

THE DREAMER

IN the grey dim Dawn where the Souls Unborn
May look on the Things to Be ;
A tremulous Shade, a Thing Unmade,
Stood Lost by the silent Sea;
And shuddering fought the o'erwhelming thought
Of Its own Identity.

Is the frenzied form that derides the storm
A ghost of the days to Be ?
And the restless wave but the troubled grave
Of Its own dread Imagery ?
Or merely a wraith cast up without faith
From the jaws of a Phantom Sea ?

To his Love Unborn in that grey dim Dawn
Did the Shade of the Dreamer flee ;
Nor marked he the Flood where the Vision had stood
Which mocks for Eternity.
For the Soul he would wed was the Hope that had fled
In the battle with Destiny.

ETHEL ARCHER.

SCANS FROM ALEISTER CROWLEY'S
THE EQUINOX

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