

Recognition

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I travelled; so the star. We neared; we saw
Each other, knew each other; in your face
Mine equal self with majesty and awe
Abode; and thus we stayed for a great space.
What was the manner of our countenance?
I saw you seated, as a great lost God
With blasphemy exulting in your glance
And horror at your lips; my soul was shod
With glory, and your body bathed in glory,
So that from out the uttermost abyss
The very darkness churned itself to hoary
And phosphor foam of agony and bliss.
The authentic seal of our majestic might
Stamped on the light in light the light of light.

ALEISTER CROWLEY