

Flames on my front the fiery star,
About me and around.
Pillared, the sacred sun, afar,
Six symphonies of sound;
Flames, as the Gods themselves that are:
Flames, in the abyss profound.

The spread arms drop like thunder! So
Rings out the lordlier cry,
Vibrating through the streams that flow
In ether to the sky,
The moving archipelago,
Stars in their seigneury.

Thine be the kingdom! Thine the power!
The glory triply thine!
Thine through Eternity's swift hour,
Eternity, thy shrine—
Yea, by the holy lotos-flower,
Even mine!

† This poem describes what happens when the student of ceremonial magic performs the 'lesser ritual of the pentagram.'