

To the Author of the Phrase: “I am not a Gentleman and I have no Friends”

By Aleister Crowley

I.

Self-damned, the leprous moisture of thy veins
Sickens the sunshine, and thine haggard eyes,
Bleared with their own corrupting infamies,
Glare through the charnel-house of earthly pains,
Horrible as already in hell. There reigns
The terror of the knowledge of the lies
That mock thee; thy death's double destinies
Clutch at the throat that sobs, and chokes, and strains

Self-damned on earth, live out thy tortured days,
That men may look upon thy face, and see
How vile a thing of woman born may be.
Then, we are done with thee; go, go thy ways
To other hells, thou damned of God hereafter,
'Mid men's contempt and hate and pitiless laughter.

II

Lust, impotence, and knowledge of thy soul,
And that foreknowledge, fill the fiery lake
Of lava where thy lazar corpse shall break
The burning surface to seek out a goal
More horrible, unspeakable. The scroll
Opens, and “coward, liar, monster” shake
Those other names of “goat” and “swine” and “snake”
Wherewith Hell's worms caress thee and control.

Nay, but alone, intolerably alone,
Alone, as here, thy carrion soul shall swelter,
Yearning in vain for sleep, or death, or shelter;
No release possible, no respite known,
Self-damned, without a friend, thy eternal place
Sweats through the painting of thy harlot's face.

At the hour of the eclipse, Wednesday, Dec. 28.