

# An Ode

By Aleister Crowley

O voice of sightless magic  
Clear through day's crystal sky,  
Blithe, contemplative, tragic,  
As men may laugh or sigh,  
As men may love or sorrow,  
Their moods thy music borrow  
To bid them live or die.  
So sweet, so sad, so lonely,  
In silent noontide only  
Thy song-wings float and lie  
On cloud-foam scarred and riven  
By God's red lightnings shriven,  
And quiet hours are given  
To him that lingers nigh.

Fain would I linger near thee  
Amid the poppies red,  
Forget this world, and hear thee  
As one among the dead,  
Amid the daffadillies,  
Red tulips and white lilies,  
Where daisies' tears are shed  
Where larkspur and cornflower  
Are blue with sunlight's hour,  
And all the earth is spread  
As in a dream before me,  
While steals divinely o'er me  
Love's scented spring to draw me  
From moods of dreamy dread.

O wingèd passion! Traveler  
Too near to God to see!  
O lyrical unraveller  
Of knotted life to me!  
O song! O shining river  
Of thought and sound! O giver  
Of goodly words of glee!  
Like to a star that singeth,  
A flower that incense bringeth,  
A love-song of the free!  
Oh! let me sing thy glories

While spring winds whisper stories  
Of winter past, whose shore is  
Beyond a shoreless sea.

Spring, with the sea for raiment  
Adorned with winds of night;  
Summer, with fruit for payment  
Of a sun's kiss too bright;  
Autumn, with golden tresses;  
Winter, with wildernesses  
Of steel-black frost, and might  
Of crystals for his garland,  
Are fled beyond the starland  
On wings beyond sound and sight.  
Only desire remaineth  
That death's bright chalice draineth  
Of blood-red wine that staineth  
The brow of love with light.

World in thy music fadeth  
To what is scarce a sleep,  
Life's darkest shadow shadeth  
Memories that chide and weep,  
Only delights grow clearer,  
More exquisite and nearer,  
And new life-arteries leap  
To fresh loves, into being,  
From blindness into seeing,  
Beyond God's mountains steep.  
The words of promise spoken  
Flourish and flower unbroken,  
And for His holy token  
The mirror of the deep.

Sing on, thou lyric lover,  
Sing on, and thrill me long  
With such delights as cover  
The days and deeds of wrong.  
Live lyre of songs immortal  
That pierce Heaven's fiery portal  
With shafts of splendour strong,  
Winged with thought's sharpest fires,  
Arrowed with soul's desires  
And sped from thunder's thong;  
Heaven's gates rock, rage, and quiver,  
Earth's walls gape wide and shiver,

While Freedom doth deliver  
Men's spirits with thy song.

Ah, chainless, distant, fleeting,  
To lands that know no sea,  
Where ocean's stormy greeting  
Fills no man's heart with glee;  
Where lovers die or sever,  
And death destroys for ever  
And God bears slavery.  
Fly thither, so thou leave us  
That no man's hand may reave us  
Of this—that we are free.  
Free all men that may heed thee,  
On freemen's praises feed thee,  
Who chorus full, "God speed thee,  
Live lyre of Liberty!"

And me, ah! float above me  
Unseen in limpid air,  
Sing ever, "Love me, love me,"  
Or ever I despair.  
The longings thou hast given  
With death and dust have striven  
And risen doubly fair.  
The joys thy song createth  
No languorous spirit sateth,  
Nor things that are or were,  
Nor death, nor sorrows fated,  
May leave their sweet abated,  
With thy bright spirit mated,  
White warden of the air.