

CIRCE

HER mouth a rosebud of delight,
 Low-laughing 'mid the languid curls,
Whose kissing cadence seems to cite
The rhythmic melody of Night.

Her hair a saraband where whirls
A wanton witch, whose perfumes smite
The shuddering air ; a summer night
 Where summer lightning darts and curls.

Her soul a Parian marble shrine,
 Centred in lily-cups that fold
 Their carven petals, smooth and cold,
Far o'er a lake of frozen wine—
 Yet deep within whose inmost fold
 Sleepeth a snake : the crystal brine
Of endless sorrow seals his shrine ;
 Wiser than Sin is he, so old !

ETHEL ARCHER.

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>