

For Karl Gromer's copy

## A CONJURATION OF THE ELEMENTS

Aiwaz! confirm my troth with Thee,  
my will inspire  
With secret sperm of subtle, free,  
creating Fire!  
Mould Thou my very flesh as Thine,  
renew my birth  
In childhood merry as divine, en-  
chanted Earth.  
Dissolve my rapture in Thine own, a  
sacred slaughter  
Whereby to capture and atone the  
soul of Water.  
Fill Thou my mind with gleaming thought  
intense and rare  
To One refined, outflung to Naught,  
the Word of Air.  
Most, bridal bound; my quintessential  
form thus freeing  
From self, be found One Selfhood blent  
in Spirit-Being!

## THE INSENSITIVE

Tread on my heart more firmly, O Lord God.

Express a vintage wine of nobler song.

The world needs Beauty for its thin grey blood

Famished for Love too fiercely and too long.

Mine be the vigour to bid rapture bloom

Upon Earth's breast, and flourish in Her womb.

Plunge venom in my heart, so poignant pangs

That every pulse of life and death is mine.

Distil their essence through infernal fangs

For me to make into the soul of wine:

To be—to love—to understand it all,

One Magick mighty and majestic .

Intensify this intimate communion,

This interplay of all things to Delight,

This absolute abandon of the union

Of all the Corybantic Choir of Night.

See on the crest of Love's colossal flood,

The Universe goes swooning into God.

*← could say please*

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For S. J. Yokes copy

### THE HERMIT

This is the Wisdom of the Wilderness  
That all the ghosts that haunt the minds of men  
May not endure the Silence, and the stress  
Of vastness, and the chaste kiss of the wind.

In these huge wastes of Sun and Sand, Life knows  
Naught besides Death, and Love, his procuress.  
The Soul immune from all the Shadow-Shows  
Goes on its unmapped way, affirms its Yes •

← stop please

By deep indifference, and solemn deed.  
In utter darkness, utterly content,  
Casting forth freely its mysterious seed,  
Careless, contemptuous of the Event  
To work thy will, unmindful of success:  
This is the wisdom of the Wilderness.

For S. J. Goshen copy

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## A MEDITATION UPON GAYATRI

Aum. That Savitri worshipful,  
Thy light divine I meditate.  
Enlighten Thou my mind. Abate  
Greed, hate and dullness. Truth annul,

Change, sorrow, emptiness: instil  
Bliss, Wit and Being. Let my Will

Go its one way to its one goal  
All one with its one source—my Soul.

Word in pure Silence consummate,  
Will its attainment fixed in Fate,

Way perfectly achieved by Rest,  
Wealth by pure Poverty possessed,

Wisdom complete by stilling thought  
And All identical with Naught.

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## HYMN TO TAHUTI

Silence: I utter the Creative Breath,  
The Word against the Son of Night,  
The Truth of Life against the Lie of Death,  
The Modes of measured Might,  
The Wisdom of the twofold phrase,  
The Root of Throbbing Energy-Delight,  
The Shaking of the Viewless Void of Space,  
The Making manifest of Mother-Mass,  
The Piercing of the Coils of Apophrass,  
The Breaking-forth of Light.

At the ending of the Light,  
At the limits of the Night,  
Stood Tahuti in the presence of the Unborn Sons of Time.  
Then appeared the Universe;  
Then came forth its Ministers,  
The Immortal Gods, the Aeons of the Bournless and Sublime.  
Then the Voices shook to flame,  
Then was heralded the Name.  
Lo, upon the Timeless Threshold of the Cosmos and the Womb,  
In the sign of Wonder whirled  
Stood He, as before Him hurled  
Aeon after Aeon, thundered, lapsed in immemorial doom.  
Them is symbols did He state,  
Them in breath did He vibrate,  
For between the Light and Darkness did He stand and arbitrate.

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## HYMN TO TAHUTI

For the Creative Breath,  
Against the Son of Night,  
Life against the Lie of Death,  
Of measured Might,  
Of the twofold phrase,  
Throbbing Energy-Delight,  
Of the Viewless Void of Space,  
Manifest of Mother-Mass,  
Of the Coils of Apophrass,  
Worth of Light.

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## CRADLE SONG

Slumber, my soul, a little while,  
The butterfly may fold its wings.  
Soften thy silence with a smile,  
But brood not on the truth of things.

"A little while." What words to thee,  
Thou ended never nor begun.  
To thee, to sleep is not to be,  
To be and not to be are one.

Or was it that thy dreams create  
These wheel of mystery that revolve 5  
Under the force of Chance or Fate?  
And at thy waking they dissolve.

My soul, thou hast not wit nor care  
If all exists, if all that shews  
Be, how things came or how they fare,  
If all the riot be repose.

Thou art in all, no soul apart,  
And all in thee eternal springs;  
Nothing can be save that thou art.  
Naught move save Light-waves of thy wings.

Thou sleep. 'Tis mind that sleeps or dies,  
I? But a tear thou hast loved to weep.  
It wearies me to be so wise—  
Watch thou. I turn my face to sleep.

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## ELEGY

*(Written in a country farmyard, May 1, 1944.)*

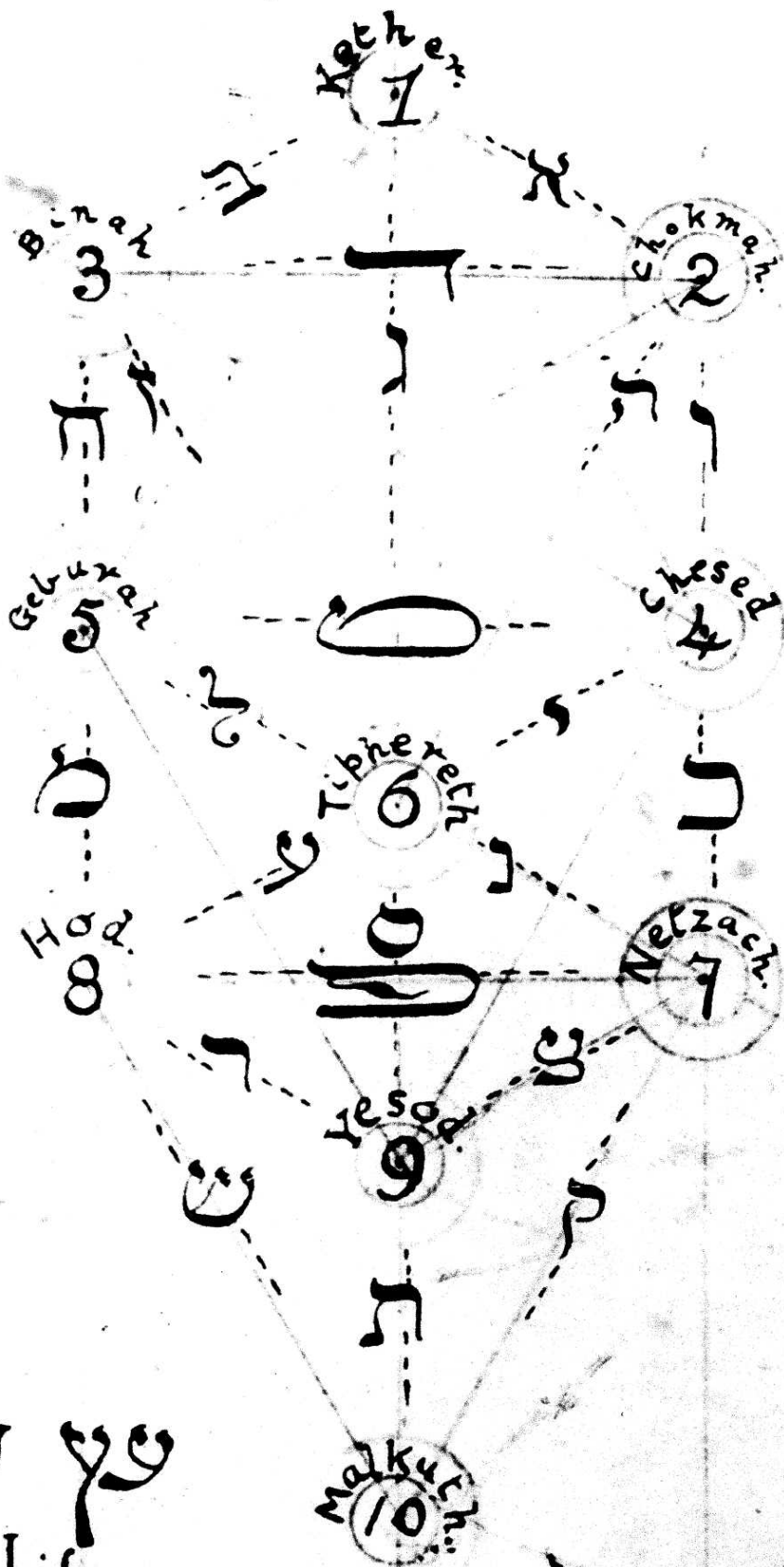
Here rests beneath this hospitable spot  
A youth to flats and flatties not unknown.  
The Plymouth Brethren gave it to him not;  
Trinity, Cambridge, claimed him for her own.

hot

At chess a minor master, Hoylake set  
His handicap at 2. Love drove him crazy;  
Three thousand women used to call him "pet",  
In other gardens daffodil or daisy?

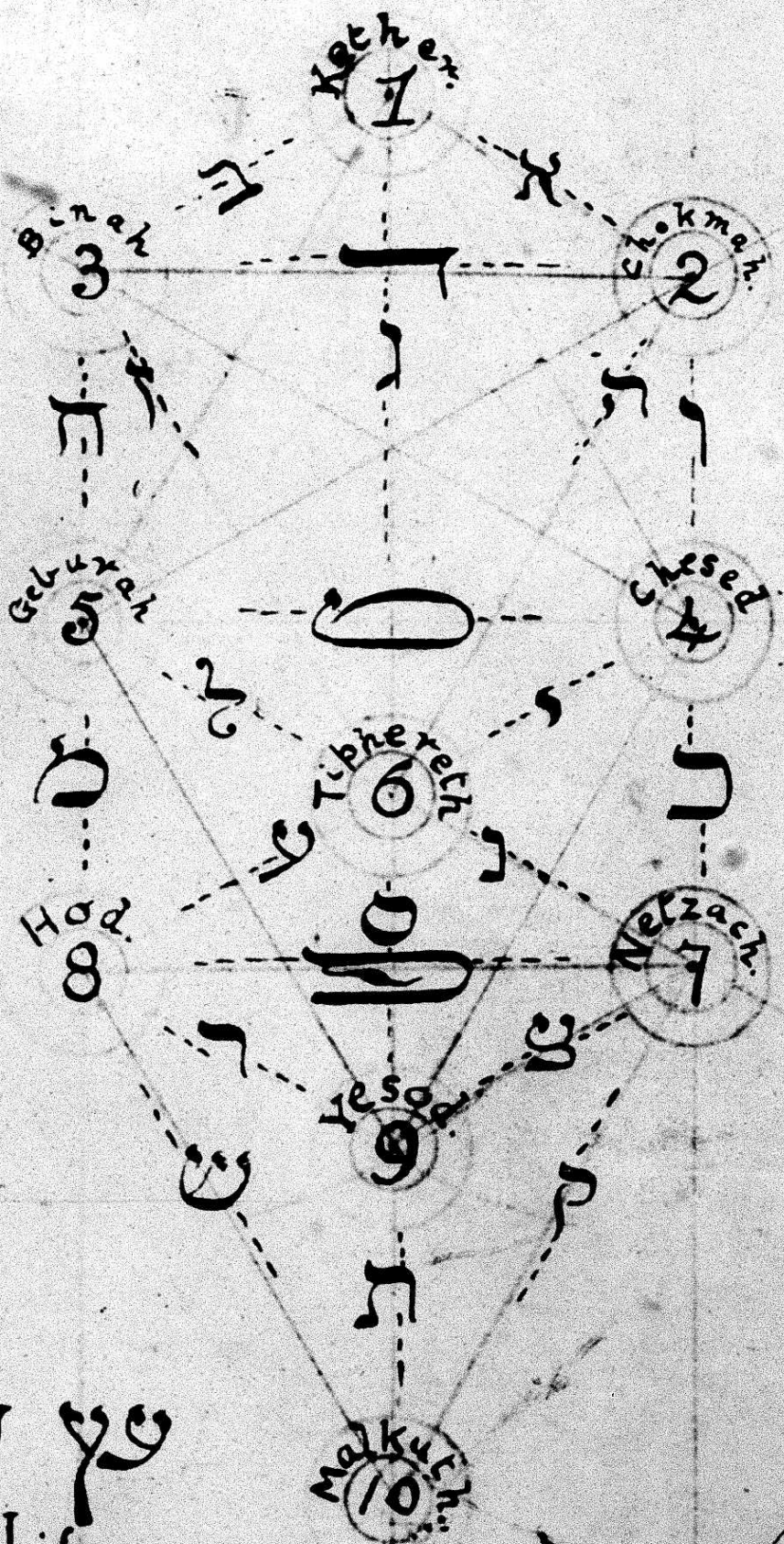
He climbed a lot of mountains in his time.  
He stalked the tiger, bear and elephant.  
He wrote a stack of poems, some sublime  
Some not. Plays, essays, pictures, tales—my aunt!

He had the gift of laughing at himself.  
Most affably he talked and walked with God.  
And now the silly bastard's on the shelf,  
We've buried him beneath another sod.



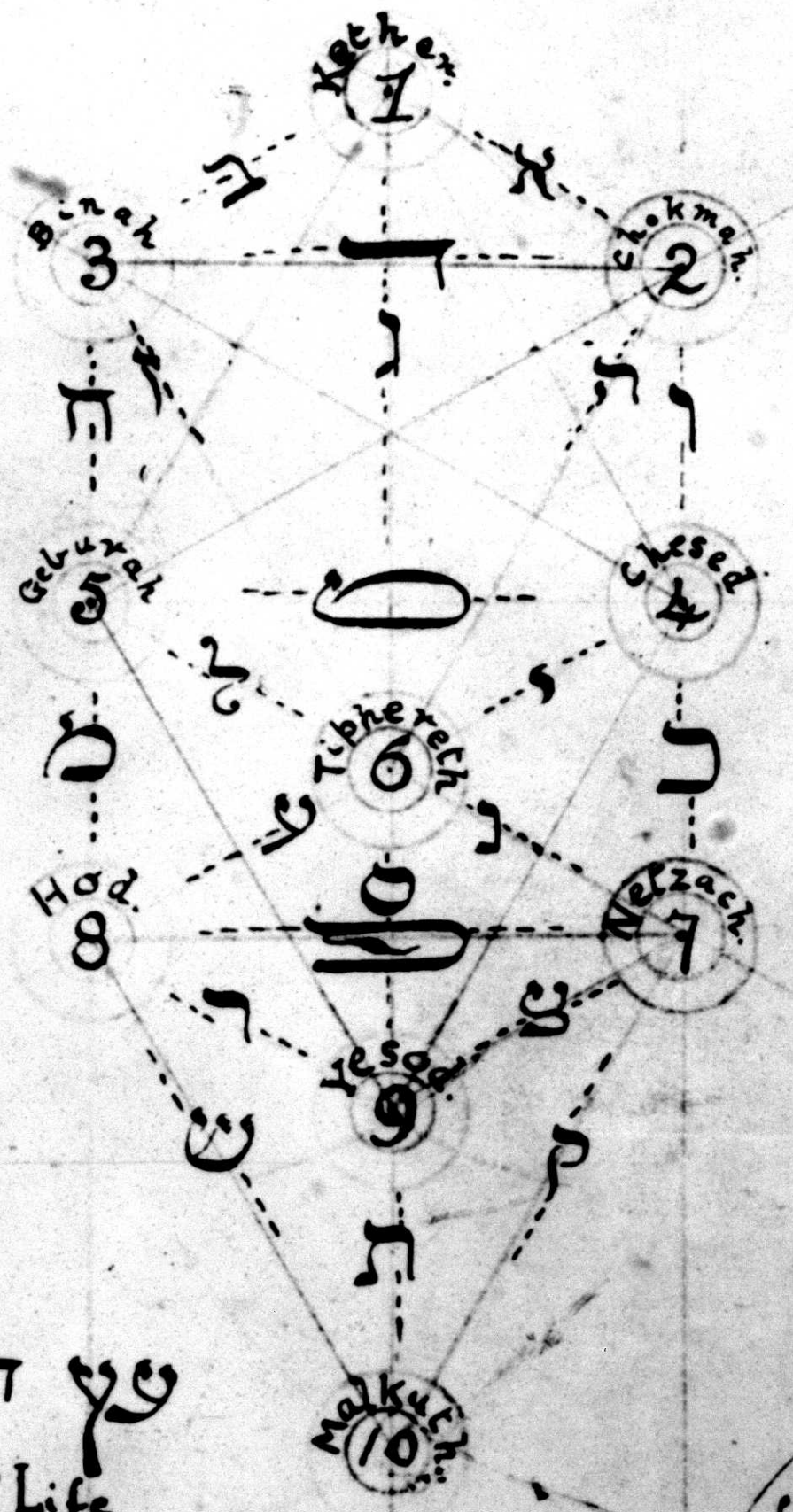
אֵלֶּיךָ יְיָ  
 the  
 Tree of Life.

ac. delt.



ה' ה' ה' ה'  
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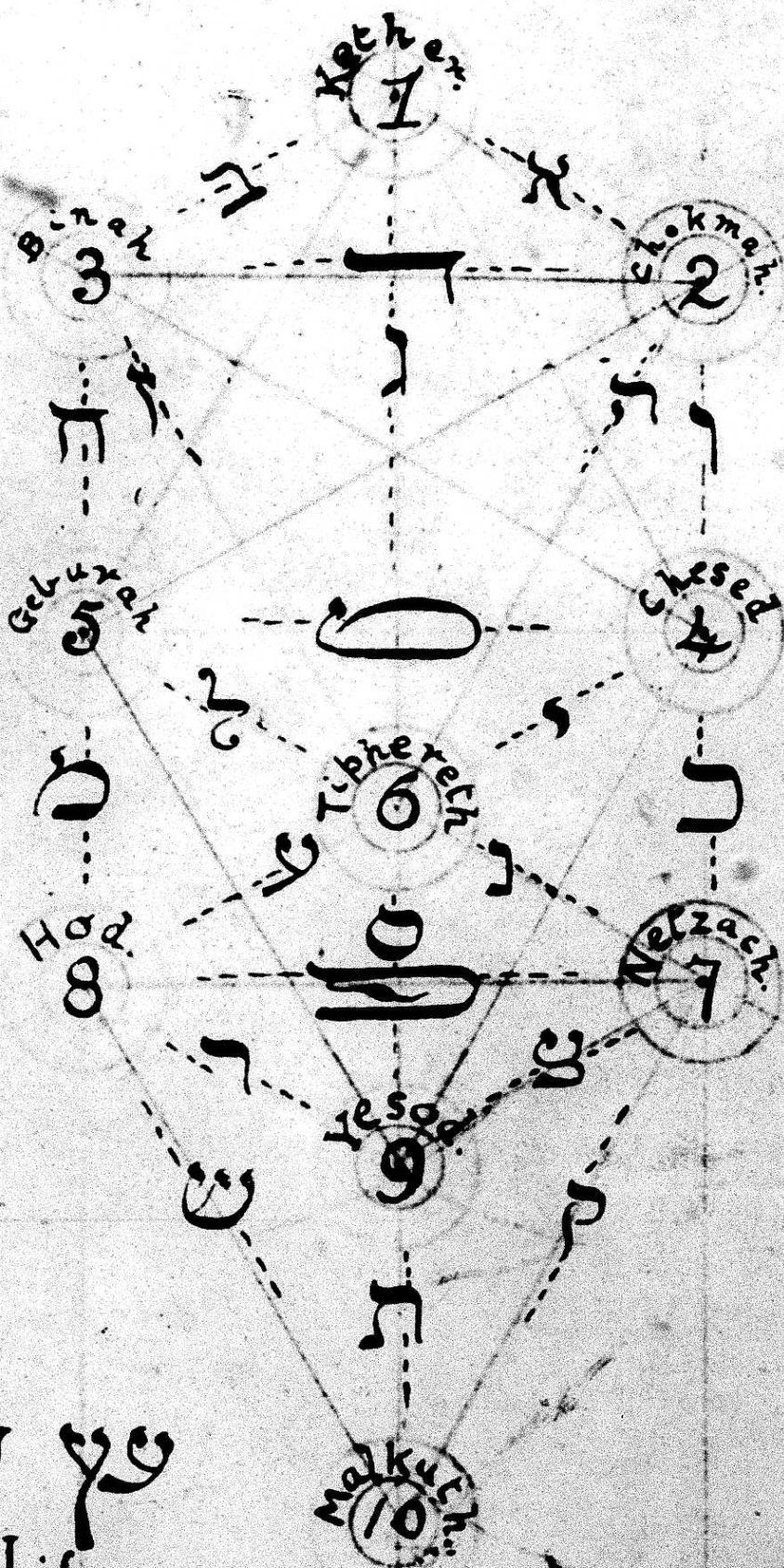
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 Tree of Life.

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