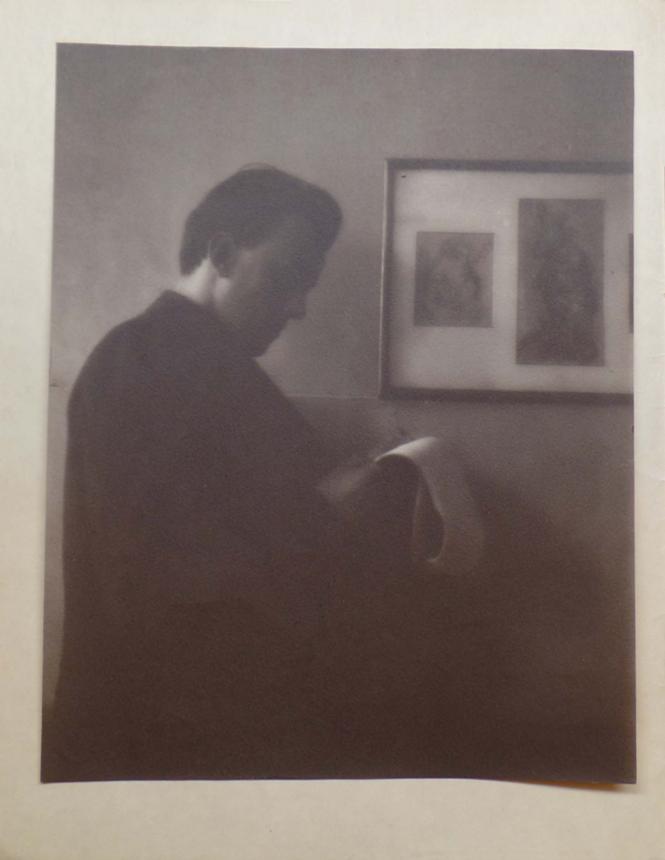
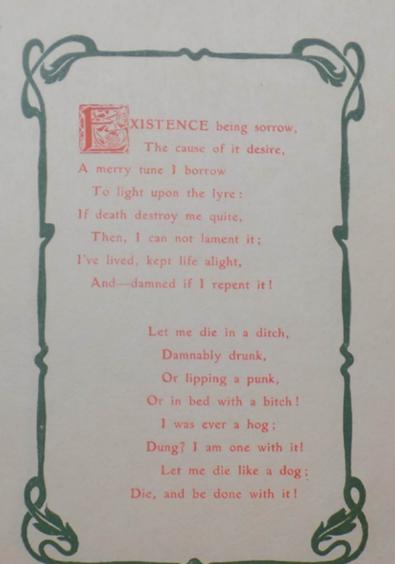
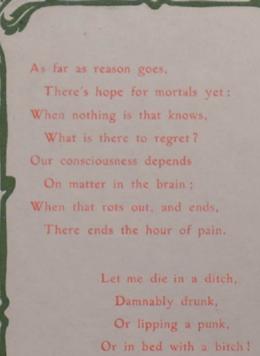
SUMMA SPES

ALEISTER CROWLEY







I was ever a hog;

Dung? I am one with it!

Let me die like a dog;

Die, and be done with it!

If we can trust to this,

Why, dance and drink and revel!

Great scarlet mouths to kiss,

And sorrow to the devil!

If pangs ataxic creep,

Or gout, or pox, annoy us,

Queen Morphia, grant thy sleep!

Let worms, the dears, enjoy us!

Let me die in a ditch,

Damnably drunk,

Or lipping a punk,

Or in bed with a bitch!

I was ever a hog;

Dung? I am one with it!

Let me die like a dog;

Die, and be done with it!

But since a chance remains

That "1" survives the body,

So talk the men whose brains

Are made of shit and shoddy.)

I'll stop it if I can.

(Ah Jesus, if Thou couldest!)

I'll go to Martaban

To make myself a Buddhist.

Let me die in a ditch,

Damnably drunk,

Or lipping a punk,

Or in bed with a bitch!

I was ever a hog;

Dung? I am one with it!

Let me die like a dog;

Die, and be done with it!

And yet; the bigger chance
Lies with annihilation.

Follow the lead of France,
Freedom's enlightened nation!

Off! sacerdotal stealth

Of faith and fraud and gnosis!

Come, drink me: Here's thy health,

Arterio-sclerosis!

Let me die in a ditch,

Damnably drunk,

Or lipping a punk,

Or in bed with a bitch!

I was ever a hog;

Dung? I am one with it!

Let me die like a dog;

Die, and be done with it.!

And so — Farewell!

