

**Appendix 10**  
**2 Poems - I Came to You - Digit of the Moon**

**I came to you with only love to give**

You took my gift  
And taking help'd me once again to live

I came to you  
With sorrow in my soul  
You smil'd on me  
And, smiling made my weary being whole

I came to you  
Apart and friendless, Outcast and alone  
You understood  
And took my heart forever to your own.

**Hindu Poem --- Digit of the Moon**

Taken from a Diary of Tony Guise - June 1938

Oh thou lovely incarnation of the Nectar-dropping moon,  
come down from heavens to lighten our darkness:  
Delight of the race of man: retaining in thy womanhood the  
dancing play of the waves of that sea of milk out of which thou  
were originally chosen by the Gods:  
We the three worlds (ie of Childhood, Manhood and Age) do  
worship the orb of thy bosom that possesses for us a threefold  
mystical feminine energy, being a pitcher of milk for us when we  
are born, a pillow for us, in the middle of the path of life and a  
shrine in which we take refuge to die at the last

The above must have been copied by Tony from somewhere  
perhaps from a book called "A Digit of the Moon – A Hindu  
Love Story Translation by F.W.Bain"

Below is the corrected version from the Internet followed by a  
less than literal translation that tries to reverberate with the echo  
of the sea.

Oh thou lovely incarnation of the Nectar-dropping moon,  
come down from heavens to lighten our darkness:  
Delight of the race of man: retaining in thy womanhood the  
dancing Play of the Waves of that sea of milk out of which thou  
wert originally churned by the Gods:

We the three Worlds (ie of Childhood, Manhood and Age) do  
worship the orb of thy bosom that possesses for us a Threefold  
Mystical Feminine Energy, being a pitcher of milk for us when  
we are born: a pillow for us, in the Middle of the Path of Life:  
and a shrine in which we take refuge to die at the last

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Like a New Moon's exquisite Incarnation,  
In the Ebb and Flow of a Surging Sea,  
Wave-breasted Beauty, the Whole Creation,  
Wanes, and waxes, and rocks on thee!  
For we rise and fall on thy Bosom's Billow  
Whose heaving Swell is our Home Divine,  
Our Chalice at Dawn, and our hot Noon's Pillow,  
Our Evening's Shrine

Woolacombe Bay, April 29 1901.