

BALZAC*

TO AUGUSTE RODIN

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Giant, with iron secrecies ennighted,
Cloaked, Balzac stands and sees. Immense disdain,
Egyptian silence, mastery of pain,
Gargantuan laughter, shake or still the ignited
Statue of the Master, vivid. Far, affrighted,
The stunned air shudders on the skin. In vain
The Master of "La Comédie Humaine"
Shadows the deep-set eyes, genius-lighted.

Epithalamia, birth-songs, epitaphs,
Are written in the mystery of his lips.
Sad wisdom, scornful shame, grand agony
In the coffin-folds of the cloak, scarred mountains lie,
And pity bides i' th' heart. Grim knowledge grips
The essential manhood. Balzac stands, and laughs.

Aleister Crowley.

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