

## AT SEA

As night hath stars, more rare than ships  
In ocean, faint from pole to pole,  
So all the wonder of her lips  
Hints her innavigable soul.

Such lights she gives as guide my bark;  
But I am swallowed in the swell  
Of her heart's ocean, sagely dark,  
That holds my heaven and holds my hell.

In her I live, a mote minute  
Dancing a moment in the sun:  
In her I die, a sterile shoot  
Of nightshade in oblivion.

In her my self dissolves, a grain  
Of salt cast careless in the sea;  
My passion purifies my pain  
To peace past personality.

Love of my life, God grant the years  
Confirm the chrism—rose to rood!  
Anointing loves, asperging tears  
In sanctifying solitude!

Man is so infinitely small  
In all these stars, determinate.  
Maker and moulder of them all,  
Man is so infinitely great!

ALEISTER CROWLEY.