

Aleister Crowley.

Lap all the mist with orange and red gold,
Throw some lank windmill into iron shade,
And stir the chill canal with manifold
Rays of clear morning; never grow afraid
When he dips down beyond the far, flat land,
Know never more the day and night apart,
Know not where frost has laid his iron hand
Save only that it fastens on my heart;
Save only that it grips with icy fire
These veins no fire of hell could satiate;
Save only that it quenches this desire.
Let me pass out beyond the city gate.

THE ROSICRUCIAN.

I SEE the centuries wax and wane,
I know their mysteries of pain,
The secrets of the living fire,
The key of life: I live: I reign:
For I am master of desire.

Silent, I pass amid the folk
Caught in its mesh, slaves to its yoke.
Silent, unknown, I work and will
Redemption, godhead's master-stroke,
And breaking of the wands of ill.