

## AVE ADONAI

PALE as the night that pales  
In the dawn's pearl-pure pavilion,  
I wait for thee, with my dove's breast  
Shuddering, a god its bitter guest—  
Have I not gilded my nails  
And painted my lips with vermilion?

Am I not wholly stript  
Of the deeds and thoughts that obscure thee?  
I wait for thee, my soul distraught  
With aching for some nameless naught  
In its most arcane crypt—  
Am I not fit to endure thee?

Girded about the paps  
With a golden girdle of glory,  
Dost thou wait me, thy slave who am,  
As a wolf lurks for a strayed white lamb?  
The chain of the stars snaps,  
And the deep of night is hoary!

Thou whose mouth is a flame  
With its seven-edged sword proceeding,

## THE EQUINOX

Come! I am writhing with despair  
Like a snake taken in a snare,  
    Moaning thy mystical name  
    Till my tongue is torn and bleeding!

Have I not gilded my nails  
    And painted my lips with vermilion?  
Yea! thou art I; the deed awakes:  
Thy lightning strikes, thy thunder breaks  
    Wild as the bride that wails  
    In the bridegroom's plumed pavilion!

ALEISTER CROWLEY.