

# For G. F. Kelly's Drawing of an Hermaphrodite

By Aleister Crowley

Body pale and beautiful with sin!  
O breasts with venom swollen by the snakes  
Of passion, whose cold slaver shines and slakes  
The soul-consuming fevers that within  
Thy heart the fires of hell on earth begin!  
O heart whose yearning after truth forsakes  
The law of love! O heart whose ocean breaks  
In sterile foam against some golden skin!

O thou whose body is one perfect prayer,  
One long regret, one agony of shame,  
Lost in the fragrance, speeding, subtle and rare,  
Up to the sky, an avenue of flame!  
My soul, thy body, know the same delight,  
And burn that incense still in Heaven's despite.