

⊙EAHMA

A TONE-TESTAMENT  
BY  
LEILA WADDELL

## HOMAGE PRELIMINARY

LIFE that is lost in dullard  
Dreams of the senses, go!  
Life, by the soul fair-coloured,  
Thy valiant trumpets blow!

Far from the world where love is lust,  
And work is pain, and wealth is dust,  
Rise on the wings of love, and soar  
To the sun's self, the eternal shore  
Where flaming streamers soar and roll,  
Angels to guard its secret soul,  
The Garden where my love and I  
May walk to all eternity.  
Who dares to force the fiery gate  
May win our world inviolate.  
Children whose hearts are passionate;  
Maidens whose flesh is fair and fain,  
And men whose souls no senses stain,  
Come! These mad miles of flame of ours  
Are cool as springs and fresh as flowers.

## THE EQUINOX

And thou, sole star in my black firmament!

Thou, night that wraps me close, thou, moon that  
glimmers

Chaste, yet embraced, serenest element

Lapping my life as the sea laps a swimmer's ;  
Thou, by whose strength and purity and love  
I leave this land, attain to the above,

Come thou rose-red, break on my soul like dawn

And gild my peaks, and bid their fountains flow ;  
For in thine absence all their life withdrawn  
Congealed my being to a sterile snow,  
Snow fallen from some accursèd star to ban  
All the high hope and heritage of man.

Come thou, a gleaming goddess of pure pearl,

Price of mine homage to the great glad god !  
Come, saint and satyr praise alike the girl  
Who to my whole life put the period  
Of all fulfilment, whose prophetic breath  
Girds me with life, and garlands me with death.

Come, be thy magic in the rime and rhythm,

Until the sea sways to the tender tune,  
And the winds whisper, and the leaves wave with them,  
The leaves wherethrough we look upon the moon,  
So that men hear me of the world within  
Secure from sorrow, sanctified from sin,

## HOMAGE PRELIMINARY

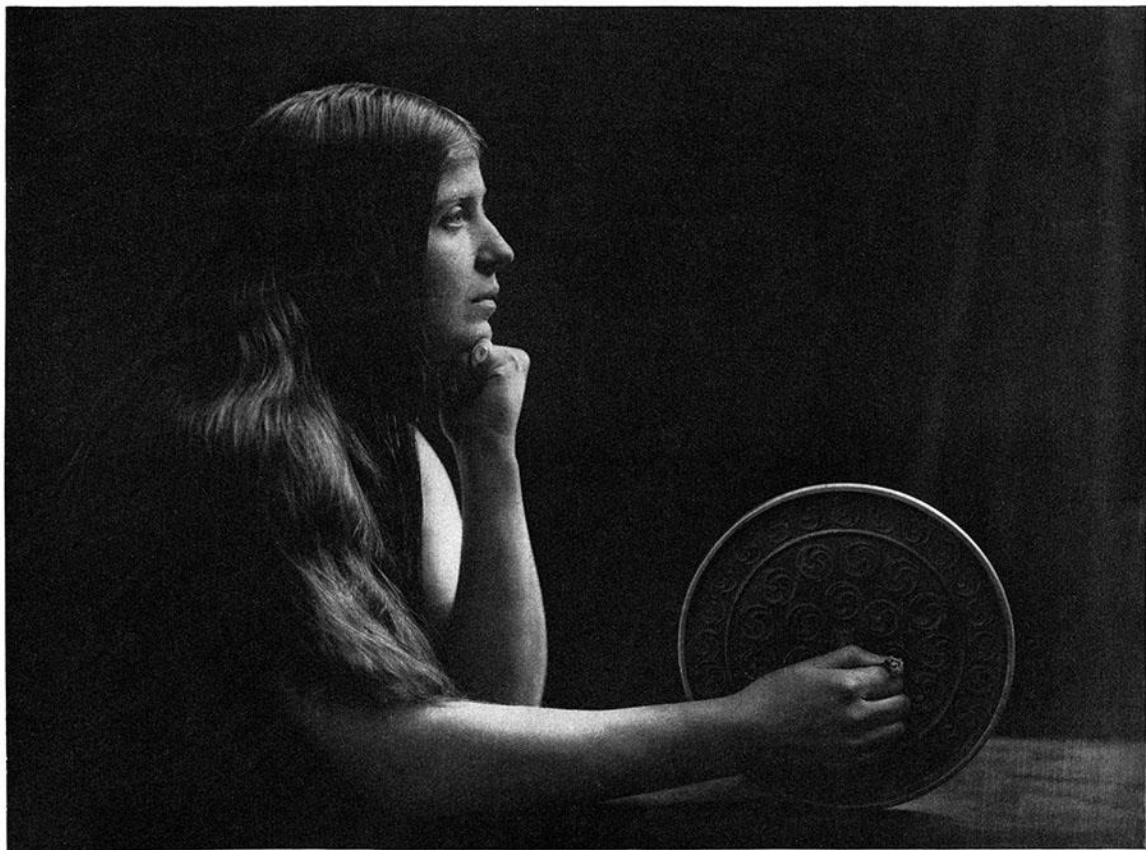
The world of stranger deities and loves  
Than haunted Ida, or were hidden in  
The Cretan bowers, the Eleusinian groves,  
A world that trembles on thy violin,  
Eager to be—and then the curtain drops  
Just as thy music, with my heart's pulse, stops.

Nay! To this world of ours they shall not reach.  
My rimes are shadows dancing in the breeze  
By moonlight; there is no delight in speech  
Such as the silence of our own heart's ease;  
But even thy shadow is itself a sun  
To the bleak universe of Everyone.

Then open sesame! The fairy cavern  
Of gold and gems, strange land of misty truth,  
As witches' eyes in a polluted tavern  
Glow with the vampire vanity of youth  
Stolen from maids, so let thine own eyes shine  
In this fantastic mystery of thine!

Thine eyes are love and truth and loyalty;  
Thine eyes are mystery unveiled to one.  
Let them ray forth incarnate deity  
Fit to assoil the eclipse-attainted sun!  
Let them point still my weather-beaten soul  
Infallibly the pathway of the pole!

ALEISTER CROWLEY.



*Andante con moto.*

*mp*

*cres.*

*f*

*tr*

*dim. e rit.*

*a tempo.*

*mp*

*f* *mp* *f* *f*

*tr* *tr* *tr* *tr* *Allegro.*  
*accel.*

*tr* *tr* *tr* *tr*  
*sempre f*

*poco piu moderato.*

*rit.*

*f*

*tr*

*tr*

*ff*







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

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