

To A Brunette

Addressed to His Beloved, after a short absence

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When first your raven beauty made me fond,
Your soul was pure and hard as diamond.
All books on "how to love" I nightly conned;
All suits I thought might please I daily donned;
It stirred not of your soul one lily-frond.
I offered you the rubies of Golcond,
Heaped at your feet the gold of Trebizond:—
But could not bring you to the bridal bond.

Darling, I do not utterly despond—
Now that you are a blonde!