

## Two Sonnets

*On Hearing the Music of Brahms and Tschaikowsky.*

To C. G. LAMB.

By Aleister Crowley

My soul is aching with the sense of sound  
Whose angels trumpet in the angry air;  
Wild mænads with their fiery snakes enwound  
In the black waves of my abundant hair.  
Now hath my life a little respite found  
In the brief pauses exquisite and rare;  
In the strong chain of music I am bound  
And all myself before myself lies bare.

Drown me, oh, drown me in your fiery stream!  
Wing me new visions, fierce enchanting birds!  
Peace is less dear than this delirious fight!  
For all the glowing fragrance of a dream  
And all the sudden ecstasy of words  
Deluge my spirit with a lake of light.

The constant ripple of your long white hands,  
The soul-tormenting violin that speaks  
Truth, and enunciates all my soul seeks,  
And binds my love in its desirous bands,  
And clutches at my heart, until there stands  
No fibre yet unshaken, while it wreaks  
In one sharp song the agony of weeks,  
And all my soul and body understands.

The music changes, and I know that here,  
In these new melodies, a tongue of fire  
Leaps at each waving of the silver spear;  
And all my sorrow dons delight's attire  
Because the gate of Heaven is so near,  
And I have comprehended my desire.