

## THE EVOCATION.

**F**ROM the abyss, the horrible lone world  
Of agony, more sharp than moonbeams strike  
The shaken glacier, my bitter cry is hurled,  
As the avenger lightning. Swiftly whirled,  
It flings in circles closing serpent-like  
On the abominable devil-horde  
I summon to the mastery of the sword.

In my white palace, where the flashing dawn  
Leaps from the girdling bastions, where the light  
Flames from the talisman as if a fawn  
Glode through the thickets, where the soul, withdrawn  
From every element, gleams through the night  
Into that darkness palpable, where They  
Lurk from the torment of the light of day.

Swings the swift sword in paths of vivid blue ;  
Rings the sharp summons in the halls of fear ;  
Flames the great lamen ; as a fiery dew  
Falls the keen chanted music ; fierce and true  
Beams the bright diamond of the crowning sphere.  
None may withstand the summons : like dead flame  
Flares darkness deeper, and demands its name.

Mine eyes peer deeper in the quivering gloom—

What horrors crowd upon the aching sight!  
Behold! the phantom! Icy as the tomb,  
His head of writhing scorpions in the womb  
Of deadlier terrors: how a charnel-light  
Gleams on his beetle frame! What poison drips  
Of slime and blood from his disastrous lips!

What oceans of decaying water steam

For his vast essence! And a voice rolls forth  
With miserable fury from that stream  
Of horror: “Thou hast called me by the beam  
Of glory, by the devastating wrath  
Of thine accurséd godhead: tell me then  
My Name! Thou hardiest of the Sons of Men!”

“Thy name is—stay! thou liest! I discern

In Thee no terror that my spells evoke.  
Begone, thou wandering corpse of night! return  
Into thy shadowy world! My symbols burn  
Against thee, shade of terror! Go!” It spoke:  
“Yea! I am human. Know my actual truth:  
I am that ghost, the father of thy youth!”

“Poor wandering phantom!”—the exultant yell

And wolfish howling of all damnéd souls  
Peals from the ravening jaws and gulfs of hell:  
Leaps that foul horror through the terrible  
Extinguished circle of the burning bowls.  
Then I remember, fling the gleaming rod  
Against him: “Liar, back! For I am God!”

Back flung the baffled corpse. But through the air  
Looms the more startling vision in the night ;  
The actual demon of my work is there !  
Where is the glittering circle ? Where, ah, where  
The radiant bowls whose flame rose fiery bright ?  
I am alone in the absolute abyss ;  
No aid ; no helper ; no defence—but this !

My left hand seeks the lamén. Once again  
Fearless I front the awful shape before me,  
Fearless I speak his Name. My trembling brain  
Vibrates that Word of Power. I cry amain :  
“Down, Dweller of the Darkness, and adore me !  
I am thy Master, and thy God ! Behold  
The Rose of Ruby and the Cross of Gold !

“I am thy Saviour !” At the kindling word  
Up springs the dawn-light in the broken bowls ;  
Up leaps the glittering circle. Then I heard  
A hoarse shrill voice, as if some carrion bird  
Shrieked, mightier than the storm that rocks and  
rolls  
Through desolation : “Thou hast known my Name.  
What is thy purpose, Master of the Flame ?”

I made demand : through long appalling hours  
Stayed he to tempt and try my adamant  
Purpose : at last the legionary powers  
Behind him sank affrayed ; his visage lowers  
Less menacing : his head is turned aslant

In vain: I bid him kneel and swear: the earth  
Rocked with the terror of that deadlier birth.

He swore: he vanished: the wide sky resounds  
With echoing thunders: through the blinding night  
The stars resume their courses: at the bounds  
Of the four watch-towers cry the waking hounds:  
“The night is well”: slow steals the ambient light  
Through all the borders of the universe  
At that last lifting of my strenuous curse.

Slow steals the ambient light: white peace resumes  
In planet, element, and sign, her sway.  
The twisted ether shapes itself: relumes  
The benediction all the faded fumes  
With holier incense: in the fervid way  
All nature rests: with holy calm I blend  
Blessing and prayer at the appointed end.