

## AT SEA

As night hath stars, more rare than ships  
    In ocean, faint from pole to pole,  
So all the wonder of her lips  
    Hints her innavigable soul.

Such lights she gives as guide my bark ;  
    But I am swallowed in the swell  
Of her heart's ocean, sagely dark,  
    That holds my heaven and holds my hell.

In her I live, a mote minute  
    Dancing a moment in the sun :  
In her I die, a sterile shoot  
    Of nightshade in oblivion.

In her my self dissolves, a grain  
    Of salt cast careless in the sea ;  
My passion purifies my pain  
    To peace past personality.

Love of my life, God grant the years  
    Confirm the chris—rose to rood !  
Anointing loves, asperging tears  
    In sanctifying solitude !

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Man is so infinitely small  
    In all these stars, determinate.  
Maker and moulder of them all,  
    Man is so infinitely great!  
                                    ALEISTER CROWLEY.