

AFTER JUDGMENT.

*Originally published in the _____
issue of Vanity Fair (UK edition).*

So! Thou hast given Thy judgment, God!
And I am evermore accurst,
Cast to the blackness of the abode
By Thee—O Thou who made me first!

Thou who hast made me, tortured me,
Mocked me with life, mocked me with death,
Mocked me with love—O misery
Of each god's death, of each slave's breath!

Yea, for that Thou didst give me her,
Indeed, my Dorothy! the sun
That fires my life, the spell to stir
My soul's enchantments every one.

For this I curse Thee! She was fair
As day and brighter than the moon,
And all the gold sung in her hair,
And all the dawn of May, of June,

Kindled her cheeks; her eyes were blue
As all Thy skies, as all Thy seas.
Her mouth—oh God! her mouth, that slew
Imagination's ecstasies!

For while I praised the pearl-clear skin,
The bright lithe body's supple growth,
By God! I could not even begin
To say one word about her mouth!

Lo! Thou hast made the winds, the stars,
The sun, the moon, the great grave earth;
Thou hast touched the swaying nenuphars
With music, and made godly mirth

With corn and wine; Thou hast made Thee man;
Thou hast loved and suffered, died and risen;
But—hath Thy mouth grown white and wan,
Sucked out into that strange sweet prison?

Nay, Thou hast never kissed the mouth
Of Dorothy! as I—as I!
Thou hast never felt its eager growth
Upon my Lesbian ecstasy.

Therefore I curse Thee not, accurst,
Who art in that one flower foregone—
And I, the last, match Thee, the first,
When that red mouth I fasten on.

Farewell! O God, in endless bliss
Crowned, with Thine angels singing by;
I go to hell, with her last kiss
Yet tingling in my memory.

Nay, start not from Thy throne! I go
At Thy black damning to the deep.
Thou canst not follow me! I know
This thing I had, and this I keep.

God! I have loved! I love! I love!
And shall love through Thine ageless hell.
Thou hast the kingdom of the Above,
And I, her memory. Fare Thee well!

To Thine I am—supreme exclaim,
The total of all that may be said!
I answer from the abyss of flame;
Dorothy! and her mouth was red.

ALEISTER CROWLEY.