

A DIALOGUE

To Aleister Crowley

BURNING brand and eager hand,
How shall ye go to-night?
White the light, and over the land
The stars are bright.

With buckled shoon and a hidden moon,
How shall ye find the way?
Gray the ray, and the earth's a-swoon
Awaiting day.

With silent tread and bowed gold head
How shall ye know the place?
My face bears grace, and the muffled dead
Are alive in space.

Night grows deep while you're asleep,—
How shall ye wake in time?
The chime shall rime, and the stars shall weep;
The moon shall climb.

Pilgrim young with the silver tongue,
How shall I know it's thee?
The sea shall free the song that's sung;
Thou shalt hear me.