

# THE HERMIT

## AN ATTACK ON BARBERCRAFT

AT last an end of all I hoped and feared !  
Muttered the hermit through his elfin beard.

Then what art thou ? the evil whisper whirred.  
I doubt me sorely if the hermit heard.

To all God's questions never a word he said,  
But simply shook his venerable head.

God sent all plagues ; he laughed and heeded not ;  
Till people took him for an idiot.

God sent all joys ; he only laughed amain,  
Till people certified him as insane.

But somehow all his fellow-lunatics  
Began to imitate his silly tricks.

And stranger still, their prospects so enlarged  
That one by one the patients were discharged.

## THE EQUINOX

God asked him by what right he interfered ;  
He only laughed into his elfin beard.

When God revealed Himself to mortal prayer  
He gave a fatal opening to Voltaire.

Our hermit had dispensed with Sinai's thunder,  
But on the other hand he made no blunder ;

He knew (no doubt) that *any* axiom  
Would furnish bricks to build some Donkeydom.

But !—all who urged that hermit to confess  
Caught the infection of his happiness.

I would it were my fate to dree his weird ;  
I think that I will grow an elfin beard.

SCANS FROM ALEISTER CROWLEY'S

# THE EQUINOX

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