

## A LITANY.

**T**HE ghosts of abject days flit by;  
The bloated goblins of the past;  
Dim ghouls in soulless apathy;  
Fates imminent, and dooms aghast!  
O Mother Mout, O Mother Night,  
Give me the Sun of Life and Light!

The shadows of my hopes devoured,  
The crown of my intent cast down,  
The hate that shone, the love that lowered,  
Make up God's universal frown.  
O Lord, O Hormakhou, display  
The rosy earnest of the day!

The mighty pomp of desolate  
Dead kings, a pageant, moves along;  
Dead queens unite in desperate,  
Unsatisfied, unholy song.  
O Khephra, manifest in flesh,  
Arise, create the world afresh!

The silence of my heart is one  
With memory's insatiate night;

I hardly dare to hope the sun.

I seek the darkness, not the light.  
O Lord Harpocrates, be still  
The moveless centre of my will!

My sorrows are more manifold  
Than His that bore the sins of man.  
My sins are like the starry fold,  
My hopes their desolation wan.  
O Nuit, the starry one arise,  
And set thy starlight in my skies!

In darkness, in the void abyss,  
I grope with vain despairing arms.  
The silence as a serpent is,  
The rustle of the world alarms.  
O Horus, Light in Darkness, bless  
My failure with thine own success!

My suffering is keen as theirs  
That in Amenti taste of death ;  
Not mine own pains create these prayers :  
For them I claim the living Breath.  
O Lord Osiris, bend and bring  
All winters to thy sign of Spring!

Poor folly mine : I cannot see  
Save from one corner of one star!  
So many millions over me ;  
So many, and the next, how far !

O Wisdom-crowned Ta-hu-ti, lend  
Thy magic : let my light extend !

I cannot comprehend one truth.

My sight is biased, and my mind—  
One snake-skin thought is of its youth ;  
Grows old, and casts the slough behind.  
O Themis, Lady of the plume,  
Shed thy twin godhead in the gloom !

How ugly is this life of mine !

How slimes it in the terrene mud !  
Clouds hide the beauty all-divine,  
The moonlight has a mist of blood.  
O Hathoor, Lady of the West,  
Take thy sad lover to thy breast !

Even the perfumes of the dawn

Intoxicate, deceive the soul.  
Let every shadow be withdrawn !  
Let there be Light, supreme and whole !  
O Ra, thou golden Lord of Day,  
The Sun of Righteousness display !

The burden is so hard to bear.

It took too adamant a cross ;  
This sackcloth rends my soul to wear ;  
My self-denial is as dross !  
O Shu, that holdest up the sky,  
Hold thou thy servant, lest he die !

Nature is one with my distress.

The flowers are dull, the stars are pale.

I am the Soul of Nothingness.

I cannot lift the golden veil.

O Mother Isis, let thine eyes

Behold my grief, and sympathise!

I cannot round the perfect wheel,

Attain not to the fuller end.

In part I love, in part I feel,

Know, worship, will, and comprehend.

O mother Nephthys, fill me up

Thine own perfection's deadly cup!

My aspiration quails within me ;

“My heart is fixed,” in vain I cry ;

The little loves and whispers win me :

“Eli, lama sabacthani!”

O Chomse, moon-god, grant thy boon,

The silver pathway of the moon!

Beyond the Glory of the Dawn,

Beyond the Splendour of the Sun,

Thy secret Spirit is withdrawn,

The plumes of the Concealéd One.

Amoun! upon the Cross I cry,

I am Osiris, even I!

O Thou! the All, the many-named,

The One in many manifest!

Let not my spirit be ashamed,  
But win to its eternal rest!  
Thou Self from Nothing! bring Thou me  
Unto that Self which is in Thee!

AMEN.