

## XLI. The Riddle

*(The first letter of each line in this poem spells out the name  
Herbert Charles Jerome Pollitt)*

**H**abib hath heard; let all Iran who spell aright from A to Z  
**E**xalt thy fame and understand with whom I made a marriage-bed;  
**R**esort to tool-and-podex play till all the world in tears is shed  
**B**efore the sword of Azrael the trump of Israfel the dread,  
**E**xalt, exalt our love at last among the living and the dead,  
**R**esort to love, and press its purple calix with His purple head,  
**T**ill fall the pearls with rubies strung, the dew upon the dawn that bled.  
**C**rimson, o lover, was our love, and crimson streams the sunset past;  
**H**ycinthine glows the vault of night, the Future certain, sure to last.  
**A**cept the gold of noon that pours its white-hot flood, its radiant blast!  
**R**ampant within thy podex take this member, stiffer than a mast.  
**L**ively as love itself, supreme in pride, stupendous in the vast!  
**E**ven the present gold and white, the Moment ever fleeting fast,  
**S**urrendered never! this delight the Venus-throw hath surely cast.  
**J**ehannum shall exclaim "Habib!" and light inform its murky fire,  
**E**ntrancing all the ghouls to love, waking the Shaitans to desire!  
**R**ejoicing souls in Paradise shall spurn the Hur al Ayn with ire,  
**O**pening their lips in pangs of woe, offering their souls in pawn to hire!  
**M**en from the utmost desert lands shall spur their steeds through sand and mire,  
**E**ven to look upon the face immortal from this lewdly lyre.  
**P**erfect, Habib, my magic song; perfect our loves for ever are: --

Olibanum and ambergris, nargis and rose of the attar,  
Lily and lilac, thus they rise in fragrance to the morning star.  
Light springs and liberty is fair -- o break the intoxicating jar!  
It is enough that thou art Near, the shamer of the foolish Far,  
To glut thy jasmine podex on the member of thine El Qahar;  
To glut thine almond member in the podex of thine El Qahar.

The rapture in rapture.

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### **XLII. Bagh-i-Muattar**

*(The first letter of each line in this poem spells out, in reverse,  
the name Aleister Crowley)*

Ye cypress-breasted boys of birth, attend the coming of the gloom!  
Expose your breasts of jasmine, show your lily buttocks all abloom!  
Let Love awake, and blush, as Love comes glimmering from the starry womb,  
With standing member all aglow, purpled with cloth from Rapture's loom.  
O tulip cheeks! O lips of rose! the joy of Allah ye assume,  
Rejoicing in the luscious play, the slippery splendour of the spume  
Cast from the holy hiding-place for ever till the day of doom.  
Rejoice, O podex, in thy strength! thy spasms like the stars illumine  
Earth's darkness, life's disgrace, abash the trifling terrors of the tomb.  
The nargis scent shall steal about the world, assuage its fret and fume,  
Suspend the laws of Nature, break Qismat's insufferable boom,  
Incense the mountain and the plain. sufflate the forest and the combe

**E**ternally with love, with love, with love, the lily all abloom.

**L**ove me, your poet; pass the night from twilight gloom to twilight gloom

**A**t podex-play with El Qahar within his Garden of Perfume!