

# After Confession

By Aleister Crowley

Day startles the fawn from the avenues deep that look to the east in the heart of the wood:  
Light touches the trees of the hill with its lips, and God is above them and sees they are good:

Night flings from her forehead the purple-black hood.

The thicket is sweet with the breath of the breeze made soft by the kisses of slumbering maids;

The nymph and the satyr, the fair and the faulty alike are the guests of these amorous shades;

The hour of Love flickers and falters and fades.

Oh, listen, my love, to the song of the brook, its murmurs and cadences, trills and low chords;

Hark to its silence, that prelude of wonder ringing at last like the clamour of swords

That clash like the wrath of the warring of lords.

Listen, oh, listen! the nightingale near us swoons a farewell to the blossoming brake.

Listen, the thrush in the meadow is singing notes that move sinuous, lithe as a snake;

The cushats are cooing, the world is awake.

Only one hour since you whispered the story out of your heart to my tremulous ear;

Only one hour since the light of your eyes was the victor of violent sorrow and fear;

Your lips were so set to the lips of me here.

Surely the victory ripens to perfect conquest of everything set in our way.

We must be free as our hearts are, and gather strength for our limbs for the heat of the fray:

The battle is ours if you say me not nay.

Fly with me far, where the ocean is bounded white by the walls of the northernmost shore,

Where on a lone rocky island a castle laughs in its pride at the billows that roar,

My home where our love may have peace evermore.

Yes, on one whisper the other is waiting patient to catch the low tone of delight.

Kiss me again for the amorous answer, close your dear eyelids and think it is night,

The hour of the even we fix for the flight.