

HYMN TO PAN

ἔφριξ' ἔρωτι περιαρχῆς δ' ἀνεπτόμαν
ἰὼ ἰὼ πᾶν πᾶν
ὦ πᾶν πᾶν ἀλιπλαγκτε, κυλλανίας χιονοκτύπου
πετραίας ἀπὸ δειράδος φάνηθ', ὦ
θεῶν χοροποί' ἀναξ

SOPH. *Aj.*

THRILL with lissome lust of the light,
O man! My man!
Come careering out of the night
Of Pan! Io Pan!
Io Pan! Io Pan! Come over the sea
From Sicily and from Arcady!
Roaming as Bacchus, with fawns and pards
And nymphs and satyrs for thy guards,
On a milk-white ass, come over the sea
To me, to me,
Come with Apollo in bridal dress
(Shepherdess and pythoness)
Come with Artemis, silken shod,
And wash thy white thigh, beautiful God,
In the moon of the woods, on the marble mount,
The dimpled dawn of the amber fount!
Dip the purple of passionate prayer
In the crimson shrine, the scarlet snare,
The soul that startles in eyes of blue
To watch thy wantonness weeping through
The tangled grove, the gnarlèd bole

THE EQUINOX

Of the living tree that is spirit and soul
And body and brain—come over the sea,
(Io Pan! Io Pan!)
Devil or god, to me, to me,
My man! my man!
Come with trumpets sounding shrill
Over the hill!
Come with drums low muttering
From the spring!
Come with flute and come with pipe!
Am I not ripe?
I, who wait and writhe and wrestle
With air that hath no boughs to nestle
My body, weary of empty clasp,
Strong as a lion and sharp as an asp—
Come, O come!
I am numb
With the lonely lust of devildom.
Thrust thy sword through the galling fetter,
All-devourer, all-begetter;
Give me the sign of the Open Eye,
And the token erect of thorny thigh,
And the word of madness and mystery,
O Pan! Io Pan!
Io Pan! Io Pan Pan! Pan Pan! Pan,
I am a man:
Do as thou wilt, as a great god can,
O Pan! Io Pan!
Io Pan! Io Pan Pan! I am awake
In the grip of the snake.
The eagle slashes with beak and claw;

HYMN TO PAN

The gods withdraw:
The great beasts come, Io Pan! I am borne
To death on the horn
Of the Unicorn.
I am Pan! Io Pan! Io Pan Pan! Pan!
I am thy mate, I am thy man,
Goat of thy flock, I am gold, I am god,
Flesh to thy bone, flower to thy rod.
With hoofs of steel I race on the rocks
Through solstice stubborn to equinox.
And I rave; and I rape and I rip and I rend
Everlasting, world without end,
Mannikin, maiden, mænad, man,
In the might of Pan.
Io Pan! Io Pan Pan! Pan! Io Pan!

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>