

THE GOD-EATER

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

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(*As Editor*) THE GOETIA OF KING SOLOMON.

THE GOD-EATER

A Tragedy of Satire

BY

ALEISTER CROWLEY



WATTS & CO.

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1903

PERSONS

CRIOSDA Aged 33.
MAURYA His Sister, aged 16.
RUPHA The Hag of Eternity.

The scene of the Tragedy is laid in an ancient
Scottish Hall, very remote.

The time is the One-and-Twentieth Century after
Christ.

The action of the play occupies many years.

THIS TRIBUTE OF MISERY
TO
ANY ONE
WHO HAS LEARNT THE
WISDOM OF DESPAIR.

THE GOD-EATER

CRIOSDA, MAURYA.

[*The Scene is an old Baronial Hall, elaborately, yet somewhat grotesquely (from the incongruity) fitted up as an antique Egyptian temple. C. an altar between two obelisks; on it a censer vomits smoke in great volumes. Above at back of stage is a stately throne, square and simple, on steps. In it sits MAURYA, quiet and silent. She is dressed in sombre green robes, lightened with old rose facings. She is heavily braceleted and ankleted with gold, and her crown is a gold disc supported in silver horns, rising from her forehead. Above her is a rude painted board, representing the Winged Globe in many colours. Before the altar CRIOSDA is kneeling; he is dressed in a white robe, a blue sash, a leopard's skin is over his shoulders, clasped with a golden clasp about his neck. He bears an "ankh" in his left hand, in his right a caduceus wand. On his head is the winged helmet of Mercury, and his sandals are winged also. He is muttering low some fervent prayer, and anon casts incense upon the censer. The low muttering continues for a considerable time, MAURYA remaining quite still, as one rapt in her own thoughts. Suddenly, with startling vehemence, the song breaks out.*]

CRIOSDA.

HAIL ! HAIL ! HAIL !

[MAURYA, startled, looks up and half rises.
Then sits again, with a strange sweet smile
of innocence and tenderness.]

CRIOSDA [*Lower.*]

The world is borne upon thy breast
Even as the rose.
Wilt thou not lull it into rest,
Some strong repose
More satisfying than pale sleep ;
Than death more long, more deep ?

Hail ! at the twilight as at dawn !
The sunset close
Even on the lake as on the lawn !
The red ray glows
Across the woven stardrift's ways
In mystery of Maurya's praise.

Hear me, thy priest, at eventide !
These subtler throes
Than love's or life's, invade, divide
The world of woes.
Thy smile, thy murmur of delight, be enough
To fill the world with life and love !

[*He bends over into deep reverence, yet with the
air of one expecting a grace.*]

[MAURYA, *like one in trance, rises slowly, gathers her robes about her, and descends to the altar. Reaching over it, she bends and lifts him by his outstretched arms. She puts her lips to his forehead, and he, with a deep gasp, as of one in ecstasy not to be borne, drops back, breathing deeply. She lifts her hands, and brings them slowly, very forcibly, forward, and says solemnly :*]

The Blessing of Maurya.

Blessed be the House of the Servants of Maurya.

Blessed be the Stones of the House.

Blessed be the Tree of the House.

Blessed be the Food of the House.

Blessed be the Men of the House.

Blessed be all the Universe for their sakes.

The Blessing of Maurya.

[*A short silence.*]

[MAURYA *goes back and lays her crown and robes on the throne. She is now dressed in wonderful close-fitting crimson silk, trimmed with ermine. Her bronze-gold hair is coiled wonderfully about her head. She comes down stage to CRIOSDA, who rises on one knee and takes her thereon. She removes his helmet and strokes gently his hair.*]

Criosda, my brother !

CRIOSDA. Maurya, little sister !

[He smiles with deep tenderness ; suddenly a pang catches him ; he strikes at his throat, and cries sharply :]

Ah !

[Shivers with terrible emotion.]

MAURYA. Criosda, ever the same ! The old world
runs

On wheels of laughter for us little ones ;
To you, whose shoulders strain, the chariot seems
A poised fiend flogging you to hell.

CRIOSDA. These thoughts,
Maurya,—Maurya ! they become you not.
Child, to see sorrow is to taste it.

MAURYA. No ;
For such a sorrow is its own calm joy.
But—share me now your pain.

CRIOSDA. *[In agony.]* No ! no ! not that !

MAURYA. *[Smiling.]* The priest has secrets from the
goddess ?

CRIOSDA.

[With a cry as of physical pain, deadly sharp.]

Stop !

No jesting there.

MAURYA. I did not mean to jest.
As brother to sister ?

CRIOSDA. Ah ! that hurts, that hurts.

MAURYA. I am heavy ?

CRIOSDA. Heavy as my own heart's fear.

MAURYA. You fear? Am I in fault? Is Maurya
maid

The foe to Maurya goddess?

CRIOSDA. Ah, indeed!

MAURYA. Is not the work nigh ready?

[CRIOSDA grips his caduceus, which he has
dropped, and presses it savagely to his
breast. Then, with a mingled burst of
ferocity and joy, dashes MAURYA aside to
the ground, reaches his hand towards the
empty throne, apostrophizing it, and cries
with a strident laugh:]

CRIOSDA.

Ay, to-night!

[A spasm overcomes him and he falls prone.]

MAURYA. Criosda! You are ill, ill! Help!

[He is silent; she unclasps the leopard's skin;
and busies herself in trying to restore him.]

Janet! Angus! Angus! [Under her breath.]

Angus is the man—he saved poor Kenneth! [Aloud.]

Angus! Oh, miserable! No help comes here.

Criosda! wake, wake!—

Oh, I must take him out—no man may enter here!—It
is ill luck. Old Andrew found the passage; and the
next day he was dead—murdered, murdered! Oh, how
horrible!—what a horrible place this is with all its beauty
and love! and my worship—oh, how strange it all is.
Criosda! come!

[She begins to carry him to the great door, then notices his white robe.]

This must come off : they must not see the holy robes.
Criosda ! my darling dear brother, do look at me !

[She has removed the robes. CRIOSDA is now seen to be dressed in a dark-green tartan kilt and quasi-military tunic with silver buttons. A dirk hangs at his side. Its hilt is of unusual shape, being surmounted by the circle and cross familiar to visitors to Iona.]

Criosda ! Ah yes, look up, look up !
How pale you are ! There is no blood in your lips.

CRIOSDA.

[Starting violently from her arms.]

Blood ! Blood !

MAURYA. Lie still, dear, you are ill. Now ! That is better. Come—can you walk a little?—we will get Angus to help.

CRIOSDA. No ! No ! I am well ! I am well ! Go, go !
If you love me, go. I cannot bear it longer.
Your presence is my pain. There is nothing here.
Nothing—leave me !

MAURYA. Criosda, my own brother !

CRIOSDA. Go ! O devil ! Devil ! Maurya !

[He reaches out a threatening arm against the empty throne. Suddenly, with an inarticulate noise in his throat, he again collapses.]

MAURYA. Oh ! Oh ! he must come out and be tended.
Where is the lever ? Here—

[Still supporting him on one arm, she raises a ponderous knocker and lets it fall. A clang, sombre, and of surprising volume, resounds. The door slowly opens of itself.]

CRIOSDA. *[Recovering.]* Who is at the door ? Back, back. It is ill luck, ill luck, I say. Where is old Andrew ? The faithful fool—Oh, the last dreadful look of his glazed eyes ! What am I saying ? Maurya, girl, go ! I must tend the temple. I must be alone. It is not fitting—

MAURYA. You are ill ; come and be tended yourself, first.

CRIOSDA. No ! I am well. You are a girl, not a God.

MAURYA. Oh ! Oh ! Have I done amiss ? Am I not—

CRIOSDA. Stop, don't !

[Aside.] I must be man—tut ! tut !—

[Aloud.] Why, little sister, know

Those whom we worship as our gods are gods.

The power is mine : that art no skill resists.

No God dethrones himself ; none can.

Will he, nill he, God must be God : it is a luckless fate
for a girl's dower, a thankless way for a maiden's
feet.

MAURYA. Why, then, am I not the Goddess
Maurya ?

CRIOSDA. Yes ! yes ! of course, but only by my making.

MAURYA. Was not my birth miraculous ? and strange
The death of the old people of this house
That left you guardian ?

CRIOSDA. Yes, girl, that was strange.

MAURYA. Then, is the power that makes me in the
end

True Goddess Maurya, yours, yours only ?

CRIOSDA. [*Solemnly.*] No !

Stop ! ask no more ! There lies the awful crux.
Blind are fate's eyes, and pinioned are will's wings.
In you the whole chance lies.

MAURYA. In me ?

CRIOSDA. In you.

MAURYA. I will do all to win !

CRIOSDA. Do all ?

MAURYA. Do all.

CRIOSDA. Ah then ! No, no, it is not yet enough.
Not definite yet. Stop ! fool, shall I hint and ruin all
with a word ? Backwards or forwards, the blow goes
home either way. [*Looks at her with keen fierce eyes.*]
Ah !

MAURYA. [*A little frightened.*] Come, O my brother !
It is time to go.

CRIOSDA. No ! leave me. It is but an hour.

[*MAURYA smiles ; leaves her hand a little in his,
and so passes out slowly through the open
door with her eyes fixed in love and trust on*

him. CRIOSDA starts up and pulls fiercely at a second lever, and the door clangs to with the same nerve-shattering shock. CRIOSDA staggers to altar; and, with his hand on it, turns towards door.]

Mouths of God's mercy! I would her eyes were bleeding wounds in my heart! Ah though! If she were a dog I could not do it. She is my sister——

[Turns with a cry to throne and flings up his hands.]

and I will!

Death! Death!

It is a year to-night. I arrayed her first

In yon gold ornaments—My brain is sick!

I want coffee—or hashish—No! That is for her!

I must be very clear and calm, very clear, very calm,

How I must be ill—

[Correcting himself with effort.] Ill I must be. Ha!

[Goes to altar, opens it, takes out a flask filled with a clear pale blue liquor with rosy stars of light in it, pours it into a long vial, and holds it to the light. The room is lighted by electricity, the globes being the eyes of strange sculptured stone beasts on the walls.]

So far the story is true.

[Drinks a little.]

Why, that is better already. I am again the priest of Maurya—who is the brother of Maurya? A trivial ape

o' the time !—cold, logical to a fault !—Ay ! and a crime, a crime at which the stars shake in the heaven ; men might think. Yet the stars, I will wager, are indifferent. True, the news has not reached them : true, that star I see is not a star ; it was so six, ten, twenty thousand years ago—logical, I say !—and I will drink, for parenthetical is a poor substitute—

[*Drinks.*]

Why, how thou fir'st me ! with that icy fire
Of adamant thought. It well befits this hour
If I recoil the chain whose last smooth link
Slides o'er Time's cogwheel. In the beginning then
The vastness of the heavens and the earth
Created the idea of God. So Levi once
Sarcastic in apostasy ; *à rebourse*.
So Müller, mythopoeic in his mood
Of the unmasking mythopoeia. Now
Profounder science, Spencer's amplitude,
Allen's too shallow erudition, Frazer's
Research, find men have made—since men made aught—
Their Gods, and slain, and eaten. Surface ! I,
Criosda of the Mist, see truth in all
Rather than truth in none. Below the rite
The sight ! Beyond the priest, the power ! Above
The sense, the soul ! So men who made their gods
Did make in very deed : so I will make
In uttermost truth a new god, since the old
Are dead, or drunk with wine, and soma-juice
And hemp and opium ! Maurya, thou shalt be !
So for long years I have dared. First the twin death

Of the dotards, slow constraint of Maurya's mind
 To the one end. Next, study : next, research
 In places long-forgotten of the West,
 Deep hidden of the East : the perfect rite
 Dragged by laborious hand and brain to shape
 And this [*Raises glass.*] the first fruits ! Hail,
 thou fount of wit,
 Light liquor, child of cares how heavy ! Drink !
 The peace of the Priest !

[*He drinks up the liquor.*]

Be thou my light !
 Uncloud the misty channels of the mind !
 Off, horror ! Off, compassion ! Be the brain
 The almighty engine of the Will—and those
 Subtler and deeper forces grimly guessed,
 Terribly proven—be they strong thereby !
 Awake, O sleeping serpent of the soul,
 Unhinted skills, and unimagined powers,
 And purposes undreamed of !

[*He goes now calmly about the temple, arranging
 all the ornaments. He empties the censer.*]

Shadowy influence
 Of smoke ! Where lies its physiologic act ?
 What drug conceals the portent ? Mystery !
 Mystery ninefold closed upon itself
 That matter should move mind—Ay ! darker yet
 That mind should work on matter ? And the proof
 Extant, implicit in the thought thereof !
 Else all our work were vain. These twain be one ;

And in their essence? Deeper, deeper yet
I dive.

[He draws the dirk and tests the point.]

And will to-morrow show me aught?

[He extinguishes the lamps, goes to the door and opens it. The clang startles him.]

I hate that door! Strange that the outer air
Should bring back manhood! Man, thou pitiest her!
Man, thou art whelmed in that red tide of lust
That rolls over strong loathing by vast will,
Hideous rapture of death. That's for thee, man!
Thine are the scalding tears of sympathy,
The tender love for the young flower. And these
Are none of the priest's. Enough!

[Exit. The door clangs again. The curtain falls; a scene drops. RUPHA, an aged and wizened hag, of gigantic stature, is discovered seated C. The scene represents a lonely hill-top covered with stones. A little coarse grass grows in places. Three great menhirs stand up C. Moonlight.]

RUPHA. The rune of the breath.
 The saga of death.
 The secret of earth.
 The beginning of birth.
 The speech of woe.
 Ho! Ho!

I scent the prey.
 I sniff the air.
 The dawn of day
 Makes Maurya May
 The Goddess rare.
 The light of the stars
 Be hers : go, go,
 Ye silent folk,
 Harness your cars !
 Brace the yoke !
 It is time to Know.
 Ho ! Ho !

Desolate deeds !
 She bleeds, she bleeds.
 The golden head
 Is drooped for aye.
 She is dead, she is dead.
 She is God, and I ?
 I am might.
 I am power.
 I am light
 For an hour.
 I am strong, I grow.
 Ho ! Ho !

I taught Criosda
 The evil runes.
 Mine were the tunes
 His passion sang.

Mine is the clang
 Of the olden door.
 Half the secret
 I gave : no more !
 Half the secret
 Hidden I keep.
 Hide it deep !
 That is mine !
 I will work.
 He is nought.
 The runes divine
 Awry be wrought.
 Hail to the murk !

[A distant whine is heard.]

Cover me ! Lurk,
 Rupha, lurk !
 'Tis a foe.
 Ho ! Ho !

[Clouds have been obscuring the moon ; it is now dark. A fox passes over the stage.]

Crafty ! Crafty !
 That is the omen.
 Fear not the foemen !

[She rises up.]

Mine is the spoil
 Of the grimly toil.
 Gloomy, gloomy !
 Ah ! but I laugh.

He is but a fool.
 He has lost !
 He is lost !
 Take the staff !
 Trace the rule
 Of the circle crossed !

[She makes a circle and a cross therein.]

No light therein !
 Mother of sin,
 Thou hast won !
 Death to the sun !
 Hail to the glow
 Of the corpse decayed !
 Hail to the maid !
 Ho ! Ho !

[She rambles about the stage, muttering savage runes with dismal laughter. Her words are inarticulate, when with a last Ho ! Ho ! the curtain falls.]

[The scene rises, and we again see the stage as in Scene I. MAURYA and CRIOSDA as in the opening. CRIOSDA is, however, absolutely calm.]

MAURYA. Criosda, answer !

CRIOSDA. I obey, having heard.

MAURYA. This dawn shall see me take the final flight ?

CRIOSDA. It shall.

MAURYA. I shall be taken utterly from earth ?

CRIOSDA. So.

MAURYA. Yet abide with thee, my priest.

CRIOSDA. Ay ! Ay !

MAURYA. I feel no early prompting thither.

CRIOSDA. No.

It is sudden.

MAURYA. What then lacks ?

CRIOSDA. A draught : a word.

MAURYA. Where is the draught ?

CRIOSDA. This incense in my hand.

MAURYA. What is the word ?

[CRIOSDA *is silent.*]

Criosda, answer me.

CRIOSDA. To invoke death it were to answer this.

MAURYA. Ah, then, forbear !

[CRIOSDA *is silent.*]

How shall I know the word ?

CRIOSDA. Good luck may bring it to the light.

MAURYA. Ill luck ?

CRIOSDA. A year's delay.

MAURYA. Ah, let me gain one gift

Whose sweet reversion hangs above me now :

To order luck !

CRIOSDA. Skill orders luck !

MAURYA. The draught !

CRIOSDA. Hither, O Maurya !

MAURYA. I will come to thee.

[CRIOSDA, *taking hashish, throws it upon the glowing censer. MAURYA comes down stage and bends over it. CRIOSDA lifts it up and offers it reverently.*]

MAURYA. Methinks anticipation o' the event
Shoots in my veins, darting delight.
Why, this is strange !
I am losing myself. Criosda !
The walls of the world fall back with a crash.
Where is all this ? I am out of myself : I expand.
O Maurya, where art thou, little phantom of myriads of
ages ago ? What a memory ! Ah, Ah ! She is falling.

[MAURYA *staggers. CRIOSDA, who has been watching her narrowly, catches her and lays her tenderly on the altar.*]

Oh, what happiness, what happiness ! Criosda, dear
brother, how I love you !
I wish to sleep for ever—I wish to die !

[CRIOSDA, *who has been bending over her, leaps up, shrieks.*]

CRIOSDA. The luck of Maurya !

[*He draws quickly his dirk ; it flashes on high, he leaps on to the body of MAURYA, and plunges it into her heart.*]

CURTAIN.

ACT II

FORTY YEARS AFTERWARDS

[The scene is an open and stormy sea. RUPHA, with her staff, wave-riding in a cockle-shell.]

RUPHA.

Ha ! Ha !

In the storm

I ride.

The winds bear me.

The waves fear me.

I appal ; I inform

Their pride.

Let him hither,

Drifting ever

Wrecked and lost !

His life shall wither.

The dirk shall sever

His rune ill-crossed.

I hear him come

Across the foam

With a bang and a boom.

The winds, hum, hum.

The billows comb.

Ho ! Ho ! the doom !

Ho ! Ho ! I have won.

I shall win.

Death to the sun !
 Life to sin !
 They reap who sow.
 Ho ! ho !

[A boat drifts in, L. In it the aged CRIOSDA, his white hair afloat in the storm, is standing with folded arms. His eyes are dull, as seeing inward.]

RUPHA. Ha ! ha !
 'Tis the priest.
 Dost think
 O' the feast ?
 Criosda, shrink !
 The rune is woe.
 Ho ! Ho !

CRIOSDA. Mother of Sin !

RUPHA. Ho ! Ho !

CRIOSDA. Thus then at last the Luck of Maurya throws
 A double-six to lost Criosda.

RUPHA. Ho !
 The Luck of Maurya !
 The power of the deed.

CRIOSDA. I find thee, mother, at last. Life's final flash
 Gleams through the storm.

RUPHA. I am found !
 Ho ! Ho !

CRIOSDA. What of the power ? I bid these waves be
 calm
 In Maurya's name.

[The storm increases momentarily in violence.

RUPHA *mutters on.* CRIOSDA *shows with a gesture that he knows his words avail nothing.]*

RUPHA. Ho ! Ho !

CRIOSDA. I wittingly and well resumed the rite
Learnt at thy breast, old wolf !

RUPHA. Ho ! Ho !
The might is mine
O' the rune divine.
Silence, winds !
Peace, ye waves !
The spell binds
Their wrath
In the graves
Below ocean.
Clear the path !
Cease your motion !
Swift, be slow !
Ho ! Ho !

[The storm ceases.]

CRIOSDA. Thy words avail then ?

RUPHA. Ha ! Ha !
They avail.
I avail.
Did Rupha fail,
All would be done.
Death to the sun !

I know.

Ho ! Ho !

CRIOSDA. All this I did for thee ?

RUPHA. Ha ! Ha !

What didst thou do ?

Ha ! Ha !

Ha ! Ha !

CRIOSDA. What did I not do ? All !

RUPHA. Tell ! Tell !

'Tis a spell.

CRIOSDA. I will tell all. O sea, swallow me up
With the last word !

RUPHA. It obeys ?

No ! No !

Ho ! Ho !

CRIOSDA. Thou sinister one ! Thy rite I duly did
That drugged (and dancing with delight thereof
The maiden's mind) the maiden's body prone
Lay on her altar. Then she gave consent,
And I smote once.

RUPHA. Ha ! Ha !

What came then ?

CRIOSDA. I tore out her heart,
And held its flame aloft. The blackening blood
Gushed on my arms—and then—

RUPHA. Ho ! Ho !

CRIOSDA. With red lips reeking from the sweet foul
feast,
I sang in tuneless agony the spell ;
Rolled athwart space the black words : then some force

Tore me : I heard the tears drop in my heart.
 I heard the laughter of some utmost God
 Hid in the middle of matter. That was I,
 The hideous laughter of the maniac laugh
 When loathing makes the bed to lust, and twine
 The limbs of agony about the trunk
 Of torture—rapture stabbing through—Maurya !
 Ay, that was I ; and I the weeping wolf
 That howls about this hell that is my heart ;
 And I the icy and intangible
 That beholds all, and is not.

RUPHA. Three in one !
 One in three !
 Death to the sun !
 Glory to thee !
 Thou wast there !
 Enough !
 It will grow.
 Ho ! Ho !

CRIOSDA. In English, I was mad. But no new
 portents

Confound the course of the sun. I left my home
 To seek thee out. When skill availed me not,
 I put to sea to try the Luck of Maurya.

RUPHA. Thou shouldst have tried that first of all.

CRIOSDA. Why then
 The Luck may avail if that wried tongue can speak
 Straight ! Hast thou aught to bid me do ?
 To me naught matters more. My life I cast
 On the one throw ; and, having lost, I have lost.

I am indifferent to my fate as the stars
Are to my curses, were I fool enough
To curse.

RUPHA. Destiny has strange ways.

CRIOSDA. I care not.

RUPHA. How long hast thou left home ?

CRIOSDA. Seven years.

RUPHA. Return !

CRIOSDA. How can I ?

RUPHA. Stamp the boat beneath thy feet
Down wallowing in the trough !

CRIOSDA. It is done !

[*The boat sinks from under CRIOSDA. He would sink did he not grasp the staff extended to him.*]

RUPHA. Now, stand alone !

CRIOSDA. I stand.

RUPHA. Then break, O vision
Of sea ; awake, O vision of the shrine !

CRIOSDA. All is illusion ?

RUPHA. All. Murder a mode
And love a mode of the unknown that is,
That nor thyself nor I can ever see.
Yet, so far as may be, awake, O shrine !

[*She strikes the sea with her staff ; the storm rises ; it grows bitter dark ; only their shapes are dimly seen against the dark background of cloud. The scene rises.*]

RUPHA. Break, break, O mist of morning !

[The stage, which is full of mist, gradually clears. It shows the Temple as in Scene I. On the throne the embalmed body of MAURYA is seated. The altar flames with glowing charcoal, and a thin steam of incense arises. RUPHA and CRIOSDA are in front, R. Two priests minister ; a goodly crew of choristers intone low litanies. A few young folk are at a sort of barrier by the footlights (centre) in prayer. An old woman enters and brings an offering of flowers, which the priests receive and cast before the throne. RUPHA motions CRIOSDA to be silent.]

1st PRIEST. Glory unto thee, Maurya, secret Lady of the Stars !

CHORISTERS. Who wast born on earth !

2nd PRIEST. Glory unto thee, Maurya, Lady of Life !

CHORISTERS. Who didst die for us !

ALL. Glory for ever unto Maurya !

THE WORSHIPPING FOLK. Maurya, hear us !

[All bend deeper and deeper in adoration. Silence awhile. They rise, and the priests see RUPHA and CRIOSDA.]

1st PRIEST. *[Whispers.]* It is the Mother of our Lady.

2nd PRIEST. *[Whispers.]* Who is with her ?

1st PRIEST. *[Whispers.]* The first disciple.

2nd PRIEST. *[Whispers.]* Blessed is this day, O brother !

1ST PRIEST. [*Whispers.*] Let us go and do them
reverence.

[*They approach RUPHA and CRIOSDA, and bend
low before them.*]

RUPHA. Criosda ! Of one act the ultimation
Rings through eternity past the poles of space.
Choose then what spangle on the robe of time
Shall glitter in thine eyes : for the hour strikes.

CRIOSDA. Mother ! I would see the Luck of Maurya
stand
Two thousand years from now.

RUPHA. Good priest, bring forth
The globe of crystal.

1ST PRIEST. Hearing is enough.

[*The priest takes a crystal from out the altar, and
places it thereupon. RUPHA and CRIOSDA
advance.*]

RUPHA. Look ! I uplift the veil.

[*She unveils the crystal.*]

CRIOSDA. I see a lofty pyramid sun-white
Blaze in immaculate glory to the stars ;
Its splendour of itself, since all is dark
About, above. Thereon a countless folk,
Multitudes many-coloured, grave and tall,
Beautiful, make a beautiful murmur, move,
In infinite musical labyrinths about.
Them doth the soul of love inhabit, them
The light of wisdom doth inform, them peace
Hath marked and sealed her own. But on their lips

Is one imagined silence like a sigh.
 Unanimous the hushed harmony
 Flows forth from heart to mouth ; and mouths bloom
 red
 With ripe and royal repetition ; kisses
 Flow like thick honey-drops in honey-suckle.
 That is their worship.

RUPHA. Whom then worship they ?

CRIOSDA. Maurya !

[Recalled to himself, he perceives the meaning of this ; with a great cry breaks forward and stands before the throne, raises himself up and says in triumph and knowledge of peace :]

Then—I have lived !

[Reaches out his hand towards the enthroned mummy.]

Maurya !

[With the last terrible cry he collapses, and falls dead with his head on MAURYA'S knees.]

RUPHA. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be : world without end.

[She deliberately breaks her staff in her hands. The report is sharp and very loud, like a pistol shot.]

CURTAIN.

