

THRENODY

POETS die because they find
 Words too petty to express
All the things they have in mind.
 Rime and rhythm only dress
 All their naked loveliness.

Poets die because their love
 Grows too great for life to stem ;
Death alone can soar above
 Limits that encircle them.

Poets die because—but why
 Should divine ones be divined ?
Let the sleeping secret lie !
It suffices—poets die.

SCANS FROM ALEISTER CROWLEY'S
THE EQUINOX

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