

# Astrology

By Aleister Crowley

A lonely spirit seeks the midnight hour,  
When souls have power  
To cast away one moment bonds of clay,  
And touch the day  
With pallid, wistful lips beyond the earth,  
And bring to birth  
New thoughts with which life long has travailed;  
As if one dead  
Should rise and utter secrets of the tomb,  
And from hell's womb  
Or heaven's breast bring all the load of fears,  
Toils of long years,  
Sorrows of life and agonies of death,  
Hard caught-up breath,  
The labouring hands of love, the cheeks of shame,  
The gloomy flame  
Of lust, the cruel torment of desire  
More than hell fire,  
And bid them fade, as if the bryony  
Let her flower die,  
And banished them through space, as if a star  
Dropped through the far  
Vault of the sky, and, as a lamp extinct  
With blood-red tinct,  
Went out. So lonely in mysterious night  
A wild, strange light  
Flickers around the sacred head of man,  
And bids him scan  
The scroll of heaven, and see if there be not,  
Black with no blot  
Of cloud, but golden lettered on the blue  
That mothers dew,  
This message of good hope, good trust, good fate,  
And good estate  
'Work on, hope ever, let your faith be built  
Of gold ungilt;  
Your love exceed the starry vault for height,  
The heaven for might;  
Your faith wax firmer than a ship at sleep  
On the grey deep,  
Anchored in some most certain anchorage

From ocean's rage  
Your patience stand when mountains shake and quail  
Before the gale  
Of God's great tribulation. Make thee sure  
Thou canst endure!  
And work, work ever, sleep not, gird thy head  
With garlands red  
Of blood from swollen veins forced in bitter toil  
To win some spoil  
Of knowledge from the caverns of the deep!  
So shall the steep  
Pathways of heaven gleam with loftier fires  
Than earth's desires.  
So shalt thou conquer Space, and lastly climb  
The walls of Time,  
And by the golden path the great have trod  
Reach up to God!