

Aleister Crowley.

I hear it not; I contemplate the wound
 Stabbed in the flanks of my dear silver Christ.
He hangs in anguish there; the crown of thorns
 Pierces that palest brow; the nails drip blood;
There is the wound; no Mary by Him mourns,
 There is no John beside the cruel wood.
I am alone to kiss the silver lips;
 I rend my clothing for the temple's veil;
My heart's black night must act the sun's eclipse;
 My groans must play the earthquake, till I quail
At my own dark imagining. And now
 The wind is bitterer; the air breeds snow;
I put my Christ away; I turn my brow
 Towards the south steadfastly: my feet must go
Some journey of despair. I dare not turn
 To meet the sun; I will not follow him;
Better to pass where sand and sulphur burn,
 And days are hazed with heat, and nights are dim
With some malarial poison. Better lie
 Far and forgotten on some desert isle
Where I may watch the silent ships go by,
 And let them share my burden for awhile.
Let me pass out beyond the city gate
 Where I may wander by the water still,
And see the faint few stars immaculate
 Watch their own beauty in its depth, and chill
Their own desire within its icy stream.
 Let me move on with vacant eyes, as one
Lost in the labyrinth of some ill dream,
 Move and move on, and never see the sun