

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

IN NEVILLE'S COURT,
TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

I THINK the souls of many men are here
Among these cloisters, underneath the spire
That the moon silvers with magnetic fire;
But not a moon-ray is it, that so clear
Shines on the pavement; for a voice of fear
It hath, unless it be the breeze that mocks
My ear, and waves his old majestic locks
About his head. There fell upon my ear;

“O soul contemplative of distant things,
Who hast a poet's heart, even if thy pen
Be dry and barren, who dost hold love dear,
Speed forth this message on the fiery wings
Of stinging song to all the race of men;
That they have hope; for we are happy here.”