

AT SEA

As night hath stars, more rare than ships
 In ocean, faint from pole to pole,
So all the wonder of her lips
 Hints her innavigable soul.

Such lights she gives as guide my bark ;
 But I am swallowed in the swell
Of her heart's ocean, sagely dark,
 That holds my heaven and holds my hell.

In her I live, a mote minute
 Dancing a moment in the sun :
In her I die, a sterile shoot
 Of nightshade in oblivion.

In her my self dissolves, a grain
 Of salt cast careless in the sea ;
My passion purifies my pain
 To peace past personality.

Love of my life, God grant the years
 Confirm the chris—rose to rood !
Anointing loves, asperging tears
 In sanctifying solitude !

AT SEA

Man is so infinitely small
 In all these stars, determinate.
Maker and moulder of them all,
 Man is so infinitely great!
 ALEISTER CROWLEY.

SCANS FROM ALEISTER CROWLEY'S
THE EQUINOX

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