

## THE MUSE.

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O thou who art throned by the well  
That feeds the celestial streams!  
O daughter of heaven and hell!  
O mother of magical dreams!  
O sister of me, as I sit  
At thy feet by the mystical well  
And dream with the web of my wit  
Of the marriage of heaven and hell!

O thou who art mad with the Muse  
That delights in the beauty of form!  
O desire of the dream of the dewes!  
O, Valkyrie, astride of the storm!  
I am thine as we ride on the blast  
To exult in the mystical Muse,  
As there drip on the desert at last  
The immaculate Delian dewes.

I am thine, I am tine, I am thine!  
How it slashes the skies as a sword!  
How it blinds us and burns us with wine  
Of the dread Dionysian Lord!  
Evoe! Evoe! Evoe!  
Iacche! thy chrism of wine!  
Evoe! Evoe! Evoe!  
I am thine! I am thine! I am thine!

ALEISTER CROWLEY.