

creative angel or god. Feuerbach, on the other hand, looked on man as a machine. Finally, Marx attempted to wed the two, conceiving man as a creative machine, a human god, creator of an economic heaven on earth, yet paradoxically subject to the laws of historical determinism.<sup>23</sup>

<sup>23</sup> Note: The second and concluding part of this article will appear in the June issue.

## GIFT

*SEBASTIAN CARLSON, O.P.*

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To Someone very dear  
And very loving,  
To Someone very near  
Though far away—  
To One oft bright with smiles,  
Too oft with teardrops,  
Go, roses, go! Be kissed  
By her, and say:

Come, dear, too much you praise  
My blossoms fairness;  
Turn now that thoughtful gaze  
From bloom to thorn.  
You cannot pluck the red,  
Red rose of Gladness  
Unless your hands by Pain  
Are pierced and torn.

"You cannot kiss the cheek  
O Truth and Beauty,  
Nor find the Good you seek  
Except by loss!  
No joy is born, save wombed  
And throed by sorrow,  
No joy can live, save dying  
On a Cross!"