

## The Hermit's Hymn to Solitude.

Namo Tassa Bhagavato Arahato Sammasambuddhassa.

Venerable Lord and Best of Friends,

We, seeing the cycle in which Maha Brahma is perhaps more a drift-buoy than ourselves, knowing that it is called the walking in delusion, the wilderness of delusion, the puppet show of delusion, the writhing of delusion, the fetter of delusion, are aware that the way out of the desert is found by going into the desert. Will you, in your lonely lamaserai, accept this hymn from me, who, in the centre of civilization, am perhaps more isolated than you in your craggy fastness among the trackless steppes of your Untrodden Land.

Paris, A.B., 2446.

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

### I.

Mightiest Self! Supreme in Self-Contentment!  
Sole Spirit gyring in its own ellipse;  
Palpable, formless, infinite presentment  
Of thine own light in thine own soul's eclipse!  
Let thy chaste lips  
Swoop through the empty aethers guarding thee  
(As in a fortress girded by the sea  
The raging winds and wings of air  
Lift the wild waves, and bear  
Innavigable foam to skyward,) bend thee down,  
Touch, draw me with thy kiss  
Into thine own deep bliss,  
Into thy sleep, thy life, thy imperishable crown!  
Let that young godhead in thine eyes  
Pierce mine, fulfil me of their secreties,  
Thy peace, thy purity, thy soul impenetrably wise.

### II.

All things which are complete are solitary;  
The circling moon, the inconstant drift of stars,  
The central systems. Burn they, change they, vary?  
Theirs is no motion beyond the eternal bars,  
Seasons and scars  
Stain not the planets, the unfathomed home,  
The spaceless, unformed faces in the dome  
Brighter and blacker than all things,  
Borne under the eternal wings  
No whither: solitary are the winter woods  
And caves not habited,  
And that supreme grey head  
Watching the groves: single the foaming amber floods,  
And O! most lone  
The melancholy mountain shrine and throne,  
While far above all things God sits, the ultimate alone!

### III.

I sate upon the mossy promontory  
Where the cascade cleft not his mother rock,  
But swept in whirlwind lightning foam and glory,  
Vast circling with unwearied luminous shock.  
To lure and lock  
Marvellous eddies in its wild caress;  
And there the solemn echoes caught the stress,  
The strain of that impassive tide,  
Shook it and flung it high and wide,  
Till all the air took fire from that melodious roar.  
All the mute mountains heard,  
Bowed, laughed aloud, concurred,  
And passed the word along, the signal of wide war.  
All earth took up the sound,  
And, being in one tune, securely bound,  
Even as a star became the soul of silence most profound,