

The Dome

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For you I built this faery dome of words
And crowned it with the cross of my desire.
I circled it with songs of blessed birds
And cradled all in the celestial fire.
The stars enfold it; the eternal sun
And moon give light; nor clouds nor rain intrude;
Only the dews of Dionysus run
In this intoxicating solitude.
I have begemmed its marble flame of spires
With jewels from the bliss of God, and set
Chryselephantine columns curled like fires
Below each misty opal minaret.
Is there no window to the east? Behold
The eyes of Love, your love, the essential gold!

ALEISTER CROWLEY