

Love on the Island

By Aleister Crowley

Deep in the woods where the ocean reaches
Up to the walls of a white-sand bay,
And the sea waves swing to the noise of beeches
Kissed by summer night winds at play,
None may look through the silver-gray
Moonlit haunts, where the sea-gull screeches,
And the nightingale chants the woodland way.

None may see where the leaves are parted,
Where the nymph and the satyr hide,
Where the lips of the tender-hearted
Melt for languor and pout for pride,
Where the birds of the night abide,
Where the songs of the wood are started
Under the moon on the green hill-side.

Maidens white as the doves that hover
Coily hide on the woodland steep,
Maids that the leaves of the beeches cover
Laugh and chide and sigh and weep
And sink back tenderly into sleep,
Into the arms of the happy lover,
On to the breast where delight lies deep.

Cool breeze sings to the glad fresh river,
Stream sings back to the summer leaves,
Little leaves in the moonlight shiver,
Little nets that the moonlight weaves
Round the limbs of a bough that cleaves
Fast to the oak whose branches quiver
With the kiss of the wind as its bosom heaves.

Yonder, far by the gleaming border,
Pale gold reaches of sunny sand
Stretch their arms to the fierce marauder,
The cold sweet sea with its iron hand
Menacing all the fair fresh land,
Where no tall cliff as a faithful warder,
Guarding the coast from its wrath, may stand.

Arrows born of the sunlight gleam

Through the temperate world of spring,
Air moves up in a sweet hot steam,
Where the birds in the wheatfields sing;
She the queen, and our love the king,
Rule the world, and our banners stream
Gold and green where the vine-leaves cling.

While the moon is above the heather
Here we lie in a pleasant swoon,
Till the blue of the faint fresh weather
Summon the spirits that throng the noon.
Here we lie, till the dawn's best boon
Of a breeze that shall gladden us both together,
Kissing beneath the harvest moon.

Fragrant blooms of fruitless kisses,
Clear and sweet as the stars of night;
In our Eden no serpent hisses;
Time and the gods have lost their spite;
Sleep descends with her tender might;
Love goes down into sleep's abysses,
Lapped in its waves of moving light.