

Epilogue

By Aleister Crowley

Horace in the fruitful Sabine country,
Where the wheat and vine are most abundant,
Where the olive ripens in the sunshine,
Where the streams are voiced with Dian's whispers,
Lived in quiet, with a woman's passion
To inspire his lute and bring contentment
In the gray still days of early winter.
I, remote from cities, like the poet,
Tune my lesser lyre with other fingers,
Yet am not a whit the less beloved.
And to me the stars are never silent,
Nor do sea and storm deny their music,
Nor do flower and breeze refuse their kisses:
So my soul is flooded with their magic;
So my love completes the joy of living.
I am like the sun, to whom there gather
All the brightest molten seas of glory,
All the isles and continents of starland.
Shall I never, like the sun, be gladdened,
Filled with their life, fructified, and answer
Rays of gold to bid the gray horizon
Melt, recede, and brighten into azure,
Sing as Horace sang, and flood the ocean
With a living ecstasy of music
Till the whole creation echo, echo,
Echo till the tune dissolve the heavens?

Still song lingers; lamely from the lute-string
Steals a breath of melody; the forest
Treasures in its glades the sighs I utter.
Yet I may be happy, storing honey
Lover's lips hold, gathering the sunlight
Eyes and hair have kept for me, delighting
In the bells far-off, in yonder thrushes,
In the tawny songster of the forest,
In the stream's song, in the words of passion
Ringing true and deep and most enduring,
Echoes of the deeper words unspoken
In the hearts of two undying lovers.
Will they pierce one day to other nations
Clear and strong and triumphing?

It may be.
Then we shall not envy you, my Horace!