

TO THE SOULMATE

By Augustin Chaboseau
Co-founder of the Traditional Martinist Order

From *L'Initiation*, November 1891, pages 173 - 175.

In time and space, at a point in the infinite, attached to a world the sphere of which spirally progresses, or free by the torments of Love, you Are: I Know you, I Sense you. Along the subtle chain that binds us, quiver out to me the palpitations of your life.

Since our sublime Unity has been torn down, immediate genderless Emanation because bisexual, Ellipse with two Foci, Monad with two Poles, since the Fall has rushed us, opposing Halves in the elementary peat, Cycles may have evolved, perhaps eons only. And to conquer the redemptive moment where the two Paths meet to finally converge forever, we will no doubt have to die and be reborn and die again how many times - unless one death is all that is needed, unless tomorrow in the crowd, we do not recognize each other or that in a while my door opened, and you came in.

Yet many times again I thought that very close to me you were languishing, and that our two lives were constantly touching and that we did not notice. And this had probably already been, or will be, and perhaps shall we forever ignore that we drank from the same sunsets.

Or: you were Erring in my orb and that hovered above me your wing.

Of your presence it seems to me that my chest never loses the feeling.

When a perfume spins before me its friendly volutes, are you not blending it with your breath?

When my ecstasy surrenders to the symphonic waves, are not your arms rocking me? Through the smile of every flower your eyes are looking at me; at every mouth I swoon, I inhale a little of yourself. I will offer the fingers before me gently, and my hand will feel your hand. My burning brow, I will lean it against the refreshing peace of your breast. The stars, bright reflections of the magic of my dreams, you sow, and if, soon as my attention abdicates, the greedy Fires which through darkness stray struggling to find substance, do not assault my form, it is because the Pentagram of your right hand is unfurling.

A name sometimes stirs a flash in me, a lost name of a land, of some Race from mythical ages. On this earth, among these humans, have I not lived with

you?

Like an indelible remembrance, I keep the terror of the swelling and bellowing plains; the enormous flames that spurt to the stars, screaming torrents, blinding thunderbolts, collapsed mountains, engulfed humanities - and the immense lapping black water, replete. At the revival of the Great Year, in the Western Cataclysm, did I not perish hugging you?

But I call you, and you do not answer; I evoke you, and you do not appear; I feel you, and you know not.

Sadly I go, because I seek you, and I am never satisfied because I do not meet you.

Oh! Lotus inside of me blooming, bleed it, because every bruise atones for a degeneration, because every leaf plucked hastens the Brisal hour.