

# Penelope

By Aleister Crowley

Ulysses 'scaped the sorceries of that queen  
That turned to swine his goodly company;  
And came with sails broad-burgeoning and clean  
Over the ripples of his native sea.  
Yet for the shores his eyes had lately seen,  
He kept a half-regretful memory;  
And thought, when all the flower-strewn ways were green,  
"Better love Circe than Penelope!"

Yes. A good woman's love will forge a chain  
To break the spirit of the bravest Greek;  
While with a harlot one may leap again  
Free as the waters of the western main,  
And turn with no heart-pang the vessel's beak  
Out to the oceans that all seamen seek.