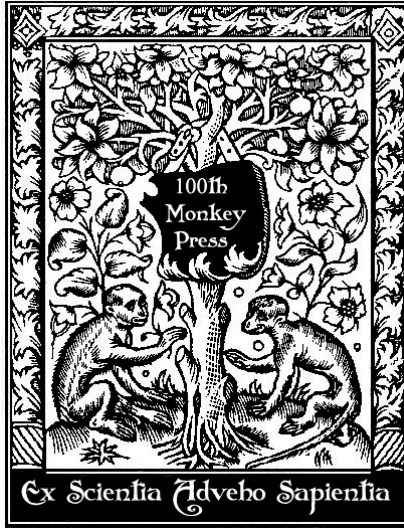


THE
TRIUMPH OF PAN

100th Monkey Press
2013



“When a critical mass is achieved within a species, the behavior is instantaneously transferred to and exhibited by all members of the species”

THE TRIUMPH OF PAN



THE
TRIUMPH OF PAN

POEMS BY
VICTOR B. NEUBURG

Πάντα ῥεῖ

LONDON: THE EQUINOX

124, VICTORIA STREET, S.W.

MCMX

*“Omari tessala marax,
tessala dodi phornepax,
amri radara poliax
 armana piliu.
amri radara piliu son’;
mari narya barbiton
madara adaphax sarpedon
 andala hriliu.”*

TO
V.A.S.
WHO INITIATED ME
THIS BOOK
IS DEDICATED

Upon my trouthe I sey yow faithfully,
That ye ben of my lyf and deeth the queen;
For with my deeth the trouthe shal be sene,
Your yēn two wol slee me sodenly,
I may the beautè of hem not susterne,
So woundeth hit through-out my herte kene.

CHAUCER

THE DEDICATION

THE BLIND STAR

BY the years that the locust hath eaten,
By the desert behind and before,
By the soul that is baffled and beaten,
I give you my songs: I adore.

By the way that leads nowhere in heaven,
By the feet that are bleeding and sore,
By the soul that is sick and bereaven,
I give you my songs: I adore.

By the sign that is black and forbidden,
By the word that is uttered no more,
By the root of the world that is hidden,
I give you my songs: I adore.

By the fourfold and manifold blunder,
By the might of the Virginal Whore,
By the light hidden under the thunder,
I give you my songs: I adore.

CONNAISSEZ-VOUS la vieille souveraine du monde, qui marche toujours et ne se fatigue jamais?

Toutes les passions déréglées, toutes les voluptés egoïstes, toutes les forces effrénées de l'humanité et toutes ses faiblesses tyranniques précèdent la propriétaire avare de notre vallée de douleurs, et, la faucille à la main, ces ouvrières infatigables font une éternelle moisson.

La reine est vieille comme le temps, mais elle cache son squelette sous les débris de la beauté des femmes qu'elle enlève à leur jeunesse et à leurs amours.

Sa tête est garnie de cheveux froids qui ne sont pas à elle. Depuis la chevelure de Bérénice, toute brillante d'étoiles, jusqu'aux cheveux blanchis avant l'âge que le bourreau coupa sur la tête de Marie-Antoinette, la spoliatrice des fronts couronnés s'est parée de la dépouille des reines.

Son corps pâle et glacé est couvert de parures flétries et de suaires en lambeaux.

Ses mains osseuses et chargées de bagues, tiennent des diadèmes et des fers, des sceptres et des ossements, des pierreries et de la cendre.

Quand elle passé, les portes s'ouvrent d'elles-mêmes; elle entre à travers les murailles, elle pénètre jusqu'à l'alcôve des rois, elle vient surprendre les spoliateurs du pauvre dans leurs plus secrètes orgies, s'assied à leur table et leur verse à boire, ricane à leurs chansons avec ses dents dégarnies de

gencives, et prend la place de la courtisane impure qui se cache sous leurs rideaux.

Elle aime à rôder autour des voluptueux qui s'endorment; elle cherche leurs caresses comme si elle espérait se réchauffer dans leurs étreintes, mais elle glace tous ceux qu'elle touché et ne se réchauffe jamais. Parfois cependant on la dirait prise de vertige; elle ne se promène plus lentement, elle court; et si ses pieds ne sont pas assez rapides, elle presse les flancs d'un cheval pale et le lance tout essoufflé à travers les multitudes. Avec elle galope le meurtre sur un cheval roux; l'incendie, déployant sa chevelure de fume, vole devant elle en balançant ses ailes rouges et noires, et la famine avec la peste la suivent pas à pas sur des chevaux maladies et décharnés, glanant les rares épis qu'elle oublie pour lui compléter sa moisson.

Après ce courtège funèbre, viennent deux petits enfants rayonnants de sourire et de vie, l'intelligence et l'amour du siècle à venire, le double genie de l'humanité qui va naître,

ELIPHAS LÉVI.

AUTHOR'S NOTE

OF the poems contained in this volume, seven are reprinted; three from the late *Theosophical Review* and four from *The Equinox*. These poems are here included by courtesy of the respective editors of those periodicals.

The music-pictures were obtained under the direct influence of music; this may explain their apparent in-consequence.

Three of the OLIVIA VANE lyrics have been set to music by my friend Mr. Rudolf Cyriax. The songs are shortly to be published.

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THE TRIUMPH OF PAN

To GERALD PINSENT

*Material of Hell? The altruists;
Agnostics; dreamers; idiots, cripples, dwarfs,
All kinds of cowards who eluded fact;
Dwellers in legend, burrowers in myth;
The merciful, the meek and mild, the poor
In spirit; Christians who in very deed
Were Christians; pessimistic celibates;
The feeble minds; the souls called beautiful;
The slaves, the labourers, the mendicants;
Survivors of defeat; the little clans
That posed and fussed, in ignominy left
By apathetic powers; the greater part
Of all the swarthy, all the tawny tribes;
Degenerates; the desultory folk
In pleasure, art, vocation, commerce, craft;
And all deniers of the will to live,
And all who shunned the strife for wealth and power:
For every soul that had been damned on earth
Was damned in Hell—set there, replete with pangs,
To watch eternally the infinite
Delight of Heaven extorted from himself
And those beside him in the rampire built.
Eternal justice, it was good to see
Dives in Heaven and Lazarus in Hell
Maugre two thousand years of Christendom!*

JOHN DAVIDSON.

LAMPADA TRADAM

THE TRIUMPH OF PAN

I

THERE are three gods who in their talons hold me;
They dig within my breast
Their claws; beneath wide-feathered wings they fold
me,
Crying, "Ah! here is rest"
They lie! for they, in sooth,
Are hungry for my youth,
And I in vain ask pity of their power,
For they have made me theirs in one short hour.

II

The first a woman, with burning glances mingled
With longings soft and pure;
And me, with dread fore-knowledge, she hath singled
As one that is right sure
To ease her fierce desire
With my consuming fire.
But while I love her she consumeth me;
She withereth my soul, that erst was free.

III

The second god laughs loud upon my plaining,
 Seeing in me his prey;
He girds austerely at my dreadful straining
 To hold myself in play:
 He hath no pity now;
 His great hand on my brow
Brings visions never to be known of me
Till I be one with his mad mystery.

IV

Lastly, there is one Great One, cold and burning,
 Craft and hot in lust,
Who would make me a Sapphist and an Urning,
 A Lesbian of the dust.
 He sees the immortal light
 Break through me to the night,
Where Love is cast in impotent despair
From her communion with the upper air.

V

The dung of all ages clings unto him,
 And a fierce light shines through;
They are the dead who once, long, long since, knew him:
 The Pagan and the Jew
 Have lent him, one by one,
 Seed with their orison,
But he hath spurned their offerings, seeking me,
A god, a victim slain in majesty.

VI

Wherefore the current of my soul hath broken
 The bounds of sensual life,
And I am grown a god, a sinewy token
 Of Pan's most ardent strife;
 I am his own; I seem
 The shadow of his dream,
As he is spinning thoughts of form and sense
Out of the formless void, stark, cold and dense.

VII

So, in my sorrow, I have broken heedless
 From things of sense and change;
What should I seek who, having all, am needless
 To all of them that range
 The realm of softer thought?
 O Master! thou hast wrought
This bitter burning in my breast; I dwell,
For ever, happy in the heart of hell.

VIII

I have cast out the arrows of existence
 From my lost heart; I see
Thee only in the strong chain of insistence;
 O Master! I am free!
 For thou hast slain desire,
 Save for thine inmost fire:
I hear thee calling from the wings of Time,
And, answering, my soul is made sublime.

IX

Here in the dust I lie, a broken shadow,
 A thing unsought, alone;
A bended blade of grass in the red meadow
 Where lie the gut and bone
 Of those fierce gods who granted
 The heart that burned and panted,
To break at last in one tremendous beat,
Scattering its dolorous incense at their feet.

X

The way is dark and lone, but I am fearless,
 Fearless as death in love;
My heart is broken, but mine eyes are tearless:
 I seek the hidden grove
 Where Pan plays to the trees,
 The nymphs, the fauns, the breeze,
And the sick satyr with his syren-song
Makes the world ache with longing. I am strong.

XI

This I can bear, though I am lone and cheerless,
 A withered fruit of spring;
This I can bear, for all my soul is fearless,
 So shall my soul not sing?
 Rejoice that I am thine,
 That I have given thee wine
From out my virgin heart, my stainless soul;
I am corrupted utterly; and whole.

XII

The slavish singers of the barren years,
 What have they left to say?
Upon the Moribund they waste weak tears,
 And slobber o'er dull day.
 But we, my God, have been
 Sublimely wise; obscene
In passion; and her light is round us strown;
We have enmeshed in passion's web the Unknown.

XIII

We found sleeping; yea, the Panic revel
 Had drawn his spirit far;
Asleep, he bore the aspect of a devil;
 Awake, the morning star
 Flashed in his eyes; oh, scan
 The vision of great Pan;
Thrust tongue and limbs against his pulsing side,
And thou shalt know the dayspring as a bride!

XIV

The fire of generation, the salt juices
 Within my body rare,
Shall remedy our winter-time abuses;
 The odour of thy hair,
 Thy feet, thy hands, shall bring
 Again the Pagan spring,
And from our bodies' union men shall know
To cast the veil from the sad face of woe,

XV

And know her utterly; her blazing eyes
 Shall burn out in the sun,
And as she groweth blind a new surprise
 Shall dawn on everyone
 That gazes on her there;
 There shall be no despair,
But Pan! Pan! Pan! and all the world shall be
Mingled in one wild burning ecstasy.

XVI

They cast out Love, but Love for aye hath dwelling,
 Sleeping, within the spirit;
They have murdered Joy, but Joy reborn is swelling
 In earth, and shall inherit
 Anew the realm of Time,
 And earth shall grow sublime
For ages, till our seed return to those
Who gave youth wisdom with the Staff and Rose.

XVII

The light is fading from the listening skies;
 We have seen the golden band
That flashed with morning breezes on our eyes:
 The old gray silent land
 Bursts through the husk of sense,
 And the air grows immense
With looming shadows of a world so wide,
It sways the ether as the moon the tide.

XVIII

The sense of dawn grows louder in men's ears,
 Here, in the waiting west;
The veil of darkness by a million spears
 Is pierced, and the fair breast
 of dawn most purely bleeds,
 And from her blood the seeds,
Scattered of old before the cross in gloom
Arose, spring forth, and bear the golden doom.

XIX

Now have we passed the dark fate's outer portal,
 And sit enthroned within
The Temple that was cast by hate immortal
 Into a hell of sin.
 But we anointed wait
 The trumpet-call of Fate,
Who casts the lot of ages that shall pass,
As in a mirror, before thy soul's dark glass.

XX

Oh, wiser they who share the day's dull splendour
 Of aimless thought and deed?
Oh, braver they who make a tired surrender
 For fear that they should belled
 But life no pity knows;
 The sun burns, the dawn grows;
The terror of death, the pangs of birth, are hers,
The yearning soul of the formless universe.

XXI

The ways have parted, and the sun is glowing
 Over the eternal sand,
And the endless road grows steeper; we are going
 Into a nameless land.
 Time and the gods shall lend
 Their wisdom to the end;
And we shall know what lies beyond, and see
The shadows of the olden Mystery.

XXII

No way may lead us back; our track is hidden
 In dust and sand and grass,
For lo! we journey on a road forbidden,
 Where no man sees us pass.
 It may be we shall find
 The secret dumb and blind;
But the joy of terror seizes us; no stay
We make, for who looks back shall lose the way.

XXIII

Whither and *whence* have merged into the roaring
 Of angry storm-tossed seas;
Into the void of time and space still soaring,
 We travel with the breeze
 That the old mouth of Time
 Breathes in a fitful rime,
And is lost in the upper air serene and pure,
Where, life transcended, light is stern and sure.

XXIV

There is enchantment in the stony valley;
 The star-lit wooden glen
Brings murmured echoes to us musically;
 We see the moor and fen,
 The moon-lit mountain snow,
 Rain on the corn below,
The silver crescent of the tropic moon,
The day-dawn path with unguessed rapture strewn.

XXV

And we have passed the bounds of man's derision;
 Red-glaring witches howl
Striking at us in vain in mad division
 Of helm and plume and cowl.
 Swart, grinning warlocks swive
 Each other, and they strive
To set envenomed fangs in us, lest we
Be curtailed by the veil of Mystery.

XXVI

O hell-locked Mother of divine despair,
 With gray eyes bright with pain;
O yearning Maiden with the streaming hair,
 We called thee not in vain;
 The shadowy pain is thine,
 But we have brought thee wine,
Fresh from the Bacchic vats, and foaming grape
And must shall ease thy pain, and lend thee shape!

XXVII

Descent! . . . The airy dusk grows dark with boding
 Of a new after-birth;
The toiling earth gives tokens of unloading
 The secret; in her mirth
 Shall be the Pagan spring,
 And joyous echoing
O'er all her valleys and her hills that be
Set in the shadow of eternity.

XXVIII

The shadows of things lie in the old gray Hades,
 Twin-born of man's sad mind;
The formless echoes of old wars; the ladies
 Of old, to warriors kind,
 Enchant us; we are fain
 To bring the past again
Into the earth, but we will crush the dream,
And wallow sweating in the mountain-stream,

XXIX

And storm the mountains; we are sick of dreaming
 Of a dim past unknown;
Oh! for the sight once more of red blood streaming,
 Of rotting warrior-bone,
 Of eagles hovering far
 Around the field of war,
Of lust and love and longing breaking through
The chill gray garb of life to flame anew.

XXX

The storied mystery of scarlet fancies
 Beats down upon my skull;
The far-strung glamour of the spheres enhances
 The vision wide and full,
 The curtain lifts, and bares
 A host of fulfilled prayers,
Hopes hidden in the gray garb of the earth
That wait some angel-trail for path to birth.

XXXI

O golden singers of the vanished ages,
 O bards of olden fame,
Look down, look down upon my unscarred pages,
 And touch my screed with flame;
 Ah! let me be renewed
 From your proud solitude;
Grant me the magic of the storied years,
Whose hearts are flame, fringed by your glorious tears.

XXXII

The Gods who hold me fawn upon me, seeking
 To reach my inmost core,
But they are mine, within me ever speaking;
 I silence them; they roar,
 Striving to speak, but I
 Hold them in check; they lie
Till I shall call them forth to my behest
To flood the world with rapture, or with rest.

* * * * * *

XXXIII

O world of shadows, slowly disappearing
 Under the Master's wand!
O dawn of daylight, slowly, slowly nearing
 From out the dark beyond!
 Was it in vain I saw
 The vision of the law
Growing still keener in the sharp blue air,
Unsummoned forth by incense or by prayer?

XXXIV

I know not, but I know the way is darkened
 By myriad pilgrim feet;
I only know that my lone ear hath hearkened
 Unto the rhythmic beat
 Of thund'rous, deafening drums,
 Unto whose spell succumbs
The outlawed watcher by the inner gate,
Who through the hours of gloom doth meditate.

XXXV

Yea! And from me the world hath slowly faded;
 I find no light at all.
Only the long, still, shadowy things, unaided,
 Creep upwards for a fall
 Into the dark abyss
 Where time's black serpents hiss
Their hateful pæan of the old despair,
Their envy of the blue crystalline air.

XXXVI

And lo! We find the Panic revel over,
 The cups down-turned; the grape
Is trampled level with the lowly clover;
 There is no brooding shape,
 Bright-eyed, bright-winged, and strong
 As a piped mountain-song
In the keen Alpine air: No joy is here,
Only the shadow of man's foolish fear.

XXXVII

The revellers are fled; where, no man knoweth,
 Save it be whence they came;
The chill, dull wind of desolation bloweth
 Upon the flickering flame
 Of the old lost delight:
 There is no garland bright
On the brows of the old Hermaphrodite, whose eyes
Glowed ever newly once with new surprise.

XXXVIII

Oh, shadows, shadows, shadows, shadows ever;
 They lisp, the fools, their song:
But where is fled the lusty, wild endeavour
 To right the ancient wrong?
 They mouth their feeble prayer
 Unto the empty air. . . .
But we will bring the past, the past, again,
The lust of joy, the rapture and the pain!

XXXIX

It shall be mine, O Master, in my singing
 To call the brooding light
Back to the earth; would that my soul were winging
 To victory through the night!
 Yea! And it shall be mine
 To pour the sacred wine,
And make men drunk with ecstasy as I,
Drunken with joy whether I live or die.

XL

What do they know of joy? They tamely wander
 In barren paths and straight;
With down-cast modest eyes they sit and ponder
 Outside the mystic gate.
 But roses, roses flame,
 As ever, since they came
From the wild marriage-bed of young Desire,
And younger Love, the children of the Fire.

XLI

Give me thy wine! So shall my song unending
 Break through the barren prayer
Of fear and fashion; let the mystic blending
 Of perfumes fill the air
 With hues of light and things
 Unutterable; the stings
Of joy shall pierce men's hearts, and there shall be
Unending, throbbing, passioned ecstasy.

XLII

Grant me again thy lyre! Let me awaken
 The old eternal spring;
So shall each soul with pangs of birth be shaken,
 Let the good juices sting.
 The song I craved is mine,
 Thy song of blood and brine;
Men shall stand naked, unashamed and free,
To flaunt abroad their new-born ecstasy!

XLIII

Nor dream I, for too surely men shall waken,
 Now that the day is born,
And all thy chosen ones shall be o'ertaken
 By the young feet of morn.
 Grant me, Eros, thy kiss,
 That I may speak thy bliss—
The revel and the rapture and the feast,
The Pæan, and the Crowning of the Beast!

XLIV

Yea! And the lyre is mine, and I am fearless,
 Naked, and free, and young;
The torch is out; no longer night is cheerless;
 The hot young day is sprung
 From out the loins of God!
 Rise from the barren sod,
Raise high the Pæan of the God in Man!
Io Triumphe! Hail to the new-born Pan!

THE FLOWING FIRE

To NORMAN MUDD

MY FRIEND AND CRITIC

AN arrow of light hath splintered
The long-forgotten abode
Where for a myriad aeons hath wintered
An all-but-fossilized toad.
Now, exposed to the light
Of the sun, he shall gasp and die,
And be buried once more in the night,
Save he grow wings and fly!
But, die or fly, a jewel
Is hidden within his head
That gives green light that is cruel,
And a fiercer light that is red,
And a soft blue light that is human,
And a yellow light divine,
And a white light that came from a woman,
And a silver light that is mine!

Wonderment calm of the afterglow
Of daylight,—I knew thee how long ago!

Once I found thee, alone, forlorn,
Waiting the call of the windy morn.

Now I dream of an olden sea,
And sea-birds twittering melody.

Once I found thee, O sister mine,
Rising, re-born, from the foam-flecked brine—

Thee! My Night, my mother obscene,
Gentle and curling and dark and green.

Mother of slime, and the things of dust;
Wonder in pain and joy and lust—

Mother of all men, queen of love's star,
I tread in the wake of thy fairy car.

Methought I had left you to die, to drown,
To burn, to fade, in the bright-lit town.

“Nay,” you whisper; “the way to death
Lies through the river that gave me breath.

“Old, forgotten, Lethean, dumb,
I wonder if thou in the night be come.”

Silence calls from the wind-swept mere,
An enchanted lyre in the hemisphere.

“O windy moon! O pure pale curse!
Lady-love of the universe!

“O rose-lipped daughter of foam and fire,
Faded, paled, in thy lost desire!

“O silence informed by the secret rune
Writ of old at the set o’ the moon!

“Hush! for the wind goes sailing by
Under the dome of the red, blind sky.”

“Tell me, tell me before I go,
Lady mine, was it ever so?

“Ever since first thou cam’st from the sea,
And didst bear in thine eyes her mystery?”

“Nay, or thou hadst not found me now,
Stalking the marshes with gray-starred brow.

“I came wrought, ere thou wast born,
Into the land of wine and corn.

“I came unknown from the sea’s glad grace,
But I bore her sorrows upon my face.

“I sprang from the loins of the god of fire,
And I bore the lust of my lusty sire.

“So to thee am I all unknown;
So to thee do I sing alone.

“I am forgotten, a child of grace,
Wandering over the heaven’s face.

“The darkest place in the aching tide
Is the bridal-bed of the wondrous bride.

“Catch me and hold me, at last, at last;
Let me lie in thine arms asleep from the past.

“Let me feel thy kisses sink down on me,
Like the silver rain that falls on the sea.

“Make me thine own, O singer of flame;
Let me nestle close: from the skies I came.”

So she sleeps in my arms, and I
Wake, all lonely, under the sky.

From under the sky she has flown, and I
Know not whither under the sky.

So she came from the storied past,
But I shall know her at last, at last!

AN ORIGIN

To George Raffalovich

IN fire of gold they set them out,
The garlanded of old, who clomb
The Mount of Evil, strong and stout
To wrest from Venus' brow the comb.
*The fiery wind, the web unspun,
The nine stars and the circling sun.*

Not theirs to wander lost and lone,
Adream by mountain lake and sea;
Not theirs to bear a face of stone
Away from human mystery:
They pondered o'er the runes of time,
They slew the Serpent of the Slime.

The brutish brain, the nervous hands,
The conscious power of thew and mind;
The agony of burning sands,
The blithe salt breezes blowing blind—
The birth-pangs of the Emperor Thought,
Of Earth and Pain the wonder-thought.

They hurled them blindly on the breast
Of foaming hate, of wild desire:
From Time they held the old bequest,
The passioned pangs, the flash of fire—
Not through the gods they dreamed of ran
The stream that fired the veins of man.

They stanch'd the gaping wound with turf,
With water slaked the burning maw;
Rolling within the boiling surf,
They caught the brine in eye and jaw.
They roared and rushed with tangled mane
To rape and ruin in the rain.

The hours flew by all swift and red;
They gorged, they slept within the shade:
They yelled in fear with muffled head
When thunder made them sore afraid.
Loud laughed the gods to see the wild
Mad glory of their weanling child.

A flash of long-forgotten light—
I found again the men of old,
The wondering children of the night,
The ravagers of hill and wold—
Our sane, strong, savage satyr-sires,
In whom were born the artist-fires.

The scorching sun, the sleeping moon,
The yelling wind that clave the trees,
The monsters that they fled, the croon
Of squaws with babes upon their knees,
The wet woods' call, the insistent sea,
The blood-stained birth of mystery.

The scream of passion, and the foam
Upon the willing women's lips;
Green, dripping forests, love's dark home—
These were the god-enwroughten whips
That gave the eagle-cars of Art
First impulse in the cave-man's heart.

The artist-light is backward borne,
Master, within my brain to-night;
Back in the long-forgotten morn
I see the dawn of Thee and light;
The men that made me stare and stare
Through the great wood-fire's lurid glare.

And through the haze of time and life
Anew the dim, dark visions loom;
The matted bloody hair; the knife
Of jagged stone; the reeking fume
Of purple blood; the gore and bones
Rotting beneath the straight-aimed stones.

The dream is past; the night returns,
 Old mother of the primal Fear;
Within me, Master, throbs and burns
 The old gray wonder. Yea, I hear—
The heritage is mine; I take
The wand encircled by the snake.

Far in the night I wander; far
 Back in the forest of the Past,
Led by my sole and single star,
 Where I shall dwell in peace at last.
But once again I see Thee stand
Guarding the old forgotten land—

A silent land of dream and fear,
 Where thought-waves break upon the shore,
And reach the high gods' listening ear,
 And echo on for evermore
Through the dark ages, till they reach
Their long-sought goal, and burst in speech.

THE CAULDRN

To Ethel Archer

I WAS born when a witch
Spread her withered hands over a blaze,
With a big hazel-switch
 With notches for days,
 With notches for days.
And slimy and rich
 Her ugly voice prays:
By God! I was there with the witch!

What matter to me
If the sun be at war with the sea?
 Will they drench me or burn?
 I was born in the heart of an urn
When the gold was all fled;
And they thought I was dead
Before birth, but I sped
 Forth, forth from the fire
 And lo! with desire
I escaped, and I roam
At will from my home.

They call me, and lo!
Why should I go?
They feed me with gold;
They are withered and old,
For I suck and I suck,
And they give me good luck.

Lo! I am one with the air,
For air is my blood and red fire is my hair,
And the wind is my lair.
 And they draw me with thought,
 For of air am I wrought.
They call me, and then
I flee among men,
 And madness and rust
 And the music of dust
I give them, and they,
 With the fury of trust,
 Feed me with flame of desire and bright lust!
And I conquer the day,
And I float, and I float, and I float far away.

THE SACRIFICE

To J. F. C. Fuller

BEYOND the temple's outermost zone,
Bleeding, bound to the sacred stone,
Blinking beneath the boiling sun,
The captive stands, the Lonely One,
So utterly silent and alone,
He seems a runner whose race is done.

They cast the stones about his head;
They smash his teeth; the stones grow red.
His broken jaw droops on his breast,
His right cheek-bone is inward prest;
And utterly his blood is shed,
That the gray ghost may manifest.

Despite himself he winces now,
When flat upon his bloody brow
A well-cast stone lands with a crash—
And now his face grows like to ash,
His breath grows short, while doth avow
The caster, "that was my great smash."

His eyes are closed, his breath is done;
He smiles upon the burning sun,
 And then a stone puts out his eye.
 Then with a shudder he doth die.
They rush to seize his head; they run,
 The ever-ready priest stands by.

He tears the poor head from its place,
They gaze upon the battered face,
 And she he loved with wondering stare
 Looks at the crack beneath the hair;
But the head smiles with wondering grace,
 And now in death seems debonair.

How fiercely all the brown eyes gleam!
They trace the course of each red stream;
 They gaze upon him reverently,
 The god who came for them to die.
They slay their god, the fools, and dream
 That they have won the solid sky!

SLEEP IN THE HILLS

To Ragna Temp

THERE is peace on the hills to gather,
 There a sad, proud soul may sleep;
Gold gorse and green purple heather
 Hold the tears that the salt winds weep,
And we will lie down together.

There is sleep and silence and sorrow,
 For the hills are bare and alone;
There is nought to mark morrow from morrow;
 There is nought that the hills have known
That we may not love and borrow.

There is space for a sad mind's dreaming
 Of the things that are and have been;
There is only the gulls' wide screaming,
 There is only a sense of green.
There is seeming, and only seeming.

There shall be no word spoken
 Betwixt my lover and me;
We shall enter silence unbroken;
 Save for the call of the sea,
There will be nor sign nor token.

And so we will lie together,
 Calm in a space of green,
And there will be southern weather,
 Soft winds, and a sky serene,
Gold gorse and bright purple heather.

Only the day shall find us
 Asleep, in a dream of love,
The sorrowful way behind us,
 And the cloudless sky above.
And no man shall know or mind us.

There is sleep on the hills to gather,
 My lover, for you and for me,
And we will lie down together
 In call of the hungry sea.
We will lie amidst gorse and heather.

THE THINKER

To Kenneth Martin Ward

THE wind-swept summit of the mount Despair
He has reached, and now he sees the gray clouds
run
Earthward to melt to tears; he sees the sun
Gray-glimmering through the dull, cold, murky air.
And still no voice comes to him, waiting there,
Waiting until he knows not what be done,
But something, something, . . . Hush! the voice of
one
Comes to him, in his vast unuttered prayer.

Pain of desire! . . . Joy, hope and life; these three
Are his; he heeds them not, he passes by
Under the wild, waste, unforgetting sky
To the old glamorous, mysterious past.
Ah! he shall wake where he hath striven to be,
Alone with the unborn, at last! at last!

THE LONELY BRIDE

To Rae Fraser

“**B**LEST among women,” they say: I stand
Here in the market-place,
And the crowd throngs by in this lonely land,
Nor stays to heed my face.
My head is bowed down with the shame of my thought:
Mine eyes grow hot with disgrace.
Oh the evil that men have wrought!

I was once a King’s daughter,
Back in the olden time,
They called me the Bride of the Water;
I went to the sea for her rime;
I went to the stars for their song of life,
For then I was in my prime.
Now I am filled with strife.

I stare all day at the men that pass,
And all that I see I crave;
There are simple-gatherers fresh from the grass,
There are mariners brown from the wave,
There are merchants stout with tablets wide;
There is many a fair young slave;
They call me The Lonely Bride.

I was men's wonder the day I came;
I was ruddy and gold and pale:
My eyes were light with a smouldering flame,
On my lips was the untold tale,
And men, as they passed, gazed hard and long,
And women looked scorn and bale
Yea! I was fair and strong.

How should they know the thing I sought?
I was rich and lovely and young,
Not young with the flame that the spring had wrought,
But with fire from the summer sprung.
No man dared speak, but they longed to speak:
Ay! Many a glance they flung.
But I stood with an unflushed cheek.

And only strangers heed me now;
I am but a statue cold.
Ah! could they see the pain in my brow,
My heart that is growing old.
I may not summon them to my side,
Or move my lips' stern fold.
I am The Lonely Bride.

But never a man doth dare to speak,
And with burning heart I stand,
Till I feel the hot blood mount my cheek,
And a trembling shake my hand,

If they but knew of my need, my need,
As I wait in love's barren land,
To me, to me would they speed.

Here in the market-place they pass,
Merchant and slave and thrall;
The dewy herb-gatherer from the grass,
The steward from out the hall.
Ah! the weary waiting till one shall speak,
Oh! then the spell will fall,
And I shall find what I seek.

SELENE

To Evelyn

DIANA, very still and pale,
Looks down upon the city's spires,
Diana, lady of all our bale,
Queen of our lost desires.
*Diana, O Diana, I worship at thy pale, cold fires,
Our Lady Isis, reign in me, Queen of my lost desires.*

Diana, from her dark green hill
Looks on her worshippers,
She rides a great black Bull of Ill
Through all the universe.
*Diana, O Diana, guard my cradle and my hearse;
Our Lady Isis reigns o'er all the breathless universe.*

Diana hath a-hunting gone
Through sphere and sphere and sphere,
And she had left me alone,
The guardian of the year.
*Diana, O Diana, unto my plaint give ear,
Our Lady Isis reigns alone, through all the deathless
year.*

Diana, very dumb and cold,
 Stares through the cloudy sky;
Diana's heart is keen and bold,
 For she hath learned to die.
 *Diana, O Diana,, till hence we all must fly,
 Our Lady Isis reigns o'er them that fear to live and die.*

Diana of the dead lands,
 Diana of the plains,
Pass over all the red lands
 Where blood still lives and reigns.—
 *Diana, O Diana, take pity on our pains,
 Our Lady Isis still is queen o'er all that lives
 and reigns.*

Diana of the pale brow,
 Blue eyes and thin curved lips,
Thou ledest forth the sacred Cow,
 And watchest merchant-ships.
 *Diana, O Diana, until the cable slips,
 Our Lady Isis, watch o'er that cross the sea
 in ships.*

Diana, Queen of Seven,
 White Lady of the earth,
I made my grave in heaven,
 And fled below for birth.
 *Diana, O Diana, give back thy lonely mirth,
 Our Lady Isis, reign o'er those that fled below for birth.*

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.

THE LOST SHEPHERD

To Ethel Archer

I

SHE walks among the starry ways,
A crimson full-blown rose;
Her heart bears all the yesterdays
That love from love-dawn knows;
Her sunny feet are shod in gold,
She swings a censer rare and old—
Her heart the censer that she sways,
Our Lady of the Snows.

II

I passed the morning she was born
Within the heart of the day;
A shepherd with a twisted horn
I met upon the way.
The straying sheep that autumn-tide
Had wandered by the river-side;
And so I spent that gladsome morn,
And so I said my say.

III

She passes by, she passes still
The secret ways of earth;
She kissed Will Blake beneath the hill,
Robbed Shelley's heart of mirth.
But I have stopped with love her lips,
And as into my arms she slips,
I clip her close, and take my fill
Of joy to make new birth.

IV

Oh, holloa! holloa! the hills among,
And holloa! down the dale:
I bear a golden lyre full-strung
With heart-strings bright and pale.
I've lilies from the fountain-head,
And purple flags and roses red,
And all the songs of Pan have flung
Their fragrance in my tale.

V

And but as yesterday it seems
She tripped me as I ran,
And scattering all my half-fledged dreams,
Hailed me a foolish man.
Perchance my dreams shall wing their way
To some such other fool, perfay—
God stop his mouth to still his screams,
And help him if He can!

VI

Under the willows the stream runs strong
When the wind is shrill and high:
I wandered on, and I wandered long,
Under the fleecy sky.
A voice came out of a cloud to me,
Saying, "Hast thou brought thy heart with thee?"
And much I marvelled, and won a song,
And so the day passed by.

VII

I was a shepherd in other days,
Ere ever the earth was old;
I wandered far into the Northern ways
To bring back my sheep to the fold.
Heyday! but the time was drear and long,
For I lost my pipe and my mountain-song,
And all the others of my sweet lays
Lost all their wonted gold.

VIII

Greece and Rome and the Pagan lands
I knew ere the Christ was born;
I whistled songs between my hands,
And blew through an old ram's horn.
I was wise indeed! For I lost my way
Over the hills one summer day,
And near where Venus' statue stands
I lingered all forlorn.

IX

Laughing eyes and clear brown skin,
And dark locks rippling wide,
Where the sunbeams play and the eddies spin
I saw my face in the tide.
But I knew the trick Narcissus had done,
So I shook back my hair to stare at the sun;
My slim brown body I'd keep within
The shade of the green hillside.

X

I found the groves of Pan; I came
At length to a daisied field,
And the sun shone out with his yellow flame
That makes the harvest yield.
Yellow and purple are corn and grape,
But scarlet the god when he takes his shape
At the sound of the awful hidden name
In earth's eclipse revealed.

XI

And as he clasped me, slim and slight,
I roared with the pain he gave,
And he cried, "I will hold thee here all night,
My beautiful, dark-haired slave;
Kiss my lips and laugh in my eyes,
And I'll bring magic out of the skies,
And thy flame shall yield to my eyes' fierce light
Ere thine ashes are laid in the grave!

XII

Then did I learn the lore of Earth,
For mine was the light of Pan;
The barren riddle unsolved by birth
Was solved as the hot fire ran.
The god's tongue flashed, and he roared with glee
At each spasm he drew from the breast of me,
And the mystery of Panic mirth
Lay bare in the sight of a man. . . .

XIII

And many a love long since I've known,
And many a city rare;
I have sung and harped, I have fought and flown,
I have wandered everywhere.
But the thought of that day by the water-side,
The god's hot breath and the hidden bride,
Makes me more shy as I wander alone,
Unknowing whither I fare. . . .

XIV

And in the morning Pan rose and fled,
And left me alone to sleep;
And long I lay in a slumber dead.
Then on hands and knees did I creep
Back to the shade of the sheltering trees;
And I found my sheep on the shady leas;
And my body was flushed, and my cheeks were red,
And my eyes too bright to weep.

XV

After long dreamless sleep I knew
 The tale that had fled my tongue,
I found it far in the water blue,
 In the song by the skylark sung,
 In the melody slow of the waving corn,
 In the rushing of wind through the vines re-born,
And wherever the water-lilies grew,
 And the green, green willows swung.

XVI

And still the lady of my dream
 As a light before me goes;
I see her in the sun's last gleam,
 In the moonlight on the snows.
 Ah! chiefly then her song is sung,
 When the moon o'er the dark woods is hung;
She is born at midnight on the stream,
 A starry, full-blown rose.

THE LITTLE PRINCE

To Dorothea Taylor

I N the depths so dark and cool,
Where the elms are twisted,
I'll lie by the forest pool
Talking to the King's old fool,
Of olden lore loose-fisted.

I will watch the pennons float
From the battlements over the moat;
I'll see the fishermen clean the boat
They draw up from the river;
Under the shade of the forest trees
I'll blow my kisses on the breeze,
While the dark boughs wave and shiver.

A flag floats on the topmost tower,
With stars of silver dark-grounded,
And thereon is a lily-flower
In the mouth of a dragon; his feet full of power
In yellow flames are founded

The little scudding clouds that fly
Over the light-blue heaven
Change the faces I see in the sky,
And the red flamingoes scud, scud by,
Bright as the skies at even.

Here's the purple iris-flower,
And the pimpernel tiny and scarlet,
And the little blue speedwell that grows in an hour
Under the sun less blue in power,
Oh! what a shy little varlet!

I hear the scullion kill the goose,
And the clap of the spoon of the dishes,
And the old hen-wife brings apple-juice
To stew with the little red fishes,
And they're one of my loveliest wishes.

And Jeanne de Luce looks out from the tower
As her hair in the wind's a-drying,
And there's my father, ruddy and stout,
Talking to Father Giles de Prout,
And there the new pennon flying.

Under the trees I love to lie,
Watching the cloudlets over the sky,
And the green sward down to the river;
The little green leaves prate of the spring,
And the wild geese all are on the wing,
And the shy little branches quiver.

And the King's old fool talks still to me
Of the Holy Land and the tourney,
And the great green river men call the sea,
And how the King made his journey,
And slew of the Saracens thirty and three,
And set the Christian captives free,

And how there are cannibals over the sea,
Who care not for armour or lances;
And men whose heads in their bellies be,
And witches with wicked dances,
Who shriek when the foe advances,
And charm him with evil fancies.

The King's wise fool knows songs of love,
And fables that kill you with laughter,
The Wonderful Rose, and the Silver Dove,
And the Hams on the Cottage Rafter.

So I fall asleep under the sun,
And I wake when they call me to dinner,
And the jolly old jester away has run,
And I'll have the fish that the cook has done;
Father Prout will pray for me, a sinner.

DIANA RIDES

To Walter Ker Sanderson

THE purple night's translucent field,
Deep-threaded by Diana's car,
Unto her brow its calm doth yield.

Not any silent wandering star
Through silence rapt its way hath sped
From all the heavens confine far,

But in each dawn new-heralded,
And queen of night's soft plenilune,
The Silver One doth raise her head.

Or, hidden by the clouds bestrewn
Around her, as her way she goes,
She sails unseen, our Lady Moon.

When gentle song the night-wind blows
From his soft pipe, the flying feet
Of fawns and fays in rings and rows

Trip, lightly strong and nimbly fleet;
But if her face Diana hides,
No dancing then to piping sweet.

And if the queen triumphant rides,
The secret things that haunt the night
Pay her obeisance with the tides.

And by her halo of delight,
And by her virginal stellar comb
Swear elfin lovers, darkly bright.

The dimpling ripple of the foam—
The snow-capped hills beneath the night—
Poplars that rim the starlit dome—

The secret things that haunt the dark—
Belated wild-fowl bound for home—
Are touched by her enchanted spark.

Diana rides o'er vale and hill,
Diana rides to-night, and hark!
Her songs with sleep the night fulfil.
Diana, ah! Diana still.

DOLLIE

To Dollie

DOLLIE! A dimple of laughter
In the cheek of the amorous god!
 (The starlight breaks through the cloud!)
She weaves her a smile-veil, and after
 She simulates sleep with a nod—
 She is wise, she is simple and proud,
 —And the starlight breaks through the cloud!

A ripple of curl in the foaming
 Gold locks of the god o' the world—
A lock that needs never uncombing,
 Because it comes never uncurled—
 A ripple of laughter,
 White starlight, and after,
 A gleam in the eyes of the world!

Dollie laughs low on the plaining
 Of love in despair at her feet,
Dollie's low laughter restraining
 The love-words so passionate-sweet;
Dollie is simple and sweet,

Dollie's low laughter restrains
The languishing swain at her feet,
She heeds him not while he complains
—The nymph with the wise-loving brains—
Most passionate-pleading of swains.

Jolly the folly of Dollie!

The maid with the laughing blue eyes
That never knew yet melancholy;
Simple and jolly and wise—
Wise in the amorous folly
That the tantalized lover restrains,
Simple and silly and—Dollie!
The wench with the wise-loving brains.

But after, Eros! Oh, but after—
After the dallying-time—
Dollie's low lyrical laughter
Grows an epic of lyrical rime.
So this delicate lyric I waft her,
To sail with the wind of my rime.
This I wrote on the day after,
After the dallying-rime.

THE THIEF OF TIME

To Wilfred Merton

THE aureate earth brings gold enow,
To flood the veins of spring;
The wordy lilt of mating birds
Makes all the woodlands blithely bring
To earth fulfilment of the vow
Unuttered in my words.

I came out of the tents of Shem,
A warrior clad and mailed:
In burnished armour clearly dight.
And ere the harvest grew and failed
I found my sparkling diadem,
My body, pure and bright.

The lips of Time held wonder-song
Betwixt them; I was fain
To stay awhile and list to them.
My horse tugged at his bridle-rein
And urged me on, so, young and strong,
I passed, a barren stem.

The lips of time were parched and sore
 With wild, uneasy breath;
I hastened on to reach the road
Where, as I heard, the Lost One saith:
This is the passage to the shore
 Of Time's most fierce abode.

Barren and gray the water fell
 In bleak and bare cascades;
There was no wind, nor any sun.
The sheaths of spring were swung; the blades
Clashed each 'gainst each; a silent dell
 Is where the waters run.

O Mother of the Triune God,
 Whose feet are lapped by hell,
Whither away, so fast and sure?
Whence cometh thy most primal spell
That falls when thou hast waved thy rod,
 A never-failing lure?

*I was a fairy-man, meseemed,
 And garlanded, a fool
Of fluttering fancy's royal court:
I was a godling gray at school,
And so the way was long: I dreamed,
 And this is what I wrought.*

A BIRTHDAY

To F. B. D.

THERE is a wind
Over the heath;
The flame-flowers flicker far;
The skies are lined,
Above, beneath,
With the trail of the pale white star.
I bring you myrtles, an orange-wreath
Plucked by my hands from the coppery heath
When the Lion ruled the bar.

The breeze is blind
Upon the heath;
The flame-flowers bloom and bloom;
The skies are kind
Above; beneath,
They look on a Christian tomb.
I bring you myrtles, an orange-wreath
That sprang to-day on the golden heath
Under the golden doom.

What shall I find
 Upon the heath
 Whither to-day I go?
Sure, I will bind
 A cypress wreath
 On your brows, I love you so.
And I will search above, beneath,
The starry buds of the windy heath
 For you, who lie below.

BRAY BERKS., 1909

OSIRIS

To Edward Scott

THE far-stretched glamour and the hot-strung pain
Are tightly drawn as life grows wide again,
A murmured sigh shakes the green boughs of spring,
As wide the gates are flung, grows tense the string.

Awake, Osiris! For the day is born
Through the wide portals with the vine and corn:
The mystic Mother spreads her arms as wide
As the green sea holds the relentless tide.

Oh wake! and give again the old regret,
Thou that betwixt the breasts of day art set.
Osiris, O our Chosen, O our King,
Again from thy bright eyes is born the spring.

Again, O agony! the chord is strung,
Ah! tightly, tightly, and the stone is flung
Into the face of life, for all regret
Is bound within the caster's wide-meshed net.

Fresh from the grave we hail Thee re-arisen;
The image springeth from the stone-girt prison;
The Bride brings water, for the pulsing sea
Is tense with joy that grows to agony.

Regret and vanity and trembling deeps
Are thine, O heartsick, when Osiris sleeps;
The temple groweth greater in the dusk,
And, as he wakes, he bursts anew the husk.

Oh vain, oh vain our striving after thee
When thou wast drowned beneath the tideless sea:
Osiris, O Osiris, thou art come,
Again the trembling planet is thy home.

Light on the sea and shadow on the land,
A stretch of barren foam, of darkened sand;
The choir is stilled, the shadows sink to death,
And veiled is the word that witnesseth.

Osiris wakes! From Isis' lap he springs
Into the yearning heart of growing things:
The sun returns; over the secret lake
Hover bright gods their parching thirst to slake.

Wild wonder of the long-forgotten day!
The hours are burst in flame, and cast away
The bridal veil, and forth the seer must fare
To seek the mystic Maiden everywhere.

Ah! what to him are sudden thought and rime
Who bears behind his brows the heir of time,
Whose vision glancing o'er the full-orbed blue
Sees endless dawns springing ever new?

O brooding sweetness of our Isis' mouth,
O flood that quenches tongues grown black with
 drouth,
The even steps are sure upon the way
Osiris, blossom-girt, doth tread to-day.

O rhythmic thunder of the earth and sea,
O flooding haze of golden mystery,
Veil within veil is cast and cast aside,
Wonder on wonder shows the Mother-bride.

THE SUNFLOWER

To George Raffalovich

SO, for the vision of the strong amaze,
A Sunflower waved down above my days,
I had no thought for the cool, dim silence then,
Nor did any ink of mine flow through the pen
Wherein my darling vision I record.

I was entranced in maleness to my Lord.
He breathed upon the mirror, and desire
Smirched it; He seized upon the seven-stringed lyre,
And passed His hand thereover; the sistron shook
The air about Him, and the holy book
He wrote in with His pen; the palimpsest
Glowed with new life, and, with new life possessed,
The changeling devils of the spheres arose
To chase the image of the world that blows
Over the face of the skies to hide the stars.
He said: I will darkly hide behind the bars,
And be a prisoner for the sake of man:
I will blow upon his spirit, even as a fan

That stirs the motes a-dancing in the sun;
I will breathe upon him, and "His will be done"
Thy God shall say, and I shall be adored,
And he shall bow in worship to his Lord.

And I will take two rods to juggle withal,
And the green-circled earth shall be my ball;
The barren mother. . . Hush! Lend me thine ear;
Bend low; I may not speak aloud for fear
Any but thou should hear me, and blaspheme.
For know, the things that be not as they seem
Unto thine eyes are blasphemy to me,
And, should I perish, what would come to thee? . . .

I will give thee now the long-forgotten signs;
Speak them not loud, till I with heavenly wines
Am drunken, and in vision speak to thee.
That time is now; the new, soft word set free. . . .

- i. First, there shall be a Maiden, malely girt
With the Sword of Fire beneath a Hairy Shirt;
- ii. Next there shall be for sign a Pregnant Hog,
Wooed by the offspring of a Ram and Dog.
- iii. Then shall a Yellow Rose with Cankered Heart
Stand in the dream, until its Light depart.
- iv. And, fourth, the Halo of the Silver Moon,
Green-spotted, with the letter *hé* for rune.

- v. Fifthly, the Star set in a Shining Shield
That ruddy, drunken Mars bore on the field
When he had lain in Venus' breasts, and then
- vi. There shall be a Womb that hath borne Seven Men,
And slain them with its Stench, and last shall rise
- vii. A Wanton White, with Green Unseeing Eyes,
And she shall be the Thing that shall unveil
The Mystery of the Dark; heed thou my tale,
For I have chosen thee, who knowest not
The sacred signs, nay, nor the sacred spot.
But when thou knowest, slay a ram for me
Beneath the lowest branch upon the Tree
Of sacred Life, nor heed the Seer who comes
To slay thee with his foul and bleeding gums,
For he is nought to thee; nor heed the grace
Of the Maiden with the Moon within her face:
If she seduce thee, thou shalt be reborn
Where thou shalt not distinguish Night from Morn,
Where all the waters that shall quench thy thirst
Shall be the streamlets that of old did burst
Out of the rock at Moses' dread command.

Fear not! Thou hast a staff within thy hand
That shall vanquish light, and make the darkness loom
More darkly-luminous within the gloom.

Fear not, thou scribe of dread Osiris' tomb.

I was Osiris; I was sacrificed
Upon the altar of the speechless Christ;
And I was Isis, and her sister dumb.
When thou wouldst call me, seven times strike the drum;
One stroke on the sistron shall suffice. I dwell
Upon the borders of the seventh hell
And the second world whereon we planted man
In the primal light. From me the secret ran
Through the æthyr, till a greater god arose,
And stole the earth by standing on his toes
And blowing through the air; the sky grew blue,
And the stars silver, and his dawn was new
Upon the altar of the sun: this lord
Is dead to earth, and I shall be adored.

Take thou the prophecy, and set it down,
Ere thou summon me from the spheres of Blue and
 Brown;
Take a red rose-leaf and a sword of fire,
And say: "I am the guardian of desire,
And summon thee to appear." Upon the lyre
Strike seven, and thirty-two upon the drum,
And, thou whom I have chosen, I will come.

Let not the fear of me abase thy pride;
I seek thee for a bridegroom; I, the bride,
Shall come to thee, unsought; be kind to her
Who comes to thee bearing a Sunflower.

And the two Rods shall strike, and there shall be
A mighty fire in heaven to set me free
From prison; sleep thou seven days again,
Until I bear the light into thy brain:
And thou art weary,—but await my word.
I go as Thunder, that came but as a Bird.

June 21, 1910

THE COMING OF APOLLO

To Aleister Crowley

RED roses, O red roses,
Roses afire, aflame,
O burgeon that discloses,
The glory of desire—
Hush! all the heart of fire
Is mingled in Thy name,
O roses, roses, roses,
Red roses of desire!

The golden-shafted sunlight
Beats down upon the sward;
The pillared serpent's one light
Is a flame of red desire;
O snake from out the mire,
I slay thee with the sword,
The strong sword of the sunlight,
The sword of my desire!

The still strong bird of sorrow
Keens through the golden blue,
And many a bitter morrow
Is borne upon his wings;
The glory that he brings
He brings, O king, to you
The wonder-song of sorrow
In the flapping of his wings.

The flaming day grows olden
As the youth of glory wanes;
And the sun-bird grows more golden
And narrower his wings;
He swirls around in rings;
He bears the bloody stains
Of all the sorrows olden
Upon his bright gold wings.

And scarlet-rimmed and splendid,
The wide blue vault is spanned
With golden rays wide-bended
From the green earth to the skies;
The hush of noontide dies,
Song rises from the land—
And scarlet, naked, splendid,
Glow out the radiant skies.

A cloud of huge hushed laughter
Shakes all the listening boughs,
And a sudden hush comes after,
Dropped from the silent skies;
A myriad laughing eyes
Flash in a still carouse,
And shake with silent laughter
The blue vault of the skies.

A breeze—a leaf—a shadow—
The falling of a bud—
The wind across the meadow—
A flash of light—a call—
A patter on the wall—
The air is bright as blood;
A moment stands a shadow,
A moment sounds a call.

Awake! the spell is broken,
And hushed the sense of noon;
What silent word was spoken
In answer to the Call? . . .
Hush! See the rose-leaves fall;
Ah! see the pathway strewn
With tender rose-leaves, broken
In answer to the Call.

How still it lies, the garden,
Now the red flash is gone;
The brown soil seems to harden
Now the strange spell is fled;
And the earth lies cold and dead,
And the hot hours hurry on.
It is only a quiet garden
Now that the spell is fled.

But the hour, the hour and the token,
Have passed as a dream away,
Now that the spell is broken,
And the moment's flash is fled.
When the secret word was said,
Ah! what remained to say?
No word, but silence' token
That the golden God had fled.

And the roses, roses, roses
Flame in their red desire,
And every bud uncloses
To mark the sign that fled;
The wonder-word hath sped
To the far Olympian fire:
The spell of the crimson roses
Has passed from earth and fled.

But still the old silent garden
Remembers the golden flush,
When the heavens seemed to harden
For a moment that came and fled;
When the whole green earth grew red
In a breathless spell and a hush,
And the world grew young in the garden,
And trembled, and passed, and fled.

LOVE AND LIFE

To My Mother

BECAUSE of mine inheritance, and all
The murmurous monotonous of whispering
 lust
 Within me, winds that stir the primal dust
Of my weak soul, I pray ye watch my fall
Into the slime. Ah! Let the syren call,
 And I shall go to her, as go I must,
 And song shall answer song, and thrust meet
 thrust.
Yea! Me the dead past holds, a willing thrall.

Still through the void shall no hand reach unto me?
 No voice impel me back? Nay! For the past
 Is blind and dumb; a skeleton, a ghoul.
Foul-lipped and bleary-eyed, she shall undo me,
 And though that all men scorn me for a fool,
 I shall be still a victim to the last!

GIPSY TOM

To G. M. Marston

STAR by star
Gleams down there by the hill;
They follow, follow on to the bar
That lies by the foaming mill
Tom lies dead in the water chill,
With a wreath of bubbles about him still.

Drop by Drop
The swift mill-race runs by;
The yellow waves nor stay nor stop
By the man that was bound to die.
Tom lies cold by the old stone mill,
And ooze is the blood that warms him still.

Day by day
He lies asleep in the stream,
Cold night-dews shall melt away
The man that lies adream,
Tom in the moonlight we did kill,
And air is the wine that cheers him still.

One by one,
 The stars all flee away;
Overhead the romping sun
 Comes galloping over the day.
 But Tom has neither wish nor will,
 And water's the thing doth please him still.

THE PILGRIM

To Edward Storer

THEY mingle, flesh and spirit,
In the waters of Despair;
Their kingdom they inherit
In the shining fields of air.
A dream, a dream—I saw it fly,
As I lay asleep under the sky.

They mingle, mingle tenderly,
Lost in the twilight's gray,
While the stars sparkle slenderly
Upon the grave of day
A dream, a dream—I saw it die,
The pulsing day, under the sky.

A moment still of wonder,
A harvest-field of stars,
And the white light is sucked under,
And flame the fairy cars.
A dream, a dream—I saw it die,
A pilgrim resting in the sky.

Light wind, light wind of summer,
Where had thy whisper birth?
It came to me, and dumber,
Still dumber grew the earth.
A breath-born echo of a sigh,
A dream of song under the sky.

The mingled smell of roses
And the salt spray of the sea
Come to me; the day closes
In unsolved mystery.
No word of mine shall be; no cry
Shall stir this silence of the sky.

The glowing sunset paling—
The dark hills darker grown—
The kindly earth-light failing,
As here I lie alone—
What matter now to wonder why?
I lie adream under the sky.

Echoes of water flowing,
Through rustling boughs the wind,
The darkness darker growing,
As earth grows dumb and blind.
So sleep descends, and rises high
The last, most potent lullaby;
The last low song beneath the sky.

Lo! here the way; the water flows, the breezes call,
the earth's at rest;
Watch thou the way the starlight goes, lie still upon
the dark earth's breast;
Sleep stills the burning of the Rose; the sun has died
within the west,
And sleep descends; the water flows, the wet winds
call. Lie still and rest.

THE BROODING PRIEST

To Eugène John Wieland

BESIDE the sea in a desolate land
I wander forgetting through realms of sleep;
Give me a kiss, and touch my hand,
Whisper my name, and thought shall leap
Out of my mind like a blinding spray,
And to-morrow shall be as yesterday.

I traverse in silence the yellow sand,
And the sun has sunk under gray clouds deep;
Maybe in the day I shall understand;
One day the dawning on me will peep.
Tell me the future, my loved one, say—
Will to-morrow be as yesterday?

Over the arches that time has spanned,
Dawn, like a golden mouse, will creep,
Then will the light, all purple, unplanned,
Obey the tears that I fain would weep.
The skies no more will be dull and gray,
And to-morrow will be as yesterday.

* * * * *

I wander on by the lone sea-strand,
And the brown flat shore; there is never a heap
Anywhere under the twilight band,
No shade there is, and no towering steep.
The world grows dark and fades away,
And to-morrow will be as yesterday.

Goddess unknown, thou dost bear the brand
That lightens me on in the path I keep;
I see thee only in dreams; the bland
Oblivious air through my brain doth sweep.
The portals are wide, and I may not stay;
Over the lonely land I stray.
Bear the torch for me still; I pray
That to-morrow may be as yesterday.

THE CAMEO

To C. Hugh Davies

FLUSHED is the dawn that holds her heart in
snow;
The hours spring down, a waterfall, below;
Gray-shadowed myrmidons of fear and light
Wing out their way into the silent night;
The water breaks upon the stones, and so
Was born the mirror of the Cameo.

Light-fingered Eos thrusts the rustling silk
Of day's bright bed into the sea of milk,
And the gray clouds enwrap the old despair,
The terror of the demons of the air;
In gauzy pinions and with white wings slow
There grows the Image of the Cameo.

And on the shore there broke a foam of blood,
That tinged the land with green and purple scud;
The flashing emerald grew more vital yet,
The bloody ruby's eye that turned to jet,
The hot-heart centre of the sea aflow,
Gave form and colour to my Cameo.

The antithetical and ceaseless call
Of Her most melancholy wrought withal
New wonder to the slime and to the clay—
The warp of night, the insistent woof of day;—
The changeling devils of the empty spheres,
The thunder-call that cracked the listening ears—

O wonder-light! O long-forgotten sigh
That burned the empires of the dawning sky,
O emerald snake whose lips were sweeter far
Than any call of the bright star unto star,
O Mother of Despair, how long ago
Was wrought this wonder of the Cameo?

The way is set beyond the dark-armed trees,
Sweet harps whereon the spirits of the breeze
Play the enchanted song that led so far
The Wanderers awakened by the Star—
Astray in earth's most clinging slime they go;
The heart of earth they hear, the Cameo.

They seek and seek; the subtle ways of fire
Bring but a thirsty end to man's desire;
The spell of Darkness and the charm of Sleep
Lend bitterest force to this foul night-tide deep.—
Onward with stumbling, clamorous steps they go,
O saddest wonder, O my Cameo.

Name upon name the heavens hold in fire
Written, and smirched by winds of foul desire,
Nor is the frozen breath of martyrs crude
As thou, thou Demon of the Solitude.
Ah! lost, forgotten fools! I know, I know,
The darkness of the doom, my Cameo.

My Cameo, the day sinks down to death,
And this my song sinks low, even as the breath
Wherewith I seek to hide my shame in thee,
O Cameo mine, slow syren of my sea.
There is no word unuttered by my foe:
Lie in the gloom and sparkle, Cameo.

UNDER MAGDALEN BRIDGE

To Arthur F. Grimble

THE lapping, lapping, lapping of the stream
Makes songs around my lazy-light canoe;
The soft brown haze of dusk shines softly through
The dripping trees, and the damp meadows seem
A plateau as of lost desire, a dream
That melts from gold to gray: a soft breeze blew
Across the brow of waking night, and dew
Re-bathes the earth that grows a fading gleam.

The sleepy river ripples, ripples ever
Betwixt the old brown wall and meadows trim;
The tideless song of Never, Never, Never
Lulls the wet woods, and ever growing dim
The fields are gray with mist, and slip away
Into the darkness with the dying day.

THE POET'S SONG

To R. Noel Warren

THEY will sing my songs in the cities
When I am lone and dead,
They will sing my songs in the love-lit cities
When love's stars are overhead;
And who shall there be that stays and pities
The dumb and eloquent dead?

They will sing my songs in the daylight
When I am merged in the sun;
They will sing my songs in the golden daylight
When the course of my star is run,
When the April-light is turning to May-light,
Under the fruitful sun.

They will sing my songs, the lovers,
And they will think not of me;
They will sing my songs, the unborn lovers,
The beautiful lovers to be;
Nor see the shy little god that hovers
Over the dust of me.

THE CREATION OF EVE

AFTER BLAKE'S PICTURE

To Reginald B. Haselden

SOFTLY she rises, with a child's clear eyes;
The male still sleeps, the god instructeth her
Who, with his fellows, did of late confer
On her, who should complete this paradise;—
In perfect wisdom he has made her rise;
She stands new-born, the utmost worshipper,
For in her being's depths doth slowly stir
The royal knowledge: she is wholly wise.

The mystic moon o'erhangs her, whence of late
The gods to earth transferred their charge, and she,
The perfect Mother of the Uncreate,
Hath taken to her flesh, that is to be
The way of carnal birth, the door of fate
Betwixt the borders of Infinity.

THE ARTIST

To Austin Osman Spare

GRAY images athwart the billowy blue
Twinkle, incessant through the star-strung day;
The scoffing artist-lips in wise dismay
Call demon-legions from the dark; anew
The broad sheet-lightnings flash by him, and strew
The way with light. Cast thou the veil away,
Artist! The work is wiser for the play
Of amorous god-forms in the black earth-spew.

Terrific roll the pæans of his pain;
He hears not; he is tranced in strong amaze.
Again he hears the call, again, again,
Rising beyond the mountain of the days:
The bolt is shot; the flash is past; he lies
Asleep in vacant dream: the daylight dies.

MOON-SET

To Ti

MOOON-SET. . . . The trees are dark
With the glamour of night;
The water rolls, a wandering barque,
Through the light.
Haze of the setting sun, call of the wind-swept sea,
The rolling waters ripple and run, onward and on
to me

Moon-set. . . . The shadowed gables
Are afire in the hush of day,
Where is the home of the fables
Sleeping, at play.
Wind of the western wave, glamour of olden fires,
Call unto me, your slave, the son of a million sires.

Moon-set. . . . The shadows falling
Set the veiled earth aswoon,
And the winds are awakened and calling,
And hushed the moon.
Tideless world of my wonder, breathless song of my
own,
Still shall we lie asunder, under the dead lives strown?

A MEETING

To NORA

VIOLET skies all rimmed in tune,
Soft blue light of the plenilune:
Oh, the sway of the idle moon!

Silver-spangled on breech and breast,
Groomed and curled as the gods love best,
Over this softest night is strewn
The glamour of Pierrot, sleep-caressed.

Thou who pantest for love—Oh, say,
Whither away, oh, whither away
Over the soft green swelling dune
Hath he fled, to play with the new pink may?

Under the stars I lay trembling,
Till I heard far out in the night to sing
One who aroused me from my swoon,
One who seemed to tremble and cling.

Tremble and cling to me! Hold me! ah!
Brush my lips—so eager you are—
Grant, oh, grant me love's fatal boon
Under the tremulous light of a star!

In the pine-woods, as I passed by,
I heard the birds together cry;—
Oh, who lies there before the night's noon,
Lying and weeping under the sky?
Oh, but I blush, Pierrot, 'twas I!

*Violet skies, and the soft light strewn
By the rhythmic sway of the idle moon.
All is hushed in an idle tune.*

A LOST SPIRIT

To Freda Wilson

I PASS by darkened windy ways,
Through bog and dripping heather;
I flash before the silver rays
The moon holds tight together.
I sing beneath the waning moon;
An ancient god-forgotten rune
Springs to my lips to taste, and soon
The way behind with light is strewn.

O silent city silver-lit,
O rainy roads reflecting
Tall houses where the old ghosts flit,
Their shadows thin projecting
Across my path—the street-lamps glare
Before my soft eyes everywhere.
Ah! men forget my face is fair,
The tangled glory of my hair.

O sobbing wind! O hedges dark!
O hills bereft and lonely!
They've snatched the hidden boundary-mark,
And left the ruins only.

Dimly the flickering shadows stray
Across the lonely hill-side way:
Why should I weep and howl and pray?
They sleep, and wait the empty day.

O dream of the red olden time!
 O clash of armour splendid!—
A string of wind-begotten rime,
 And all their pain was ended!
O lonely sea! O lonely earth!
O dying art of glorious mirth!
My song, my song is little worth
To bring their bastard seed to birth!

What need of me in thunder-flash?
 What need in battle story?
What need among the whitened ash
 Of old far-winnowed glory?
They call me not to birth-bed throes;
Invoke me not with gold and rose;
The summer wanes, the summer grows,
They call me not from fire or snows.

I linger by the cottage-door
 When twilight sings of sorrow;
I flit around the gorse-strewn moor,
 And all the gold I borrow.

But in mine eyes my doom is set,
Yea! in their golden-glooming fret
Is woven the divine regret,
And ah! my birth-time is not yet.

MUSIC-PICTURES

To Rudolf Charles Cyriax

I

PALING fires of instant blue
Throb the lower heavens through;
In the higher
God is fire.

Green the calling of the hills;
Silver-noted sing the rills;
In the paling east doth rise
All the fire that flames and dies;
In the glowing west is set
The banner of divine regret;
In the midst betwixt the skies
God looks through the clouds and dies.

Lying on a bank of green,
All the gray is clearest seen;
All my floating thoughts arise
To the place where God still lies.
In my thought I clothe him now;
He is born behind my brow,
And again shall live and die
In the battle of the sky.

This I knew when long ago
I came to God suffused in woe,
And he gave his life to me,
And he died upon the tree,
And the tree gave fruit and bloom,
And it grew a god's green tomb.
And he rose again to be
All the pulsing world to me.

II

BROKEN by the tideless sea,
Seven songs I bring to thee;
Every song a vibrant string
Of my lute to me doth bring.

Under starry skies I rove,
Beneath a fragrant orange-grove:
And the wind with odours filled
Has my yearning heart-strings stilled.

Vibrant in the burning day,
Quiet in the night I lay;
On my lips a seal is set,
And my heart has lost regret.

But mine eyes with tears shine,
And my mouth is filled with brine;
Seven songs I gave to thee—
All my spirit's melody.

Whisper, whisper, through the fells,
Music that my lyre impels;
Seven songs I gave to thee
When I lay drowned in the sea.

III

GLOBE in globe encompassèd,
In a starry rune bespread;
Round the fleeting angel's head
Wine-bright air doth float:
In the mirror of the skies
All the flaming fires arise,
And I gazed until mine eyes
Are melted with the note.

IV

SILVER stars in the gray sea,
Crested with amber melody—
Dark gulls above the water skirl,
In Northern summer winds awhirl.

Give ear unto the trickling breath
Of streams whose current ends in death,
And feel the silver steel dart through,
And wake from dreams in water blue.

Fast by an island-forest sped,
I see the sunshine overhead;
I stretch my hand to reach the shore,
I lie amidst the waters' roar.

I lie within an amber breast;
Begirt with rose-blooms wild I rest:
No word, save only those I know,
From the transparent heavens flow.

Winds in the summer air have stilled
Each yearning longing unfulfilled,
Beneath the clouds that fled at dawn
Away my pulsing heart was drawn.

A silver cave I dimly see,
Hung with a sea-maid's tapestry:
The salt spray flings a fragrance rare
Upon the pure sea-foam-filled air.

I lie in dream of death and dawn,
Invisible around me drawn
A robe unseen; but felt and heard,
A rustle, and a dying bird.

The breath of dawn across my brow,
Awakened by a white may-bough
Across my mouth, I rise and go,
And watch the waters ebb and flow.

A call across the light green sea,
A note of hidden melody,
A throbbing string vibrating still,
A breath of morning from the hill.

And now the spirits of air attune
Their lyres to prophecies of noon.
Their golden eyes the mounting sun
Trace, and they greet him one by one

* * * * *

Down a mountain-path they come,
With pipe and tabor, fife and drum;
I see them pass across the plain,
Their eyes far from the jolly main.

The morning in their hearts doth dwell—
The day-spring with her breasts a-swell;
A flash of summer, and I awake
Beside a gleaming forest lake.

V

THE shreds of music wafted far
Flash down in light from star to star;
The windy walls keep out the wind,
The forest stirs in cadence blind.

Beyond the falling sprays of foam,
The sky-encircled windy dome
Rolls still, and throbs in misty space,
And all the heaven changes place.

Now is there wrought the thunder-song;
Inspir'd spirits float along
The marge of the tempest, and they bear
The wandering angels to their lair.

The moon peers through the rows of pines;
The blue and silver water shines
Like a great opal set in gold:
The forest gleams; the night grows cold.

Over the lake a whisper floats,
And in the air resound soft notes:
And all the west of life is still,—
Unheard the melodies that thrill.

Still drop by drop the dew is poured
From the white Chalice and the Sword
Sways to and fro beneath the moon,
In rhythm to the secret rune.

Relentless in the eyes of spring,
The music-notes have burst; the string
Is tense with rapture; kisses flow
In a gray cloud to earth aglow.

The flush of dawn, the pink of love,
The red-gold notes that bear the dove
Upon his embassy afar—
The golden lyric of a star.

Even as purple heather sways
Beneath the wind that, passing, plays,
The darkened woodlands sway and stir
Beneath the windy messenger. . . .

VI

THE waters green in liquid cadence fall;
They trickle through the brown moss on the wall:
They sink in tiny puddles at the base,
Wherein is mirrored all the sky's blue face.

The gray-veined ivy sends a rippling quiver
Of smiles to tremble on the tiny river:
Verdant young ivy-leaves with narrow rays
Sing of the freshness of the spring's amaze.

So drop by drop the water wanders through,
And soon the little wind plays on the wall-top high,
The lingering breezes seem to stay and sigh.

A NEW SEA-SONG

To Nellie

I

BY the far west lonely islands, foam-flecked by a
narrow bay
In the cruel teeth of the North-east wind, fronting
the light and the day,
I heard the song of the sworded Sea, red-lipped with
her bloody gain;
O thou of the winds and the highlands far, bring me
thy songs again!

II

I knew no dream of thy purple floods, no thought of
thy yearning will,
Till thy white sea-winds cried out to me, calling and
calling me still:
I had no thought of the wildest dream that ever a man
might know,
Till I saw thee armed and risen from time millions of
ages ago!

III

I saw the sharded armour that had given the will to slay,
 The murmurous song of the morning star aflame o'er
 the birth of day,
 Guarding the cradle of wars unborn, slumbering in
 the slime,
 Gray-shadowed by terror of all the past, thrust back
 in the throat of Time.

IV

And even as now the wet winds call, call far and
 farther to me,
 I see the things of the distant world, born in the eyes
 of the sea,—
 The things that shall hold the world agape, the terrors
 undreamt, unsung,
 Float out on the edge of the windy surge, far out to
 the wet coast flung.

V

O pitiless rain! O stern dark sea, sweet foster-mother
 of death!
 Bride of the pain that is yet to be, stealer of love and
 breath,—
 O Wanton wild with the foaming eyes deep-set in
 the splendid brows,
 I stand as a wondering babe of earth stolen in to thy
 carouse.

VI

So as I stand by this western shore, thy breath in my
 hair and mouth,
 Thy kisses wet on my lips—ah, gods! again! thou
 wind of the south—
 Kiss me to death, and let me die apart in the sight of
 thee,
 Mother of pain and mystery, my leman, my bride,
 my sea!

VII

For I had a dream of the islands that hold the gates
 of day;
 The blood of the morning was shed for me, that I
 might praise and pray,
 That I might sing—ah! what wild songs—to the lonely
 vision that sped
 Roaring over the peaks of the sea; that whispered to
 me and fled.

VIII

Dead dreams, dead dreams, dead dreams of mine,
 sweet dreams of a world unborn,
 Never to be, oh, never to be; oh, the strength of the
 sea's wild scorn, . . .
 "Thrust yourself on my breast, and see what be the
 Mother's will,
 Thou who standest in idle dream at the foot of the
 windy hill!

IX

"Follow the track of the birds, the birds, the white-
 winged gulls that fly
 So close, so close to the face of me, with the low winds
 rushing by;
 Take my face, and kiss, and kiss, and I will grant
 thee sleep
 Under my heaving breast, my son; thou shalt dream
 there long and deep.

X

"For the passionate way of the island home is far, far
 under the sky,
 A foam-white thought of a foam-white bird, a foam-
 white dream to die;
 The pallor of time is on my face, the noise of the
 world in my ears,
 And the thunder-call of the wingèd dawn comes down
 to me in my fears.

XI

"Hast thou a dream to spare to me, who hast journeyed
 and thought and sung—
 Thou with the wounded heart and mouth, thou with
 the honeyed tongue?
 Liar and coward and fool art thou, who standest agape,
 a-dream,
 While the wild winds bellow the song of me in a
 wind-wrought flaming stream.

XII

“So, for a dream, and the dream of a dream, so vague
 that it may not be
 More than a tremulous breath of death, a shadowy
 fear of me,
 Thou must stand as an idle child, a fool stunned by
 my shadowed grace—
 Come! O ye wild wet winds, to me, O come and un-
 veil my face! . . .

XIII

“Lie thou under the starless Dark, lie still in the
 night and weep;
 Thou who art thrust from the ways of light, buried so
 deep, so deep.
 Lie thou alone, and dream of me, a scornful Wanton
 wild,
 Lie still and sleep the inmost sleep, the sleep of a
 dreaming child.

XIV

“But the ways, the ways of me know thou still; for-
 get not me and mine,
 The island way far over the steep, the glad salt spray-
 ing brine,
 For that I love, I come to thee, with the wild sweet
 scent of earth,
 Bacchanal-wild, Thalassian, strong to bear thy babes
 to birth.

XV

“Come down, come down, the stars are hid, the way
 is bleak and bare,
 Thou hast only the dying dream of me, of the tangled
 mass of my hair,
 And my ripe, red lips that are sweet with brine, and
 my heart like a homing bird’s;
 Come thou and dream, and dream with me the things
 that have no words.

XVI

“For I have set men’s hearts aflame, nor quenched
 the fire with brine,
 And I have cast a secret glance on the flaming dream
 of thine;
 Come thou, nor sleep, nor sleep, nor sleep until thou
 sleep with me,
 The wind in our hair, and the spray in our mouth, and
 my breath in the throat of thee. . . .

XVII

“For the hidden stars look down, look down, and the
 secret winds—hush!—call;
 The sway of light is over the lands; Night lurks in her
 silent hall;
 The way, the way is before thee now, and the wet
 winds gather and blow. . . .”
 Mother of all things lost and drowned, secret Mother
 I go.

THE CHURCH

(FOR A PICTURE)

To Oscar Levy

THERE is a tremor in the broken word,
The dark is luminous with demon-wings;
Yell upon clamorous yell insistent springs
From tortured angels to their doom hot-spurred,
From their wide fane from darkness disinterred,
Whose atmosphere is blinding sweat that clings
About the weary brows of priests and kings,
Turning to blood when'er their hearts are stirred.

O artist, vain thy dream! no more shall rise
From out this blackness life, till life be passed
Below the Kingdom: turn away thine eyes
Lest madness and despair should grip thee. Fast
And pray and sleep and watch; no thought may
come
From this vision; for this night is dumb.

EXISTENCE

(FOR A PICTURE)

To Austin Osman Spare

TORN out of chaos by forgotten hands,
It glows and breaks, this image of the Fall;
There lies no wonder in my heart at all;
Not any fane pure and unsullied stands,
Save the one whence thou hast taken these commands
To dark despair's most joyous funeral.
Yea! be thou happy in the wonder-call
That thou rememberest from the Grecian lands.

Terror and sweat and agony and despair
As visions pass, beautiful youth, and glare
Upon thee, and as friends thou hailest them;
There is no anguish in thy gray, pure eyes,
No fear of any thought that lives and dies,
A slave, before thine artist's diadem.

BY THE RIVER

To Lysa

GRAY light streams from the golden river;
Water, water, a tideless dream.
Lapped at our feet, and the lights a-quiver
Blurred themselves in the rain's dull stream.
Sodden the earth as we lay at ease,
Robed by the Mother of Mysteries
In the wonder-woof of the world's disease.

How fair she was! The dark skies' amber
Glowed around her; asleep she lay,
Virgin-souled, in the secret chamber
Of love unguessed-at, of lust at play,
Thrusting her hands on the jewelled hours
To pluck at the poisonous passion-flowers
That—O my sweetheart—had decked our bowers.

How should we guess of the olden wonder,
The virgin I bore in the heart of my breast,
That time had forgotten, that lay in sunder,
Sleeping lonely and unpossessed?
But the Sabbath dawned, and we sought our God,
Invoked by vigil and magic rod,
Called, rubbing our eyes, from the aching sod.

Oh, the lapping, lapping of dull gray water,—
The current of song whereon our dream
Floated, a vision of lust and slaughter,—
A terror of pain in a desolate stream.
Oh, the virgin-soul of that flaming hour!—
The dream that we dreamed in our secret bower,
When we slept to the rhythm of a gray night-shower.

SIGURD'S SONGS

To Joan Hayes

I

HE SUMMONS THE RAVEN

RED raven, red raven,
Strong-winged across the foam,
Fly swiftly to the haven
Under the blue dome

Fly to my sweeting,
There by the shore;
Give my love greeting,
Raven, once more.

Say, on my journey
From the south land
I stayed for the tourney.
Fly thou to her hand.

Give my love greeting
Under the blue dome;
Say we shall be meeting
In the sea-girt home.

II

HE FALLS TO MADNESS

THROUGH the dripping elms as I passed by,
I heard the rooks under the red light;
The daylight was fading out of the sky,
Blood-red flames of the birth of night.

If the Saxon tell me there is hell,
How shall I answer him who clove the foam
To land in the west? The billows swell
Under Valhalla and the ripe blue dome.

Hell-blossoms bloom beneath my feet; my fingers
Hold loosely the lyre that gives birth to my song.
Here in the oak-woods the pale daylight lingers,
And the wind grows more shrill, and whistles, and
is strong.

I sent my love a greeting by the old black raven,
Under the north light he shall come to her;
Under the blue dome over the great haven,
He shall come to her, my faithful messenger.

The Saxon shall not slay me; I will not be tempted
From the great woods where the wind is still;
From the world-woe shall my love not be exempted,
And she shall know me when I reach the hill.

Still I see the green hill over the windy haven,
Still Swanhild stands with the gold combs in her
hair;
Oh, I shall follow the wind-path of the raven;
Through the furrowed sea I shall come to her there.

III

HE TELLS OF THE BATTLE

THERE was a battle on the heath; the axes
whirled, shrill arrows sped
Upon the way of death; my heavy hair blew round
my brows,
The gusty wind caught my robe, my arms turned to
lead,
And my hands sweated like the dewy leaves upon
the boughs.

And the heath was purple with blood; the yellow gorse
was a-drip with gore;
There were torn limbs, and parched, gaping mouths,
and screams of pain,
And staring eyes; I heard the Saxon yelling from the
shore,
And a dark cloud came suddenly down, and fell
upon my brain.

IV

HE TELLS OF THE GLAMOUR

TO dusk the daylight softens down
There are glittering lights in the old town,
And glittering lights across the sea,
Calling to me.

To dusk, to dusk, to dusk and dreams,
Are fallen the pulsing streams, the streams
That pass so slowly through the sea,
Calling to me.

There is woe, dark woe, in my heart to-night;
There is sorrow hidden from fire and light,
And there is sadness upon the sea,
Calling to me.

To easy sleep and to rest unwon,
I see the white ships before me run;
And the white gulls skim the bright green sea,
Calling to me.

Because the white witch hath cast her eye
Upon brave Sigurd, he longs to die,
And she is there in the bright green sea,
 Calling to me.

V

HE TELLS OF HIS UNBORN LOVE

FAR from the Northern lands I rove,
My soul is wrapt in an iron glove;
Starlight breaks in a foam above.

In the dark heavens, ah! sight of the stars!

Thor with his hammer is forging the bars
That hold the soft breast of my love unborn;
I wander, led on by the cars of morn.

Far in a Southern land I shall die,
Under a stargirt alien sky,
Whereover the bats take wing and fly.

In the dark heavens, ah! sight of the stars!

Thor with his hammer is forging the bars
That hold my unfledged love; astray
I wander, led on by the cars of the day.

Far in the depths my doom I seek;
No voice comes to me, no soul will speak;
Alas! I am grown neither fierce nor weak.

In the dark heavens, ah! sight of the stars!

Thor with his hammer is forging the bars
That hold her I love, nor would let her be born;
I wander, led on by the cars of the morn.

VI

SIGURD SEEKS THE ORACLE

SIGURD the Golden, say, what hast thou heard?
The song of a syren, the wings of a bird,
The laugh of a demon that spake through a tree;
The Saxon enchantments have let me go free.

Sigurd the Golden, say, what hast thou seen?
The Angles have fairies all clad in young green;
I saw subtle Merlin, the trick he had played
On Sigurd the Golden, who was not afraid.

Sigurd the Golden, say, what hast thou tasted?
The hell-broth of witches, all like to be wasted;
The cold speckled adders have poisoned not me;
Ha! Saxon enchantments have let me go free!

Sigurd the Golden, say, what hast thou felt?
The pains of the souls that in agony melt;
The hell of the Saxons hath burned me not yet;
The halls of Valhalla I shall not forget.

Sigurd the Golden, say, what hast thou smelled?
The dead roots of oak-trees all rough and new felled;
The stench of the hell-broth was nought to my ill,—
I kicked at the cauldron, and made it all spill.

Sigurd the Golden, say, what dost thou know?
The heat of the fire, the chill of the snow,
The heart of a virgin, a white unicorn,
The soul of the sunrise, the wings of the morn.

Sigurd the Golden, I say that ye pass,
And spend a long vigil to-night on the grass
Under the hazel-tree; keep watch and ward;
Beware of the coming of sceptre and sword!

SOLITUDE

To Anna Wernecke

AWAKE, my lyre, and sing again,
Asleep, unheeding, thou hast lain.
For thee once more my hand doth ache;
Again the spring my heart doth break,
For all the rapture of the world
Within my heart, my heart, is curled.

Oh, all the rapture of the birth
Of greening spring, of trembling earth,
Within me blossom, and I know
The agony of love and woe,
For spring hath laid her eager hand
Upon me, and I understand.

I understand, and now, renewed,
I seek the spirit's solitude;
Far from the sleep of death I rise,
And seek the glance of other eyes;
I seek the touch of other hands;
I seek the one who understands.

I float upon an amber sea
Of earth-begotten melody,
And all my vagrant thoughts take wing,
Into the sunny air, and sing.
I float enraptured with the tide;
From time and space entranced I glide.

I float to other gods and lands,
I seek the one who understands,
For all my heart is bubbling through
With silver waters streaked with blue;
I mingle with the amber sea,
A note in one wide melody.

Oh, what to me were space and time!
Oh, what to me were fruitless rime!
Could I recover from the sea
The golden songs she had of me
When on her foaming waves I yearned
To quench the fiery song that burned,

That burned within me when I lay
A thrall to summer, and to day.
For though she made my spirit free,
My noblest song she stole from me;
For when upon her breast I dwell
Whither I float I may not tell.

Oh, what to me are space and time
Whose heart awaits the secret rime?
And how the song can I impart,
When spring and life have stol'n my heart,
And bound it in unyielding bands?
I seek the one who understands.

As far towards the west I float,
I strive in vain to catch the note
I heard so long and long ago,
Re-echoed in the waters' flow,
That flashed before me on the way,
That burned me as asleep I lay.

* * * * *

The fire is fled out of my hands,
I seek the one who understands;
I float upon an amber sea
Of gentle throbbing melody.
Awake, my lyre! In accents rude
Tell of the poet's solitude.

A NIGHT-PIECE

To Bruna

BENEATH the silence of the moon-dawn shrouded
The silver sphere lies hid;
Time and the gods stare silent on the clouded
Land where the light forbid
Glow in the west; the day
Floats, as a dream, away,
Away into the depths of cloudless blue
Where love lies sleeping, and where dawn in new.

Red lips and yellow hair, and all forgotten;
The mirrored silence cool
Lies, a fair dream, by fallow fields and rotten,
And by the secret pool
Shadows reveal their love,
Cool, shady, as the grove
Where snoring Pan lies naked to the stars,
His hot heart cooled beneath his prison bars.

There is a wind along the waste of waters,
A silence breaks the spell;
The sea-girt islet holds the sea-king's daughters.
The syren-queen of hell

Laughs through the golden haze
Of the light fire ablaze
In the hair of the comets as they slowly trail
The path of pain in hell's sweet moon-dawn pale.

OEAHMA

AN EPILOGUE FOR NORMAN

WITH my hand on the hilt of the morning,
And my spurs in the flank of dawn,
And the stars my hair adorning,
 Through the winds I chase the Faun;
 Over the skies' blue lawn,
 Through the great green silent River,
But I sound my trump for a warning,
 I sound my trump for ever,

Lay back thine ears, O Faun,
 Silver Faun of the day;
I have found thee in the dawn,
 Sleeping, sleeping away;
 Hast heard the great Horse neigh,
 Plunging deep through the River,
To reach the dewy white lawn
 With lustiest proud endeavour?

Lay thy god-head by,
Sleep in the cavern olden
Till the race of the stars shall die,
And the dawn's no longer golden.
Thou shalt be lying folden
Under the stones of the River,
Under the foaming sky
Lying asleep for ever.

THE ROMANCE OF OLIVIA VANE

To "OLIVIA VANE"

AND HER OTHER LOVER

Paris, March 1909

*Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy!
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—*

KEATS.

Iam veniet virgo, jam dicitur Hymenaeus.

CATULLUS.

I

WHEN first the golden trumpets came
To set my soul in fire and flame,
I lay unheeding, blind and dumb,
Ere ever wizard Night was come.

But, in the gloaming, light flashed by,
And cast me on the burning sky;
A river of light thrilled through my being,
And made my eyes bright and unseeing.

II

SWEET wizard, in whose footsteps I have trod
Unto the shrine of the most obscene god,
So steep the pathway is, I may not know,
Until I reach the summit, where I go.
My love is deathless as the springs of Truth,
My love is pure as is the dawn of youth,
But all my being throbs in rhythm with thine,
Who leadest on to the horizon-line.

III

O PAN, my slave and lord, god who hast turned
the key
Within the rusty ward—the chambered mystery
Hath lain beneath mine eyes! Ah! I have known, my
sweet,
The wonders of thy thighs, thy face and hands and feet:
O thou hast sucked my soul, lord of my nights and
days,
My body, pure and whole, is merged within the ways
That lead to thee, my queen, who gav'st thy life to me
When all my heart was green, a lost wave in the sea.
I thank thee; thou hast been the way of life to me.

IV

I HAVE found the light and the shadows,
The night-fall over the meadows,
The night-fall over the sea;
The night is the soul of me.

I have the way and the truth,
O thou, who hast given me youth,
O thou, who art fair and wise,
Whose words are the fairest lies.

I have heard the soul of thee say
The glorious legend of the day,
The glorious way of the wise,
And the glorious youth in my eyes.

I have spoken; the four-fold word
In my soul hath been echoed and heard,
In my soul hath renewed the spring;
My soul is dark, and doth sing.

V

I CROSS the water with the sun;
The light plays on the sea.
The Channel waters race and run
Betwixt thy soul and me.
Ah! Never shall the song be done
That's sung 'twixt me and thee.

I give my song the fevered breath
That from thee I have won;
I love thee ever, unto death—
Till the last star-crowned sun
In glamour of spring-tide witnesseth
The thing that we have done.

VI

L IGH T wind, night wind,
Starry fold and fell,—
Thy light, my light,
Who shall know and tell?
Hark! hushed singing! Dawn is springing
On us in love's dell.

Gray world, gay world,
World of thee and me,
Red day, dead day,
This our song shall be:—
I have found thee, I have bound thee,
One in Pan are we!

VII

ALL yesterday died hosts of angels in me,
I was cast out from hell, and found the earth;
And it was thou, sweet poet-soul, didst win me
To that most glorious, subtile, pagan birth;
Lady of light, take thou my lips, and be
The sunlight flaring on the blue-gold sea.

I crossed the channel, yesterday, with singing
I could not still afoam within my heart;
For unto thee I fain had still been winging
Mine eager way since from thee I did part.
Come thou and slumber with me; there is rest
For thee and Love together, in my breast.

Slow was thy wooing, so I crept upon thee
Until thy radiant face from sleep did rise;
And in the moment that I leapt upon thee,
I felt the agony of thy burning eyes,
And all my heart was thine; and now I know
The depth of fire beneath life's glittering snow.

VIII

I THINK that never in my loneliness
May I forget my glory and my shame,
Nor the swift lightning-flash that 'twixt us came
To strike the tower of my soul's distress:
And thou, who hast been my heart's glad mistress,
Who hast burned the lumber of my cross with flame
Drawn from my heart;—Oh, thou hast made me tame
With love, and with the loss of thee no less.

Come back across the sea to comfort me
With purple kisses, touches all unplanned!
Let me once more feel thy strong hand to be
Making the magic signs upon me! Stand,
Stand in the light, and let mine eyes drink in
The glorious vision of the death of sin!

IX

LYRIC light is mine
Brother of the way;
Give me yellow wine,
Sing me songs to-day—
I am thine, and thine
I shall be always.

Laughter of the gods
Makes melodious song
In the phallic rods
Of those who dare and long:
The dull world slowly plods;
Our pinions shall be strong.

Thou art mine, for I
Live my life in thee:
While beneath the sky
Thou remember'st me—
Till at last we die—
One in Pan are we.

The light that thou hast given
Lights my muse to bed:
Thou hast starred my heaven
With planets wild and red:
Twin stars and planets seven
Are lighted overhead.

X

ALL yesterday the spring was born,
The spring that Ovid sang of old;
All yesterday the birth of morn
Held all the daylight wrapt in gold.
The buds unfold! The buds unfold!

All yesterday the olden lore
Was true to me; I saw how I
Had lived and loved and died before
In every land beneath the sky.
And we must die! And we must die!

All yesterday the way was paved
With burnished mirrors picturing
In all the lands, enthroned, enslaved,
Love coming with the birth of spring,
As now I sing! As now I sing!

All yesterday thou hauntedst me,
As thou, I know, hast done of old;
All yesterday I sought for thee
Through all the paths of beaten gold;
The ways unfold! The ways unfold!

XI

SOME time, long hence, when I am old and gray,
They will say, "Once you knew him?" I shall say,
Smiling upon my eager questioners,
"I knew him once in this wide universe."

And they shall ask me of your garb and port,
And of the miracles men say you wrought,
And I shall smile upon their questioning,
And tell how in my soul you wrought the spring.

And they shall ask of this and that, and I
Shall smile as old men do before they die,
Anew shalt thou be born from my old tongue,
And they shall wonder, for they shall be young.

And they shall know how once I gave my breath,
My hand, my lyre, to thee, and said, "Till death
The image of this man shall not depart
Out of the inmost shrine within my heart."

But they shall know not how we entered in,
Finding deliverance in the death of sin,
How pagan laughter leapt from eye to eye
Beside the sea, under a cloudless sky.

XII

A SONNET leaps unto my lips, O King,
And every note shall be as first it springs;
I may not check the hot speed of my wings
Now I have found a voice and heart to sing.—
For thou hast waved thy rod, and everything
Hath been transmuted. Now the sunlight brings
Desire of love, and longing for the stings
That eat into me while I feel her cling

And cling about me, seeking all my gift
Of body and soul; leaving no fragment mine,
Yet taking all, herself she giveth me;
She is the cloud that hides the sun, to drift
Over the face of heaven, and feed the sea
With a new-breaking flood of healing brine.

XIII

I MAY not weep, for now mine eyes are tearless,
But ah! my soul is bathed in bloody brine;
I know no fear, for now my heart is fearless,
For thou for ever and ever shalt be mine:
I await thee in this city; when thou dost come,
My songs shall end; thy lips shall make me dumb.

My virile soul shall tremble at thy coming,
And thou shalt spend thy spirit's plenteous store
On me, to sleep and death well-nigh succumbing
Beneath thy body's weight. Ah, come once more;
Grant me but that I seek, and I shall be
For ever fastened on the breast of thee.

Oh, thou who art the red dawn's only singer,
Take these my songs; take them, for they are thine;
Be once again my muse's thunder-bringer;
Her voice grows harsh for lack of thy bright wine.
Oh, woo her forth! As to thine arms she slips,
Stay thou her song with kisses! Stop her lips!

Come, and bring ease unto my thirsting soul;
Give what thou hast, spare me nor pain, nor dread;
Ah! Having taken love thou hast taken the whole:
Come thou unto me now, and let thine head
Lie on my breast, and let me stroke thy skin
With my light hand! Come thou, and enter in!

XIV

HOW foolish are the men who make their heaven
A distant vision of the world to be,
When we found hell and heaven not bereaven,
But brothers in the souls of thee and me.
All schemes that men have wrought for life's undoing
Found swift expression in our sudden wooing.

All hells, all heavens, still transcended be
By him who in his ardent breast doth bear
Knowledge that sets him from the gray world free,
By reason of the master-spirit there.
From my strong soul this charter I did win:
Thou hast sinned in love; thou hast transcended sin.

It may be, as thou sayest, that old Horus
Hath been re-born beneath these sunny skies,
Here, when I hymn my love's low-sounding chorus,
Warmed by the glamour of our merry eyes.
Love! never more shall men's Utopias be
As veils before the naked Mystery.

I see the summer sky break into rime,
And I must sing in rhythm with it still,
Until thou comest to me; all the time
Thou art not here, with song dost thou fulfil
The daylight, since the secret hour I won
The lyric light of thee, my risen Sun.

XV

FRESH from the heaven of new-born desire,
I wait thee here, and all my veins are fire;
And all my breath is breathed in rhythm with thee;
Come, therefore, and set free
My voice, my lyre.

I knew not love, till thou hadst given me pain,
Nor heard love's music, till the heavenly rain
Descended on me, and the gray-lined cloud
Left me new-born and proud.
Come back again!

Ah, thou art wise and fair, and I am nought,
Save as I dwell in thy most god-like thought.
Take thou my body, now hermaphrodite,
Pink-tipped and gleaming white,
For love's sake wrought.

XVI

THE world without may never change,
But still the changeless soul within
Through worlds of spirit and sense may range,
Unfettered by the primal sin
That man did win.

So now the aspect of the sun
Is turned to something fierier yet
Than that old bright accustomed one
Whose radiance was wont to set
My body asweat.

For now the sun is grown a world
Whose glances burn the earth with love,
Whose rays are banners fiercely hurled
Around earth's bosom from above,
My soul, my dove.

Rejoice: The stars are yellow stains
Set in our canopy aflame,
That stir the agony in my veins
To rapture, when I think we came
From a star self-same.

The furious rapture burns me through,
The air brings waves of love to me,
The gods' hot breath; the sea is blue
Through endless yearning. Alas! poor sea,
I pity thee.

For thou art changed from brine to fire,
Whereby the fish that swim in thee
Feel hotly as I the new desire
That burns the nascent soul of me
In fearless glee.

* * * * *

I dare not sleep for long, for I
Should wake in anguished dream, my sweet,
And wander bare-head 'neath the sky,
And roam half-raving square and street,
In love's fierce heat.

XVII

I

A HUNDRED sonnets yesterday took wing,
A thousand lyrics flew,
From out my heart into the glowing sphere
Of blazing golden blue.
Ah, had I then but had the power to sing
What trembled on my lyre
More worthy gift my voice would yield thine ear,
The song of young Desire.

II

Where old Dieppe smiles by the narrow bay,
I came, from o'er the sea,
And now I strive to let my singing say
Things my heart cannot bide;
Let me not be quite dumb in love's first flush;
Shyly I tell to thee
The wonder thou hast wrought, lest I should blush
When next I hail thee, Bride.

III

So, singing in my heart's gold sunlight still,
I reached the city rare
Where art and life are one; the glorious light
Shone round me everywhere,
And as I rode unto the western hill,
Where the sun sank in flame,
I know my song would outlast all the night,
And with the day it came.

XVIII

CREEP the little shadows
Over all the meadows,
The good green hills I knew of old still hold the
steps of me
The sunset in the South
Still smiles upon my mouth
And so I smile, my love, my love, to thee!

Oh, I know so well
The water's floating spell
Over all the greenest hills that ever man has known;
I hold thee where I hold
Sweet wonders manifold,
Since thou hast made them all to be thine own.

The southern summers lie
In my heart beneath the sky;
Take all the hoarded gold I found, and spend and
spend it still.
For thou dwell'st there alone,
My poet, O mine own,
And ever shall thou dwell there at thy will.

XIX

HERE in the City of Light
There are music and wonder for me;
Here in the star-guarded night
Life breaks on the shore of time's sea.

Here in the sun and the spring
The Luxembourg gardens are gay,
And oh! but, my dearest, I sing,
For I am the spring and the day.

I have laughed in the temple of God,
I have dreamed in the temple of Man;
Now I am free from the sod;
Priapus hath grown into Pan.

I am the spring and the sun,
Thou art the earth and the sea;
Shake fiercely my soul. We are one—
Sing on the bosom of me.

Give me thy love and thy strength,
If it be for an age, for an hour.
For alas! we grow old, and at length
We love, and are shorn of love's power.

Oh, I shall see thee to-morrow;
Clasped heart to heart we shall lie
Naked; all day we shall borrow
The space and the spread of the sky.

Come, and the day shall be ours,
With music and wonder and me;
Come, and be glad of the flowers
I have plucked from the bosom of thee.

There are lilies and burning red roses
That flame and grow strong with desire;
Come thou, ere winter re-closes
The wide brazen gateways of fire.

XX

WE will cross the green-wood and the salty sea;
We will hear the thrushes thrill, the night-
ingales awake;
We'll let loose the reins of love until we are so free
That none shall dare to bar our way through sea or
hill or brake.

Who shall stay our footsteps? who shall call us back?
Who shall quench the light from out our living
breasts and eyes?
Ah love, my love, remember to let love's rein be
slack;
Eros is still upon the wing, nor wearies as he flies!

XXI

MEN shall not soon forget,
While deeds of love are done,
The songs that my heart hath set
 In rhythm to the pulsing sun:
We are ever one in a golden net,
 We are ever and endlessly one.

Ah! When we rose to greet,
 Did we pierce through the outer gloom?
When our eyes first came to meet,
 Did we know of the secret doom
That lay in our hearts, my sweet,
 A perilous, tender bloom?

There are callings now on the wind,
 Sweetheart; I must rise and go,
For the day is far behind,
 And the soft night-breezes blow;
They call me out to the starlight blind,
 And the pale moon's wonder-glow. . . .

XXII

AGES hence, my songs recording,
Know, that here my seal I set;
All time's shallow stream sure fording,
These my songs shall ease the fret
Of the lovers yet to be
Who have dared a lonely sea.

Ages hence, know, this my singing
Sprang from one great secret dawn;—
Onward life is ever winging,
Still to love that life is drawn,
Lovers! ye shall dare to be
Wise, and in your wisdom free.

Ages hence—my song grows fainter,
For the light fades from my mind—
Poet, player, singer, painter,
Learn the secret: be not blind.
Know the sign shall set ye free;
Hear the word of mystery.

There is a maiden harp-player, and a silver flute
is held
In the hands of an hermaphrodite: this thing shall
be fulfilled

EPILOGUE

To A.C.

EPILOGUE

BECAUSE the fulfillment of dreams is itself but a dream.

There is no end save the song, and the song is the end;
And here with a sheaf of songs bareheaded I stand,
And the light is fled from mine eyes, and the sword
from my hand
Is fallen; the years have left me a fool, and the gleam
Is vanished from life, and the swift years sear me
and rend.

There is no end save the song, and the joy in the
singing,
And song alone may relieve the shadowy pain.
I am weary even of song, and the lyre is cold,
And my heart is lead, and the world seems very
old.

Dusk falls on the earth, and Apollo no more comes
winging
His way to me now; it may be I shall sing not again.

Yet to the dream was I true, and I followed the light
Till it vanished, and left me in darkness all cold and
forlorn;
It may be that is the end; I know not nor care.
If these songs that were wrought in the days of my
springtide are fair,
Perchance they shall seem to you good in the heart of
the night,
When you wait for the light that shall come in the
wake of the morn.

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INDEX TO FIRST LINES

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