

Aleister Crowley.

The ship is trim: to sea! to sea!
Take life in either hand,
Crush out its wine for you and me,
And drink, and understand.

IN MEMORIAM A. J. B.

THE life by angels' touch divinely lifted
From our dim space-bounds to a vaster sphere,
The spirit, through the vision of clouds rifted,
Soars quick and clear.

We know the dance that hails the golden pinions
The sun waves over an awakening earth;
We know the joy that floods the heart's dominions
At true love's birth.

Even so, the mists that roll o'er earth are riven,
The spirit flashes forth from mortal sight,
And, flaming through the viewless space, is given
A robe of light.

As when the conqueror Christ burst forth of prison
And triumph woke the thunder of the spheres,
So broke the soul, as newly re-arisen
Beyond the years.