



Uhaß

and other Poems

Alba

and other Poems

By Alister Crowley

With an Introduction and Epilogue by
Count Vladimir Stareff



London

Privately printed at the Chiswick Press
1903

Dedicae.

To G. E. J.

Pilgrim of the sun, be this thy scap!
The seething lightnings of the mind
Ail Where soul and spirit slip,
And the Eye is blind.

Paris, December 9, 1902.

Contents.

Rondel	1
Ukab. Part i.	3
Part ij.	13
Balzac	24
Melusine	27
The Dream	31
Epilogue	34

Rondel.

By palm and pagoda enchanted o'ershadowed, I lie in the
light

Of stars that are bright beyond suns that all poets have
haunted

In the deep-breathing amorous bosom of forests of amazon
might

By palm and pagoda enchanted.

By spells that are murmured and rays of my soul strongly
flung, never daunted;

By gesture of tracery traced With a Wand dappled White;
I summon the spirits of earth from the gloom they for ages
have haunted.

O Woman of deep-red skin! Curled hair like the oak! O
delight

Of my soul in the hollows of earth—how my spirit hath
haunted—

Away! I am here, I am laid to the breast of the earth in the
dusk of the night,

By palm and pagoda enchanted.

Uhab

Part i.

The polished silver flings me back
Dominant brows and eyes of bronze,
A curling beard of bigonous black,
And dusky red of desert suns
Burnt in my cheeks. Who saith me Nay?
Who reigns in Israel to-day?

Samaria in Well-ordered ranks
Of houses stands in honoured peace:
Sweet nourishment from Renah's banks
Flows, and the corn and vine increase.
In two pitched fields the Syrian hordes
Fled broken from our stallion words.

Up me! But that was life! I see
Now, from that hill, the ordered plain;
The serried ranks like foam flung free,
Long billows, flashing on the main
Past the eye's grip their legions roll—
Anguish of death upon my soul!

For, sheltered by the quiet hill,
Like two small flocks of birds that wait,
Going to water, ere the chill
Blow from the East's forsaken gate,
Lie my weak spears: O trembling tide
Of fear false-faced and shift-eyed!

God! how we smote them in the morn!
Their ravening tides rolled back anon,
As if the cedar crest upturned
Roared from uprooted Lebanon
Down to the sea, its billows hurled
Back, past the pillars of the world!

Ah, that was life! I feel my sword
Lick, bite, and shudder in my hand,
Smite, drink, the spirit of its lord
Exulting through the infinite brand!
My chariot dyed with Syrian blood!
My footmen wading through the flood!

Up! that was life! Before the night
Dipped its cool wings, their hosts were stricken
Like night itself before the light.
An hundred thousand corpses sicken
The air of heaven. Yet some by speed
Escape our vengeance—ours, indeed!

Fate, the red hound, to Aphak followed.
Some seven and twenty thousand died,
When the great Wall uprising followed
Its terror, crashed upon its side,
And whelmed them in the ruin. Strife,
Strength, courage, victory—that is life!

Then—by my father's beard! What seer
Promised me Victory? What sage
Now in my triumph hour severe
Spits out red oracles of rage?
Jehoshaphat's. The fanatic churl
Stands—see his thin lips writhe and curl!

“Because thou hast loosed the kingly man,
To uttermost destruction's dread
In my almighty power and plan
Appointed, I will have thy head
For his, thy life for his make mine,
And for his folk thou hast spared, slay thine.”

But surely I was just and wise!
Mercy is God's own attribute!
Mercy to noble enemies
Marks man from baser mould of brute.
To fight their swordsmen—Who would shrink?
To slay a captive—coward's work!

“I have loved mercy,” that He said;
Nor bade me slay the Syrian Chief.
Yet my head answers for his head;
My people take his people's grief.
Sin, truth, to spare one harmless breath,
Sith all my innocents earn death!

By timely mercy peace becomes,
And kindly love, and intercourse
Of goodly merchandise, that sums
Contention in united force.
“Praise Who, relenting, sheweth pity;
Not him Who captur'd a city!”

A Wild strong life I've made of mine.
Not till my one good deed is done—
Up! for that very deed divine—
Comes the fierce mouth of malison.
So grows my doubt again, so swell
My ancient fears for Israel.

I hurled Jehovah's altars down;
I slew and I pursued his priests;
I took a Wife from Zidon Town;
I gave his temples to the beasts;
I set up gods and graven shapes
Of calves and crocodiles and apes.

Myself to forgeries I betook;
All sins that are did I contrive,
Sealed in the Torah's dreadful book—
I lie, and like my life, and thrive!
Doth God not see? His ear is dull?
Or His speech strangled, His force null?

Nay, Verily! These petty sins
His mercy and long-suffering pardon.
What final crime of horror wins
At last His gracious heart to harden?
What one last infamy shall wake
His anger, for His great Name's sake?

Is there one sin so horrible
That no forgiveness can obtain,
That flings apart the bars of hell,
For which repentance shall be vain?
Up! but there is! One act of truth
Done in my rash unthinking youth!

Who Wonders if I hold the scale,
Poised in my deep deliberate mind,
Betwixt the Weight of Zidon's Baal
And Judah's God—each in his kind
A god of power—each in his fashion
The hideous foeman of compassion?

The blood alike of man and beast
The Worship of each God demands.
All priests are greedy—gold and feast
Pour from the poor folk to their hands.
The doubtful power from heaven to strike
The levin bolt they claim alike.

I take no heed of trickery played
By cunning mad Elijah's skill,
When the great test of strength was made
On Carmel's melancholy hill,
And on the altar-stone the liar
Cried "Water," and poured forth Greek fire!

Then while the fools peer heavenward,
Even as he prays, to see the skies
Womit the flash, his furtive word
Fast to the flinty altar flies.
Whoof! the wild blaze assures the clods
Jehovah is the God of gods!

Nor do I set peculiar store
By tricks twin-born to this they shew
When, with well-simulated lore
Of learning, Baal's great hierarchs go
Into the gold god's graven shell
And moan the ambiguous oracle.

In my own inmost heart I feel,
Deep as a pearl in seas of Ind,
A vision, keen as tempered steel,
Lofty and holy as the Wind,
And brighter than the living sun :
If these be gods, then there is none !

Baal and Jehovah, Ashwreth
And Chemosh and these Elohim,
Life's pandars in the brothel, Death !
Cloudy imaginings, a dream
Built up of fear and Words and Woe.
All, all my soul must overthrow.

For these are devils, nothing doubt !
Yet nought should trouble me : I see
My folk secure from foes Without,
Worship in peace and amity
Baal and Jehovah, sects appeased
By peace assured and Wealth increased.

Yet am I troubled. Doubt exists
And absolute proof recoils before me.
Truth veils herself in awful mists,
And darkness Wakens, rolling o'er me,
When I approach the dreadful Shrine,
In my own soul, of the divine.

And What cries laughing Jezebel ?
Golden and fragrant as the morn,
Painted like flames adorning Hell,
Passions and mysteries outworn,
Ever enchanting, ever Wise,
And terror in her Wondrous eyes !

Her fascination steals my strength,
Her luxury lures me as she comes;
Reaches her length against my length,
And breaks my spirit; life succumbs—
A nameless avatar of death,
Incarnate in her burning breath.

I know her gorgeous raiment folded
In snaky subtle draperies,
All stalwart captains mighty-moulded
To lure within her forceries,
Within her bed—and I, who loathe,
See, and am silent, and approve!

Strange! Who shall call the potter knave
Who moulds a vessel to his Will?
One, if he choose, a black-browed slave:
One, if he choose, a thing of ill,
Witching, misshapen, footless, cruel:
One, like a carved Assyrian jewel?

Shame on the potter heaby sit,
If he rebenge his own poor skill,
That marred a Work by lack of Wit,
By heaping infamy and ill
On the already ruined clay,
Shame on the potter, then, I say!

But what cries laughing Jezebel?
Scornful of me as all her lovers,
More scornful as we love her well!
“Good king, this rage of doubt discovers
The long-hid secret! All thy mind
A little shadow lurks behind.”

Hers are the delicate forceries

In black groves : hers the obscure, unseen
Rites in dim moonlight courts ; the Wise

Dreadful occasions When the queen
Like to a bat, flits, flits, to gloat
Blood-drunk upon a baby's throat !

Therefore : all doubt, this fierce unrest

Between that knowledge self bestows
And leaves of palm, and palimpsest,

Scrawled sacred scrolls, whose legend goes
Beyond recorded time, and founts

Its age beyond all history's bounds ;

Therefore : all search for truth beyond

The doubtful canon of the law,
The bitter letter of the bond

Given When Sinai shook with a we,
They wear ; all wit that looks a-slant
Shamed at the shameful covenant ;

Therefore : this brooding over truth

She much averts cuts short my day,
Steals love and laughter from my youth
Will dye my beard in early grey.

"Go forth to War ! Shall Judah still
Set mockery to thy kingly Will ?"

May be. I often feel a ghost

Crawping like darkness through my brain ;
Sensed like uncertainty at most,

No wise akin to fear or pain.
Yet it is there. To yield to such
And brood, Will not avail me much.

Ho ! harness me my chariot straight,
My White-maned horses fleet and strong !
Call forth the trumpeters of state !
Proclaim to all Samaria's throng :
The King rides forth ! Hence, slaves ! Away !
Haste ye ! The King rides forth to-day.

Part ij.

Would God that I Were dead! Like Cain,
My punishment I cannot bear.
There is a deep corrosive pain
Intrudes my being every where.
Sprung from a seed too small to see,
A monster spawns and strangles me.

'Tis scarce a Week! In power and pride
I rode in state about the city;
Took pleasure in the eager ride,
Saw grief, took pleasure in my pity;
Saw joy, took pleasure in the seeing,
And the full rapture of Well-being.

Would God that I had stayed, and smote
My favourite captain through the heart,
Caught my young daughter by the throat,
And torn her life and limbs apart,
Stabbed my queen dead: remorse for these
Might aye, not match, these miseries.

For, hard behind the palace gate,
I spied a vineyard fair and fine,
Hanging with purple joy, and weight
Of golden rapture of the vine:
And there I bade my chariotter
Stay, and bid Naboth to appear.

The least! A gray, deceitful man,
With twisted mouth the beard Would hide,
Evil yet strong: the scurril clan
Exaggerate for its greed and pride,
The sam of Israel! At one look
I read my foe as in a book.

The least! He grovelled in the dust.
I heard the teeth gride as he bowed
His forehead to the earth. Still just,
Still patient, passionless, and proud,
I ruled my heavy Wrath. I passed
That hidden insult: spake at last.

I spake him fair. My memory held
Him still a member of my folk;
A Warrior might be bold of eld,
My hardy spearman When We broke
The flashing lines of Syrians. Yea!
I spake him fair. Alas the day!

"Friend, by my palace lies thy field
Fruitful and pleasant to the sight.
Therefore I pray thee that thou yield
Thy heritage for my delight.
Wilt thou its better? Or its fee
In gold, as seemeth good to thee?"

"Content thyself!" As by a spell
He rears his bulk in surly rage.
"The Lord forbid that I should sell
To thee my father's heritage!"
No other Word. Dismissal craves?
Nay, scowls and slinks among his slaves.

Hath e'er a slave in story dared
Thus to heard openly his lord?
My chariot men leapt forth and flared
Against him With indignant Word.
Why Wait for king's Word to expunge
Life so detested With one lunge?

"Cease!" My strong Word flamed out. The men
Shook With dead fear. They jumped and caught
With savage instinct, brutal ken,
At What should be my crueler thought:
Torture! And trembled lest their haste
Had let a dear life run to waste.

They argued after their brute kind.
I have two prides; in justice, one:
In mercy, one: "No ill I find
In this just man," I cried; "the sun
Is not defiled, and takes no hurt
When the Worm builds his house of dirt.

"Curse ye Jehoshaph! He abides,
Hears not, nor smites; the curse is pent
Close With the speaker; ill betides
When on himself the curse is bent,
And like the Wild man's ill-aimed blow,
Hits nought, (Verbes, (Whoops, and strikes him low.

"Let the man go!" The short surprise
Sinks in long Wonder: angrily
Yet a word they spurn him forth. "Arise!
O Wine, and Wallow in thy sex!
The King hath said it." Thus the men
Turned the beast free—to goad again.

For now the little shadow shapes
An image ever in my brain;
Across my field of sight there gaps
Ever a gulf, and draws the pain
Of the whole knowledge of the man
Into its vague and shifting span.

Moreover, in that gulf I see
Now the bright vineyard sweet and clean,
Now the dog Naboth mocking me
With rude curt word and mouth obscene
Wielded in derision—Well relied
Dog's insolence on monarch's pride.

Ah, friend! Some winds may shake a city!
Some dogs may creep too near a feast!
Thou, reckoning on my scorn, my pity,
Thine own uncleanness as a feast:
Wilt thou not take thy count again?
Seest thou the shadow on my brain?

It grows, it grows. Seven days slide past:
I groan upon an empty bed:
I turn my face away: I fast:
There cometh in my mouth no bread.
No man dare venture near to say:
"Why turns the King his face away?"

It grows. Ah me! the long days slide;
I brood; due justice to the man
Dogging desire. A monarch's pride
Outweighs his will: yet slower ran
To-day the thought: "I will no wrong."
"The vines are cool," more sweet and strong.

There is no sleep. All natural laws
Suspend their function: strange effects
And mighty for so slight a cause!
What Whim of Weakling strength protects
This dog of Satan at my gate
From the full Whirlwind of my hate?

What mighty Weakness stays the king
If he arise, and cast desire
Far from its seat and seed and spring
To Ginnoom the detested fire?
Up! both Were Wise. Madness alone
Sits throned on the king's vacant throne.

Dogs! Who dares break on me? "Dread lord!
Mightiest of monarchs!"—"Cease, thou crow!
Thine errand! ere the eunuch's word
Snatch thy bald head off at a blow."
"Mercy, World's Light!" Swings clear and clean
The call "Room for the Queen! The Queen!"

Strong as a man, the Queen strides in.
Even she shrank frightened!—my aspect
More dreadful than all shapes of sin
Her dreams might shapè or recollect,
Hideous With fasting, madness, grief,
Beyond all speaking or belief.

But the first glance at those bold eyes!
Ah! let me fling me at her feet!
Take me, O love! Thy terror flies.
Rise me again, again, O Sweet!
O honeyed queen, old paramour,
So keen our joy be and so sure!

"The King Would be alone!" Fast fly
The trembling lackeys at her voice.
Lapped in her billowy breasts I lie,
And love, and languish, and rejoice,
And—ah—forget! The ecstatic hour
Gurfs like a poppy into flower.

Back! thou black spectre! In her arms
Debauching and debauched of love,
Feeding my face in myriad charms,
As on a mountain feeds a doe,
Green, with fresh flowers, dew-bright, and pearled
With all the light of all the world:

Back! With the kisses raving fast
Upon my panting mouth, the eyes
Darting hot showers of light, the fast
And vicious writhings, the caught sighs
Drunk with delight, on love's own throne,
The moment where all time lies prone:

Back! At the very central shrine,
Pinnacled moment of excess
Of immolation's blood divine:
Back! from the fleshly loveliness:
Back! loved and loathed! O face concealed!
Back! One hath whispered "Naboth's field."

I am slain. Her body passion-pearled
Dreams her luxurious lips have drawn
My spirit, as the dust wind-whirled
Sucks up the radiance of the dawn
In rainbow beauty—yet remains
Mere dust upon the barren plains.

Reluctance to reveal my grief
Is of my sickness a strange feature.
Yea, verily! beyond belief
Is the machinery of man's nature!
If thus spake Solomon in kind
Of body, I of soul and mind!

The lazy accents stir at last
The scented air: "Oh, Wherefore, lord,
Is thy soul sad? This Weary fast
Strikes to my heart a lonely Word!"
In brief Words stammered forth I spoke
My secret; and the long spell broke.

And now the gilded sin of her
Leapt and was lambent in a smile:
"Give me but leave to minister
This kingdom for a little While!
The Vineyard shall be thine. O king,
This trouble is a little thing!"

I gave to her the signet's gold
Carved in the secret character,
Whose flowers of Writing bend and fold
The star of Solomon, the eye
Whence four rays run—the Name! the seal
Written Within the burning Wheel.

And now I lean With fevered Will
Across the arched screen of palm.
All nature holds its function still;
The sun is mild; the Wind is calm;
But on my ear the voices fall
Distant, and irk me, and appal.

Two men have sworn the solemn oath :
" God and the king this dog blasphemed,"
Two judges, just, though little loth,
Weigh, answer. As on one who dreamed
Comes waking—in my soul there groaned :
" Carry forth Naboth to be stoned !"

Nine days ! And still the king is sad,
And hides his face, and is not seen.
The tenth ! the king is gaily clad ;
The king will banquet with the queen ;
And, ere the West be waste of sun,
Enjoy the vineyard he hath won.

All this I hear as one entranced.
The king and I are friend and friend,
As if a cloud of maidens danced
Between my vision and the end.
I see the king as one afraid,
Hiding his anguish in his beard.

I laugh in secret, knowing well
What waits him in the field of blood ;
What message hath the seer to tell ;
What bitter Jordan holds its flood
Only for Ahab, sore afraid
What lurks behind the vine's cool shade.

Yet well I see the fates are sure,
And Ahab will descend, possess
The enchanting green, the purple lure,
The globes of nectared loveliness,
And, as he turns ! Who wonders now
The grim laugh wrinkles on my brow ?

I see him, a fantastic ghost,
The Vineyard smiling White and plain,
And hiding ever innermost
The little shadow on his brain;
I laugh again With mirthless glee,
As knowing also I am he.

A fool in gorgeous attire!
An ox decked bravely for his doom!
So step I to the great desire.
Sweet Winds upon the gathering gloom
Blend like a mother, as I go,
Foreknowing, to my overthrow.

Other Poems.

Balzac.

Hommage à Auguste Rodin.

Giant, With iron secrecies enmighed,
Cloaked, Balzac stands and sees. Immense disdain,
Egyptian silence, mastery of pain,
Gargantuan laughter, shake or still the ignited
Statue of the master, vivid. Far, affrighted,
The stunned air shudders on the skin. In vain
The incarnate of the Comédie Humaine
Shadows the deep-set eyes, genius-lighted.

Epithalamia, birth-songs, epitaphs
Are written in the mystery of his lips.
Blind horror, scornful shame, grand agony
In the coffin folds of the cloak, scarred mountains, lie,
And pity hides i' the heart. Grim knowledge grips
The essential manhood. Balzac stands, and laughs.

Melusine.

To m. m. m.

Hangs o'er me the fine false gold
Above the bosom epicene
That hides my head that hungereth.
The steady eyes of steel behold,
When on a sudden the fierce and thin
Curled subtle mouth swoops on my breath,
And like a serpent's mouth is cold,
And like a serpent's mouth is keen,
And like a serpent's mouth is death.

Little arms, Wan With love's mysteries,
Creep round and close me in, as Thule
Wraps Arctic oceans ultimate;
Some deathly swoon or sacrifice,
This love—a red hypnotic jewel
Worn in the forehead of a Fate!
And like a devil-fish is ice,
And like a devil-fish is cruel,
And like a devil-fish is hate.

Beneath those kisses songs of sadness
Sob, in the pulses of desire,
Seeking some secret in the deep;
Low melodies of stolen gladness,
The bitterness of death; the lyre
Broken to bid the Viol Weep:
And like a Maenad's chants are madness,
And like a Maenad's chants are fire,
And like a Maenad's chants are sleep.

A house of pain is her bedchamber.
Her skin electric clings to mine,
Shakes for pure passion, moans and hisses;
Whose subtle perfumes half remember
Old loves, and desolate divine
Wailings among the Wildernesses;
And like a Hathor's skin is amber,
And like a Hathor's skin is Wine,
And like a Hathor's skin is kisses.

Gray steel self-kindled shine her eyes.
They rede strange runes of time defiled,
And ruined souls, and Satan's kin.
I see their veiled impurities,
An harlot hidden in a child,
Through all their love and laughter lean;
And like a Witch's eyes are Wise,
And like a Witch's eyes are Wild,
And like a Witch's eyes are Sin.

She moans her breasts in Bacchanal
Rhymes to that music manifold
That pulses in the golden head,
Seductive phrase perpetual,

Terrible both to change or hold,
They move, but all their light is fled;
And like a dead girl's breasts are small,
And like a dead girl's breasts are cold,
And like a dead girl's breasts are dead.

Forests and ancient haunts of sleep
See dawn's intolerable spark
While yet fierce darkness lingereth.
So I, their traveller, sunward creep,
Hail Ra uprising in his bark,
And feel the dawn-wind's sombre breath.
Strange loves rise up, and turn, and weep!
Our warm wet bodies may not mark
How these spell Satan's shibboleth!
And like a devil's loves are deep,
And like a devil's loves are dark,
And like a devil's loves are death.

The Dream.

Æt.

Bend down in dream the shadow-shape
Of tender breasts and hair!
Let the long locks of gold escape
And cover me and fall and drape,
A pall of whispering hair!
And let the starry eyes look through
That mist of silken light,
And lips drop forth their honey-dew
And gentle sighs of sleep renew
The scented winds of night!
As purple clusters of pure grapes
Distil their dreamy wine
Whose fragrance from warm fields escapes
On shadowy hills and sunny apes
In lands of jessamine!
So let thy figure faintly lined
In pallid flame of sleep
With love inspire the dreamer's mind,
Young love most delicate and kind,
With love—how calm and deep!
Let hardly half a smile reveal
The thoughts of waking hours.
How sad it is to be alive!

How Well the happy dead must thrive
 In green Elysian bowers!
 A sleep as deep as theirs bestow,
 Dear angel of my dreams!
 Bid time now cease its to-and-fro
 That I may dwell with thee, and know
 The soul from that which seems!
 The long hair folds in closer fold
 And deeper curves of dawn;
 The arms bend closer, and the gold
 Burns brighter, and the eyes are cold
 With life at last withdrawn.
 And all the spirit passing down
 Involves my heart with gray:
 So the pale stars of even crown
 The glow of twilight; dip and drown
 The last despairs of day.
 Oh! closer yet and closer yet
 The pearl of faces grows.
 The hair is woven like a net
 Of moonlight round me: Sweet is set
 The mouth's unbudded rose.
 Oh never! did our lips once meet
 The dream were done for ever,
 And death should dawn, supremely sweet,
 One flash of knowledge subtle and fleet
 Borne on the wakeless river.
 And therefore in the quiet hour
 I rose from lily pillows
 And swiftly sought the jasmine bower
 Still sleeping, moonlight for a dower,
 And bridal wreaths of willows.
 And there I laid me down again:
 The stream flowed softly by:

And thought the last time upon pain,
 Earth's joy—the sad permuted strain
 Of tears and ecstasy.
 And there the dream came floating past
 Borne in an ivory boat,
 And all the World sighed low "At last."
 The hallop waited while I cast
 My languid limbs afloat
 To drift with eyelids skyward turned
 Up to the shadowy dream
 Shaped like a lover's face, that burned;
 To drift toward the soul that yearned
 For this—the hour supreme!
 So drifting I resigned the sleep
 For death's diviner bliss;
 As mists in rain of springtide weep,
 Life melted in the dewfall deep
 Of death's kiss in a kiss.

Epilogue.

Sonnet.

To A. M. B.

Sleep, O deep splendour of disastrous wars,
Gone like a star fallen at the fall of night!
Wake, O mute mouth and majesty of light,
Made of no sound that even silence hears,
But born of strings intangible, of spheres
Shaken of love, a mightier music's might,
Frailer to sound than downfall is to sight!
Wake, O sweet soul incorporate of tears!

Or else dream on, and let no wars beget
Love's crown of thorns, ensanguine diadem,
But let pale kisses blossom, starry shrine
Of lips most deathlike, that endure divine
Past sleep's or parting's or death's spoil of them
In the pomegranate Walks of Proserpine!

W. S.



Chiswick Press: Took's Court,
Chancery Lane, London.

