

THE JOURNAL
ADELAIDE, SOUTH AUSTRALIA, AUSTRALIA
25 APRIL 1914
(page 2)

WEDDED.

The roses of the world are sad,
The water-lilies pale,
Because my lover takes her lad
Beneath the moonlight veil
No flower may bloom this happy hour—
Unless my Alice be the flower.

So silent are the thrush, the lark!
The nightingale's at rest,
Because my lover loves the dark.
An has me in her breast
No song this happy night be heard!—
Unless my Alice be the bird

The sea that roared around the house,
Is fallen from alarms,
Because my lover calls me spouse,
And takes me to her arms.
This night so sound of breakers be!—
Unless my Alice be the sea

Of man and maid in all the world
Is stilled the swift caress,
Because my lover has me curled
In her own loveliness.
No kiss be such a night as this!—
Unless my Alice be the kiss.

This night—O never dawn shall crest,
The world of waking,
Because my lover has my breast,
On hers for dawn and spring.
This night shall never be withdrawn—
Unless my Alice be the dawn.

From "Ambergris," by Aleister Crowley.