

Aleister Crowley.

THE PALACE OF THE WORLD.†

THE fragrant gateways of the Dawn
Teem with the scent of flowers.
The Mother, Midnight, has withdrawn
Her slumberous kissing hours;
Day springs, with footsteps as a fawn,
Into her rosy bowers.

The pale and holy maiden horn
In highest heaven is set.
My forehead, bathed in her forlorn
Light, with her lips is met:
My lips, that murmur in the morn,
With lustrous dew are wet.

My prayer is mighty with my will;
My purpose as a sword
Flames through the adamant, to fill
The gardens of the Lord
With music, that the air be still,
Dumb to its mighty chord.

I stand above the tides of time
And elemental strife:
My figure stands above, sublime,
Shadowing the Key of Life;
And the passion of my mighty rime
Divides me as a knife.