

# Sonnet to Clytie

By Aleister Crowley

Clytie, beyond all praise, thou goodliest  
Of queens, thou royal woman, crowned with tears,  
That could not move the dull stars from their spheres  
To kiss thee. For the sun would fainer rest  
In the gold chambers of the glowing west  
Than answer thy love, thine, whose soul endears  
All souls but his, whose slow desire fears  
The fierce embraces of thine olive breast.

O Queen, sun-lover, we are wed with thee  
In changeless love, in passion for a fire  
Whose ups bind all men in their bitter spell;  
A love whose first caress, hard won, would be  
The final dissolution of desire,  
A flame to shrivel us with fire of hell.