

THE MANTRA YOGI.

HOW should I seek to make a song for thee
When all my music is to moan thy name?
That long, sad monotone—the same—the same—
Matching the mute insatiable sea
That throbs with life's bewitching agony
Too long to measure and too fierce to tame.
A hurtful joy, a fascinating shame
Is this great ache that grips the heart of me.

Even as a cancer, so this passion gnaws
Away my soul, and will not ease its jaws
Till I am dead. Then let me die! Who knows
But that this corpse committed to the earth
May be the occasion of some happier birth:
Spring's earliest snowdrop? Summer's latest rose?

ALEISTER CROWLEY.