To thee, thou Wedding-Guest!
He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.
He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.
I think not.

Notes


2. Quoted in Thomas McFarland, Coleridge and the Pantheist Tradition (Oxford: The Clarendon Press, 1969), p. 322. A fuller treatment than the one I have given in this article of the relationships among these different sorts of theism can be found in my "McFarland, Pantheism, and Panentheism," forthcoming. Further, I should note that the edition of the poem I am using is Samuel Taylor Coleridge, The Rime of the Ancient Mariner (London: Chatto and Windus, 1978), although many other editions, with only minor differences among them, are easy to find, as in the Norton anthology.


SOMETIMES MY SHADOW

should cast me beyond the place of the placid beast carnivore, omnivore unperturbed by imaginings to a world of bloodless blades quiet rooted things a world where the only fuel for life is light and flesh part of a nightmare nature never meant to dream yet the shadow throws the self behind in the mud it can neither love nor leave where rare feelings flutter and die like bright moths with mock eyes on sightless wings sentiments evolving like orchids amid the Walter of carnal things

KRISTIN ARONSON