

THE MYSTIC.

(The Philosopher Heraclitus and his disciple Chrysippus in their travels come upon a company sleeping after their revels.)

HERACLEITUS.

Look, my darling, and confess
Life one flame of loveliness!

CHRYSIPPUS.

Master! Master! how fairy fond
Is yonder maid like a lily-frond!
Let us lie on the moss by the spring, let us share
In their silence serene, the languor rare!
For oh! my lover, I never did see
So goodly a company.

HERACLEITUS.

Wait but a moment—stand apart,
Revolving the light in thine innermost heart!
Content not the soul with the skin of the grape,
But the fume of the juice shall inform its shape
With a truer sense than the eye and the ear
Make to appear!

CHRYSIPPUS.

Verily, master, I obey.
I travel the exalted way.
I pierce the sense, I gain the goal:—
Distil the essence of the soul—

HERACLEITUS.

I shroud thee in the web of wool.
I lift the burden of the bull.
Lion and eagle! dart ye forth
Into the cold clime of the North,
Where past the star that points the pole
Rests the unstirred axis of the soul.

CHRYSIPPUS.

Hear then! By Abrasax! the bar
Of the unshifting star
Is broken—lo! Asar!

My spirit is wrapt in the wind of light;
It is whirled away on the wings of night.
Sable-plumed are the wonderful wings,
But the silver of moonlight subtly springs
Into the feathers that flash with the pace
Of our flight to the violate bounds of space.
Time is dropt like a stone from the stars.
Space is a chaos of broken bars.
Being is merged in a furious flood
That rages and hisses and foams in the blood.
See! I am dead! I am passed, I am passed
Out of the sensible world at last.
I am not. Yet I am, as I never was,
A drop in the sphere of molten glass
Whose radiance changes and shifts and drapes
The infinite soul in finite shapes.
There is light, there is life, there is love, there is sense
Beyond speech, beyond song, beyond evidence,
There is wonder intense, a miraculous sun,
As the many are molten and mixed into one
With the heat of its passion; the one hath invaded
The heights of its soul, and its laughter is braided
With comets whose plumes are the galaxies
Like winds on the night's inaccessible seas.
Oh master! my master! nay, bid me not ride
To the heaven beyond heaven; for I may not abide.
I faint; I am frail; not a mortal may bear
The invisible light, the abundance of air,
I fail; I am sinking: O Thou, be my friend!
Bear me up! Bear me up! Bear me up to the end!
Now! Now! In the heart of the bliss beyond being
The None is involved in the One that, unseeing,
Dashes its infinite splendour to death
Beyond light, beyond love, beyond thought, beyond breath.
Ah! but my master! the death of the sun—
Break, break, the last veil! It is done—it is done!

He falls as one dead, upon the grass.

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

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