

# The Eve of Love

By Aleister Crowley

The sun from the black of the sky is unveiled,  
The rain and the clouds are dispersed to the sea,  
He strides through the heaven, a knight brightly mailed;  
The earth is rejoiced and the fountains are free,  
Leaping, cascades of new song.  
Music and myrtle are bound in the forehead  
Golden of dawn's herald strong;  
The sea basks below in the atmosphere torrid,  
Waiting and waiting a lover.  
All men despise her: a woman once found  
Joy in the kisses whereby she was drowned,  
Love in her death to discover.

I, in the pæan of earth, air, and ocean,  
Join and laugh loud for the love of my heart;  
Throbs the loud air with my throes of emotion;  
Love hath prevailed with the adamant dart  
Poisoned, a tooth of a snake;  
They shall grow in my breast and divide me with longing  
Dead and asleep and awake.  
In my veins all their daughters with joy shall be thronging,  
Burning my blood with desire;  
Aye, for I love, with a passion untamed,  
Love, like a tiger, unfed, unashamed,  
Love, like a river of fire.

Love, like a fountain of diamonds, uprises,  
Striking the sky with its blossom of flame;  
Falls in a rain of bright snow that surprises  
Dews of the grass with a sound of acclaim;  
Singing, a silver-string lyre,  
Magical chants to awake from their prison  
Spirits to answer desire.  
Demons from palaces fiery arisen  
Now to obey us are flying;  
All the old leaves of the winter fall fast,  
Swept by the wide-waving wing of the blast  
On to a haven undying.

Here, on the breast of the summer, reposes  
Lover by lover, together, alone.

Here do I rest, in a garden of roses,  
Here, in the heaven of earth, with my own.  
Earth in our joy is rejoicing.  
Dances the sun as we kiss in his despite;  
Star unto star still is voicing  
Marvels of song, till the moon for a respite  
Tunes her low lute to the even,  
While we lie still, as eternities wend  
Slowly along to their ultimate end,  
We but indwelling the heaven.

You on my breast your dear forehead reclining,  
You with an arm to encircle my head;  
You with your eyes all my secret divining  
Rest in my love, as divine as the dead.  
Peace is the prize of our passion.  
Love springs unfading, a flower unfolding  
Petals of marvellous fashion;  
Scarlet and green to our eyes unbeholding,  
Fixed on each other so deep;  
Only the light of them flushes our being,  
Fills us with music and silence, but seeing  
Love, and the vision of Sleep.