

## THE PRIESTESS OF PANORMITA

HEAR me, Lord of the Stars !  
For thee I have worshipped ever  
With stains and sorrows and scars,  
With joyful, joyful endeavour.  
Hear me, O lily-white goat !  
O crisp as a thicket of thorns,  
With a collar of gold for Thy throat,  
A scarlet bow for Thy horns !

Here, in the dusty air,  
I build Thee a shrine of yew.  
All green is the garland I wear,  
But I feed it with blood for dew !  
After the orange bars  
That ribbed the green west dying  
Are dead, O Lord of the Stars,  
I come to Thee, come to Thee crying.

The ambrosial moon that arose  
With breasts slow heaving in splendour  
Drops wine from her infinite snows  
Ineffably, utterly, tender.

## THE EQUINOX

O moon! ambrosial moon!  
Arise on my desert of sorrow  
That the magical eyes of me swoon  
With lust of rain to-morrow!

Ages and ages ago  
I stood on the bank of a river  
Holy and holy and holy, I know,  
For ever and ever and ever!  
A priest in the mystical shrine,  
I muttered a redeless rune,  
Till the waters were redder than wine  
In the blush of the harlot moon.

I and my brother priests  
Worshipped a wonderful woman  
With a body lithe as a beast's,  
Subtly, horribly human.  
Deep in the pit of her eyes  
I saw the image of death,  
And I drew the water of sighs  
From the well of her lullaby breath.

She sitteth veiled for ever  
Brooding over the waste.  
She hath stirred or spoken never.  
She is fiercely, manly chaste!  
What madness made me awake  
From the silence of utmost eld  
The grey cold slime of the snake  
That her poisonous body held?

## THE PRIESTESS OF PANORMITA

By night I ravished a maid  
From her father's camp to the cave.  
I bared the beautiful blade ;  
I dipped her thrice i' the wave ;  
I slit her throat as a lamb's,  
That the fount of blood leapt high  
With my clamorous dithyrambs  
Like a stain on the shield of the sky.

With blood and censer and song  
I rent the mysterious veil :  
My eyes gaze long and long  
On the deep of that blissful bale.  
My cold grey kisses awake  
From the silence of utmost eld  
The grey cold slime of the snake  
That her beautiful body held.

But—God ! I was not content  
With the blasphemous secret of years ;  
The veil is hardly rent  
While the eyes rain stones for tears.  
So I clung to the lips and laughed  
As the storms of death abated,  
The storms of the greivous graft  
By the swing of her soul unsated.

Wherefore reborn as I am  
By a stream profane and foul  
In the reign of a Tortured Lamb,  
In the realm of a sexless Owl,

## THE EQUINOX

I am set apart from the rest  
By meed of the mystic rune  
That reads in peril and pest  
The ambrosial moon—the moon!

For under the tawny star  
That shines in the Bull above  
I can rein the riotous car  
Of galloping, galloping Love;  
And straight to the steady ray  
Of the Lion-heart Lord I career,  
Pointing my flaming way  
With the spasm of night for a spear!

O moon! O secret sweet!  
Chalcedony clouds of caresses  
About the flame of our feet,  
The night of our terrible tresses!  
Is it a wonder, then,  
If the people are mad with blindness,  
And nothing is stranger to men  
Than silence, and wisdom, and kindness?

Nay! let him fashion an arrow  
Whose heart is sober and stout!  
Let him pierce his God to the marrow!  
Let the soul of his God flow out!  
Whether a snake or a sun  
In his horoscope Heaven hath cast,  
It is nothing; every one  
Shall win to the moon at last.

## THE PRIESTESS OF PANORMITA

The mage hath wrought by his art  
A billion shapes in the sun.  
Look through to the heart of his heart,  
And the many are shapes of one!  
An end to the art of the mage,  
And the cold grey blank of the prison!  
An end to the adamant age!  
The ambrosial moon is arisen.

I have bought a lily-white goat  
For the price of a crown of thorns,  
A collar of gold for its throat,  
A scarlet bow for its horns.  
I have bought a lark in the lift  
For the price of a butt of sherry:  
With these, and God for a gift,  
It needs no wine to be merry!

I have bought for a wafer of bread  
A garden of poppies and clover;  
For a water bitter and dead  
A foam of fire flowing over.  
From the Lamb and his prison fare  
And the owl's blind stupor, arise!  
Be ye wise, and strong, and fair,  
And the nectar afloat in your eyes!

Arise, O ambrosial moon  
By the strong immemorial spell,  
By the subtle veridical rune  
That is mighty in heaven and hell!

## THE EQUINOX

Drip thy mystical dew  
On the tongues of the tender fauns  
In the shade of initiate yews  
Remote from the desert dawns!

Satyrs and Fauns, I call.  
Bring your beauty to man!  
I am the mate for ye all;  
I am the passionate Pan.  
Come, O come to the dance  
Leaping with wonderful whips,  
Life on the stroke of a glance,  
Death in the stroke of the lips!

I am hidden beyond,  
Shed in a secret sinew  
Smitten through by the fond  
Folly of wisdom in you!  
Come, while the moon (the moon!)  
Sheds her ambrosial splendour,  
Reels in the redeless rune  
Ineffably, utterly, tender!

Hark! the appealing cry  
Of deadly hurt in the hollow:—  
Hyacinth! Hyacinth! Ay!  
Smitten to death by Apollo.  
Swift, O maiden moon,  
Send thy ray-dews after;  
Turn the dolorous tune  
To soft ambiguous laughter!

## THE PRIESTESS OF PANORMITA

Mourn, O Mænads, mourn !  
Surely your comfort is over :  
All we laugh at you lorn.  
Ours are the poppies and clover !  
O that mouth and eyes,  
Mischievous, male, alluring !  
O that twitch of the thighs  
Dorian past enduring !

Where is wisdom now ?  
Where the sage and his doubt ?  
Surely the sweat of the brow  
Hath driven the demon out.  
Surely the scented sleep  
That crowns the equal war  
Is wiser than only to weep—  
To weep for evermore !

Now, at the crown of the year,  
The decadent days of October,  
I come to thee, God, without fear ;  
Pious, chaste, and sober.  
I solemnly sacrifice  
This first-fruit flower of wine  
For a vehicle of thy vice  
As I am Thine to be mine.

For five in the year gone by  
I pray Thee give to me one ;  
A lover stronger than I,  
A moon to swallow the sun !

## THE EQUINOX

May he be like a lily-white goat  
Crisp as a thicket of thorns,  
With a collar of gold for his throat,  
A scarlet bow for his horns !

ELAINE CARR.



SCANS FROM ALEISTER CROWLEY'S  
**THE EQUINOX**

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