

# Н У М П Т О Р А П

My body, weary of empty clasp,  
Strong as a lion and sharp as an asp—  
Come, O come!  
I am numb  
With the lonely lust of devildom.  
Thrust thy sword through the galling fetter,  
All-devourer, all-begetter;  
Give me the sign of the Open Eye,  
And the token erect of thorny thigh,  
And the word of madness and mystery,  
O Pan! Io Pan!  
Io Pan! Io Pan Pan! Pan Pan! Pan,  
I am a man:  
Do as thou wilt, as a great god can,  
O Pan! Io Pan!  
Io Pan! Io Pan Pan! I am awake  
In the grip of the snake.  
The eagle slashes with beak and claw;  
The gods withdraw:  
The great beasts come, Io Pan! I am borne  
To death on the horn  
Of the Unicorn.  
I am Pan! Io Pan! Io Pan Pan! Pan!  
I am thy mate, I am thy man,  
Goat of thy flock, I am gold, I am god,  
Flesh to thy bone, flower to thy rod.  
With hoofs of steel I race on the rocks  
Through solstice stubborn to equinox.  
And I rave; and I rape and I rip and I rend  
Everlasting, world without end,  
Mannikin, maiden, mænad, man,  
In the might of Pan.  
Io Pan! Io Pan Pan! Pan! Io Pan!