

AS IN A GLASS, DARKLY

THERE is a silent wood, where swart flowers lift
 Insolent heads in purple savagery,
 Sullenly brooding by a soundless sea.
There the drugged winds for ever change and shift,
Charged with barbaric incenses that sift
 Languid with sleep from tree to shadowed tree.
 Where did I breathe that air? Where did I see
That wood beside the lake where slow winds drift?

I am quick with flickering fantasies to-night
 Meshed in the quivering fabric of my soul
 Like tremulous visions of another sphere.
O heart, are they sick memories of delight
 Lost long ago? Or glimpses of a goal
 That I shall win after long pain and fear?

SCANS FROM ALEISTER CROWLEY'S
THE EQUINOX

More at <https://keepsilence.org/the-equinox>

This work made possible by donations from:

Ordo Templi Orientis

AMeTh Lodge
London UK

Horizon Lodge
Seattle WA

Nicholaus Gentry

Michael Effertz

Stewart Lundy

סְתוּר

IAO131

Connor Smith

Scott Kenney

John MacDonald

Lutz Lemke

Fr. I.V.I.V.I.

Keith Cantú

Alan Willms

Mark Todd

Adam Vavrick

Vinicius de Mesquita

Michael Schuessler

Mark Dalton

Dean Ellis

Kjetil Fjell

Lilith Vala Xara

Abigail I. Habdas

Tony Iannotti

Jay Lee

Robin Bohumil

Enatheleme & Egeira

Giovanni Iannotti, Ph.D.

Collegium ad Lux et Nox

Arcanum Coronam

Igor Bagmanov

Amber Baker

crescente mutatio.

James Strain

Shaun Dewfall

Eris Concordia

If you would like to contribute please visit:
<https://keepsilence.org/the-equinox/donate.html>