

L'ALCHIMIE DE DOULEUR.

By
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ONE with his ardour makes thee tender,
Another clothes thee in his grief,
 "Nature!" saith one "the falling leaf!"
The other: "Praise October splendor!"
Thou unknown Hermes that assist
Me, before whom I crouch and tremble;
Thou mak'st me Midas to resemble,
The saddest of al alchemists!

For gold within my crucible
Turns iron; and heaven turns to hell!
 In cloudland's ghostly napery
I find a corpse—that I loved well!
And in celestial gardens I
Build mightiest sarcophagi!

Translated by ALEISTER CROWLEY.