

DEDICATION

ALL that the Gods have taught Man through the gentle
breath of the ages is discernment by comparison!

God gave Light that we could judge the depths of Eternal
Night; Love that we could know of Hate; Hell that we
could know the joys of Heaven.

Comparison is only contrast. Happy contrasts form the
happiness of Life.

Therefore from the blackness of my own Soul do I dedi-
cate this volume to that secluded little world of white which
gathers round

“THE EQUINOX”

There, if sin is not unknown, *Sin itself* cannot exist.
There, if they cannot raise Man and place him on the knees
of the Gods, they bring the Gods to Man.

O communicants of Nuit, Thoth, and Hathor, accept
these poems, if only to form a contrast to your own illumin-
ating genius!

Swathed in swart shrouds of the Silence of Hell,
Mid darkness too utter for thought to tell,
I wander despairing; ALONE I dwell,—
Mere blackness burst from a clod.
Born of blind gloom ere the making of God,
As the sightless corpses beneath the sod.

Am I marked with a primal deadly curse?
Short shrift, my brothers, for better or worse
I smile,—and the horrible farce rehearse;
And goodness masquerade still.
Flanked by the germs of invidious ill
Since aught must be evil I do, or will.

E. A.