

## ΚΕΦΑΛΗ ΝΗ

### HAGGAI-HOWLINGS

Haggard am I, an hyaena ; I hunger and howl.

Men think it laughter—ha ! ha ! ha !

There is nothing movable or immovable under the firmament of heaven on which I may write the symbols of the secret of my soul.

Yea, though I were lowered by ropes into the utmost Caverns and Vaults of Eternity, there is no word to express even the first whisper of the Initiator in mine ear : yea, I abhor birth, ululating lamentations of Night !

Agony ! Agony ! the Light within me breeds veils ; the song within be dumbness.

God ! in what prism may any man analyse my Light ?

Immortal are the adepts ; and yet they die—  
They die of SHAME unspeakable ; They die as the Gods die, for SORROW.

Wilt thou endure unto The End, O FRATER PERDURABO, O Lamp in The Abyss ? Thou hast the Keystone of the Royal Arch ; yet the Apprentices, instead of making bricks, put the straws in their hair, and think they are Jesus Christ !

O sublime tragedy and comedy of THE GREAT WORK !