

[DAVID HAMISH JENKINS, a native of Merthyr Tydfil, originally studied painting, and produced several excellent pictures. At the age of twenty-one he took up the study of the classics, and occupied the position of classical master at several public schools. Whilst in London he met Aleister Crowley, whose poetical works had a great charm for him. Jenkins was a prolific writer, but unfortunately, little of his work was published before his death at the early age of thirty-three. He died in March 1911, mourned by a large circle of friends. E. W.]

## TO PERSIS

### I

CHILD—forgive me if I call thee child—  
The weight of my mortality in years,  
I reckon not, but tribulations wild,  
With stormy battle, stress of life and fears.  
I see thee once again athwart the mist  
Of Time, and past the wane of many moons  
Not changed, with still a change—the same, I wist,  
Yet not—as purest daylight's change from noon.

### II

I then beheld thee with thy tresses rolled  
In darkling curls and masses long adown :  
A child thou wert, in maiden's youthful mould,  
With childhood's pensive magic round thee thrown.

## THE EQUINOX

To see thee changed, ah! 'tis a sign of Time's  
Unending, ceaseless march. You come again  
With those thick dusky masses coiled betimes  
And coiled around thy head in plait and chain.

### III

'Tis but a trifling change—a petty pace,  
But fraught with all the force of Yet To Be :  
For to mine eyes thy simple act of grace  
Is one step onward, whither no one can see—  
A little further to the Great Unknown  
By ways where Life's Periodics plants her rood  
The Living Progress landmarks all alone,  
Soon passed :—thou reachest on to Womanhood !

### IV

Fair—God grant that it be fair—thy world !  
With influence of Goodness shed around.  
Far from thee may the tongue of Spite uncurl  
With venom'd spleen, and vicious raucous sound !  
Have mercy, God ! I am not proud, not proud !  
But all my pent-up wrath I pour on Spite.  
It is enough ! forgive these murmurings loud  
Against the Powers and Majesties of Night.

## L'ENVOI

Good child, you will again depart—Fates weave their spell,  
All hail ! God-speed ! May God be with you ! and—Farewell !

D. HAMISH JENKINS.

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

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