

# “Perfect Love Casteth Out Fear”

By Aleister Crowley

England is dreary. In the ashen sky  
I see no sign that sun will break again,  
And force the clouds to yield their rapid rain,  
And utterly absorb our misery.  
Dull as the day is, in my heart I feel  
An anguish, chill and adamant as steel,  
And, like a mist of poison, heavily  
On my whole soul, bound down upon the wheel,  
There comes a spectre, dead, whose name is Fear.  
Ah God, he comes so near!

In the pale fear of Death I have no share.  
I am through Love triumphant over him;  
I almost yearn toward the stooping brim,  
And fledge the wings my soul is given to wear,  
And float in sunlight to the dome above,  
Clothed in the light of everlasting Love,  
Till an archangel from the golden stair  
Trumpet me out a welcome, and a dove  
With fiery feet and silver kisses come  
To bid me enter home.

Though for the pleasures of God's house my heart  
Has no distaste, yet, should my Love resign  
The lips and languors it has made as mine  
And of our Godhead sacrifice a part?  
Death were a grief, a parting pang to me,  
And not this Fear that hunts relentlessly  
All thoughts about the void, whose veiled dart  
Poisons before it strikes! I would the sea  
Swung me about, a corpse inane and cold  
On her warm breast of gold!

The Fear of Madness! Consciousness knows not  
Its own decay. I should be happy then,  
Cast like a leper from the paths of men,  
And this dull earth's desires should be forgot  
In my own mind's dear world, where Heaven is blue,  
And the green bosom of the land lets through  
The purple of the violets, begot  
On tears by kisses, where the early dew

Glistens in no sun's beams but in those eyes  
Wherein my life-love lies.

The Fear of Hell is past by virtue of  
The sweet shed blood that burns out sin; the Fear  
Of living on beyond that silent year  
When I shall follow to the grave of love  
All that is left of all that I held dear,  
And my whole heart is buried with the bier  
That is quite hidden with the flowers above—  
Jasmine for passion, snowdrop for a tear—  
That fear is nothing; 'twere one strangling pain,  
Nor should I feel again.

The Fear of Faithlessness! But well I know,  
Beyond the faith that mortals hold for truth,  
That we are wedded, in eternal youth,  
In the true marriage. While the rivers flow,  
And the sea mourns for Sappho, and the trees  
Croon over men their many melodies,  
And the sun burns above, and ice and snow  
With ermine robes and cloudy canopies  
Crown the rock pyramids, and God stands fast  
In heaven, our love shall last.

It was the shadow of some cloudy Thing,  
That touched my mind a moment, and is past  
Into the gloomy kingdom. I may cast  
The sandals of the night away, and fling  
My body, like a meteor, far and fast  
Into the azure, and within the vast  
Lift up my voice and eloquently sing,  
Till God delight to hear me at the last.  
To wed his Love unto my love and me  
For a new Trinity!