

## THE LADDER

“I will arise and go unto my Father”

*To K. M. Ward*

## MALKUTH

DARK, dark, all dark! I cower, I cringe.  
Only above me is a citron tinge  
As if some echo of red, gold, and blue  
Chimed on the night and let its shadow through.  
Yet I who am thus prisoned and exiled  
Am the right heir of glory, the crowned child.

I match my might against my Fate's,  
I gird myself to reach the ultimate shores,  
I arm myself the war to win:—  
Lift up your heads, O mighty gates!  
Be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors!  
The King of Glory shall come in.

## TAU

I pass from the citrine: deep indigo  
In this tall column. Snakes and vultures bend  
Their hooded hate on him that would ascend.  
O may the Four avail me! Ageless woe,  
Fear, torture, throng the threshold. Lo! The end  
Of matter! The immensity of things

Let loose—new laws, new beings, new conditions:—  
Dire chaos; see! these new-fledged wings  
Fail in its vaguenesses and inanitions.  
Only my circle saves me from the hate  
Of all these monsters dead yet animate.

I match, &c

### YESOD

Hail, thou full moon, O flame of Amethyst!  
Stupendous mountain on whose shoulders rest  
The Eight Above. More stable is my crest  
Than thine—and now I pierce thee, veil of mist!  
Even as an arrow from the war-bow springs  
I leap—my life is set with loftier things.

I match, &c.

### SAMECH (and the crossing of the Path of Pe)

Now swift, thou azure shaft of fading fire,  
Pierce through the rainbow! Swift, O swift! how streams  
The world by! Let Sandalphon and his quire  
Of Angels ward me!

Ho! what planet beams  
This angry ray? Thy swords, thy shields, thy spears!  
Of meteors war and blaze; but I am I,  
Horus himself, the torrent of the sky  
Aflame—I sweep the stormy seas of air  
Towards that great globe that hangs so golden fair.

I match, &c.

### TIPHERETH

Hail, hail, thou sun of harmony,  
Of beauty and of ecstasy!  
Thou radiance brilliant and bold!  
Thou ruby rose, thou cross of gold!  
Hail, centre of the cosmic plan!  
Hail, mystic image of the Man!  
I give the sign of slain Asar.  
I give the sign of Asi towering.  
I give the sign of Apep, star

Of black Destruction all-devouring.  
I give thy sign, Asar re-risen :—  
Break, O my spirit, from thy prison !

I match, &c.

GIMEL (with the crossing of the path of Teth)

Hail, virgin Moon, bright Moon of Her  
That is God's thought and minister !  
Snow-pure, sky-blue, immaculate  
Hecate, in Thy book of Fate  
Read thou my name, the soaring soul  
That seeks the supreme, sunless goal !

And thou, great Sekhet, roar !  
Confront the lion in the way !  
Thy calm indomitable eyes  
Lift once, and look, and pierce, and slay !

I am past. Hail, Hecate ! Untrod  
Thy steep ascent to God, to God !  
Lo, what unnamed, unnameable  
Sphere hangs above inscrutable ?  
There is no virtue in thy kiss  
To affront that soul-less swart abyss.

I match, &c.

DAATH

I am insane. My reason tumbles ;  
The tower of my being crumbles.  
Here all is doubt, distress, despair :  
There is no force in strength or prayer  
If pass I may, it is by might  
Of the momentum of my flight.

I match, &c.

GIMEL (and the crossing of Daleth)

Free from that curse, loosed from that prison ;  
From all that ruin am I risen !  
Pure still, the virgin moon beguiles  
My azure passage with her smiles.

Now! O what love divine redeems  
My death, and bathes it in her beams !  
What sacring transubstantiates  
My flesh and blood, and incarnates

The quintessential Pan? What shore  
Stretches beyond this secret door?  
Hail! O thou sevenfold star of green,  
Thou fourfold glory—all this teen  
Caught up in ecstasy—a boon  
To pass me singing through the moon!

Nay! I knew not what glory shone  
Gold from the breathless bliss beyond :  
But this I know that I am gone  
To the heart of God's great diamond!

I match, &c.

KETHER

I am passed through the abyss of flame ;  
Hear ye that I am that I am !

THE RETURN

Behold! I clothe mine awful light

In yonder body born of night.  
Its mind be open to the higher!  
Its heart be lucid-luminous!  
The Temple of its own desire  
The Temple of the Rosy Cross!

As Horus sped the flame, Harpocrates  
Receive the flame, and set the soul at ease.  
I who was One am One, all light  
Balanced within me, ordered right,  
As it was ever to the initiate's ken  
Is now, and shall be evermore. Amen.