

# The Palace of the World

By Aleister Crowley

The fragrant gateways of the dawn  
Teem with the scent of flowers.  
The mother, Midnight, has withdrawn  
Her slumberous kissing hours:  
Day springs, with footsteps as a fawn,  
Into her rosy bowers.

The pale and holy maiden horn  
In highest heaven is set.  
My forehead, bathed in her forlorn  
Light, with her lips is met;  
My lips, that murmur in the morn,  
With lustrous dew are wet.

My prayer is mighty with my will;  
My purpose as a sword  
Flames through the adamant, to fill  
The gardens of the Lord  
With music, that the air be still,  
Dumb to its mighty chord.

I stand above the tides of time  
And elemental strife;  
My figure stands above, sublime,  
Shadowing the Key of Life,  
And the passion of my mighty rime  
Divides me as a knife.

For secret symbols on my brow,  
And secret thoughts within,  
Compel eternity to Now,  
Draw the Infinite within.  
Light is extended. I and Thou  
Are as they had not been.

So on my head the light is one,  
Unity manifest  
A star more splendid than the sun  
Burns for my crowned crest  
Burns, as the murmuring orison  
Of waters in the west.

What angel from the silver gate  
Flames to my fierier face?  
What angel, as I contemplate  
The unsubstantial space,  
Move with my lips the laws of Fate  
That bind earth's carapace?

No angel, but the very light  
And fire and spirit of Her,  
Unmitigated, eremite,  
The unmanifested myrrh,  
Ocean, and night that is not night,  
The mother-mediator.

O sacred spirit of the Gods!  
O triple tongue! Descend,  
Lapping the answering flame that nods,  
Kissing the brows that bend,  
Uniting all earth's periods  
To one exalted end!

Still on the mystic Tree of Life  
My soul is crucified;  
Still strikes the sacrificial knife  
Where lurks some serpent-eyed  
Fear, passion, or man's deadly wife  
Desire, the suicide!

Before me dwells the Holy One  
Anointed Beauty's King;  
Behind me, mightier than the Sun,  
To whom the cherubs sing,  
A strong archangel, known of none,  
Comes crowned and conquering.

An angel stands on my right hand  
With strength of ocean's wrath;  
Upon my left the fiery brand,  
Charioted fire smites forth  
Four great archangels to withstand  
The furies of the path.

Flames on my front the fiery star,  
About me and around.  
Pillared, the sacred sun, afar,

Six symphonies of sound;  
Flames, as the Gods themselves that are;  
Flames, in the abyss profound.

The spread arms drop like thunder! So  
Rings out the lordlier cry,  
Vibrating through the streams that flow  
In ether to the sky,  
The moving archipelago,  
Stars in their seigneury.

Thine be the kingdom! Thine the power!  
The glory triply thine!  
Thine, through Eternity's swift hour  
Eternity, thy shrine—  
Yea, by the holy lotus-flower,  
Even mine!