

OLLA

by

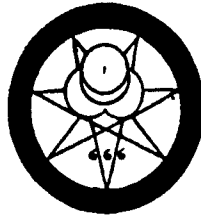
ALEISTER CROWLEY

*Mentula moechatur. Moechatur mentula? Certe.
Hoc est quod dicunt; ipsa olera olla legit—
Catullus.*



OLLA

An Anthology of



SIXTY YEARS OF SONG

by

ALEISTER CROWLEY

with a dust-jacket by

Frieda Harris

and a frontispiece by

Augustus John. R.A.

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OLLA

CONTENTS

	FRONTISPIECE Portrait by <i>Augustus John</i>	
	APOLOGIA	11
1.	EPIGRAMS	
	(1) "WHO LOVES THE TRUTH"— <i>München.</i>	15
	(2) OPTIMIST— <i>Washington, D.C.</i>	16
2.	MY FIRST POEM— <i>Cambridge, England</i>	17
3.	THE HAPPY MAN— <i>Mexico, D.F.</i>	18
4.	THE TYLER— <i>Cambridge, England</i>	19
5.	THE PURPLE MANDARIN— <i>Yung Chang</i>	20
6.	ON GARRET HOSTEL BRIDGE— <i>Cambridge, England</i>	22
7.	THE DYNAST— <i>Great Eastern Erg.</i>	24
8.	AN OATH— <i>Marseilles</i>	25
9.	STYX— <i>Copenhagen</i>	26
10.	THE JOLLY BARBER— <i>Naples</i>	27
11.	THE BALLOON— <i>Llyn Idwal Farm</i>	28
12.	PRAYER AT SUNSET— <i>Tali Fu</i>	30
13.	PENELOPE— <i>Hango</i>	31
14.	PANACEA— <i>Hastings</i>	32
15.	ON WAIKIKI BEACH— <i>Waikiki</i>	33
16.	KNIGHT TAKES BISHOP, CHECK!— <i>Stockholm</i>	36
17.	THE ARHAN— <i>Akyab</i>	38
18.	THE JUNGLE OF ÉLIZABETH ARDEN— <i>Chicago</i>	40
19.	LA VERGE— <i>Sousse</i>	41
20.	PACIFIC SURF— <i>Oahu</i>	42
21.	FIGURE GENETHLIACAL— <i>Rangoon</i>	44
22.	ON THE MINDOON CHONG— <i>On the Mindoon Chong</i>	46
23.	THE OWL— <i>Cefalú</i>	47
24.	IN VERA CRUZ HARBOUR— <i>Vera Cruz</i>	48
25.	PUSS-IN-BOOTS— <i>El Oued</i>	51
26.	HONG KONG HARBOUR— <i>Hong Kong Harbour</i>	52
27.	ROSA DECIDUA— <i>Coulsdon Park</i>	54
28.	THE SPRING OF DIRCE—3-3.— <i>Paris</i>	63
29.	KALI— <i>Kalighat</i>	64
30.	A SLICE OF MORTADELLO— <i>Café Riche Paris</i>	68
31.	ALMIRA— <i>Detroit</i>	69

32.	EL FATIHAH (From the Arabic)— <i>Mish</i>	..	70
33.	REASONER AND RIMER— <i>Heidelberg</i>	..	71
34.	THE EYES OF PHARAOH— <i>Al Kahira</i>	..	73
35.	THE BEAUTY AND THE BHIKKHU— <i>Kandy, Ceylon</i>	76
36.	THE KING-GHOST— <i>China</i>	78
37.	BERI-BERI— <i>The Inland Sea</i>	80
38.	THE SEVENFOLD SACRAMENT— <i>Montigny-sur-Loing</i>	82
39.	FORTY YEARS ON— <i>Brighton</i>	88
40.	DIONYSUS— <i>Boleskine</i>	89
41.	IN MY HAREM— <i>Fontainebleau</i>	91
42.	SARCOMA OF THE TIBIA— <i>New York</i>	93
43.	SUNSET OF ROMANCE— <i>Tunis</i>	94
44.	THE JEALOUS PATRIOT— <i>Richmond, Surrey</i>	95
45.	WHITE HOPE— <i>London</i>	96
46.	THE TENT— <i>W'ain t' Aissha</i>	97
47.	VERSES FOR AN ANTICHRISTMAS CARD <i>Chipping Campden</i>	98
48.	HAPPY DUST	99
49.	LOGOS— <i>Hastings</i>	103
50.	THE BABOON— <i>Tolga</i>	104
51.	THE CAMEL— <i>Rawal Pindi</i>	105
52.	CANOE SONG— <i>Oesopus Island, Hudson River</i>	106
53.	EPITHALAMIUM INSTEAD OF A PRESENT— <i>Maidenhead</i>	108
54.	AT TOUGGOURT	109
55.	THE RETURN OF MESSALINA— <i>Rome</i>	110
56.	L'ETINCELLE— <i>Querouaille</i>	112
57.	THE SECRET— <i>Moscow</i>	113
58.	SONG OF THE REGULAR FELLOW— <i>Baltoro Glacier Camp XI</i>	114
59.	LA GITANA— <i>Granada</i>	116
60.	THE BEAN PEDLAR— <i>Palm Groves beyond Nefta</i>	118
61.	THANATOS BASILEOS— <i>Hastings</i>	119
62.	THE GARDEN OF JANUS— <i>Da'leh-ad-Din</i> (A mountain near Bou-Saada)	120
63.	HYMN TO PAN— <i>Moscow</i>	127

“ Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass ”—*Adonais*.

“ Everything that lives is holy.”—*William Blake*.

APOLOGIA

Poetry is the geyser of the Unconscious. Since “ Every man and every woman is a star,” each of us is, or makes, his own poem ; expressed, or unexpressed, in song. Robert Browning understood this ; almost the whole of his work consists of the utterances of very varied individuals. But these are dramatizations of the speaker, analytically disclosed, and rationally set forth. His lyrics are, with the rarest exceptions, the uprush of his own personal genius.

When I consider my own work, it appears that I have constantly put myself into the soul of various types of men and women, identified myself with their inmost creative Word, lent them my technique, and let them exult for themselves.

Thus “ Amphora ” records the devout yet (unconsciously) passionate outbursts of a Catholic Christian woman ; “ Alice,” of a romantic boy in love, the seed of doubt and disillusion beginning to sprout ; “ Clouds without water,” of a sexual maniac who is also a man of the world, a sardonic jester, and a mystic. Such impersonations are almost as frequent as the ecstatic moods of Our Lady, of the many-minded, many throned Aphrodite, weaver of wiles.

“What a *nice* poem . . . is ; I think it *ever so pretty* ! Why can't you *always* write like that ? ” So says nearly everybody about some poem or other of mine.

A striking instance of this mental obfuscation received some publicity in the Court of King's Bench some years ago.

In *CROWLEY v. CONSTABLE et al.*, Mr. Malcolm Hilbery K.C., found occasion to recite my popular song, which Gwendolen Otter had endeared to the cultured and magnanimous cognoscenti of our great Metropolis—the “Dilettanti,” you remember?—“The World for a Whore !” I found his rendering most acceptable, and he was rewarded with a judgeship. I murmured “Go *on* ! ” as usual, for Mr. Hilbery's quotations from my works were adroitly curtailed to suit his purpose; the next sentence or two was certain to give a totally different significance to the chosen passage.

But my own counsel, Mr. J. P. Eddy, emulous, jumped up and obliged with “An Hymn for the American Republic ”; which breathes piety and patriotism in every punctuation mark. He did it well enough, and was allowed, shortly afterwards, to take silk.

The judge—Jeffreys, the name was, an memory betray me not—sat astounded. He positively stammered; “Is that really the same book ? ” “The very next page, m'lud ! ” Stupor!

This book is to make clear the poetic standpoint.

I have made this collection of short poems as diverse as possible; time and space have been asked their utmost range; every corner of the earth which has contributed to my delight, and every period of my life which has modulated my music, have lent a flower to this posy.

Louis Marlow, subtlest, profoundest, and wittiest writer of the last two generations, has found the word for my work: *surprising*. This is the root of the superstitious fear which I impose on nearly every reader. The more I write, the less can I be classified, docketed, pigeon-holed; *omne ignotum pro terribili* is still the pill-box defence against science, against every shape of thought until it has been rolled in enough dirt to make it a soft, comfortable cliché.

The grotesque contradictions of these poems have been deliberately enhanced by contraposition; they tear in sunder the veil of my soul, and clothe it in disguise only the more impenetrable for that fact.

To wind up this thesis, here, it concludes, "The Garden of Janus," my poetic summary of the above truth: of me is it written: "*Vel sanctum invenit, vel sanctum fecit.*" My object is to proclaim the duty of every poet; and this is:—to reveal the Godhead in every man and woman through the expression of each one's rapture at the ecstatic moment of Union with that Godhead; thereby to show as just and perfect every soul that is.

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

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EPIGRAMS (1)

Who loves the truth had better stand,
Rein and pommel in his hand:
Who thinks the truth is wise to put
Ready in stirrup riding-boot :
Who speaks the truth is safe—if springs
From his back a pair of wings!
(from the German)
Washington D.C.

OPTIMIST (2)

Kill off mankind,
And give the Earth a chance!
Nature might find
In her inheritance
The seedlings of a race
Less infinitely base.

MY FIRST POEM*

I am a blind man on a helmless ship,
 Without a compass, on a stormy sea ;
 I cannot sink, for God doth hold me up ;
 I cannot stray (? err); 'tis God that guideth me.
Etc.

Cambridge, England.

* That is, if memory serves me truly. I am not quite sure of the exact wording of the last two lines. There were two or three verses to follow. It was published in "The Christian" an Evangelical (or Non-Conformist ?) Weekly some short time after the death of my father on March 5, 1887 c.v. Some years back I tried to trace the paper : in vain.

A yet earlier fragment : 1885, since provoked by the complaints of two boys from one Collier's rival Plymouth Brother School at Witney, who visited my father's house at The Grange, Redhill before his last illness in 1886. I thought " Now let me strike a blow for Freedom!" and sent this to the peccant usher, of whose name Tussy was a schoolboy corruption.

Tussy is an ass;

Tussy is a fool;

Tussy is the biggest ass

At Collier's Witney School.

Desunt ceterce : te Deum laudamus!
 But it makes up the full sixty years.

THE HAPPY MAN

I can't read, and I can't write;
I'm in bed all day, and drunk all night.
Mexico D.F.

THE TYLER
TO
ALFRIDA TILLYARD

Whenever I have spiritual thought
I interlard it with obscene allusion,
So that chaste women of the baser sort
May be confounded in complete confusion.

I garnish my Priapic epigrams
With virgin garlands from an angel's brow,,
That honest men, though held in harlot hams
May reach a hand, and pluck the Golden Bough.

These worthy boars read me with frowning brows,
But of their Guardian Angel gain a fresh hold :
However eager, those unworthy sows
Meet only with the Dweller of the Threshold.
Cambridge.

THE PURPLE MANDARIN

There is a purple mandarin
 With mystic madness in his eyes;
 He hath deflowered the virgin Sin,
 And she hath made him overwise.
 He eats, he drinks, he sleeps, he sports :
 He never speaks his thoughts.

Well knoweth he the Way of Phang,
 Matcheth the Yang against the Yin;
 He marketh Tao in God and dung,
 Seeth the secret — "soul is skin."
 With power and sight behind his will,
 He chooseth to keep still.

For he hath dreamed : A blossom buds
 Once in a million million years,
 One poppy on Time's foamless floods,
 A cup of cruelty and tears.
 Its heart secretes a sacred gum
 —Man's only opium.

O mystic flower! O midnight flower
 Chaste and corrupt as patchouli!
 A silver saint—a porcelain tower—
 A flame of ice—a silken sea—
 A taint — a vice—a swoon—a shame—
Pure Beauty is thy name!

I sought thee in Sahara's sand,
Hunted through Himalayan snows;
Gods led me friendly by the hand—
Me blind! where every soul-wind blows.
I was more foolish than my kin,
The purple mandarin.

He dreamed—I followed. Then the Gods
Who mock at Wisdom spun the wheel,
Reversed the incalculable odds,
And flung out laughing—flint to steel—
The one impossible event:
Pure Beauty came—and went.

Come back to me, my opium-flower,
Chaste and corrupt, my saint of sin,
My flame of ice, my porcelain tower
—I hate the purple mandarin
Who gurgles at me in his fall:
“Dream's wiser, after all.”

Yung Chang.

ON GARRET HOSTEL BRIDGE*.

Here in the evening curl white mists and wreathe in their
 vapour
 All the gray spires of stone, all the immobile towers;
 Here in the twilight dim trees and sleepier rivers,
 Here where the bridge is thrown over the amber stream.
 Chill is the ray that steals from the moon to the stream
 that whispers
 Secret tales of its source, songs of its fountain-head.
 Here do I stand in the dusk; like spectres mournfully
 moving
 Wisps of the cloud-wreaths form, dissipate into the
 mist,
 Wrap me in shrouds of gray, chill me and make me shiver,
 Not with the Night alone, not with the sound of her
 wing,
 Yet with a sense of something vague and unearthly
 stalking
 (Step after step as I move) me, to annul me, quell
 Hope and desire and life, bid light die under my eyelids,
 Bid the strong heart despair, quench the desire of
 Heaven.
 So I shudder a little; and my heart goes out to the
 mountain,
 Rock upon rock for a crown, snow like an ermine robe;
 Thunder and lightning free fashioned for speech and
 seeing,
 Pinnacles royal and steep, queen of the arduous breast!
 Ye on whose icy bosom, passionate, at the sunrise,
 Ye in whose wind-swept hollows, lulled in the moon-
 rise clear,
 Often and oft I struggled, a child with an angry mother,
 Often and oft I slept, maid in a lover's arms.

Back to ye, back, wild towers, from this flat and desolate
fenland,

Back to ye yet will I flee, swallow on wing to the south;
Move in your purple cloud-banks and leap your far-
swelling torrents,

Bathe in the pools below, laugh with the winds above,
Battle and strive and climb in the teeth of the glad wild
weather,

Flash on the slopes of ice, dance on the spires of rock,
Run like a glad young panther over the stony highlands,

Shout with the joy of living, race to the rugged cairn,
Feel the breath of your freedom burn in my veins, and
Freedom!

Freedom! echoes adown cliff and precipitous ghyll.
Down by the cold gray lake the sun descends from his
hunting,

Shadow and silence steal over the frozen fells.

Oh, to be there, my heart! And the vesper bells awaken;

Colleges call their children; Lakeland fades from the
sight.

Only the sad slow Cam like a sire with age grown heavy

Wearily moves to the sea, to quicken to life at last.

Blithelier I depart, to a sea of sunnier kindness;

Hours of waiting are past; I re-quicken to love.

Cambridge, England.

* A bridge on the "Backs" at Cambridge.

THE DYNAST

Old King Crowley was a merry old soul, he
 Was a merry old soul, was he;
 He called for his pipe, he called for his pot,
 And he called for his fiddlers three.
 Their names are Beauty and Love and Art,
 And one's in his head, and one's in his heart,
 And one's in his twiddle-iddle-ee.

The Erg is a Garden of Delights
 As he writes his rimes, and he rimes his rites,
 And he busses his wench till dawn o' day
 With a couple of bottles of Montrachet;
 And he smokes his pipe, and he pens his sketches,
 With never a thought for the luckless wretches
 With titles and £. S. D.
 Who groan in their gluttony and whoredom
 For the agonies of their brainless boredom;
 For he rides the black old bull that gored 'em;
 And he rides with bridle free
 Through fire and air and water and earth
 With a shouted song of manful mirth
 Through the desert merrilee!

Old King Crowley is happy and holy,
 And happy and holy is he,
 When he calls for his pipe and he calls for his pot
 And he calls for his li'l mon-key.
 For he's not alone on his golden throne;
 For a golden throne has he
 In the heart of a rum little yum-yum-yum,
 And he's got all he wants in sheee!

Great Eastern Erg.

AN OATH

(An Oath written during the Dawn Meditation)

Aiwaz! Confirm my troth with Thee! my will inspire
With secret sperm of subtle, free, creating Fire!
Mould thou my very flesh as Thine, renew my birth
In childhood merry as divine, enchanted Earth!
Dissolve my rapture in Thine own, a sacred slaughter
Whereby to capture and atone the Soul of water!
Fill thou my mind with gleaming Thought intense and
rare
To One refined, outflung to Naught, the Word of Air!
Most, bridal bound, my quintessential Form thus freeing
From self, be found one Selfhood blent in Spirit Being.

Marseilles.

STYX

(To M. M. M.)

“The number nine is sacred, as the
Oracles inform us, and attaineth the
summits of philosophy.”—ZOROASTER.

“Novem continuas futationes.”—CATULLUS.

Nine times I kissed my lover in her sleep :
 The first time, to make sure that she was there ;
 The second, as a sleepy sort of prayer ;
 The third, because I wished that she should weep ;
 The fourth, to draw her kisses and to keep ;
 The fifth, for love ; the sixth, in sweet despair ;
 The seventh, to destroy us unaware ;
 The eighth, to dive within the infernal deep.

The last, to kill her—and myself as well !
 Ah ! joy of sweet annihilation,
 The blackness that invades the burning sun,
 My swart limbs and her limbs adorable !
 So nine times dead before the night is done,
 Even as Styx nine times embraces Hell.

Copenhagen.

THE JOLLY BARBER

To
Ginuccio

I met my love in a barber-shop.
Sing hey! Sing ho!
He kissed me until I was ready to drop.
Sing hey! the ship's in harbour.
He kissed me straight, and he kissed me oblique;
He kissed me until I got so weak
That I couldn't stand and I couldn't speak—
Sing ho! for the jolly barber!

He couldn't shave and he couldn't shampoo.
Sing hey! Sing ho!
But what he could do he could do.
Sing hey! the ship's in harbour.
He kissed me hot, and he kissed me strong;
And my mother said I should never go wrong
If I always put things where they belong.
Sing ho! for the jolly barber!

He kissed me all day, and he kissed me all night.
Sing hey! Sing ho!
Oh yes! he certainly kissed me right.
Sing hey! the ship's in harbour.
But love isn't all the poet sings;
He took my watch and he took my rings;
And he left me—a lot of other things.
Sing ho! for the jolly barber!

Naples.

THE BALLOON

Written (at the age of fifteen, and still unsurpassed)
while in bed with measles.

Floating in the summer air,
What is that for men to see?
Anywhere and everywhere,
Now a bullet, now a tree—
Till we all begin to swear :
What the devil can it be ?

See its disproportioned head,
Tiny trunk and limbs lopped bare,
Hydrocephalus the dread
With a surgeon chopping there ;
Chopping legs and arms all red
With the sticky lumps of hair.

Like a man in this complaint
Floats this creature in the sky,
Till the gaping rustics faint
And the smirking milkmaids cry,
As the cord and silk and paint,
Wood and iron drifteth by.

Floating in the summer sky
Like a model of the moon :—
How supreme to be so high
In a treacherous balloon,
Like the Kings of Destiny,
All the earth for their spittoon!

Toads are gnawing at my feet.
Take them off me quick, I pray !
Worms my juicy liver eat.
Take the awful beasts away!
Vipers make my bowels their meat.
Fetch a cunning knife and slay !

Kill the tadpoles in my lung,
And the woodlice in my spine,
And the beast that gnaws my tongue,
And the weasel at my chine,
And the horde of adders young
That around mine entrails twine!

Come, dissect me! Rip the skin!
Tear the bleeding flesh apart!
See ye all my hellish grin
While the straining vitals smart.
Never mind! Go in and win,
Till you reach my gory heart!

While my heart's soft pulse did go,
Devils had it in their hands.
Doctors keep it in a row,
Now, on varnished wooden stands :
And I really do not know
If it is in different hands.

Llyn Idwal Farm.

PRAYER AT SUNSET

To the Hon. Ralph Shirley

God, who hast sent me forth to be the priest
Of Thine immortal fire,
Grant me to kindle one new torch at least
Ere mine expire!

Christ, who hast chosen me to bear the Cross,
To pay the infinite price,
Let save one soul from everlasting loss
My sacrifice!

Spirit, who has filled me with the sacred strife
That brings the eternal peace,
Let my breath quicken one dead soul to life
Before it cease!

Tali Fu.

PENELOPE

Ulysses 'scaped the sorceries of that queen
That turned to swine his goodly company,
And came with sails broad-burgeoning and clean
Over the ripples of his native sea.
Yet for the shores his eyes had lately seen,
He kept a half-regretful memory;
And thought, when all the flower-strewn ways
were green,
“ Better love Circe than Penelope! ”

Yes. A good woman's love will forge a chain
To break the spirit of the bravest Greek;
While with an harlot one may leap again
Free as the waters of the western main,
And turn with no heart-pang the vessel's beak
Out to the oceans that all seamen seek.

Hango.

PANACEA

(This poem may, but need not be, translated in to all languages. It is patriotically offered as an International Anthem to Anglo-Saxondom.)

Money, money, money, money,
Money, money, money,
Money, money, money, money,
Money, money, money ;
Money, money, money, money,
Money, money, money ;
Money, money, money, money,
Money, money, money ;
Money, money, money, money,
Money, money, money ;
Money, money, money, money,
Money, money, money.

ON WAIKIKI BEACH

Upheaved from Chaos, through the dark sea hurled,
 Through the cleft heart of the amazéd sea,
 Sprang, 'mid deep thunderous throats of majesty,
 Titanic, in the waking of the world;
 Sprang, one vast mass of spume and molten fire,
 Lava, tremendous waves of earth; sprang higher
 Than the sea's crest volcano-torn, to be
 Written in Cyclopean charactery,
 Hawaii. Here she stands,
 Queen of all laughter's lands
 That dance for dawn, lie tranced in leisured noon,
 Dreaming through day towards night,
 Craving the perfumed light
 Of the stars lustrous, and the gem-born moon.
 Dewy with clustered diamond,
 The long land swoons to sleep; the sea sleeps and yet
 wakes beyond.

Here, in the crescent beach and bay, the sea,
 Curven and carven in warm shapes of dream,
 Answers the love-song of the liliated stream,
 And moves to bridal music. Stern and free,
 The lion-shaped headland guards the shore;
 The ocean, the bull-throated, evermore
 Roars; the vast wheel of heaven turns above,
 Its rim of pain, its jewelled heart of love;
 Sun-waved, the eagle wing
 Of the air of feathered spring

Royally sweeps; and on the musical marge
 Watches alone the man,
 O silvern shape and span
 Of moonlight, reaching over the grey large
 Breast of the surf-bound strand,
 Life of the earth, God's child, Man's bride, the light of
 the sweet land!

Are emeralds ever a spark of this clear green,
 Or sapphires hints of this diviner blue,
 Or rubies shadows of this rosy hue,
 Or light itself elsewhere so clear and clean ?
 For all the sparkling dews of heaven fallen far
 Crystalline, fixed, forgotten (as a star
 Forgets its nebulous virginity)
 Are set in all the sky and earth and sea.
 Shining with solar fire,
 The single-eyed desire
 Of scent and sound and sight and sense perfuses
 The still and lambent light
 Of the essential night;
 And all the heart of me is fain, and muses,
 As if for ever doomed to dream
 Or pass in peace Lethean adown the grey Lethean stream.

So deep the sense of beauty, and so keen!
 The calm abiding holiness of love
 Reigns; and so fallen from the heights above
 Immeasurable, the influence unseen
 Of music and of spiritual fire,
 That the soul sleeps, forgotten of desire;
 Only, remembering its God-like birth
 Reflected in the deity of earth,
 Becometh even as God.
 The pensive period
 Of night and day beats like a waving fan
 No more, no more; the years,
 Reft of their joys and fears,
 Pass like pale faces, leave the life of man

Untroubled of their destinies,
Leave him forgotten of life and time, immortal, calm, and
wise.

Only the ceaseless surf on coral towers,
The changeless change of the unchanging ocean,
Laps the bright night, with unsubstantial motion
Winnowing the starlight, plumed with feathery flowers
Of foam and phosphor glory, the strange glow
Of the day's amber fallen to indigo,
Lit of its own depth in some subtle wise
A pavement for the footsteps from the skies
Of angels walking thus
Not all unseen of us,
Nor all unknown, for unintelligible,
When with souls lifted up
In the Cadmean cup,
As incense lifted in the thurible,
We know that God is even as we,
Light from the sky, and life on earth, and love beneath
the sea.

Waikiki.

KNIGHT TAKES BISHOP, CHECK!*

Woman delights not me, nor (though
 Your smiling seems to say so)
 Man either:- (British Bishops know
 A trick worth two of Naso).
 From art and music, wit and wine,
 I fail to see the fun shine.
 It bores me stiff to have to dine.
 I mildly snub the sunshine.

“ Old Mother Damnable,” you hope
 Would help—you really hope so ?
 Heaven smiles beyond a swarded slope ?
 (You can't persuade the Pope so.)
 Fold woolly me in pious pen,
 And with my equals then lie,
 Grease ladies and wax gentlemen
 At Hurlingham and Henley.

Nay, Bishop, I have been the round,
 A wider round than you know;
 Below Dis' throne have broken ground,
 And split the skies of Juno.
 I know the secrets of the soul,
 The prettier points of polo,
 The earth's enticements, pole to pole,
 From psalmody to solo.

* There is a misprint somewhere in this poem.

KNIGHT TAKES BISHOP, CHECK!

37

I know too much to lay my spleen
To conscience or to liver;
I'll always be, I've always been
A creaky, cranky flivver.
I'm only dust in nature's 'must',
Behemoth hers, and bustard—
She made insatiable lust.
I'll thank you for the mustard.

Stockholm.

THE ARHAN.

When the chill of earth black-breasted is uplifted at the
 glance
 Of the red sun million-crested, and the forest blossoms
 dance
 With the light that stirs and lustres of the dawn, and with
 the bloom
 Of the wind's cheek as it clusters from the hidden valley's
 gloom :
 Then I walk in woodland spaces, musing on the solemn
 ways
 Of the immemorial places shut behind the starry rays
 Of the East and all its splendour, of the West and all its
 peace ;
 And the stubborn lights grow tender, and the hard sounds
 hush and cease.
 In the wheel of heaven revolving, mysteries of death and
 birth,
 In the womb of time dissolving, shape anew a heaven and
 earth
 Ever changing, ever growing, ever dwindling, ever dear,
 Ever worth the passion glowing to distil a doubtful tear.
 These are with me, these are of me, these approve me,
 these obey,
 Choose me, move me, fear me, love me, master of the
 night and day.
 These are real, these illusion : I am of them, false or frail,
 True or lasting, all is fusion in the spirit's shadow-veil,
 Till the Knowledge-Lotus flowering hides the world
 beneath its stem ;
 Neither I, nor God life-showering, find a counterpart in
 them.
 As a spirit in a vision shows a countenance of fear,
 Laughs the looker to derision, only comes to disappear,

Gods and mortals, mind and matter, in the glowing bud
dissever :
Vein from vein they rend and shatter, and are nothingness
for ever.
In the blessed, the enlightened, perfect eyes these visions
pass,
Pass and cease, poor shadows frightened, leave no stain
upon the glass.
One last stroke, O heart-free master, one last certain
calm of will,
And the maker of Disaster shall be stricken and grow
still.
Burn thou to the core of matter, to the spirit's utmost
flame,
Consciousness and sense to shatter, ruin sight and form
and name!
Shatter, lake-reflected spectre; lake, rise up in mist to
sun;
Sun, dissolve in showers of nectar, and the Master's
work is done.
Nectar perfume gently stealing, masterful and sweet and
strong,
Cleanse the world with light of healing in the ancient
House of Wrong!
Free a million million mortals on the wheel of being
tossed!
Open wide the mystic portals, and be altogether lost!

Akyab.

THE JUNGLE OF ELIZABETH ARDEN

“*Simplex munditiis.*” To-day
The adage is forgotten :
When “ beauty-culture ” comes to stay,
It is that beauty’s rotten.

I simply loathe the stinking creams
With which her barbers load her,
The preparation that redeems
Her armpits of their odour.

My motto’s *monosyllable*, not chemicals :
I hold my head erect.
Most earnestly I warn my pals
Of what they must expect.

It moves me to profanity :
I’d rather eat my hat.
“ It was not love, but vanity,
Set love a task like that.”

Chicago.

LA VERGE
A Cameo

To
Hassan ben Suleiman
Sousse 1925.

Olive and cactus and palm
And the still sea's Libyan calm :
Night over all : the twitch
Of an Arab's hand—is a niche
Not made for a saint ? On my hips
I twist to his sullen lips,
Like a trodden snake. Does it reel,
The slow inscrutable wheel
Of the sky ? One violence
Ends the dream of defence

PACIFIC SURF

Light shed from seaward over breakers bending
 Kiss-wise to the emerald hollows : light divine
 Whereof the sun is God, the sea his shrine ;
 Light in vibrations rhythmic ; light unending ;
 Light sideways from the girdling crags extending
 Unto this lone and languid head of mine ;
 Light, that fulfils creation as with wine,
 Flows in the channels of the deep : light, rending
 The adamantine columns of the night,
 Is laden with the love song of the light.

Light, pearly-glimmering through dim gulf and hollow,
 Below the foam-kissed lips of all the sea ;
 Light shines from all the sky and up to me
 From the amber floors of sand : light calls Apollo!
 The shafts of fire fledged of the eagle follow
 The crested surf, and strike the shore, and flee
 Far from green cover, nymph-enchanted lea,
 Fountain, and plume them white as the sea-swallow,
 And turn and quiver in the ocean, seeming
 The glances of a maiden kissed, or dreaming.

Light, as I swim through rollers green and gleaming,
 Sheds its most subtle sense to penetrate
 This heart I thought impervious to Fate.
 Now the sweet light, the full delight, is beaming
 Through me and burns me : all my flesh is teeming
 With the live kisses of the sea, my mate,
 My mistress, till the fires of life abate
 And leave me languid, man-forgotten, deeming
 I see in sleep, in many-coloured night,
 More hope than in the flame-waves of the light.

PACIFIC SURF

43

Light! ever light! I swim far out and follow
The footsteps of the wind, and light invades
My desolate soul, and all the cypress shades
Glow with transparent lustre, and the hollow
I thought I had hidden in my heart must swallow
The bitter draught of Truth; no Nereid maids
Even in my sea are mine; the whole sea's glades
And hills and springs are void of my Apollo—
The Sea herself my tune and my desire!
The Sun himself my lover and my lyre!

FIGURE GENETHLIACAL
(To any Unborn Child)

On that intolerable planet
Whose nature and whose name is Hell,
There slants a path of polished granite
Straight to a scaffold from a cell.

With lids cut off and fettered hands,
Each shoots the inexorable slope
To where the hooded hangman stands,
His fingers ready on the rope.

Didst thou not know by what black art
Malice fees Love for his attorney,
Whose sly words wheedle souls to start
That unintelligible journey ?

Whence wast thou ? Was that place unknown
Airless and abject, an abyss
Of agony, as this our own
Perdition of paralysis ?

No more! Truth's withered in her well :
The dry pump Reason mocks our thirst :
All that we know is horror of hell—
And are we sure we know the worst ?

With leaping lungs you got your grip
On air :— " I will to live " your cry :
The white bark of the phrase may strip
To the black pith :— " I will to die. "

On this intolerable planet,
Earth's evil that exceedeth hell,
There slants a path of polished granite
Straight to a scaffold from a cell.

With eyelids clipt and fettered hands,
Thou also slidest on the slope
To where the hooded hangman stands,
His fingers ready on the rope ! *Rangoon.*

ON THE MINDOON CHONG
(in a dug-out)

By palm and pagoda enchanted o'ershadowed, I lie in the
light
Of stars that are bright beyond suns that all poets have
vaunted
In the deep-breathing amorous bosom of forests of
amazon might
By palm and pagoda enchanted.

By spells that are murmured and rays of my soul strongly
flung, never daunted ;
By gesture of tracery traced with a wand dappled white :
I summon the spirits of earth from the gloom they for
ages have haunted.

O woman of deep-red skin! Carved hair like the teak!
O delight
Of my soul in the hollows of earth—how my spirit
hath taunted—
Away! I am here, I am laid to the breast of the earth in
the dusk of the night,
By palm and pagoda enchanted.

THE OWL*

The owl, by simply sitting still and blinking,
Persuades folk that his life is passed in thinking.
Charles Darwin dived where dilettanti waded;
Rubbing his nose, he did not do as they did;
(It used to drive Charles Darwin fairly frantic
To find folk superficial and romantic!)
He went to frogs and mice and such small fowl,
And got *their* point of view about the owl.
Moral : the quiet folk of the community
Are, maybe, waiting for their opportunity.

Cefalú.

IN VERA CRUZ HARBOUR

I hear the waters faint and far,
And look to where the Polar Star,
Half hidden in the haze, divides
The double chanting of the tides;
But, where the harbour's gloomy mouth
Welcomes the stranger to the south,
The water shakes, and all the sea
Grows silver suddenly.

As one who standing on the moon
Sees the vast horns in silver hewn,
Himself in darkness, and beholds
How silently all space unfolds
Into her shapeless breast the spark
And sacred phantom of the dark ;
So in the harbour-horns I stand
Till I forget the land.

Who sails through all that solemn space
Out to the twilight's secret place,
The sleepy waters move below
His ship's imaginary flow.
No song, no lute, so lowly chaunts
In woods where still Arisbe haunts,
Wrapping the wanderer with her tresses
Into untold caresses.

For none of all the sons of men
That hath known Artemis, again
Turns to the warmer earth, or vows
His secrets to another spouse.
The moon resolves her beauty in
The sea's deep kisses salt and keen ;

The sea assumes the lunar light,
And he—their eremite!

In their calm intercourse and kiss
Even hell itself no longer is;
For nothing in their love abides
That passes not beneath their tides,
And whoso bathes in light of theirs,
And water, changes unawares
To be no separate soul, but be
Himself the moon and sea.

Not all the wealth that flowers shed,
And sacred streams, on that calm head;
Not all the earth's spell-weaving dream
And scent of new-turned earth shall seem
Again indeed his mother's breast
To breathe like sleep and give him rest ;
He lives or dies in subtler swoon
Between the sea and moon.

So standing, gliding, undeterred
By any her alluring word
That calls from older forest glades,
My soul forgets the gentle maids
That wooed me in the scarlet bowers,
And golden cluster-woof of flowers;
Forgets itself, content to be
Between the moon and sea.

No passion stirs their depth, nor moves;
No life disturbs their sweet dead loves;
No being holds a crown or throne;
They are, and I in them, alone :
Only some lute-player grown star
Is heard like whispering flowers afar;
And some divided, single tune
Sobs from the sea and moon.

Amid thy mountains shall I rise,
O moon, and float about thy skies ?
Beneath thy waters shall I roam,
O sea, and call thy valleys home ?
Or on daedalian oarage fare
Forth in the interlunar air ?
Imageless mirror-life ! to be
Sole between moon and sea.

PUSS-IN-BOOTS
To Dorothy Olsen

Lazy cat, crazy cat, how do you do ?
Furry puss, purry puss, I love you.
High boots, sly boots! The tricks that you try on
Furry puss, purry puss, your Big Lion!

El Oued.

HONG KONG HARBOUR

Over a sea like stained glass
 At sunset like a chrysopeas :—
 Our smooth-oared vessel over-rides
 Crimson and green and purple tides.
 Between the rocky isles we pass,
 And greener islets gay with grass ;
 Between the over-arching sides
 Our pinnacle glides.

Just by the Maenad-haunted hill
 Songs rise into the air, and thrill,
 Like clustered birds at evening
 When love outlingers rain and spring.
 Faint faces of strange dancers spill
 Their dewy scent; and sweet and chill
 The wind comes faintly whispering
 On wanton wing.

Between the islands sheer and steep
 Our craft treads noiseless o'er the deep,
 Turned to the gold heart of the west,
 The sun's last sigh of love expressed
 Ere the lake glimmer, borrow sleep
 From clouds and tinge their edges ; weep
 That night brings love not to his breast,
 But only rest.

We move toward the golden track
 Shed in the water : we look back
 Eastward, where rose is set to warn
 Promise and prophecy of dawn
 Reflected, lest the ocean lack
 In any space serene or slack

HONG KONG HARBOUR

53

Some colour blushing o'er the fawn
Dim-lighted lawn.

And under all the shadowy shapes
Of steep and silent bays and capes
The water takes its darkest hue;
Catches no laughter from the blue ;
No purple ray or gold escapes,
But dim green shadow comes and drapes
Its lustre : thus the night burns through
Tall groves of yew.

Thither, ah thither! Hollow vales
Trembling with early nightingales!
Languish, O sea of sleep! Young moon!
Dream on above in maiden swoon!
None daring to invoke the gales
To shake our sea, and swell our sails.
Not song, but silence, were a boon—
Save for this tune.

Round capes grown darker as night falls,
We see at last the splendid walls
That ridge the bay; the town lies there
Lighted (the temple's hour for prayer)
At grave harmonious intervals.
The grand voice of some seaman calls,
Just as the picture fades, aware
How it was fair.

ROSA DECIDUA

“ O Rose, thou art sick!
 The invisible worm
 That flies in the night
 In the howling storm
 Has found out thy bed
 Of crimson joy,
 And his dark secret love
 Does thy life destroy.”

—*Blake*

ROSE of the World!
 If so, then what a world!
 What worm at its red heart lay curled
 From the beginning? Plucked and torn and trampled
 And utterly corrupt is she
 That was the queen-flower unexampled
 In gardens goodlier than Arcady.

O Thou! whose body was my lyre, whose soul
 Lay on my mouth like a live coal!
 This time thou hearest not my song; thine ears
 Are stopped with worse than death;
 And all this wasted breath
 Of mine—those songs of six most memorable years
 Of ecstasy and agony—may not attain
 To charm thy being into love again

This is no tragedy of little tears.
 My brain is hard and cold; there is no beat
 Of its blood; there is no heat
 Of sacred fire upon my lips to sing.
 My heart is dead; I say that name thrice over;
 Rose!—Rose!—Rose!—
 Even as lover should call to lover;

There is no quickening,
No flood, no fount that flows;
No water wells from the dead spring.
My thoughts come singly, dry, contemptuous,
Too cold for hate : all I can say is that they come
From some dead sphere without me;
Singly they come, beats of a senseless drum
Jarred by a fool, harsh, unharmonious.
There is no sense within me or about me;
Yet each thought is most surely known
For a catastrophe.
No climax of a well-wrought tragedy!
Single and sterile.

I am here for naught.

I have no memory of the rose-red hours.
No fragrance of those days amid the flowers
Lingers; all's drowned in the accursèd stench
Of this damned present. The past years abort,
And this is found. Foul waters drench
My earth. All's filth. With what cold eye one scans
This body that was—so long since—two years! I wrench
My soul to say it—all a man's
Delight. Come, look at it! This leaden skin
With ochre staining its amorphous grey;
All that elastic brilliance passed away;
Minute invading wrinkles where the flesh
Is soaked away by the foul thing within
Her soul; the bloom so faint and fresh
Smudged to a smoky glow as one may see
At sunset in the Factory lands; the lips
Thinned and their colour sickened into slate:
The eyes like common glass; the hair's gloss dull;
The muscles gone, all pendulous with fat;
The breath that was more sweet than Lebanon
And all the flowers and honey and spice thereof,
Ripe for my soul's kiss eagerly to cull,
Now like a corpse three weeks drowned, swollen by sun
And water and vermin. There she sways and stares,
And with the jaw dropped all awry—first swears,
Then lurches; then she slobbers unctuously :

“ I am not old : I am quite beautiful;
 How have I lost your love ? ”
 Pitiful! Pitiful! Most pitiful!

This is no tragedy of little tears.
 This worm was in her blood
 Lurking for thrice five years.
 And now I see him—that old slime that leers
 Where Bacchus smiles, that evil and averse
 God that is wholly curse,
 As he is wholly blessing to the wise.
 This thing invertebrate, this sewer-flood,
 Compact of treacheries, meannesses, and lies,
 Horrible thirst, infamous beastliness,
 Dirt and disease, so sottish wallowing,
 Yet sensitive to pain so hideous
 That sometimes he appears all pain, all fear,
 All hate—so slavish yet so fierce a king,
 A tyrant to himself, insidious
 And cunning as some sordid sorceress;
 Incapable of action or control,
 Yet a black gulph to drown so strong a soul! . . .

He lay close curled within my rose's heart.
 There is no blame; yet what avails all art ?
 See! I reel back beneath the blow of her breath
 As she comes smiling to me : that disgust
 Changes her drunken lust
 Into a shriek of hate—half conscious still
 (Beneath the obsession of the will)
 Of all she was—before her death, her death!
 So hell boils over her, and she rages—
 It seems through countless ages—
 With all the vile abuse
 That had degraded Glasgow's grimiest stews,
 With all the knowledge of despair
 Striking me cunningly, striking everywhere,
 Mutilating the corpse of my dead love
 With such a savagery,
 Intensity above

All understanding, that it bleeds again—
As a corpse should bleed at the murderer's touch!
Then, not content, she must needs smutch
All my past purifying pain,
Turning all life to a thing fouler than
Aught yet imaginable to man!

Who asks me for my tears ?
She flings the body of our sweet dead child
Into my face with hell's own epitaph,
Profanes that shrine
Of infinite love and infinite loss,
My empty shrine, the one shrine undefiled,
My one close-claspèd cross—
And hers as much as mine!
Profanes it with a hideous laugh
And a lie flung with a curse ; and I must hear,
And must not stamp on the snake, because, forsooth,
This was my love, my peace, my faith, my truth,
The rosebud of my youth!
It was—it is not—it can never be.
This would corrupt God's body with a breath.
I see Him sicken and swoon ; I see Him rot
Through, though His tabernacle be
Eternity.
This makes a man catch hold of death
Greedily like a harlot in the street
That plucks by the arm some sot.
Death shakes me off with a hoarse curse.
Tied to this woman, his beneficence
Were too like heaven—and heaven's somehow to earn,
No doubt—no way that I know! Hell's enough,
If hell would only burn
And silence the one devil-word of love.

Ay! death slinks off.
I have a child that claims my life
To keep from knowledge of her mother's fate,
To keep from heritage thereof,
To shield from the world's scoff,

To watch, stamp out the seeds of madness in her.
 God! that hast held me back from hate,
 Be merciful to me a sinner,
 And ward me, warding her! As it is written :
 Excepting Adonai build the house, they labour
 In vain that build it. And again :
 Excepting Adonai keep the city,
 The watchman watcheth but in vain.
 God, if there be a God, be Thou my Neighbour;
 And if that God have pity, have Thou pity!
 For never man was smitten as I am smitten;
 Nor from Time's yesterday to Time's to-morrow
 Was there a sorrow like unto this sorrow!
 How many hours was Christ upon the Cross ?
 How many days in hell ? But I have hung
 From the day of infinite loss,
 Watching her degradation into dung
 Three years.
 Three years!
 And now who asks me to shed tears ?
 Let a man pierce my side,
 I warrant him nor blood nor water flows,
 But such a poison as Locusta never
 Distilled from toad, asp, viper, scorpion,
 Nightshade, gall, orpiment, Jews' hearts,
 Old woman's tongues, by monstrous arts ;
 But this my poison drips, without endeavour,
 From the mere soul of the world's rose!
 What alchemy of hell this ronyon
 Venus has skill of!

Wonder that I live!

This has been like a bag-pipe drone to wail
 Its monotone through high, low, fast and slow.
 It has been like a secret cancer,
 Forcing all servants of the life to give
 Their work to the usurper; all its themes assail
 The main word Life; they build their archipelago
 Of poison in each sea where life was holy,
 Their questions have no answer,
 But all's converted to the abominable

Soul-sickening thing that one is tied to. This is I
 Just as God is His Nature, wholly
 Involved therein, its tune, its motive, its quintessence.
 There were no meaning in Spring's aspen spell,
 Were man's sole treasury, the sky,
 Made bankrupt of His presence.
 Only, this God is a black fiend;
 Of blood, the babe's drink, weaned
 And fattened on—what liquor and meat? Unnameable
 By all the giant horrors that haunt hell!

These years I have watched her fade, my masterful love
 And all-embracing pity strove
 Like athletes in an amorous bout to make
 Some child to tread upon that snake.
 But ever the worm slipped, escaped; its spires
 Here crushed, there rose the stronger for the pressure
 That gave it purchase; keener flamed the fires
 In its eye triumphant. Now its soul asserts
 Its master-pleasure;
 The worm exerts
 Its adult might, and in one bout
 The spine snaps of that child of Love and Pity,
 And mangled he falls out
 Of the fight. Just so child Hercules
 Strangled two serpents in his pretty
 Red fists, achieved twelve labours, won to ease,
 And was done down to death and madness by
 The subtle poison that himself distilled.
 So all the God in life is chilled
 To a corpse. The informing one? God's a cast clout
 Of a leper! Leave me here, corruptest of earth's whores,
 To scrape my sores!

Cry like a dog and run about the city!
 There is no word left, now the deed is dead!
 No thought of her is in me; I am a stranger
 To all that dream of danger
 And bliss that Rose was. The green shoots
 Of life that spring in me are fed

Not even on the mire of her decay.
 They spring from other roots.
 Now I am cleansed of her, I am so to say
 A man part paralysed. One limb is dead
 In feeling as in motion. This remains
 To ask : Will all catch death—how soon ? This head
 Excites its miserable brains
 To think the word it knows by intellect
 To be the right word—pity! Then reflect :
 “ Pityful! pitiful! most pitiful!
 The pity of it! Think of the love past,
 Blossoms too beautiful!
 Think of the hardships conquered comrade-wise!
 Think of the babe and its most piteous end! ”—
 All these things sound like lies.
 I do not comprehend
 Anything of them—“ Pity! pity! pity! ”
 'Tis like the dripping of some stagnant rain
 From the housetops of a ruined city
 Upon the flagstones. Not one petal clings
 Upon the stalk of life or memory. Stain
 Not one pale thought with blushes; my soul's dead
 As a corpse flung out of the tideway on
 The stinking flats of London mud. The springs
 Are dry beyond appeal; dull grey like lead
 (And heavier) is my soul's carrion.
 If she came pleading now, pure, passionate, and sane,
 I would not take her back again.
 I am warned—that's one word. Let my own back feel
 the lash!
 All power of love is burnt right through to ash.
 Bray it in a mortar, mix with gall and ink,
 And give it to the children for a drink!

I'll wait till she is dead, to bring those tears.
 I doubt not in the garden of my heart
 Whence she is torn that flowers will bloom again.
 May those be flowers of weeping, flowers of art.
 Flowers of great tenderness and pain.
 Broad lilyed meers

Lying in a lonely leafless forest
Silent and motionless beneath the moon.
I feel my weakness, O thou soul that soarest
Into a heaven beyond imagining
On the unfaltering wing
Of the magic swan! I know this tune
Should swell to a strong note, a triumph note
Blared through a trumpet's throat
To tell the world I am no coward, or else
Sob in sweet minor, soft as Asmodel's
Chant to the nightingale. I am so wrecked, so rent,
That one seems brag, the other sentiment.

I cannot leave the present; I will not pose.
There lies the rotten rose
And stinks. That is the truth; the rest is gloss.
My loss was total loss.
So close that rose lay to my heart, its fall
Was the catastrophe of all.
Now call me callous! Pass me, prigs, and sneer
At the base soul that could not bear its cross!
I say that infinite loss is infinite loss,
That tears are trivial, tears are happiness,
That this blind ache is God's last punishment
For love; that all things in that one thing shent
Are damned, that had I loved her less
I could have prated in some honeyed strain,
Taking a subtle pleasure in my pain.
It is my bulk, the mass of my intent,
That makes the ruin abject. I had sung
Some partial earthquake; here the universe
Crashes with one great curse,
Whelming the singer and the song. My tongue
Is palsied; only this chaotic clash
Of curses echoes the dire crash.

And after all the roar, there steals a strain
At last of tuneless, infinite pain;
And all my being is one throb
Of anguish, and one inarticulate sob

Catches my throat. All these vain voices die,
And all these thunders venomously hurled
Stop. My head strikes the floor; one cry, the old cry,
Strikes at the sky its exquisite agony :
Rose! Rose o'th' World.'

Coulsdon Park.

THE SPRING OF DIRCE—3 . 3.

To

“ The Divine Oscar ”
—————

“ The purple pageant of my incommunicable woes ”
Was painted by the hand of gin-and-water on my nose.
The mellow gold that filters through my rich autumnal
style

Is minted in me by a superfluity of bile.
The feet of Christ I worship at appear so thin and pale
Because of all the skilly that I ate in Reading Gaol.

Paris.

KALI

There is an idol in my house
 By whom the sandal always steams.
 Alone, I make a black carouse
 With her to dominate my dreams.
 With skulls and knives she keeps control
 (O Mother Kali!) of my soul.

She is crowned with emeralds like leaves,
 And rubies flame from either eye;
 A rose upon her bosom heaves,
 Turquoise and lapislazuli.
 She hath a kirtle like a maid :—
 Amethyst, amber, pearl, and jade!

Her face is fashioned like a moon;
 Her breasts are tongues of pointed jet;
 Her belly of opal fairly hewn;
 And round about her neck is set
 The holy rosary, skull by skull,
 Polished and grim and beautiful!

This jewelled shape of gold and bronze
 Is seated on my bosom's throne;
 She takes my muséd orisons
 To her, to her, to her alone.
 Oh Kali, Kali, Kali, quell
 This hooded hate, O Queen of Hell!

Her ruby-studded brow is calm;
 Her eyes shine like some sleepy flood;
 Her breast is oliban and balm;
 Her tongue lolls out, a-dripping blood;
 She swings my body to and fro;
 She breaks me on the wheel of woe!

To her eternal rapture seems
Mere nature; underneath the crown
Of dusky emeralds there streams
A river of bliss to sluice me down
With blood and tears, to drown my thought,
To bring my being into naught.

The cruel teeth, the steady sneer,
The marvellous lust of her, I bring
Unto my body bright and clear
(Dropped poison in a water spring!)
To fill me with the utmost sense
Of some divine experience.

For who but she, the adulterous queen,
Made earth and heaven with all its stars,
The storm, the hunger epicene,
The raging at invisible bars,
The hideous cruelty of the whole?—
These are of Kali, O my soul!

The sterile force of bronze and gold
Bends to my passion, as it grips
With feverish claws the metal cold,
And burns upon the brazen lips
That, parted like a poppy bud,
Have gemméd curves like moons of blood.

The mazes of her many arms
Delude the eye; they seem to shift
As if they spelled mysterious charms
Whereby some tall grey ship should drift
Out to a windless, tideless sea
Motionless from eternity.

This then I seek, O woman-form!
O god embowelled in curves of bronze!
The shuddering of a sudden storm
To mix me with thy minions
The lost, who wait through endless night,
And wait in vain, to see the light.

For I am utterly consumed
 In thee, in thee am broken up.
 The life upon my lips that bloomed
 Is crushed into a deadly cup,
 Whose devilish spirit squats and gloats
 Upon the thirst that rots our throats.

Gape wide, O hideous mouth, and suck
 This heart's blood, drain it down, expunge
 This sweltering life of mire and muck!
 Squeeze out my passions as a sponge,
 Till naught is left of terrene wine
 But somewhat deathless and divine!

Not by a faint and fairy tale
 We shadow forth the immortal way.
 No symbols exquisitely pale
 Avail to lure the secrets grey
 Of his endeavour who proceeds
 By doing to abolish deeds.

Not by the pipings of a bird
 In skies of blue on fields of gold,
 But by a fierce and loathly word
 The abomination must be told.
 The holy work must twist its spell
 From hemp of madness, grown in hell.

Only by energy and strife
 May man attain the eternal rest,
 Dissolve the desperate lust of life
 By infinite agony and zest.
 Thus, O my Kali, I divine
 The golden secret of thy shrine!

Death from the universal force
 Means to the forceless universe
 Birth. I accept the furious course,
 Invoke the all-embracing curse.
 Blessing and peace beyond may lie
 When I annihilate the "I."

Therefore, O holy mother, gnash
Thy teeth upon my willing flesh!
Thy chain of skulls wild music clash!
Thy bosom bruise mine own afresh!
Sri Maharani! draw my breath
Into the hollow lungs of death!

There is no light, nor any motion.
There is no mass, nor any sound.
Still, in the lampless heart of ocean,
Fasten me down and hold me drowned
Within thy womb, within thy thought,
Where there is naught—where there is naught!
Kalighut.

A SLICE OF MORTADELLO
 (From the play so named.)

ALESSANDRO. Wen!
 Blotch! Bubo! Spider! Leech! Crab-apple! Wart!
Poor-john!
 Carbuncle!

MONICA. Chasten speech!
 (To MORTADELLO) What grief's his grievance on?

ALESSANDRO. Oh! I've no special grudge against the
filthy fellow,
 But if I were a judge, I'd shorten Mortadello!

MONICA. Oh! he's the best of men!

ALESSANDRO. To the manners of a flunkey
 He adds the brains of a hen, and the morals of a monkey.
 A pig is hardly as clean as he is, when he's sober—
 Which never falls between November and October.
 For vermin he's a rat, for greed a shark, for grace
 A duck, and lame at that, a mule for pride of race.
 The peacock's vanity, the jackdaw's perky pertness,
 The magpie's honesty, the tortoise's alertness;
 An elephant for hide, a spaniel for servility,
 A cockatoo for pride, a sheep for imbecility,
 For chastity a goat, for reticence a starling,
 And, as for stink, a stoat—and there you are, my
darling!
Café Riche, Paris.

ALMIRA
To Bertha Almira Bruce

Strong poison of thy mouth, my love, faint amber of thy
breath,
A fierce red wine that sucks me down a drunkard into
death.
Snake of my soul, thou leapest up to feed upon my brain
That thrills and sobs wild music to the murder-lust
refrain!
Come, there's a tent pitched on the sand; the camel-
bells ring clear;
The stars are violent like young suns—I will to have
thee here.
Why linger in the moody north? There's welcome in
the south.
Strong poison of thy mouth, my love, strong poison of
thy mouth.

Detroit, 1918.

EL FATIHAH*

(from the Arabic)

Praise be to Allah Lord of Heaven's array
Whose Faith shall save us on the Judgment Day!
We praise Thee gracious, Thee compassionate.
O keep us in the Way serene and strait!

O keep us in the Way of those who bless
Thy favour filling out their feebleness!
And keep us ever from the fatal way
Of those unhappy ones who go astray!

La Allah illa Allah; Mohammed
Rasul Allah!

*Change "Allah, Lord" to "Mary Queen" and "Faith" to "grace";
then it sounds perfectly good to Meriolelers.

REASONER AND RIMER

Who scientifically observes
 The solar plexus of the slug,
 Or Astacus, his gastric nerves,
 The flat flagella of the bug,
 Comes, so they say, at last to doubt
 If man has soul, or is but messes.
 The latter thesis, reasoned out;
 The former, mere romantic guesses!

A friend thus put it once to Kant :
 If I (the atheist) should rise
 Again, I have (you're bound to grant)
 A pleasure heightened by surprise.
 If not, no odds. But : Israfel
 Wakes *you* ? mere satisfaction's ointment.
 If not, you've wasted earth as well.
 Here, sorrow; and, there, disappointment.

Kant did not answer, they report.
 Demosthenes denounce a dolly ?
 One is not bound to make retort
 On fools according to their folly.
 If they are right, and filth is truth,
 When I am dead, I shall not know it.
 But while I live I keep my youth
 By being—in their teeth—a poet.

REASONER AND RIMER

P.S. 1943 e.v.
I have not died and gone to heaven;
I'm going strong at sixty-seven.

P.P.S.
Don't brag about your lease of luck,
Unless you want to come unstuck!
Hohenlauben Thuringia.

THE EYES OF PHARAOH

Dead Pharaoh's eyes from out the tomb
Burned like twin planets ruby-red.
Enswathed, enthroned, the halls of gloom
Echo the agony of the dead.

Silent and stark the Pharaoh sate :
No breath went whispering, hushed or scared.
Only that red incarnate hate
Through pylon after pylon flared.

As in the blood of murdered things
The affrighted augur shaking skries
Earthquake and ruinous fate of kings,
Famine and desperate destinies,

So in the eyes of Pharaoh shone
The hate and loathing that compel
In death each damnéd minion
Of Set, the accurséd lord of Hell.

Yea! in those globes of fire there sate
Some cruel knowledge closely curled
Like serpents in those halls of hate,
Palaces of the Underworld.

But in the hell-glow of those eyes,
The ashen skull of Pharaoh shone
White as the moonrays that surprise
The invoking Druse on Lebanon.

Moreover pylon shouldered round
To pylon an unearthly tune,
Like phantom priests that strike and sound
Sinister sistrons at the moon.

And death's insufferable perfume
Beat the black air with golden fans
As Turkis rip a Nubian's womb
With damascenéé yataghans.

Also the taste of dust long dead
Of ancient queens corrupt and fair
Struck through the temple, subtly sped
By demons dominant of the air.

Last, on the flesh there came a touch
Like sucking mouths and stroking hands
That laid their foul alluring smutch
Even to the blood's mad sarabands.

So did the neophyte that would gaze
Into dead Pharaoh's awful eyes
Start from incalculable amaze
To clutch the initiate's place and prize.

He bore the blistering thought aloft :
It blazed in battle on his plume :
With sage and warrior enfeoffed,
He rushed alone through tower and tomb

The myriad men, the cohorts armed,
Are shred like husks : the ensanguine brand
Leaps like a flame, a flame encharmed
To fire the pyramid heaven-spanned,

Wherein dead Pharaoh sits and stares,
Swathed in the wrappings of the tomb,
With eyes whose horror flits and flares
Like corpse-lights glimmering in the gloom.

THE EYES OF PHARAOH

75

Till all's a blaze, one roar of flame,
Death universal, locked and linked.
Aha ! one names the awful Name—
The twin red planets are extinct.

El Kahira.

THE BEAUTY AND THE BHIKKHU*
 A tale of the Tenth Impurity.
 (From the Pali)

Listen! The venerable monk pursued
 His path with downcast eyes; his thought revolved
 Ever in closer coils serenely screwed
 About the Tenth Impurity. Dissolved
 All vision of his being but of one
 Thing only, his sun-whitened skeleton.

A dainty lady sick of simple life,
 Chained to the cold couch of some vapid man,
 Put on her jewels, off the word of wife,
 Resolved to play the painted courtesan,
 So ran along the village path. Her laughter
 Wooed all the world to follow tumbling after.

Then when she met the venerable monk
 Her shamelessness desired a leprous wreath
 Of poisonous flowers, seducing him. He shrunk
 Back from her smile, seeing her close white teeth.
 Bones! he exclaimed. And, meditating that,
 From a mere Bhikkhu grew an Arahāt.

* One method of Buddhist meditation is to contemplate one's post-mortem appearance according to the manner of death: e.g. as drowned, burned, gnawed by wild beasts. The tenth and last of these is the skeleton. Bhikkhu—beggar, a member of the Buddhist "Order." "Arahāt": a 'perfected' man. Sloka—stanza.

Her husband found her gone, in fury followed
Lashing the pale path with his purple feet,
Heedless of stones and serpents. Hail! he holloaed
To the new Rahan whom he bowed to greet,
Kissing the earth : O holy master, say
If a fair female hath passed by this way !

The Bhikkhu blessed the irritated man.
Then the slow sloka serpentine began :
“ Friend! neither man nor woman owns
This being's high perception, owed
Only to Truth; nor beams nor stones
Support the Arahat's abode.

Who grasps one truth, beholds one light,
Becomes that truth, that light; discedes
From dark and deliquescent night,
From futile thoughts and fatuous deeds.
Your girl, your gems, your mournful tones
Irk not Perfection with their goad.
One thing I know—a set of bones
Is travelling on upon this road! ”

Kandy, Ceylon.

THE KING-GHOST*

The King-Ghost is abroad. His spectre legions
 Sweep from their icy lakes and bleak ravines
 Unto these weary and untrodden regions
 Where man lies penned among his Might-have beens.
 Keep us in safety, Lord,
 What time the King-Ghost is abroad!

The King-Ghost from his grey malefic slumbers
 Awakes the malice of his bloodless brain.
 He marshals the innumerable numbers
 Of shrieking shapes on the sepulchral plain.
 Keep us, for Jesu's sake,
 What time the King-Ghost is awake!

The King-Ghost wears a crown of hopes forgotten;
 Dead loves are woven in his ghastly robe;
 Bewildered wills and faiths grown old and rotten
 And deeds undared his sceptre, sword, and globe.
 Keep us, O Mary maid,
 What time the King-Ghost goes arrayed!

The Hell-Wind whistles through his plumeless pinons;
 Clanks all that melancholy host of bones;
 Fate's principalities and Death's dominions
 Echo the drear discord, the tuneless tones.
 Keep us, dear God, from ill,
 What time the Hell-Wind whistles shrill.

* Composed, mostly on horseback, on the journey from Teng Yueh to Meng-Tse.

The King-Ghost hath no music but their rattling;
No scent but death's grown faint and fugitive;
No light but this their leprous pallor battling
Weakly with night. Lord, shall these dry bones live ?
O keep us in the hour
Wherein the King-Ghost hath his power!

The King-Ghost girds me with his gibbering creatures,
My dreams of old that never saw the sun.
He shows me, in a mocking glass, their features,
The twin fiends " Might-have-been " and " Should-
have-done."
Keep us, by Jesu's ruth,
What time the King-Ghost grins the truth!

The King-Ghost boasts eternal usurpature;
For in this pool of tears his fingers fret
I had imagined, by enduring nature,
The twin gods " Thus-will-I " and " May-be-yet."
God, keep us most from ill,
What time the King-Ghost grips the will!

Silver and rose and gold what flame resurges ?
What living light pours forth in emerald waves ?
What inmost Music drowns the clamourous dirges ?
—Shrieking they fly, the King-Ghost and his slaves.
Lord, let Thy Ghost indwell,
And keep us from the power of Hell!
Amen.

BERI-BERI*

Blow the tom-tom, bang the flute!
 Let us all be merry!
 I'm a party with acute
 Chronic beri-beri.

Monday I'm a skinny critter
 Quite Félicien-Rops-y.
 Blow the cymbal, bang the zither!
 Tuesday I have dropsy.

Blow the tom-tom, bang the flute!
 Let us all be merry!
 I'm a party with acute
 Chronic beri-beri.

Wednesday cardiac symptoms come;
 Thursday diabetic.
 Blow the fiddle, strum the drum!
 Friday I'm paretic.

Blow the tom-tom, bang the flute!
 Let us all be merry!
 I'm a party with acute
 Chronic beri-beri.

From "Musa Medici" Several MSS missing, especially one of the best,
 of which remains only the Chorus: "

" Don't mix up Cancer of the Rec-tum-tum
 With car-ci-noma of the i-le-um !"

BERI-BERI

81

If on Saturday my foes
Join in legions serried,
Then, on Sunday, I suppose,
I'll be beri-buried!

Blow the tom-tom, bang the flute!
Let us all be merry!
I'm a party with acute
Chronic beri-beri.

The Inland Sea.

THE SEVENFOLD SACRAMENT

In eddies of obsidian
 At my feet the river ran
 Between me and the poppy-prankt
 Isle, with tangled roots embanked,
 Where seven sister poplars stood
 Like the seven Spirits of God.

Soft as silence in mine ear,
 The drone and rustle of the weir
 Told in bass the treble tale
 Of the embowered nightingale.
 Higher, on the patient river,
 Velvet lights without a quiver
 Echoed through their hushed rimes
 The garden's glow beneath the limes.
 Then the sombre village, crowned
 By the castellated ground
 Where, in cerements of sable,
 One square tower and one great gable
 Stood, the melancholy wraith
 Of a false and fallen faith.
 Over all, supine, enthralling,
 The young moon, her faint edge falling
 To the dead verge of her setting,
 Saintly swam, her silver fretting
 All the leaves with light. Afar
 Toward the Zenith stood a star,
 As of all worthiness and fitness
 The luminous eternal witness.

So silent was the night, that I
 Stirred the grasses reverently
 And hid myself. The garden's glow

Darkened, and all the gold below
Went out, and left the gold above
To its sacrament of love,
Save where, to sentinel my station,
Gold lilies bowed in adoration.
Had I not feared to move, I might
Have hid my shame from such a night !
Man is not worthy to intrude
His soullessness on solitude;
Yet God hath made it to befriend
Pilgrims, that His peace may pend,
A dove upon the dire and dark
Waters that assail the ark,
And lure their less love to His own.
Life is a song, a speech, a groan,
As may be; none of these have part
In the silence of His heart.

Lapsed in that unweaned air,
I awaited, unaware,
What might fall. The silence wrapped
Veil on veil about me, trapped
By the siren Night, whose words
Were the river and the birds.
So close it swaddled me, and bound
My being in the pure profound
Of its own stealthy intimacy,
Had Artemis come panting by,
Silver-shod with bow and quiver
Hunting along the reedy river,
And called me to the chase, I should
Have neither heard nor understood.
Or had Zeus his dangerous daughter,
Aphrodite, from the water
Risen all shining, her soft arms
Open, all her spells and charms
Melted to one lure divine
Of her red mouth pressed to mine,
I had neither heard nor seen

Nor felt the Idalian.

Between

My soul and all its knowledge of
 The universe of light and love,
 Thought, being, nature, time and space,
 The Mother's heart, the Father's face,
 All that was agony or bliss,
 Stretched an infinite abyss.
 All that behind me! but my soul,
 With no star left to point the pole,
 Witless and banned of grace or goal,
 Beggared of all its wealth, bereft
 Of all its images, unweft
 Its magic web, its tools all broken,
 Its Name forgot, its Word unspoken
 Widowed of its undying Lord,
 Its bowl of silver broke, its cord
 Of gold unloosed, its shining ladders
 Thrown down, its ears more deaf than adders,
 Its windows blind, its music stopped,
 From its place in Heaven dropped,
 From its starry throne was hurled
 Beyond the pillars of the world—
 Borne from the byss of light
 To the Dark Night!

The moon had sunk behind the tower
 When, for a moment, by the power
 Of nature, as even the eagle's eye
 Turns wearied from the sun, did I
 Fall from the conning-crag, that springs
 Above the Universe of Things,
 Into the dark impertinence
 Of the mirrored lies of sense;
 Yet, when I sought the stars to espy
 And see the runes of destiny,
 Mine eyes their wonted office failed,
 So diligently God had veiled
 Me from myself! I could not hear

The drone and rustle of the weir.
No help in that world or in this!
I was alone in the abyss.

No Whence! no Whither! and no Why!
Not even Who evokes reply.
No vision and no voice repay
My will to watch, my will to pray.
Vain is the consecrated vesture;
Vain the high and holy gesture;
Vain the proven and perfect spell
Enchanting heaven, enchaining hell.
Unyoked the horses from the car
Wherein I waged celestial war :
Mine angel sheathes again his sword
At the interdiction of the Lord.
Even hell is shut, lest spite and strife
Should show my soul a way to life.

Hope dies; faith flickers and is gone :
Love weeps, then turns its soul to stone.
All nearest, highest, holiest things
Drop off; the soul must lose her wings,
And, crippled, find, with no one clue
The infinite maze to travel through,
The goal unguessed, the path untrod,
And stand unhelmed, unarmed, unshod,
Naked before the Unknown God.
Oh! stertorous, oh! strangling strife
That cleaves to love, that clings to life!

The Will is broken, falls afar
Extinct as an accurséd star.
The self, one moment held behind,
Whirls like a dead leaf in the wind
Down the Abyss. The soul is drawn
To that Dark Night that is the dawn
Through halls of patience, palaces
Of ever deeper silences,
Aeons and aeons and aeons

Of lampless empyreans
Darker and deeper and holier, caves
Of night unstirred by wind, great graves
Of all that is or could ever be
In Time or Eternity.

Drawn, drawn, inevitably spanned,
Tirelessly drawn by some strange hand,
Drawn inward in some sense unkenned
Beyond all to an appointed end,
No end foreseen or hoped, drawn still
Beyond word or will
Into Itself, drawn subtly, deep
Through the dreamless deaths whose shadow is sleep,
Drawn, as dawn shows, to the inmost divine,
To the temple, the nave, the choir, the shrine,
To the altar where in the most holy cup
The wine of its blood may be offered up.

Nor is it given to any son of man
To hymn that Sacrament, the One in Seven,
Where God and priest and worshipper,
Deacon, asperger, thurifer, chorister,
Are one as they were one ere time began,
Are one on earth as they are one in heaven;
Where the soul is given a new name,
Confirming with an oath the same,
And with celestial wine and bread
Is most delicately fed,
Yet suffereth in itself the curse
Of the infinite universe,
Having made its own confession
Of the mystery of transgression;
Where it is wedded solemnly
With the ring of space and eternity,
And where the oil, the Holiest Breath,
With Its first whisper dedicateth
Its new life to a further death.

I was cold as earth : the night
Had given way. One star hung bright
Over the church, now gray;
I rose up to greet the ray
That thrilled through elm and chestnut, lit
The grass, made diamonds of it,
And bade the weir's long smile of spray
Leap with laughter for the day.
The birds woke over all the weald;
The sullen peasants slouched afield;
The lilies swayed before the breeze
That murmured matins in the trees;
The trout leapt in the shingly shallows.
Soared skyward the great sun, that hallows
The pagan shrines of labour and light
As the moon consecrates the night.
Labour is corn and love is wine,
And both are blesséd in the shrine;
Nor is he for priest designed
Who partakes only in one kind.

Thus musing joyous, twice across
Under the weir I swam, to toss
The spray back; then the meadows claim
The foot's fleet ecstasy aflame.
And having uttered my thanksgiving
Thus for the sacrament of living,
I lit my pipe, and made my way
To breakfast, and the labour of the day.

Montigny-sur-Loing.

FORTY YEARS ON
To
Angela Constadine

The Jobbers are fatter and older;
The lounges are notably shabbier;
The weather, if anything, colder,
The residents duller and flabbier;
The music more raucous and louder,
The eating appallingly heartier,
The waiters pathetically prouder,
The tarts quite a little bit tartier;
The road-hog more pushingly present,
The bill less addicted to fact :
Yes, Brighton is rather less pleasant—
Thank goodness, the Sea is intact.

The Birdcage, Brighton, May '37.

DIONYSUS

I bring ye wine from above,
From the vats of the storied sun;
For every one of ye love,
And life for every one.
Ye shall dance on hill and level;
Ye shall sing in hollow and height
In the festal mystical revel,
The rapturous Bacchanal rite!
The rocks and trees are yours,
And the waters under the hill,
By the might of that which endures,
The holy heaven of will!
I kindle a flame like a torrent
To rush from star to star;
Your hair as a comet's horrent,
Ye shall see things as they are!
I lift the mask of matter;
I open the heart of man;
For I am of force to shatter
The cast that hideth—Pan!
Your loves shall lap up slaughter,
And dabbled with roses of blood
Each desperate darling daughter
Shall swim in the fervid flood.
I bring ye laughter and tears,
The kisses that foam and bleed,
The joys of a million years,
The flowers that bear no seed.
My life is bitter and sterile,
Its flame is a wandering star.
Ye shall pass in pleasure and peril
Across the mystical bar
That is set for wrath and weeping

DIONYSUS

Against the children of earth;
But ye in singing and sleeping
Shall pass in measure and mirth!
I lift my wand and wave you
Through hill to hill of delight :
My rosy rivers lave you
In innermost lustral light.
I lead you, lord of the maze,
In the darkness free of the sun;
In spite of the spite that is day's
We are wed, we are wild, we are one
Shigar Baltistan.

IN MY HAREM
to
L. H. and N. S.

A room I dare scarce wag a limb in!
Damn these respectable women!
Give me the ocean to swim in!

Pah! how they try to amuse me,
Conscientiously bite me and bruise me :—
Nobody guesses what woos me.

Passion—their lamps only splutter!
Mustard is better than butter;
Give me a girl from the gutter!

Hope has completed its ebbing.
You spiders with obvious webbing!
Love “ by the book ”—of Krafft-Ebing!

I love them? God rack 'em and rot 'em!
When I drew them, the pencil would spot 'em,
Expose the respectable bottom!

Nubians love on the level,
Black as the heart of the Devil,
Savage and sumptuous revel!

Purple as a plum, the intruder!
Lewd as a monkey and lewder!
Stark as the desert that spewed her!

Have you no beauty to storm us,
Monsters wry-moulded, enormous,
Pesth, Paphos, Paris, Panormus?

Rotten with drink and diseases,
Crazy with drugs—ah, my thesis
Proves but too clearly what pleases.

I, being God in simplicity,
Lust after all eccentricity,
Wallow in death and lubricity.

You, you keep bowling full-pitches!
Damn all these amateur bitches!
Give me my old riding-breeches!

Fontainebleau.

SARCOMA OF THE TIBIA

to

Dr. James Fordyce, 1916.

Whether we freeze in arctic snows,
Or swelter on the sands of Libya,
We all are liable, God knows,
To get sarcoma of the tibia.

From the far rock-bound coast of Maine
To the seclusion of Point Loma,
Uncounted citizens complain
Their tibias have got sarcoma.

Prognosis—easy; death's the tip.
Treatment—still simpler, one may well swear.
We lop the leg off at the hip,
And—wait for the sarcoma elsewhere!

To cheer the patient : “ the Earth spins
Through seasons warm and seasons chilly.
Sooner or later, for your sins,
You die of something just as silly.”

New York.

SUNSET OF ROMANCE
to
Dridi Salah ben Mohammed

Oh to be twenty again!
To suffer the shame and the pain
Of raging surrender
To supple and tender
Embraces that stagger the brain!

Oh to be twenty again!
To be able to dream that the strain
Of sobs and caresses
Is solace and stresses,
Not merely—dead leaves in the rain!

Oh to be twenty again!
I have all things whereof I am fain,
But—can I believe that
This love will inweave that
Old web of desire not in vain?

In the moment when self should be slain,
Thoughts jar—the old cynic is sane!
My rapture is mirthless;
My wisdom is worthless—
Oh to be twenty again!

Tunis.

THE JEALOUS* PATRIOT
(non angeli, sed Angli!)

England, my birthright! Savagely I scourge
 Smug piety and surly discontent,
 The stubborn stupor of the Government,
 The palsy of the people. The slow surge
 Of cave-bound seas! With bloodied whips I urge
 The hounds of satire and invective, vent
 Indignant shrewish spleen. All song is spent
 Thriftless, a dull unprofitable dirge.

“Jealous,” Time’s slur on “zealous.” Dourly fond,
 In the dumb core of my strong soul respond
 Silences sacred beyond speech or token,
 Sacred to Love : mine England, thou art mine,
 I thine, the secret of the midmost shrine,
 The God unguessed-at, and the Word unspoken.
Richmond, Surrey.
 May 10, '42.

* “Jealous” : see Skeat, Etymological Dictionary.

WHITE HOPE
to
The Spirit of Democracy

I'm the ponce of a punk
With syphilis rotten;
My parents were drunk
When I was begotten.
From him I got gout,
From her I got phthisis;
From both, never doubt,
The gamut of vices.
I was born in a slum;
I was bred in a brothel;
For milk I had rum;
For meat I had offal.

The pious, the wise,
Who are living in clover,
Show the whites of their eyes :—
They expect to discover
(Accounting the taint
Of my being as zero)
The soul of a saint
In the frame of a hero.

London.

THE TENT

Only the stars endome the lonely camp,
Only the desert leagues encompass it;
Waterless wastes, a wilderness of wit,
Embattled Cold, Imagination's Cramp.
Now were the Desolation fain to stamp
The congealed Spirit of Man into the pit,
Save that, unquenchable because unlit,
The Love of God burns steady, like a Lamp.

It burns! beyond the sands, beyond the stars.
It burns! beyond the bands, beyond the bars.
And so the Expanse of Mystery, veil by veil,
Burns inward, plume on plume still folding over
The dissolved heart of the amazed lover—
The angel wings upon the Holy Grail!
W'ain t' Aissha.

VERSES FOR AN ANTICHRISTMAS CARD.
 To Frieda Harris

“No, George Bubb Doddington Lord Melcombe, no!”

Browning.

John Hampden was a country squire,
 A rurdy and a stuggèd nature :
 He did not pull a secret wire
 Against the royal usurpature.

By time-servers, who talked of tact,
 He was not mentally befogged;
 In history he had found one fact:
 “If you’re not doggèd, you’ll be dogg’d.”

The effort not to give offence
 To the naice mains of Chipping Campden
 Leads not to earthly eminence—
 Or to the heaven of John Hampden!
Chipping Campden.

HAPPY DUST.
For Margot.

Snow that fallest from heaven, bear me aloft on thy wings
To the domes of the star-girdled Seven, the abode of
ineffable things,
Quintessence of joy and of strength, that, abolishing
future and past,
Mak'st the Present an infinite length, my soul all-One
with the Vast,
The Lone, the Unnameable God, that is ice of His
measureless cold,
Without being or form or abode, without motion or
matter, the fold
Where the shepherded Universe sleeps, with nor sense
nor delusion nor dream,
No spirit that wantons or weeps, no thought in its silence
supreme.
I sit, and am utterly still; in mine eyes is my fathomless
lust
Ablaze to annihilate Will, to crumble my being to dust,
To calcine the dust to an ash, to burn up the ash to an air,
To abolish the air with the flash of the final, the fulminant
flare.
All this I have done, and dissolved the primordial germ
of my thought;
I have rolled myself up, and revolved the wheel of my
being to Naught.
Is there even the memory left? That I was, that I am?
It is lost.
As I utter the Word, I am cleft by the last swift spear of
the frost.
Snow! I am nothing at last; I sit, and am utterly still;
They are perished, the phantoms, and past; they were
born of my weariness-will

When I craved, craved being and form, when the con-
 sciousness-cloud was a mist
 Precursor of stupor and storm, when I and my shadow
 had kissed,
 And brought into life all the shapes that confused the
 clear space with their marks,
 Vain spectres whose vapour escapes, a whirlwind of
 ruinous sparks,
 No substance have any of these; I have dreamed them in
 sickness of lust,
 Delirium born of disease—ah, whence was the master,
 the “ must ”
 Imposed on the All?—is it true, is it true, then, that
 something in me
 Is subject to fate? Are there two, are there two, after all,
 that can be?
 I have brought all that is to an end; for myself am suffic-
 ient and sole.
 Do I trick myself now? Shall I rend once again this
 homologous Whole?
 I have stripped every garment from space; I have
 strangled the secret of Time,
 All being is fled from my face, with Motion's inhibited
 rime.
 Still and stiller I sit, till even Infinity fades;
 'Tis an idol—'tis weakness of wit that breeds, in inanity,
 shades!
 Yet the fullness of Naught I become, the deepest and
 steadiest Naught,
 Contains in its nature the sum of the functions of being
 and thought.
 Still as I sit, and destroy all possible trace of the past,
 All germ of the future, nor joy nor knowledge alive at the
 last,
 It is vain, for the Silence is dowered with a nature, the
 seed of a name:
 Necessity, fearfully flowered with the blossom of possible
 Aim.
 I am Necessity? Scry Necessity mother of Fate!
 And Fate determines me “ I ”; and I have the Will to

create.

Vast is the sphere, but it turns on itself like the pettiest
star.

And I am the looby that learns that all things equally are.
Inscrutable Nothing, the Gods, the cosmos of Fire and
of Mist.

Suns, atoms, the clouds and the clods ineluctably dare
to exist—

I have made the Voyage of Thought, the Voyage of Vision,
I swam

To the heart of the Ocean of Naught from the source of
the Spring of I am :

I know myself wholly the brother alike of the All and the
One;

I know that all things are each other, that their sum and
their substance is None;

But the knowledge itself can excel, its fulness hath broken
its bond;

All's Truth, and all's falsehood as well, and—what of the
region beyond ?

So, still though I sit, as for ever, I stab to the heart of my
spine;

I destroy the last seed of endeavour to seal up my soul
in the shrine

Of Silence, Eternity, Peace; I abandon the Here and the
Now;

I cease from the effort to cease, I absolve the dead I from
its Vow,

I am wholly content to be dust, whether that be a mote
or a star,

To live and to love and to lust, acknowledge what seem
for what are,

Not to care what I am, if I be, whence I came, whither go,
how I thrive,

If my spirit be bound or be free, save as Nature contrive.
What I am, that I am, 'tis enough. I am part of a glorious
game.

Am I cast for madness or love ? I am cast to esteem them
the same.

Am I only a dream in the sleep of some butterfly ?

Phantom of fright
Conceived, who knows how, or how deep, in the measure-
less womb of the night ?
I imagine impossible thought, metaphysical voids that
beget
Ideas intangible wrought to things less conceivable yet.
It may be. Little I reck—but, assume the existence of
earth,
Am I born to be hanged by the neck, a curse from the
hour of my birth ?
Am I born to abolish man's guilt ? His horrible heritage,
awe ?
Or a seed in his wantonness spilt by a jester ? I care not
a straw,
For I understand Do what thou wilt; and that is the whole
of the Law.

LOGOS

Out of the night forth flamed a star—mine own!
Now seventy light-years nearer as I urge
Constant mine heart through the abyss unknown,
Its glory my sole guide while spaces surge
About me. Seventy light-years! As I near
That gate of light that men call death, its cold
Pale gleam begins to pulse, a throbbing sphere,
Systole and diastole of eager gold,
New life immortal, warmth of passion bleed
Till night's black velvet burn to crimson. Hark !
It is Thy voice, Thy word, the secret seed
Of rapture that admonishes the dark.
Swift ! By necessity most righteous drawn,
Hermes, authentic augur of the dawn !
Netherwood, The Ridge, Hastings.
1946.

THE BABOON

I wish I had a curly tail
To swing myself from bough to bough
With sleek companions fair and frail
To share my daily chow.

Had I four hands instead of two,
What fun inventing an excuse
Just twice as ample as I do
For letting them hang loose !

I would I had an orange fur,
And two big bare blue moons behind,
Both cosier and comelier
Than mine unhappy kind !

What boon has man to brag about
Of evolution— bay the moon !
No boon so blessed—never doubt !—
As being a ba-boon.

Tolga.

THE CAMEL

The camel has been badly treated
By certain literary snobs.
I know four camels that competed
Successfully for cushy jobs.
The first incessantly excreted
A breath so absolutely fetid
It massacred the Boche in mobs.
The second signally defeated
The Huns by hurling at them heated
Fragments of porcelain poker-knobs.
The third so cunningly secreted
Such pathos in the songs he bleated
That storming parties shook with sobs.
The fourth relentlessly repeated
My rimes until he had unseated
The reason of the dirty swabs.
Apply a fresh coat of enamel
To the escutcheon of the camel !

Rawal Pindi..

“CANOE SONG”*

“We have heard in Barietha that there are thirteen sections seen, and they all proceed from those thirteen fountains of excellent oil of the parts of the most holy beard of the Ancient of the Ancient Ones.”

Idra Rabba Qadisha xi. 237.

“The nose of the most holy Ancient One of Days is life in every part : it is that Nose that is above all Noses, the Nose which is not a Nose.”

Ib. x. 201.

“Yod of the Most Holy Ancient One, of Arikh Anpin, of Macroprosopus the Vast Countenance, *non homo, sed vero mentula magna minax yod detegitur.*”

Siphra Dzenioutha II 37.

Macroprosopus has got a long beard,
O with what excellent oil it is smeared !
I've got a beard just as greasy as He—
Macroprosopus has nothing on me.
Nothing on me ! Nothing on me !
Macroprosopus has nothing on me.

Macroprosopus has got a long nose.
How it exults in the Mystical Rose !
My little nose can smell a.b.c.d.
Macroprosopus has nothing on me—
Nothing on me ! Nothing on me !
Macroprosopus has nothing on me.

* This is sung to the tune of “I am so glad that Our Father in Heaven.”

CANOE SONG

107

Macroprosopus has got a long yodh.
God help Tebunah when He turns it on !
I've got a yodh with a kick like a gee :
Macroposopus has nothing on me—
Nothing on me ! Nothing on me !
Macroprosopus has nothing on me.

Oesopus Island, Hudson River, N.Y.

EPITHALAMIUM INSTEAD OF A PRESENT

Dear Pamela Joan, I am not
 The unspeakable cad you suppose;
 But my memory isn't so hot
 Since the un-lucky day when I got
 A bump (I was put on the spot)
 On the tip of my elegant nose
 From a man I considered a blot
 On the earth; but I gave him a lot
 Of what he admitted was what;
 And they left him, a carcass, to rot
 Where the angry old Red River flows.
 So that explains why I forgot
 To salute you in suitable prose
 With a sunburst of brilliants—oh not
 Alone, but suspended from rows
 Of pearls, a ten-thousand ton yacht,
 And the horns of a moose that I shot
 In the savage Canadian snows,
 And (*quelle autre paire de bottes !*)
 A basket of pears bergamot,
 Stuffed dates (from the edge of a chott)
 Paw-paw, mangosteen and a pot
 Of the very best 'Atr of Rose—
 This is getting too damned polyglot;
 But I always was fond of exot-
 ic kickshaws, as every one knows.
 Now I'm getting tied up in a knot
 With my rimes—I'm a silly old sot—
 So this is the moment to close
 With all the best blessings that ever
 were known—
 Here is my heart to you, Pamela Joan!
Maidenhead.

AT TOUGGOURT

If I could pinch a diamond
Of perfect water, big enough,
I would immediately abscond
With the proceeds; I'd swill and stuff
Here in the Desert far beyond
Civilization's blatant bluff;
And listen all day to the gruff
Old bull-frogs flopping in the pond.

THE RETURN OF MESSALINA

From the marsh of the Maremma the malaria is drawn
By the gray and chilly breezes of the autumn and the
dawn.

In the silence as we shiver who is yonder that we see
With her hair fallen loose about her, with the stole about
her knee ?

All her flesh is loose and fallen, and her eyes are wet and
wild,

And she staggers as she wallows like a woman big with
child.

How she gasps and stares about her! How she shivers!
Are the hosts

Of her lovers there to haunt her, life's lupanar thick with
ghosts ?

How her teeth are clenched with horror! How her lips
are curled and wried,

As she staggers to the palace, weary and unsatisfied!

Surely I have done the utmost! (all the daemon in her
wails)

Is it spirit that disdains me ? Is it only flesh that fails ?

Did Danae win to slumber at the thrust of grievous gold ?

Did the Bull bring Pasiphae to the palace of the cold ?

Could the sea avail to Sappho drifting dead upon the
foam ?

What shall save me, Messalina, save the majesty of Rome?

Shall I wreck my life with roses, hurt my flesh with flames
and rods ?

All is vain! for I have conquered both the mortals and
the Gods.

In the garden of Priapus, in the land of lost desire,
I have made myself a monster, and my soul a snake of fire.

Ho! it stings me! Ho! it poisons! all the flesh is branded
 through.
 Branded with the steel of Vulcan, with the lava's deadly
 dew.
 All the kisses of the satyr, all the punishments of Pan,
 All Eros hath given of arrows to the eyes of maid and man,
 At their lips and lives I suffered—I have borne me as a
 queen :
 Hear the roar of after aeons that acclaim me Messaline!
 Woe is me! the waves of ages—icier, icier as they roll—
 May not cover up my stature, may not quench this
 devil-soul.

Here's the palace. I must enter sly and secret as a thief.
 I would rather blazon, blazon, this my night beyond belief!
 I, a worn Suburrian Venus reeking with a fouler foam,
 Sucked within me in the darkness the virility of Rome.
 Now's the light, the light accurséd : I must get me to
 the feast,
 Stupefy this Panic spirit, throw a posset to the beast.
 —Hail, ye Gods ! ye Gods infernal ! here salutes ye
 Hercules !
 I am come to bring my spirit free of ye and forth of these.
 I am Orpheus ! I will charm ye, bring Eurydice to light—
 Ah, my lords ! Alas the omen ! Who shall turn me all
 to right ?
 Who of all our proud Olympus shall avail me or befriend ?
 Ah, my lords ! but I am weary.
 See ye any one the end ?

Nay! we saw her grope and stumble for the secret
 sidelong door,
 Lift the latch with trembling fingers, pass within and be
 no more.
 There we stood and worshipped sadly (for the cry had
 touched us home),
 Worshipped till the gray was azure as the sun rekindled
 Rome.

L' ETINCELLE

Hommes de coeur, jamais battus,
 Hommes d'honneur, relevons-nous!
 Trahis, meutris, foulés par terre,
 Bah! la première plaie de la guerre!
 Tenons! c'est l'aube de la gloire!
 Brille, soleil de la victoire!
 Tous, en avant! Bannière, avance!
 Haut, ferme, fort! Vive la France!

Traîtres, à mort! Couards, à mort!
 Au vent l'essor du tricolore!
 Marchons (chargeons, brisons, moulons)
 A la revanche, au châtement!
 Balayons, au néant sans fin,
 Les barbares, les assassins!
 Tous, en avant! Bannière, avance!
 Haut, ferme, fort! Vive la France!

Libres, égaux, frères français,
 Français vainqueurs à tout jamais!
 Les fourbes lâches écrasons!
 Exterminons le vil tyran!
 Hommes de coeur, hommes de gloire,
 Hommes d'honneur, à la victoire!
 Tous, en avant! Bannière, avance!
 Haut, ferme, fort! Vive la France!
Querouaille, Bretagne.

THE SECRET

To
Rudolf Steiner

Beneath the vine-tree and the fig
Where mortal cares may not intrude,
Although their brains are bright and big,
On melon and on sucking-pig
Banquet the Great White Brotherhood.

Pupils of stamina and speed,
Fast as they learn, would learn still faster.
So (with meek diffidence indeed!)
The three Apprentices agreed
To ask His secret of the Master.

With the aplomb and savoir faire
Peculiar to Eastern races,
He took the Secret than and there,
(*What*, is not lawful to declare)
And thrust it rudely in their faces.

“A filthy insult!” screamed the first;
The second smiled: “Ingenious blind!”
The youngest neither blessed nor cursed,
Contented to believe the worst—
That He had spoken all His mind.

The second earned the name of prig;
The first, the epithet of prude;
The third, as merry as a grig,
On melon and on sucking-pig
Feasts with the Great White Brotherhood.
Hermitage, Moscow.

SONG OF THE REGULAR FELLOW

The Bon Vivant

In order not to give offence, I'll
 Pretend to swallow Jonah's whale
 With my intelligence prehensile,
 Exactly like a monkey's tail.

To-day, regardless of expense, I'll
 Go hunting for the Holy Grail,
 With my intelligence prehensile,
 Exactly like a monkey's tail.

With unremitting diligence, I'll
 Go salmon-trawling in a pail,
 With my intelligence prehensile,
 Exactly like a monkey's tail.

The Sportsman.

By hollow and on eminence, I'll
 Pursue the fox by hill and dale
 With my intelligence prehensile,
 Exactly like a monkey's tail.

From England's spiritually dense isle
 For cleaner climates let me sail,
 With my intelligence prehensile,
 Exactly like a monkey's tail.

In all Australia's immense isle
 I find no noble peak to scale
 With my intelligence prehensile,
 Exactly like a monkey's tail.

SONG OF THE REGULAR FELLOW 115

It makes so little difference, I'll
Buy neckties at a Bargain Sale
With my intelligence prehensile,
Exactly like a monkey's tail.

The Philosopher.

With amber, musk and frankincense, I'll
Call up the demons of the gale
With my intelligence prehensile,
Exactly like a monkey's tail.

Like every man of common sense, I'll
Consume my share of cakes and ale
With my intelligence prehensile,
Exactly like a monkey's tail.

If I should suffer flatulence, I'll
Exhale, inhale, exhale, inhale
With my intelligence prehensile,
Exactly like a monkey's tail.

I'm stiff with non-belligerence; I'll
Go ride my mother on a rail
With my intelligence prehensile,
Exactly like a monkey's tail.

I'll booze, and bash the cops, and thence I'll
To cooler, magistrate, and jail
With my intelligence prehensile
Exactly like a monkey's tail.

All over the place in a canoe.

LA GITANA

Your hair was full of roses in the dewfall as we danced,
 The sorceress enchanting and the paladin entranced,
 In the starlight as we wove us in a web of silk and steel
 Immemorial as the marble in the halls of Boabdil,
 In the pleasance of the roses with the fountains and the
 yews

Where the snowy Sierra soothed us with the breezes and
 the dews!

In the starlight as we trembled from a laugh to a caress,
 And the God came warm upon us in our pagan allegresse.
 Was the Baile de la Bona too seductive? Did you feel
 Through the silence and the softness all the tension of the
 steel?

For your hair was full of roses, and my flesh was full of
 thorns,

And the midnight came upon us worth a million crazy
 morns.

Ah! my Gipsy, my Gitana, my Saliya! were you fain
 For the dance to turn to earnest? —O the sunny land of
 Spain!

My Gitana, my Saliya! more delicious than a dove!
 With your hair aflame with roses and your lips alight with
 love!

Shall I see you, shall I kiss you once again? I wander far
 From the sunny land of summer to the icy Polar Star.

I shall find you, I shall have you! I am coming back again
 From the filth and fog to seek you in the sunny land of
 Spain.

I shall find you, my Gitana, my Saliya! as of old
 With you hair aflame with roses and your body gay with
 gold.

I shall find you, I shall have you, in the summer and the
south

With our passion in your body and our love upon your
mouth—

With our wonder and our worship be the world aflame
anew!

My Gitana, my Saliya! I am coming back to you !
On the way to Granada.

THE BEAN PEDLAR

I do not envy any man;
 But if I did, 'twere him whose will is
 To take an old petroleum can
 And a supply of beans and chillies,
 And set a trelliswork of palm
 Beside the public way, and squat there
 All day in charitable calm
 For passers by to sniff the pot there
 Bubbling and steaming, as they stop,
 Salaam, and pass the time o' day,
 And gorge a plateful while they chop
 Small talk, and go their lazy way,
 A *sou* the poorer. Happy man!
 He guesses not what harsh and knavish
 Woes went to make that old tin can
 Among those mercenary slavish
 Mongrels across the Atlantic waves
 Before it reached his green oasis
 Where Frenchmen are the only slaves,
 Thanks to the Bureaucratic basis!
 Allah! Give me an old tin can
 And a supply of beans and chillis,
 And I shall be a happy man
 Whose way is even as his will is.
Palm Groves below Nefta.

THANATOS BASILEOS

The Serpent dips his head beneath the sea
His mother, source of all his energy
Eternal, thence to draw the strength he needs
On earth to do indomitable deeds
Once more; and they, who saw but understood
Naught of his nature of beatitude
Were awed: they murmured with abated breath;
Alas the Master; so he sinks in death.
But whoso knows the mystery of man
Sees life and death as curves of one same plan.

Netherwood, The Ridge, Hastings.
1946.

THE GARDEN OF JANUS

The cloud my bed is tinged with blood and foam.
 The vault yet blazes with the sun
 Writhing above the West, brave hippodrome
 Whose gladiators shock and shun
 As the blue night devours them, crested comb
 Of sleep's dead sea
 That eats the shores of life, rings round eternity!

So, he is gone whose giant sword shed flame
 Into my bowels; my blood's bewitched;
 My brain's afloat with ecstasy of shame.
 That tearing pain is gone, enriched
 By his life-spasm ; but he being gone, the same
 Myself is gone,
 Sucked by the dragon down below death's horizon.

I woke from this. I lay upon the lawn;
 They had thrown roses on the moss
 With all their thorns; we came there at the dawn,
 My lord and I; God sailed across
 The sky in's galleon of amber, drawn
 By singing winds,
 While we wove garlands of the flowers of our minds.

All day my lover deigned to murder me,
 Linking his kisses in a chain
 About my neck; demon-embroidery!
 Bruises like far-off mountains stain
 The valley of my body of ivory!
 Then last came sleep.
 I wake, and he is gone; what should I do but weep ?

Nay, for I wept enough—more sacred tears!—
When first he pinned me, gripped
My flesh, and as a stallion that rears,
Sprang, hero-thewed and satyr-lipped;
Crushed, as a grape between his teeth, my fears;
Sucked out my life
And stamped me with the shame, the monstrous word of
wife.

I will not weep; nay, I will follow him.
Perchance he is not far,
Bathing his limbs in some delicious dim
Depth, where the evening star
May kiss his mouth, or by the black sky's rim
He makes his prayer
To the great serpent that is coiled in rapture there.

I rose to seek him. First my footsteps faint
Pressed the starred moss; but soon
I wandered, like some sweet sequestered saint,
Into the wood, my mind. The moon
Was staggered by the trees; with fierce constraint
Hardly one ray
Pierced to the rugged earth about their roots that lay.

I wandered, crying on my Lord. I wandered,
Eagerly seeking everywhere.
The stores of life that on my lips he squandered
Grew into shrill cries of despair,
Until the dryads frightened and dumfounded
Fled into space—
Like to a demon-king's was grown my maiden face!

At last I came unto the well, my soul.
In that still glass, I saw no sign
Of him, and yet—what visions there uproll
To cloud that mirror-soul of mine?
Above my head there screams a flying scroll
Whose word burnt through
My being as when stars drop in black disastrous dew.

For in that scroll was written how the globe
Of space became; of how the light
Broke in that space and wrapped it in a robe
Of glory; of how One most white
Withdrew that Whole, and hid it in the lobe
Of his right Ear,
So that the Universe one dewdrop did appear.

Yea! and the end revealed a word, a spell,
An incantation, a device
Whereby the Eye of the Most Terrible
Wakes from Its wilderness of ice
To flame, whereby the very core of hell
Bursts from its rind,
Sweeping the world away into the blank of mind.

So then I saw my fault; I plunged within
The well, and brake the images
That I had made, as I must make—Men spin
The webs that snare them—while the knees
Bend to the tyrant God, or unto Sin
The lecher sunder!
Ah! came that undulant light from over or from under ?

It matters not. Come, change! Come, woe! Come,
mask!
Drive Light, Life, Love into the deep!
In vain we labour at the loathsome task,
Not knowing if we wake or sleep;
But in the end we lift the pluméd casque
Of the dead warrior;
Find no chaste corpse therein, but a soft-smiling whore.

Then I returned into myself, and took
All in my arms, God's universe :
Crushed its black juice out, while His anger shook
His dumbness pregnant with a curse.
I made me ink, and in a little book
I wrote one word
That God himself, the adder of Thought, had never heard.

It detonated. Nature, God, mankind
Like sulphur, nitre, charcoal, once
Blended, in one annihilation blind
Were rent into a myriad of suns.
Yea! all the mighty fabric of a Mind
Stood in the abyss,
Belching a Law for That more awful than for This.

Vain was the toil. So then I left the wood
And came unto the still black sea,
That oily monster of beatitude!
(Hath Thee for Me, and Me for Thee!)
There as I stood, a mask of solitude
Hiding a face
Wried as a satyr's, rolled that ocean into space.

Then did I build an altar on the shore
Of oyster-shells, and ringed it round
With star-fish. Thither a green flame I bore
Of phosphor foam, and strewed the ground
With dew-drops, children of my wand, whose core
Was trembling steel
Electric that made spin the universal Wheel.

With that a goat came running from the cave
That lurked below the tall white cliff.
Thy name! cried I. The answer that he gave
Was but one tempest-whisper—"If!"
Ah, then! his tongue to his black palate clave;
For on Soul's curtain
Is written this one certainty that naught is certain!

So then I caught that goat up in a kiss,
And cried Io Pan! Io Pan! Io Pan!
Then all this body's wealth of ambergris
(Narcissus-scented flesh of man!)
I burnt before him in the sacrifice;
For he was sure—
Being the Doubt of Things, the one thing to endure!

Wherefore, when madness took him at the end,
He, doubt-goat, slew the goat of doubt;
And that which inward did for ever tend
Came at the last to have come out;
And I who had the World and God to friend
Found all three foes!
Drowned in that sea of changes, vacancies, and woes!

Yet all that Sea was swallowed up therein;
So they were not, and it was not.
As who should sweat his soul out through the skin
And find (sad fool!) he had begot
All that without him that he had left in,
And in himself
All he had taken out thereof, a mocking elf !

But now that all was gone, great Pan appeared.
Him then I strove to woo, to win,
Kissing his curled lips, playing with his beard,
Setting his brain a-shake, a -spin,
By that strong wand, and muttering of the weird
That only I
Knew of all souls alive or dead beneath the sky.

So still I conquered, and the vision passed.
Yet still was beaten, for I knew
Myself was He, Himself, the first and last;
And as an unicorn drinks dew
From under oak-leaves, so my strength was cast
Into the mire;
For all I did was dream, and all I dreamt desire.

More; in this journey I had clean forgotten
The quest, my lover. But the tomb
Of all these thoughts, the rancid and the rotten,
Proved in the end to be my womb
Wherein my Lord and lover had begotten
A little child
To drive me, laughing lion, into the wanton wild!

This child hath not one hair upon his head,
But he hath wings instead of ears.
No eyes hath he, but all his light is shed
Within him on the ordered spheres
Of nature that he hideth; and instead
Of mouth he hath
One minute point of jet; silence, the lightning path!

Also his nostrils are shut up; for he
Hath not the need of any breath;
Nor can the curtain of eternity
Cover that head with life or death.
So all his body, a slim almond tree,
Knoweth nor bough
Nor branch nor twig, nor bud, from never until now.

This thought I bred within my bowels, I am.
I am in him, as he in me;
And like a satyr ravishing a lamb
So either seems, or as the sea
Swallows the whale that swallows it, the ram
Beats its own head
Upon the city walls, that fall as it falls dead.

Come, let me back unto the liliated lawn!
Pile me the roses and the thorns
Upon this bed from which he hath withdrawn!
He may return. A million morns
May follow that first dire daemonic dawn
When he did split
My spirit with his lightnings and enveloped it!

So I am stretched out naked to the knife,
My whole soul twitching with the stress
Of the expected yet surprising strife,
A martyrdom of blessedness.
Though Death came, I could kiss him into life;
Though Life came, I
Could kiss him into death, and yet nor live nor die!

Yet I that am the babe, the sire, the dam,
Am also none of these at all;
For now that cosmic chaos of I AM
Bursts like a bubble. Mystical
The night comes down, a soaring wedge of flame
Woven therein
To be a sign to them who yet have never been.

The universe I measured with my rod.
The blacks were balanced with the whites;
Satan dropped down even as up soared God;
Whores prayed and danced with anchorites.
So in my book the even matched the odd;
No word I wrote
Therein, but sealed it with the signet of the goat.

This also I seal up. Read thou herein
Whose eyes are b'ind! Thou may'st behold
Within the wheel (that always seems to spin
All ways) a point of static gold.
Then may'st thou out therewith, and fit it in
That extreme sphere
Whose boundless farness makes it infinitely near.
Soria—*Da'leh-ad-din*,
(A mountain near Bou-Saada).

COLOPHON

HYMN TO PAN

Thrill with lissome lust of the light,
 O man! My man!
 Come careering out of the night
 Of Pan! Io Pan!
 Io Pan! Io Pan! Come over the sea
 From Sicily and from Arcady!
 Roaming as Bacchus, with fauns and pards
 And nymphs and satyrs for thy guards,
 On a milk-white ass, come over the sea
 To me, to me,
 Come with Apollo in bridal dress
 (Shepherdess and pythoness)
 Come with Artemis, silken shod,
 And wash thy white thigh, beautiful God,
 In the moon of the woods, on the marble mount,
 The dimpled dawn of the amber fount!
 Dip the purple of passionate prayer
 In the crimson shrine, the scarlet snare,
 The soul that startles in eyes of blue
 To watch thy wantonness weeping through
 The tangled grove, the gnarléd bole
 Of the living tree that is spirit and soul
 And body and brain—come over the sea,
 (Io Pan! Io Pan!)
 Devil or god, to me, to me,
 My man! my man!
 Come with trumpets sounding shrill
 Over the hill!
 Come with drums low muttering
 From the spring!
 Come with flute and come with pipe!

HYMN TO PAN

Am I not ripe ?
 I, who wait and writhe and wrestle
 With air that hath no boughs to restle
 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 the 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, maenad, man,
 In the might of Pan.
 Io Pan! Io Pan Pan! Pan! Io Pan!

Moscow.