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WEDDED.

The roses of the world are sad,
The water-lilies pale,
Because my lover takes her lad
Beneath the moonlit veil.
No flower may bloom this happy hour—
Unless my Alice be the flower.

So silent are the thrush, the lark!
The nightingale's at rest,
Because my lover loves the dark,
And has me in her breast.
No song this happy night be heard!—
Unless my Alice be the bird.

The sea that roared around the house
Is fallen from alarms,
Because my lover calls me spouse,
And takes me to her arms.
This night no sound of breakers be!—
Unless my Alice be the sea.

Of man and maid in all the world
Is still the swift caress,
Because my lover has me curled
In her own loveliness.
No kiss be such a night as this!—
Unless my Alice be the kiss. . .

This night—O, never dawn shall crest
The world of waking,
Because my lover has my breast
On her for dawn and spring.
This night shall never be withdrawn—
Unless my Alice be the dawn.

—From "Ambergris," by Aleister Crowley.