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ASMODEL

Mr. Aleister Crowley is one of the new English minor poets, of whom something may be expected. The following little love poem, entitled Asmodel, has the true ring:

Only to me looks out for ever
 From her cold eyes a fire like death;
Only to me her breasts can never
 Lose the red brand that quickeneth;
Only to me her eyelids sever
 And lips respire her equal breath:
Still in the unknown star I see
The very god that is of me.

The day's pale countenance is lifted,
 The rude sun's forehead he uncovers;
No soft delicious clouds have drifted,
 No wing of midnight's bird that hovers;
Yet still the hard blind blue is rifted,
 And still my star and I as lovers
Yearn to each other through the sky
With eyes half closed in ecstasy.