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***THE ETERNAL BOND***

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In what manner,  
Concrete yet elusive,  
Do nature's forms  
Encircle countless others?

They, of origins hidden,  
With no end to mind or time,  
Of cells perpetual,  
And evanescent soma,

Through death and life,  
Seek to reach the other?

From whence does the spark come?  
Bonded in hydrogen to sun,  
In its heat it glows  
To its own destruction?

What proper proportion,  
Careful tried design,  
And scaled quantum,  
Keeps all in rein?

Would less asunder lay?  
More, a matter change?

From whence time,  
Born in pulsating space end?  
Or return to its  
Beginning?

Will the heavenly fires  
Still be burning  
In the cosmic crucibles  
Tomorrow?

And all exquisitely balanced  
On the fragile tip of a pin?