak erect;
What our impoverished faculties dissect
Opens to thee as flowering plants unfold.
Though fools there be who wrathfully display
Their logical invectives, so to blind
Our senses to the worthless eggs they lay,
Yet shall these censors, thinking fault to find,
Stir not the world of learning, nor shall they
At any time inspire a poet's mind.

(1821)