

# On the Edge of the Desert

By Aleister Crowley

You come between me and the night  
That was my queen till you arose ;  
You come between me and the light ;  
You come between me and the snows.  
The sun, the sands, the horizon :  
Since you are come, all these are gone.

Leave me some love of flower and tree,  
Some passion for the moon and stars,  
Some ache of spring, some sigh of sea,  
Some echo in love's ancient scars,  
To witness ere your reign began  
That among men I was a man.

No voice in life allures but yours ;  
Nor sight nor sleep allays mine eyes ;  
Night sways my dull distemperatures  
Till light renews my scale of sighs.  
Half a man's span I have lived. In sooth  
You have found the elixir that gives youth !

From the most austral East you drove  
On the most fortunate wind that blows,  
A galleon piled with treasure trove,  
The sun's gold, silver of the snows,  
All jewels, all virtue far above—  
O tall ship laden with true love !

You strode majestic and fierce,  
Armed, an avenging Amazon,  
A warrior maiden mad to pierce  
With unfleshed steel man's morion.  
You thrust the rapier of your art,  
Singing for rapture, through my heart.