

# Perdurabo

By Aleister Crowley

Exile from humankind! The snow's fresh flakes  
Are warmer than men's hearts. My mind is wrought  
Into dark shapes of solitary thought  
That loves and sympathises, but awakes  
No answering love or pity. What a pang  
Hath this strange solitude to aggravate  
The self-abasement and the blows of Fate!  
No snake of hell hath so severe a fang

I am not lower than all men—I feel  
Too keenly. Yet my place is not above,  
Though I have this—unalterable Love  
In every fibre. I am crucified  
Apart on a lone burning crag of steel,  
Tortured, cast out; and yet—I shall abide