

ADVICE OF A LETTER.

THE Wingèd Bull that dwelled in the north
hath flown into the West, and uttered forth
His thunders in the Mountains. He shall come
Where blooms the sempiternè chrysanthemum.
The wingèd Lion, that wrought dire amaze
In the Dark Place, where Light was, did his ways
Take fiery to enkindle a new flame :
The Eagle of the High Lands yet that came
By the red sunset to an eastern sky
Shall plume himself and gather him and fly
Even as a Man that rideth on a Beast
Trained, to the Golden Dawn-sky of the East.
Therefore his word shall seek the Ivory Isle
By double winds and by the double Style,
Twin doorways of the Sunset and the Dawn.
And thou who tak'st it, shall be subtly drawn
Into strange vigils, and shalt surely see
The ancient form and memory of me,
Nor me distinct, but shining with that Light
Wherein the Sphinx and Pyramid unite.