

## THE PHILOSOPHER'S PROGRESS.

*That which is above, is like that which is below ;  
and that which is below is like that which is above.*

HERMES TRISMEGISTUS.

THAT which is highest as the deep  
Is fixed, the depth as that above :  
Death's face is as the face of Sleep ;  
And Lust is likest Love.

So stand the angels one by one  
Higher and higher with lamps of gold :  
So stand the shining devils ; none  
Their brightness may behold.

I took my life, as one who takes  
Young gold to ruin and to spend ;  
I sought their gulfs and fiery lakes,  
And sought no happy end.

I said : the height is as the deep,  
Twin breasts of one white dove ;  
Death's face is as the face of Sleep,  
And Lust is likest Love.

And with my blood I forced the door  
That guards the palaces of sin ;  
I reached the lake's cinereous shore ;  
I passed those groves within.

My blood was wasted in her veins,  
To freshen them, who stood like death,  
Our Lady of ten thousand Pains  
With heavy kissing breath.

I said : Our Lady is as God,  
Her hell of pain as heaven above ;  
Death's feet, like Sleep's, with fire are shod,  
And Lust is likest Love.

Our Lady crushed me in her bed,  
Between her breasts my life was wet ;  
My lips from that sweet death were fed ;  
I died, and would forget.

But so God would not have me die ;  
Her deadly lips relax and fade,  
Her body slackens with a sigh  
Reluctant, like a maid.

I said : O vampire Lover, weep,  
Who cannot follow me above,  
Though Death may masquerade as Sleep,  
And Lust laugh out like Love.

But God's strong arms set under me  
Lifted my spirit through the air  
Beyond the wide supernal sea,  
Beyond the veil of vair.

God said: My ways are sweet and deep;  
The sceptres and the swords thereof  
Change: for Death's face is fair as Sleep;  
And Lust is clean as Love.

I slept upon His breast; and Death  
Came like Sleep's angel, and I died,  
And tasted the Lethean breath.  
There was a voice that cried:

Behold, I stand above His head  
With feet made white with whitest fire,  
Above His forehead, that is red  
As blood with His Desire.

I knew that Voice was more than God,  
And echo trembled for its trust:  
Sleep's feet, like Death's, with fire are shod,  
And Love is likest Lust.

So I returned and sought her breast,  
Our Lady of ten thousand Pains;  
I drank her kisses, and possessed  
Her pale maternal veins.

I said : Drain hard my sudden breath,  
Be cruel for the vampire thrust !  
Let Sleep's desire be sweet as Death,  
And Love be clean as Lust !

I died amid her kisses : so  
This last time I would not forget—  
So I attained The Life ; and know  
Her lips and God's have met.

For in Those Hands above His head  
The Depth is one with That Above,  
And Sleep and Death and Life are dead,  
And Lust is One with Love.