

THE HAWK AND THE BABE.

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I THAT am a hawk of gold,
Proud in adamantine poise
On the pillars of turquoise,
See, beyond the starry fold,
Where a darkling orb is rolled.
There, beneath a grove of yew,
Plays a babe. Should I despise
Such a foam of gold, and eyes
Burning berylline, so blue
That the sun seems peeping through?
Did I swoop, were Heaven amazed?
With my beak I strike but once.
Out there leap a million suns.
Through the universe that blazed
Screams their light, and death is dazed.
In my womb the babe may leap;
Seek him not within mine eye!
Nor demand thou of me why
I should plunge from crystal steep
Like a plummet to the deep!
See yon solitary star!
What a world of blackness wraps
Round it! Unimagined gaps!
Let it be! Content thy car
With the voyage to things that are!
Nor, an thou perchance behold
How I plunge and batten on
Earth's exenterate carrion,
Deem turquoise match midden-mould
Or deny the Hawk of Gold!

ALEISTER CROWLEY.