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CMXIII

THE
TREASURE
HOUSE OF
IMAGES





A.:A.:

Publication in Classes A&B

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צמרת צמרה

Corona, Corolla;
Sic vocatur Malchuth
quando ascendit usque
ad Kether

The Kabbala.

(The Probationer should learn by heart the chapter corresponding to the Zodiacal Sign that was rising at his birth; or, if this be unknown, the chapter “The Twelfefold Unification of God.”)

93	108	123	138	153	168	1	16	31	46	61	76	91
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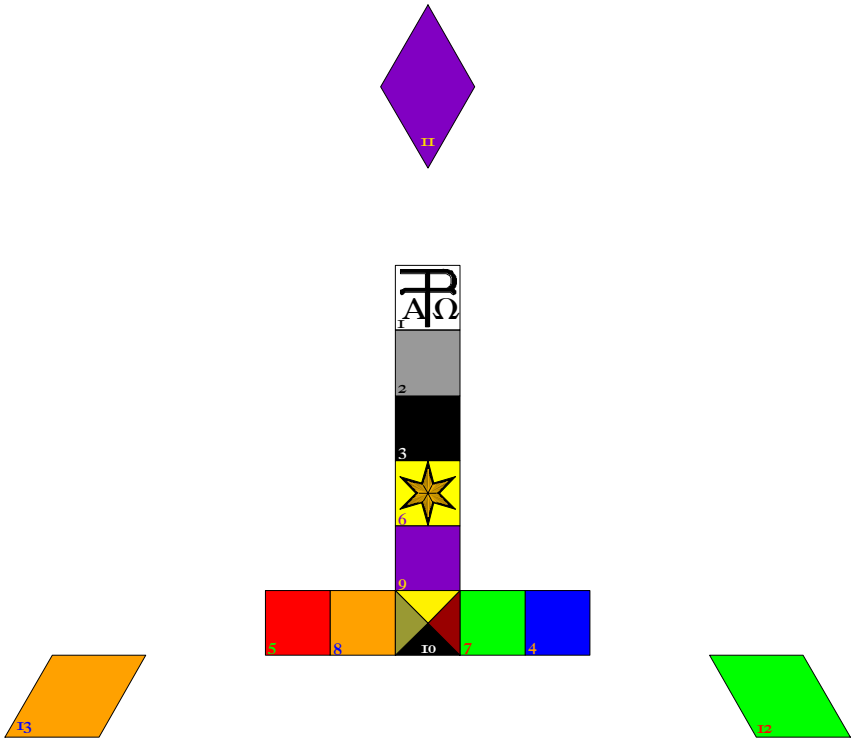


FIG. 1.

The Triangle of the Universe.

Three Veils of the Negative—not yellow; not red; not blue; but therefore symbolised by the “flashing” colours of these three; purple (11); emerald (12) and orange (13). Within their triangle of Yonis is the Lingam touching and filling it. Positive, as they are negative; in the Queen Scale of colour, as they are in the King Scale. Ten are the Emanations of Unity, the parts of that Lingam, in Kether, TARO = 78 = 6 × 13, the Influence of that Unity in the Macrocosm (Hexagram). The centre of the whole figure is Tiphareth, where is a golden Sun of six rays. Note the reflection of the Yonis to the triad about Malkuth. Also note that the triangle of Yonis is hidden, even as their links are secret. From Malkuth depends the Greek Cross of the Zodiac and their Spiritual Centre (Fig. 2). For Colour Scales see 777.

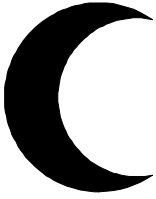
A.:A.:
Publication in Class A

A NOTE UPON LIBER DCCCCLXIII

1. Let the student recite this book, particularly the 169 Adorations, unto his Star as it ariseth.
2. Let him seek out diligently in the sky his Star; let him travel thereunto in his Shell; let him adore it unceasingly from its rising even unto its setting by the right adorations, with chants that shall be harmonious therewith.
3. Let him rock himself to and fro in adoration; let him spin around his own axis in adoration; let him leap up and down in adoration.
4. Let him inflame himself in the adoration, speeding from slow to fast, until he can no more.
5. This also shall be sung in open places, as heaths, mountains, woods, and by streams and upon islands.
6. Moreover, ye shall build you fortified places in great cities; caverns and tombs shall be made glad with your praise.
7. Amen.

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Here beginneth the Book of
the Meditations on the
Twelfold Adora-
tion, and the
Unity of
GOD.



The Chapter known as
The Perception of God
that is revealed unto man for a snare

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ I ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦
♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ adore ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦
♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ Thee by the ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦
♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ Twelfefold Snare ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦
♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ and by the Unity thereof ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

000. In the Beginning there was Naught, and Naught spake unto Naught, saying: Let us beget on the Nakedness of Our Nothingness the Limitless, Eternal, Identical and United: And without will, intention, thought, word, desire, or deed, it was so.

00. Then in the depts of Nothingness hovered the Limitless, as a raven in the night; seeing naught, hearing naught, and understanding naught: neither was it seen, nor heard, nor understood; for as yet Countenance beheld not Countenance.

0. And as the Limitless stretched forth its wings, an unextended unextendable Light became; colourless, formless, conditionless, effluent, naked, and essential, as a crystalline dew of creative effulgence; and fluttering as a dove betwixt Day and Night, it vibrated forth as a lustral Crown of Glory.

1. And out of the blinding whitness of the Crown grew an Eye, like unto an egg of an humming-bird cherished on a platter of burnished silver.

2. Thus I beheld Thee, O my God, the lid of whose Eye is as the Night of Chaos, and the pupil thereof as the marshalled order of the sphere.

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3. For, I am but as a blind man, who wandering through the noontide perceiveth not the loveliness of day; and even as he whose eyes are unenlightened beholdeth not the greatness of this world in the depths of a starless night, so am I who am not able to search the unfathomable depths of Thy Wisdom.

4. For what am I that I durst look upon Thy Countenance, purblind one of small understanding that I am, blindly groping through the night of mine ignorance like unto a little maggot hid in the dark depths of a corrupted corpse?

5. Therefore, O my God, fashion me into a five-pointed star of ruby burning beneath the foundations of Thy Unity, that I may mount the pillar of Thy Glory, and be lost in adoration of the triple Unity of Thy Godhead, I beseech Thee, O Thou who art to me as the Finger of Light thrust through the black clouds of Chaos; I beseech Thee, O my God, hearken Thou unto my cry!

6. Then, O my God, am I not risen as the sun that eateth up ocean as a golden lion that feedeth on a blue-grey wolf? So shall I become one with Thy Beauty, worn upon Thy breast as the Centre of a Sixfold Star of ruby and of sapphire.

7. Yea, O God, gird Thou me upon Thy thigh as a warrior girdeth his sword! Smith my acuteness into the earth, and as a sower casteth his seed into the furrows of the plough, do Thou beget upon me these adorations of Thy Unity, O My Conqueror!

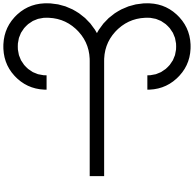
8. And Thou shalt carry me upon Thine hip, O Thou flashing God, as a black mother of the South Country carrying her babe. Whence I shall reach my lips to Thy paps, and sucking out Thy stars, shed them in these adorations upon the Earth.

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9. Moreover, O God my God, Thou who hast cloven me with Thine amethystine Phallus, with Thy Phallus adamantine, with Thy Phallus of Gold and Ivory! thus am I cleft in twain as two halves of a child that is split asunder by the sword of the eunuchs, and mine adorations are divided, and one contendeth against his brother. Unite Thou me even as a split tree that closeth itself again upon the axe, that my song of praise unto Thee may be One Song!

10. For I am Thy chosen Virgin, O my God! Exalt thou me unto the throne of the Mother, unto the Garden of Supernal Dew, unto the Unutterable Sea!

Amen,
and Amen of Amen,
and Amen of Amen of Amen
and Amen of Amen of Amen of Amen.



The Chapter known as
The Twelbefold Affirmation of God
and the Unity thereof

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ I ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ adore ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ Thee by the ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ Twelve Affirmations ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ and by the Unity thereof ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

1. O Thou snow-clad volcan of scarlet fire, Thou flame-crested pillar of fury! Yea, as I approach Thee, Thou departest from me like unto a wisp of smoke blown forth from the window of my house.

2. O Thou summer-land of eternal joy, Thou rapturous garden of flowers! Yea, as I gather Thee, my harvest is but as a drop of dew shimmering in the golden cup of the crocus.

3. O Thou throbbing music of life and death, Thou rhythmic harmony of the world! Yea, as I listen to the echo of Thy voice, my rapture is but as the whisper of the wings of a buterfly.

4. O Thou burning tempest of blinding sand, Thou whirlwind from the depths of darkness! Yea, as I struggle through Thee, through Thee, my strength is but as a dove's down floating forth on the purple nipples of the storm.

5. O Thou crownèd giant among great giants, Thou crimson-sworded solider of war! Yea, as I battle with Thee, Thou masterest me as a lion that slayeth a babe that is cradled in lilies.

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6. O Thou shadowy vista of Darkness, Thou cryptic Book of the fir-clad hills! Yea, as I search the key of Thy house I find my hope but as a rushlight sheltered in the hands of a little child.

7. O Thou great labour of the Firmament, Thou tempest-tossed roaring of the Aires! Yea, as I sink in the depths of Thine affliction, mine anguish is but as the smile on the lips of a sleeping babe.

8. O Thou depths of the Inconceivable, Thou cryptic, unutterable God! Yea, as I attempt to understand Thee, my wisdom is but as an abacus in the lap of an aged man.

9. O Thou transfigured dream of blinding light, Thou beatitude of wonderment! Yea, as I behold Thee, mine understanding is but as the glimpses of a rainbow through a storm of blinding snow.

10. O Thou steel-girded mountain of mountains, Thou crested summit of Majesty! Yea, as I climb Thy grandeur, I find I have but surmounted one mote of dust floating in a beam of Thy Glory.

11. O Thou Empress of Light and of Darkness, Thou pourer-forth of the stars of night! Yea, as I gaze upon Thy Countenance, mine eyes are as the eyes of a blind man smitten by a torch of burning fire.

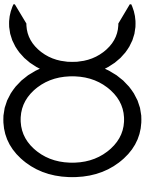
12. O Thou crimson gladness of the midnight, Thou flaming North of brooding light! Yea, as I rise up before Thee, my joy is but as a raindrop smitten through by an arrow of the Western Sun.

13. O Thou golden Crown of the Universe, Thou diadem of dazzling brightness! Yea, as I burn up before Thee, my

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light is but as a falling star seen between the purple fingers
of the Night.

O Glory be unto Thee through all Time
and through all Space : Glory,
and Glory upon Glory,
Everlastingly. Amen,
and Amen, and
Amen.



The Chapter known as
The Twelfefold Renunciation of God
and the Unity thereof

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ I ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ adore ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ Thee by the ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ Twelve Renunciations ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ and by the Unity thereof ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

1. O my God, Thou mighty One, Thou Creator of all things, I renounce unto Thee the kisses of my mistress, and the murmur of her mouth, and all the trembling of her firm young breast; so that I may be rolled a flame in Thy fiery embrace, and be consumed in the unutterable joy of Thine everlasting rapture.

2. O my God, Thou mighty One, Thou Creator of all things, I renounce unto Thee the soft-lipp'd joys of life, and the honey-sweets of this world, and all the subtilities of the flesh; so that I may be feasted on the fire of Thy passion, and be consumed in the unutterable joy of Thine everlasting rapture.

3. O my God, Thou mighty One, Thou Creator of all things, I renounce unto Thee the ceaseless booming of the waves, and the fury of the storm, and all the turmoil of the wind-swept waters; so that I may drink of the porphyry foam of Thy lips, and be consumed in the unutterable joy of Thine everlasting rapture.

4. O my God, Thou mighty One, Thou Creator of all things, I renounce unto Thee the whispers of the desert, and the moan of the simoom, and all the silence of the sea of

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dust; so that I may be lost in the atoms of Thy Glory, and be consumed in the unutterable joy of Thine everlasting rapture.

5. O my God, Thou mighty One, Thou Creator of all things, I renounce unto Thee the green fields of the valleys, and the satyr roses of the hills, and the nymph lilies of the meer; so that I may wander through the gardens of Thy Splendour, and be consumed in the unutterable joy of Thine everlasting rapture.

6. O my God, Thou mighty One, Thou Creator of all things, I renounce unto Thee the sorrow of my mother, and the threshold of my home, and all the labour of my father's hands; so that I may be led unto the Mansion of Thy Light, and be consumed in the unutterable joy of Thine everlasting rapture.

7. O my God, Thou mighty One, Thou Creator of all things, I renounce unto Thee the yearning for Paradise, and the dark fear of Hell, and the feast of the corruption of the grave; so that as a child I may be led unto Thy Kingdom, and be consumed in the unutterable joy of Thine everlasting rapture.

8. O my God, Thou mighty One, Thou Creator of all things, I renounce unto Thee the moonlit peaks of the mountains, and the arrow-shapen kiss of the firs, and all the travail of the winds; so that I may be lost on the summit of Thy Glory, and be consumed in the unutterable joy of Thine everlasting rapture.

9. O my God, Thou mighty One, Thou Creator of all things, I renounce unto Thee the goatish ache of the years, and the cryptic books, and all the majesty of their enshrouded words; so that I may be entangled in Thy wordless Wisdom. and be consumed in the unutterable joy of Thine everlasting rapture.

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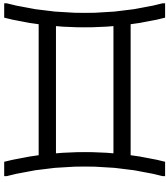
10. O my God, Thou mighty One, Thou Creator of all things, I renounce unto Thee the wine-cups of merriment, and the eyes of the wanton bearers, and all the lure of their soft limbs; so that I may be made drunk on the vine of Thy splendour, and be consumed in the unutterable joy of Thine everlasting rapture.

11. O my God, Thou mighty One, Thou Creator of all things, I renounce unto Thee the hissing of mad waters, and the trumpeting of the thunder, and all Thy tongues of dancing flame; so that I may be swept up in the breath of Thy nostrils, and be consumed in the unutterable joy of Thine everlasting rapture.

12. O my God, Thou mighty One, Thou Creator of all things, I renounce unto Thee the crimson lust of the chase, and the blast of the brazen war-horns, and all the gleaming of the spears; so that like an hart I may be brought to bay in Thine arms, and be consumed in the unutterable joy of Thine everlasting rapture.

13. O my God, Thou mighty One, Thou Creator of all things, I renounce unto Thee all that Self which is myself, that black sun which shineth in Self's day, whose glory blindeth Thy Glory; so that I may become as a rushlight in Thine abode, and be consumed in the unutterable joy of Thine everlasting rapture.

O Glory be unto Thee through all Time
and through all Space : Glory,
and Glory upon Glory,
Everlastingly. Amen,
and Amen, and
Amen.



The Chapter known as
The Twelfefold Conjuratiōn of God
and the Unity thereof

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ I ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ adore ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ Thee by the ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ Twelve Conjuratiōns ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ and by the Unity thereof ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

1. O Thou Consuming Eye of everlasting light set as a pearl betwixt the lids of Night and Day; I swear to Thee by the formless void of the Abyss, to lap the galaxies of night in darkness, and blow the meteors like bubbles into the frothing jaws of the sun.

2. O Thou ten-footed soldeir of blue ocean, whose castle is built upon the sands of life and death; I swear to Thee by the glittering blades of the waters, to cleave my way within Thine armed hermitage, and brood as an eyeless corpse beneath the coffin-lid of the Mighty Sea.

3. O Thou incandescent Ocean of molten stars, surging above the arch of the Firmament; I swear to Thee by the mane-pennoned lances of light, to stir the lion of Thy darkness from its air, and lash the sorceress of noontide into fury with serpents of fire.

4. O Thou intoxicating Vision of Beauty, fair as ten jewelled virgins dancing about the hermit moon; I swear to Thee by the peridot flagons of spring, to quaff to the dregs Thy Chalice of Glory, and beget a royal race before the Dawn flees from awakening Day.

5. O Thou unalterable measure of all things, in whose lap

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lie the destinies of unborn worlds; I swear to Thee by the balance of Light and Darkness, to spread out the blue vault as a looking-glass, and flash forth therefrom the intolerable lustre of Thy Countenance.

6. O Thou who settest forth the limitless expanse, I swear to Thee by the voiceless dust of the dest, to soar above the echoes of shrieking life, and as an eagle to fear for ever upon the silence of the stars.

7. O Thou flame-tipped arrow of devouring fire that quiverest as a tongue in the dark mouth of Night; I swear to Thee by the thurible of Thy Glory, to breathe the incense of mine understanding, and to cast the ashes of my wisdom into the Valley of Thy breast.

8. O Thou ruin of the mountains, glistening as an old white wolf above the fleecy mists of Earth; I swear to Thee by the galaxies of Thy domain, to press Thy lamb's breasts with the teeth of my soul, and drink of the milk and blood of Thy subtly and innocence.

9. O Thou Eternal river of chaotic law, in whose depths lie locked the secrets of Creation; I swear to Thee by the primal waters of the Deep, to such up the Firmament of Thy Chaos, and as a volcano to belch forth a Cosmos of coruscating suns.

10. O Thou Dragon-regent of the blue seas of air, as a chain of emeralds round the neck of Space; I swear to Thee by the hexagram of Night and Day, to be unto Thee as the twin fish of Time, which being set apart never divulged the secret of their unity.

11. O Thou flame of the hornèd storm-clouds, that sunderest their desolation, that outroarest the winds; I swear

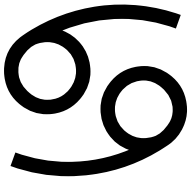
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to Thee by the gleaming sandals of the stars, to climb beyond the summits of the mountains, and rend Thy robe of purple thunders with a sword of silvery light.

12. O Thou fat of an hundred fortresses of iron, crimson as the blades of a million murderous swords; I swear to Thee by the smoke-wreath of the volcano, to open the secret shrine of Thy bull's breast, and tear out as an augur the heart of Thine all-pervading mystery.

13. O Thou silver axle of the Wheel of Being, thrust through with wings of Time by the still hand of Space; I swear to Thee by the twelve spokes of Thy Unity, to become unto Thee as the rim thereof, so that I may clothe me majestically in the robe that has no seam.

O Glory be unto Thee through all Time
and through all Space : Glory,
and Glory upon Glory,
Everlastingly. Amen,
and Amen, and
Amen.



The Chapter known as
The Twelfefold Certitude of God
and the Unity thereof

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ I ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ adore ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ Thee by the ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ Twelve Certitudes ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ and by the Unity thereof ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

1. O Thou Sovran Warrior of steel-girt valour, whose scimitar is a flame between day and night, whose helm is crested with the wings of the Abyss. I know Thee! O Thou four-eyed guardian of heaven, who kindleth to a flame the hearts of the downcast, and girdeth about with fire the loins of the unarmed.

2. O Thou Sovran Light and fire of loveliness, whose flaming locks stream downwards through the æthyr as knots of lightning deep-rooted. I know Thee! O Thou winnowing flail of brightness, the passionate lash of whose encircling hand scatters mankind before Thy fury as the wind-scud from the stormy breast of Ocean.

3. O Thou Sovran Singer of the revelling winds, whose voice is as a vestal troop of Bacchanals awakened by the piping of a Pan-pie. I know Thee! O thou dancing flame of frenzied song, whose shouts, like unto golden swords of leaping fire, urge us onwards to the wild slaughter of the Worlds.

4. O Thou Sovran Might of the most ancient forests, whose voice is as the murmur of unappeasable winds caught up in the arms of the swaying branches. I know Thee! O

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Thou rumble of conquering drums, who lulleth to a rapture of deep sleep those lovers who burn into each other, flame to fine flame.

5. O Thou Sovran Guide of the star-wheeling circles, the soles of whose feet smite plumes of golden fire from the outermost annihilation of the Abyss. I know Thee! O Thou crimson sword of destruction, who chasest the comets from the dark bed of night, till they speed before Thee as serpent tongues of flame.

6. O Thou Sovran Archer of the darksome regions, who shooteth forth from Thy transcendental crossbow the many-rayed suns into the fields of heaven. I know Thee! O Thou eight-pointed arrow of light, who smiteth the regions of the seven rivers until they laugh like Mæads with snaky thyrus.

7. O Thou Sovran Paladin of self-vanquished knights, whose path lieth through the trackless forests of time, winding athrough the Byss of unbegotten space. I know Thee! O thou despiser of the mountains, Thou whose course is as that of a lightning-hoofed steed leaping along the green bank of a fair river.

8. O Thou Sovran Surging of wild felicity, whose love is as the overflowing of the seas, and who makest our bodies to laugh with beauty. I know Thee! O Thou outstrider of the sunset, who deckest the snow-capped mountains with red roses, and strewest white violets on the curling waters.

9. O Thou Sovran Diadem of crown'd Wisdom, whose work knowleth the path of the sylphs of the air, and the black burrowings of the gnomes of the earth, I know Thee! O Thou master of the ways of life, in the palm of whose hand all the

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arts lie bounden as a smoke-cloud betwixt the lips of the mountain.

10. O Thou Sovran Lord of primal Baresarkers, who huntest with dawn the dappled deer of twilight, and whose engines of war are blood-crested comets. I know Thee! O Thou flame-crowned Self-luminous One, the lash of whose whip gathered the ancient worlds, and looseth the blood from the virgin clouds of heaven.

11. O Thou Sovran Moonstone of pearly loveliness, from out whose many eyes flash the fire-clouds of life, and whose breath enkindleth the Byss and the Abyss. I know Thee! O Thou fountain-head of fierce æthyr, in the pupil of whose brightness all things lie crouched and wrapped like a babe in the womb of its mother.

12. O Thou Sovran Mother of the breath of being, the milk of whose breasts is as the fountain of love, twin-jets of fire of fire upon the blue bosom of night. I know Thee! O Thou Virgin of the moonlit glades, who fondleth us as a drop of dew in Thy lap, ever watchful over the cradle of our fate.

13. O Thou Sovran All-Beholding eternal Sun, who lapest up the constellations of heaven, as a thirsty thief a jar of ancient wine. I know Thee! O Thou dawn-wing'd courtesan of light, who makest me to reel with one kiss of Thy mouth, as a leaf cast into the flames of a furnace.

O Glory be unto Thee through all Time
and through all Space : Glory,
and Glory upon Glory,
Everlastingly. Amen,
and Amen, and
Amen.



The Chapter known as
The Twelbefold Glorification of God
and the Unity thereof

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ I ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ adore ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ Thee by the ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ Twelve Glorifications ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ and by the Unity thereof ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

1. O Glory be to Thee, O God my God; for I behold Thee in the Lion Rampant of the dawn: Thou hast crushed with Thy paw the crouching lioness of Night, so that she may roar forth the Glory of Thy Name.

2. O Glory be to Thee, O God my God; for I behold Thee in the lap of the fertile valleys: Thou hast adorned their strong limbs with a robe of popped corn, so that they may laugh forth the Glory of Thy Name.

3. O Glory be to Thee, O God my God; for I behold Thee in the gilded rout of dancing-girls: Thou hast garlanded their naked middles with fragrant flowers, so that they may pace forth the Glory of Thy Name.

4. O Glory be to Thee, O God my God; for I behold Thee in the riotous joy of the storm; Thou hast shaken the gold-dust from the tresses of the hills, so that they may chaunt forth the Glory of Thy Name.

5. O Glory be to Thee, O God my God; for I behold Thee in the stars and meteors of Night: Thou hast caparisoned her grey coursers with moons of pearl, so that they may shake forth the Glory of Thy Name.

6. O Glory be to Thee, O God my God; for I behold Thee

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in the precious stones of the black earth: Thou hast lightened her with a myriad eyes of magic, so that she may wink forth the Glory of Thy Name.

7. O Glory be to Thee, O God my God; for I behold Thee in the sparkling dew of the wild glades: Thou hast decked them out as for a great feast of rejoicing, so that they may gleam forth the Glory of Thy Name.

8. O Glory be to Thee, O God my God; for I behold Thee in the stillness of the frozen lakes: Thou hast made their faces more dazzling than a silver mirror, so that they may flash forth the Glory of Thy Name.

9. O Glory be to Thee, O God my God; for I behold Thee in the smoke-veil'd fire of the mountains. Thou hast inflamed them as lions that scent a fallow deer, so that they may rage forth the Glory of Thy Name.

10. O Glory be to Thee, O God my God; for I behold Thee in the countenance of my darling: Thou hast unclothed her of white lilies and crimson roses, so that she may blush forth the Glory of Thy Name.

11. O Glory be to Thee, O God my God; for I behold Thee in the weeping of the flying clouds: Thou hast swelled therewith the blue breasts of the milky rivers so that they may roll forth the Glory of Thy Name.

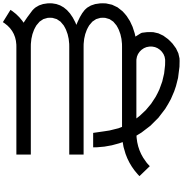
12. O Glory be to Thee, O God my God; for I behold Thee in the amber combers of the storm: Thou hast laid Thy lash upon the sphinxes of the waters, so that they may boom forth the Glory of Thy Name.

13. O Glory be to Thee, O God my God; for I behold Thee in the lotus-flower within my heart: Thou hast

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emblazoned my trumpet with the lion-standard, so that they I
blare forth the Glory of Thy Name.

O Glory be unto Thee through all Time
and through all Space : Glory,
and Glory upon Glory,
Everlastingly. Amen,
and Amen, and
Amen.



The Chapter known as
The Twelfefold Beseechment of God
and the Unity thereof

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ I ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ adore ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ Thee by the ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ Twelve Beesechments ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ and by the Unity thereof ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

1. O Thou mighty God, make me as a fair virgin that is clad in the blue-bells of the fragrant hillside; I beseech Thee, O Thou great God! That I may ring out the melody of Thy voice, and be clothed in the pure light of Thy loveliness: O Thou God my God!

2. O Thou Mighty God, make me as a Balance of rubies and jet that is cast in the lap of the Sun; I beseech Thee, O Thou great God! That I may flash forth the wonder of Thy brightness, and melt into the perfect poison of Thy Being: O Thou God, my God!

3. O Thou Mighty God, make me as a brown Scorpion that creepeth on through a vast desert of Silver; I beseech Thee, O Thou great God! That I may lose myself in the span of Thy light, and become one with the glitter of Thy Shadow: O Thou God, my God!

4. O Thou mighty God, make me as a green arrow of Lightning that speedeth through the purple clouds of Night; I beseech Thee, O Thou great God! That I may wake fire from the crown of Thy Wisdom, and flash into the depths on Thine Understanding: O Thou God, my God!

5. O Thou mighty God, make me as a flint-black goat that

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pranceth in a shining wilderness of steel; I beseech Thee, O Thou great God! That I may paw one flashing spark from Thy Splendour, and be welded into the Glory of Thy might: O Thou God, My God!

6. O Thou mighty God, make me as the sapphirine waves that cling to the shimmering limbs of the green rocks; I beseech Thee, O Thou great God! That I may chant in foaming music Thy Glory, and roll forth the eternal rapture of Thy Name: O Thou God, my God!

7. O Thou mighty God, make me as a silver fish darting through the vast depths of the dim-peopled waters; I beseech Thee, O Thou great God! That I may swim through the vastness of Thine abyss, and sink beneath the waveless depths of Thy Glory: O Thou God, my God!

8. O Thou mighty God, make me as a white ram that is athirst in a sun-scorched desert of bitterness; I beseech Thee, O Thou great God! That I may seek the deep waters of Thy Wisdom, and plunge into the whiteness of Thine effulgence: O Thou God, my God!

9. O Thou mighty God, make me as a thunder-smitted bull that is drunk upon the vintage of Thy blood; I beseech Thee, O Thou great God! That I may bellow through the universe Thy Power, and trample the nectar-sweet graps of Thine Essence: O Thou God, my God!

10. O Thou mighty God, make me as a black eunuch of song that is twin-voiced, yet dumb in either tongue; I beseech Thee, O Thou great God! That I may hush my melody in Thy Silence, and swell into the sweet ecstasy of Thy Song. O Thou God, my God!

11. O Thou mighty God, make me as an emerald crab that

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crawleth over the wet sands of the sea-shore; I beseech Thee, O Thou great God! That I may write Thy name across the shores of Time, and sink amongst the white atoms of Thy Being. O Thou God, my God!

12. O Thou mighty God, make me as a ruby lion that roareth from the summit of a white mountain; I beseech Thee, O Thou great God! That I may echo forth thy lordship through the hills, and dwindle into the nipple of Thy bounty. O Thou God, my God!

13. O Thou mighty God, make me as an all-consuming Sun ablaze in the centre of the Universe; I beseech Thee, O Thou great God! That I may become as a crown upon Thy brow, and flash forth the exceeding fire of Thy Godhead: O Thou God, my God!

O Glory be unto Thee through all Time
and through all Space : Glory,
and Glory upon Glory,
Everlastingly. Amen,
and Amen, and
Amen.



The Chapter known as
The Twelfefold Gratification of God
and the Unity thereof

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ I ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ adore ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ Thee by the ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ Twelve Gratifications ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ and by the Unity thereof ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

1. O Thou green-cloaked Maiden in labour, who bearest beneath Thy leaden girdle the vintage of Thy kisses; release me from the darkness of Thy womb, so that I may cast off my infant wrappings and leap forth as an armed warrior in steel.

2. O Thou snake of misty countenance, whose braided hair is like a fleecy dawn of swooning maidens; hunt me as a fierce wild boar through the skies, so that Thy burning spear may gore the blue heavens red with the foaming blood of my frenzy.

3. O Thou cloudy Virgin of the World, whose breasts are as scarlet lilies paling before the sun; dandle me in the cradle of Thine arms, so that the murmur of Thy voice may lull me to a sleep like a pearl lost in the depths of a silent sea!

4. O Thou wine-voiced laughter of fainting gloom, who art as a naked faun crushed to death between millstones of thunder; make me drunk on the rapture of Thy song, so that in the corpse-clutch of my passion I may tear the cloud-robe from off Thy swooning breast.

5. O Thou wanton cup-bearer of madness, whose mouth is as the joy of a thousand thousand masterful kisses; intoxicate me on Thy loveliness, so that the silver of Thy

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merriment may revel as a moon-white pearl upon my tongue.

6. O Thou midnight Vision of Whiteness, whose lips are as pouting rosebuds deflowered by the deciduous moon; tend me as a drop of dew in Thy breast, so that the dragon of Thy gluttonous hate may devour me with its mouth of adamant.

7. O Thou effulgence of burning love, who pursueth the dawn as a youth pursueth a rose-lipped maiden; rend me with the fierce kisses of Thy mouth, so that in the battle of our lips I may be drenched by the snow-pure fountains of Thy bliss.

8. O Thou black bull in a field of white girls, whose foaming flanks are as starry night ravished in the fierce arms of noon; shake forth the purple horns of my passion, so that I may dissolve as a crown of fire in the bewilderment of Thine ecstasy.

9. O Thou dread arbiter of all men, the hem of whose brodered skirt crimsoneth the white battlements of Space; bare me the starry nipple of Thy breast, so that the milk of Thy love may nurture me to the lustiness of Thy virginity.

10. O Thou thirsty charioteer of Time, whose cup is the hollow night filled with the foam of the vintage of day; drench me in the shower of Thy passion, so that I may pant in Thine arms as a tongue of lightning on the purple bosom of night.

11. O Thou opalescent Serpent-Queen, whose mouth is as the sunset that is bloody with the slaughter of day; hold me in the crimson flames of Thine arms, so that at Thy kisses I may expire as a bubble in the foam of Thy dazzling lips.

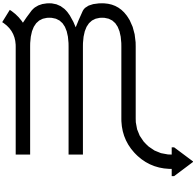
12. O Thou Odalisque of earth's palace, whose garments are scented and passionate as spring flowers in sunlit glades;

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roll me in the sweet perfume of Thy hair, so that Thy tresses of gold may anoint me with the honey of a million roses.

13. O Thou manly warrior amongst youths, whose limbs are as swords of fire that are welded in the furnace of war; press Thy cool kisses to my burning lips, so that the folly of our passion may weave us into the Crown of everlasting Light.

O Glory be unto Thee through all Time
and through all Space : Glory,
and Glory upon Glory,
Everlastingly. Amen,
and Amen, and
Amen.



The Chapter known as
The Twelfefold Denial of God
and the Unity thereof

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ I ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ adore ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ Thee by the ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ Twelve Denials ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ and by the Unity thereof ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

I. O Thou God of the Nothingness of All Things!

Thou who art neither the Formless breath of Chaos; nor the exhaler of the ordered spheres:

O Thou who art not the cloud-cradled star of the morning; nor the sun, drunken upon the midst, who blindeth men!

I deny Thee by the powers of mine understanding;

Guide me in the unity of Thy might, and lead me to the fatherhood of Thine all-pervading Nothingness;

for Thou art all and none of these in the fullness of Thy Not-being.

2. O Thou God of the Nothingness of All Things!

Thou who art neither the vitality of worlds; nor the breath of star-entangled being:

O Thou who art not horsed 'mid the centaur clouds of night; nor the twanging of the shuddering bowstring of noon!

I deny Thee by the powers of mine understanding;

Throne me in the unity of Thy might, and stab me with the javelin of Thine all-pervading Nothingness;

for Thou art all and none of these in the fullness of Thy Not-being.

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3. O Thou God of the Nothingness of All Things!

Thou who art neither the Pan-pie in the forest; nor life's blue sword wrapped in the cloak of death:

O Thou who art not found amongst the echoes of the hills; nor in the whisperings that wake within the valleys!

I deny Thee by the powers of mine understanding;

Crown me in the unity of Thy might, and flash me as a scarlet tongue into Thine all-pervading Nothingness;

for Thou art all and none of these in the fullness of Thy Not-being.

4. O Thou God of the Nothingness of All Things!

Thou who art neither the Crown of the flaming storm; nor the opalescence of the Abyss:

O Thou who art not a nymph in the foam of the sea; nor a whirling devil in the sand of the desert!

I deny Thee by the powers of mine understanding;

Bear me in the unity of Thy might, and pour me forth from out the cup of Thine all-pervading Nothingness;

for Thou art all and none of these in the fullness of Thy Not-being.

5. O Thou God of the Nothingness of All Things!

Thou who art neither the formulator of law; nor the Cheat of the maze of illusion:

O Thou who art not the foundation-stone of existence; nor the eagle that broodeth upon the egg of space!

I deny Thee by the powers of mine understanding;

Swathe me in the unity of Thy might, and teach me wisdom from the lips of Thine all-pervading Nothingness;

for Thou art all and none of these in the fullness of Thy Not-being.

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6. O Thou God of the Nothingness of All Things!

Thou who art neither the fivefold root of Nature; nor the fire-crested helm of her Master:

O Thou who art not the Emperor of Eternal Time; nor the warrior shout that rocketh the Byss of Space!

I deny Thee by the powers of mine understanding;

Raise me in the unity of Thy might, and suckle me at the swol'n breasts of Thine all-pervading Nothingness;

for Thou art all and none of these in the fullness of Thy Not-being.

7. O Thou God of the Nothingness of All Things!

Thou who art neither the golden bull of the heavens; nor the crimson fountain of the lusts of men:

O Thou who reclinest not upon the Waggon of Night; nor retest Thine hand upon the handle of the Plough!

I deny Thee by the powers of mine understanding;

Urge me in the unity of Thy might, and drench me with the red vintage of Thine all-pervading Nothingness;

for Thou art all and none of these in the fullness of Thy Not-being.

8. O Thou God of the Nothingness of All Things!

Thou who art neither starry eyes of heaven; nor the forehead of the crown'd morning:

O Thou who art not perceived by the powers of the mind; nor grasped by the fingers of Silence or of Speech!

I deny Thee by the powers of mine understanding;

Robe me in the unity of Thy might, and speed me into the blindness of Thine all-pervading Nothingness;

for Thou art all and none of these in the fullness of Thy Not-being.

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9. O Thou God of the Nothingness of All Things!

Thou who art neither the forge of eternity; nor the thunder-throated womb of Chaos:

O Thou who art not found in the hissing of the hail-stones; nor in the rioting of the equinoctial storm!

I deny Thee by the powers of mine understanding;

Bring me in the unity of Thy might, and feast me on the honeyed manna of Thine all-pervading Nothingness;

for Thou art all and none of these in the fullness of Thy Not-being.

10. O Thou God of the Nothingness of All Things!

Thou who art neither the traces of the chariot; nor the pole of galloping delusion:

O Thou who art not the pivot of the whole Universe; nor the body of the woman-serpent of the stars!

I deny Thee by the powers of mine understanding;

Lead me in the unity of Thy might, and drawn me unto the threshold of Thine all-pervading Nothingness;

for Thou art all and none of these in the fullness of Thy Not-being.

11. O Thou God of the Nothingness of All Things!

Thou who art neither the moaning of a maiden; nor the electric touch of fire-thrilled youth:

O Thou who art not found in the hardy kisses of love; nor in the tortured spasms of madness and of hate.

I deny Thee by the powers of mine understanding;

Weight me in the unity of Thy might, and roll me in the poisoned rapture of Thine all-pervading Nothingness;

for Thou art all and none of these in the fullness of Thy Not-being.

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12. O Thou God of the Nothingness of All Things!

Thou who art neither the primal cause of causes; nor the soul of what is, or was, or will be:

O Thou who art not measured in the motionless balance; nor smitted by the arrow-flights of man!

I deny Thee by the powers of mine understanding;

Shield me in the unity of Thy might, and reckon me aright in the span of Thine all-pervading Nothingness;

for Thou art all and none of these in the fullness of Thy Not-being.

13. O Thou God of the Nothingness of All Things!

Thou who art neither the breathing influx of life; nor the iron ring i' the marriage feast of death:

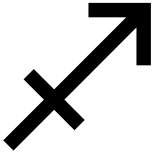
O Thou who art not shadowed forth in the songs of war; nor in the tears and lamentations of a child!

I deny Thee by the powers of mine understanding;

Sheathe me in the unity of Thy might, and kindle me with the grey flame of Thine all-pervading Nothingness;

for Thou art all and none of these in the fullness of Thy Not-being.

O Glory be unto Thee through all Time
and through all Space : Glory,
and Glory upon Glory,
Everlastingly. Amen,
and Amen, and
Amen.



The Chapter known as
The Twelfefold Rejoicing of God
and the Unity thereof

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ I ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ adore ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ Thee by the ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ Twelve Rejoicings ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ and by the Unity thereof ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

1. Ah! but I rejoice in Thee, O Thou my God;
Thou seven-rayed rainbow of perfect loveliness;
Thou light-rolling chariot of sunbeams;
Thou fragrant scent of the passing storm:
Yea, I rejoice in Thee, Thou breath of the slumbering
valleys;

O Thou low-murmering ripple of the ripe corn-
fields!

I rejoice, yea, I shout with gladness! till. as the mingling
blushes of day and night, my song weaveth the joys of life
into a gold and purple Crown, for the Glory and Splendour of
Thy Name.

2. Ah! but I rejoice in Thee, O Thou my God;
Thou zigzagged effulgence of the burning stars;
Thou wilderment of indigo light;
Thou grey horn of immaculate fire:
Yea, I rejoice in Thee, Thou embattled cloud of flashing
flame;

O Thou capricious serpent-head of scarlet hair!

I rejoice, yea, I shout with gladness! till my roaring filleth

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the wooded mountains, and like a giant forceth the wind's head through the struggling trees, in the Glory and Splendour of Thy Name.

3. Ah! but I rejoice in Thee, O Thou my God;
Thou silken web of emerald bewitchement;

Thou berylline mist of marshy meers;

Thou flame-spangled fleece of seething gold:

Yea, I rejoice in Thee, Thou pearly dew of the setting moon;

O Thou dark purple storm-cloud of contending kisses!

I rejoice, yea, I shout with gladness! till all my laughter, like enchanted waters, is blown as an iris-web of bubbles from the lips of the deep, in the Glory and Splendour of Thy Name.

4. Ah! but I rejoice in Thee, O Thou my God;

Thou who broodest on the dark breasts of the deep;

Thou lap of the wave-glittering sea;

Thou bright vesture of the crested floods:

Yea, I rejoice in Thee, Thou native splendour of the Waters;

O Thou fathomless Abyss of surging joy!

I rejoice, yea, I shout with gladness! till the mad swords of my music smite the hills, and rend the amethyst limbs of Night from the white embrace of Day, at the Glory and Splendour of Thy Name.

5. Ah! but I rejoice in Thee, O Thou my God;

Thou cloud-hooded bastion of the stormy skies;

Thou lightning anvil of angel swords;

Thou gloomy forge of the thunderbolt:

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Yea, I rejoice in Thee, Thou all-subduing Crown of Splendour;

O Thou hero-souled helm of endless victory!

I rejoice, yea, I shout with gladness! till the mad rivers rush roaring through the woods, and my re-echoing voice danceth like a ram among the hills, for the Glory and Splendour of Thy Name.

6. Ah! but I rejoice in Thee, O Thou my God;

Thou opalescent orb of shattered sunsets;

Thou pearly boss on the shield of light;

Thou tawny priest at the Mass of lust:

Yea, I rejoice in Thee, Thou chalcedony cloudland of light;

O Thou poppy-petal floating upon the snowstorm!

I rejoice, yea, I shout with gladness! till my frenzied words rush through the souls of men, like a blood-red bull through a white herd of terror-stricken kine, at the Glory and Splendour of Thy Name.

7. Ah! but I rejoice in Thee, O Thou my God;

Thou unimperilled flight of joyous laughter;

Thou eunuch glaive-armed before joy's veil;

Thou dreadful insatiable One:

Yea, I rejoice in Thee, Thou lofty gathering-point of Bliss;

O Thou bridal-bed of murmuring rapture!

I rejoice, yea, I shout with gladness! till I tangle the black tresses of the storm, and lash the tempest into a green foam of twining basilisks, in the Glory and Splendour of Thy Name.

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8. Ah! but I rejoice in Thee, O Thou my God;
Thou coruscating star-point of Endlessness;
Thou inundating fire of the Void;
Thou moonbeam cup of eternal life:

Yea, I rejoice in Thee, Thou fire-sandalled warrior of steel;

O Thou bloody dew of the field of slaughter and death!

I rejoice, yea, I shout with gladness! till the music of my throat smiteth the hills as a crescent moon waketh a nightly field of sleeping comets, at the Glory and Splendour of Thy Name.

9. Ah! but I rejoice in Thee, O Thou my God;
Thou jewel-work of snow on the limbs of night;
Thou elaboration of oneness;
Thou shower of universal suns:

Yea, I rejoice in Thee, Thou gorgeous, Thou wildering one;
O Thou great lion roaring over a sea of blood!

I rejoice, yea, I shout with gladness! till the wild thunder of my praise breaketh down, as a satyr doth a babe, the nine and ninety gates of Thy Power, in the Glory and Splendour of Thy Name.

10. Ah! but I rejoice in Thee, O Thou my God;
Thou ambrosia-yielding rose of the World.
Thou vaulted dome of effulgent light;
Thou valley of venomous vipers:

Yea, I rejoice in Thee, Thou dazzling robe of the soft rain-clouds;

O Thou lion-voiced up-rearing of the goaded storm.

I rejoice, yea, I shout with gladness! till my rapture, like

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unto a two-edged sword, traceth a sigil of fire and blasteth the banded sorcerers, in the Glory and Splendour of Thy Name.

11. Ah! but I rejoice in Thee, O Thou my God;
Thou Crown of unutterable loveliness;
Thou feather of hyalescent flame;
Thou all-beholding eye of brightness:
Yea, I rejoice in Thee, Thou resplendent everlasting one:
O Thou vast abysmal ocean of foaming flames!

I rejoice, yea, I shout with gladness! till the stars leap like white courses from the night, and the heavens resound as an army of steel-clad warriors, at the Glory and Splendour of Thy Name.

12. Ah! but I rejoice in Thee, O Thou my God;
Thou star-blaze of undying expectation;
Thou ibis-throated voice of silence;
Thou blinding night of understanding:
Yea, I rejoice in Thee, Thou white finger of Chaotic law;
O Thou creative cockatrice twined amons the waters!

I rejoice, yea, I shout with gladness! till my cries stir the night as the burnished gold of a lance thrust into a poisonous dragon of adamant, for the Glory and Splendour of Thy Name.

13. Ah! but I rejoice in Thee, O Thou my God;
Thou self-luminous refulgent Brilliance;
Thou eye of light that hath no eyelid;
Thou turquoise-studded sceptre of deed:

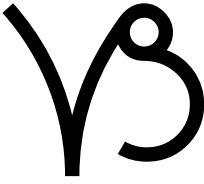
Yea, I rejoice in Thee, Thou white furnace womb of Energy;

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O Thou spark-whirling forge of the substance of the worlds;

I rejoice, yea, I shout with gladness! till I mount as a white beam unto the crown, and as a breath of night melt into the golden lips of Thy dawn, in the Glory and Splendour of Thy Name.

O Glory be unto Thee through all Time
and through all Space : Glory,
and Glory upon Glory,
Everlastingly. Amen,
and Amen, and
Amen.



The Chapter known as
 The Twelbefold Humiliation of God
 and the Unity thereof

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ I ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦
 ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ adore ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦
 ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ Thee by the ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦
 ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ Twelve Humiliations ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦
 ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ and by the Unity thereof ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

1. O my God, behold me fully and be merciful unto me, as I humble myself before Thee; for all my searching is as a bat that seeks some hollow of night upon a sun-parched wilderness.

2. O my God, order me justly and be merciful unto me, as I humble myself before Thee; for all my thoughts are as a dust-clad serpent wind at noon that danceth through the ashen grass of law.

3. O my God, conquer me with love and be merciful unto me, as I humble myself before Thee; for all the striving of my spirit is as a child's kiss that struggles through a cloud of tangled hair.

4. O my God, suckle me with truth and be merciful unto me, as I humble myself before Thee; for all my agony of anguish is but as a quail struggling in the jaws of an hungry wolf.

5. O my God, comfort me with ease and be merciful unto me, as I humble myself before Thee; for all the toil of my life is but as a small white mouse swimming through a vast sea of crimson blood.

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6. O my God, entreat me gently and be merciful unto me, as I humble myself before Thee; for all my toil is but as a threadless shuttle of steel thrust here and there in the black loom of night.

7. O my God, fondle me with kisses and be merciful unto me, as I humble myself before Thee; for all my desires are as dewdrops that are sucked from silver lilies by the throat of a young god.

8. O my God, exalt me with blood and be merciful unto me, as I humble myself before Thee; for all my courage is but as the fang of a viper that striketh at the rosy heel of dawn.

9. O my God, teach me with patience and be merciful unto me, as I humble myself before Thee; for all my knowledge is but as the refuse of the chaff that is flung to the darkness of the void.

10. O my God, measure me rightly and be merciful unto me, as I humble myself before Thee; for all my praise is but as a single letter of lead lost in the gilded scriptures of the rocks.

11. O my God, fill me with slumber and be merciful unto me, as I humble myself before Thee; for all my wakefulness is but as a cloud at sunset that is like a snake gliding through the dew.

12. O my God, kindle me with joy and be merciful unto me, as I humble myself before Thee; for all the strength of my mind is but as a web of silk that bindeth the milky breasts of the stars.

13. O my God, consume me with fire and be merciful unto me, as I humble myself before Thee; for all mine under-

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standing is but as a spider's thread drawn from star to star of a young galaxy.

O Glory be unto Thee through all Time
and through all Space : Glory,
and Glory upon Glory,
Everlastingly. Amen,
and Amen, and
Amen.



The Chapter known as
 The Twelbefold Lamentation of God
 and the Unity thereof

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ I ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
 ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ adore ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
 ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ Thee by the ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
 ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ Twelve Lamentations ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
 ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ and by the Unity thereof ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

1. O woe unto me, my God, woe unto me; for all my song is as the dirge of the sea that moans about a corpse, lapping most mournfully against the dead shore in the darkness. Yet in the sob of the wind do I hear Thy name, that quickeneth the cold lips of death to life.

2. O woe unto me, my God, woe unto me; for all my praise is as the song of a bird that is ensnared in the network of the winds, and cast adown the drowning depths of night. Yet in the faltering notes of my music do I mark the melody of universal truth.

3. O woe unto me, my God, woe unto me; for all my works are as a coiled-up sleeper who hath overslept the day, even the dawn that hoevereth as a hawk in the void. Yet in the gloom of mine awakening do I see, across the breasts of night, Thy shadowed form.

4. O woe unto me, my God, woe unto me; for all my labours are as weary oxen laggard and sore stricken with the goad, ploughing black furrows across the white fields of light. Yet in the scrawling trail of their slow toil do I descry the golden harvest of Thine effulgence.

5. O woe unto me, my God, woe unto me; for all the hope

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of my heart hath been ravished as the body of a virgin that is fallen into the hands of riotous robbers. Yet in the outrage of mine innocenece do I disclose the clear manna of Thy purity.

6. O woe unto me, my God, woe unto me; for all the passion of my love is mazed as the bewildered eyes of a youth, who should wake to find his belovèd fled away. Yet in the crumpled couch of lust do I behold as an imprint the sigil of Thy name.

7. O woe unto me, my God, woe unto me; for all the joy of my days lies dishonoured as the spangle-veil'd Virgin of night torn and trampled by the sun-lashed stallions of Dawn. Yet in the frenzy of their couplings do I tremble forth the pearly dew of ecstatic light.

8. O woe unto me, my God, woe unto me; for all the aspirations of my heart ruin as in time of earthquake the bare hut of an hermit that he hath built for prayer. Yet from the lightning-struck tower of my reason do I enter Thy house that Thou didst build for me.

9. O woe unto me, my God, woe unto me; for all my joy is as a cloud of dust blown athwart a memory of tears, even across the shadowless brow of the desert. Yet as from the breast of a slave-girl do I pluck the fragrant blossom of Thy Crimson Splendour.

10. O woe unto me, my God, woe unto me; for all the feastings of my flesh have sickened to the wormy hunger of the grave, writhing in the spasms of indolent decay. Yet in the maggots of my corruption do I shdow forth sunlit hosts of crownèd eagles.

11. O woe unto me, my God, woe unto me; for all my

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craft is as an injured arrow, featherless and twisted, that should be loosed from its bowstring by the hands of an infant. Yet in the wayward struggling of its flight do I grip the unwavering courses of Thy wisdom.

12. O woe unto me, my God, woe unto me; for all my faith is as a filthy puddle in the sinister confines of a forest, splashed by the wanton foot of a young gnome. Yet like a wildfire through the trees at nightfall do I divine the distant glimmer of Thine Eye.

13. O woe unto me, my God, woe unto me; for all my life sinks as the western Sun that struggles in the strangling arms of Night, flecked over with the starry foam of her kisses. Yet in the very midnight of my soul do I hold as a scarab the signet of Thy name.

O Glory be unto Thee through all Time
and through all Space : Glory,
and Glory upon Glory,
Everlastingly. Amen,
and Amen, and
Amen.



The Chapter known as
The Twelfefold Bewilderment of God
and the Unity thereof

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ I ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦
♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ adore ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦
♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ Thee by the ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦
♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ Twelve Bewilderments ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦
♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ and by the Unity thereof ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

1. O what art Thou, O God my God, Thou snow-browed storm that art whirled up in clouds of flame?

O Thou red sword of the thunder!

Thou great blue river of ever-flowing Brightness, over whose breasts creep the star-bannered vessels of night!

O how can I plunge within Thine inscrutable depths, and yet with open eye be lost in the pearly foam of Thine Oblivion.

2. O what art Thou, O God my God, Thou eternal incarnating immortal One?

O Thou welder of life and death!

Thou whose breasts are as the full breasts of a mother, yet in Thy hand Thou carriest the sword of destruction!

O how can I cleave the shield of Thy might as a little wanton child may burst a floating bubble with the breath-feather of a dove.

3. O what art Thou, O God my God, Thou mighty worker laden with the dust of toil?

O Thou little ant of the earth!

Thou great monster who infuriatest the seas, and by their vigour wearest down the strength of the cliffs!

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O how can I bind Thee in a spider's web of song, and yet remain one and unconsumèd before the raging of Thy nostrils?

4. O what art Thou, O God my God, Thou forkèd tongue of the purple-throated thunder.

O Thou silver sword of lightning!

Thou who rippest out the fire-bolt from the storm-cloud, as a sorcerer teareth the heart from a black kid!

O how can I possess Thee as the dome of the skies, so that I may fix the keystone of my reason in the arch of Thy forehead?

5. O what art Thou, O God my God, Thou amber-seal'd one whose eyes are set on columns?

O Thou sightless seer of all things!

Thou spearless warrior who urgest on Thy steeds and blindest the outer edge of darkness with Thy Glory!

O how can I grasp the whirling wheels of Thy splendour, and yet be not smitten into death by the hurtling fury of Thy chariot?

6. O what art Thou, O God my God, Thou red fire-fang that gnawest the blue limbs of night?

O Thou devouring breath of flame!

Thou illimitable ocean of frenzied air, in whom all is one, a plume cast into a furnace!

O how can I dare to approach and stand before Thee, for I am but as a withered leaf whirled away by the anger of the storm?

7. O what art Thou, O God my God, Thou almighty worker ungirded of slumber?

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O Thou Unicorn of the Stars!

Thou tongue of flame burning above the firmament, as a lily that blossometh in the drear desert!

O how can I pluck Thee from the dark bed of Thy birth, and revel like a wine-drenched faun in the banqueting-house of Thy Seigniory?

8. O what art Thou, O God my God, Thou dazzler of the deep obscurity of the day?

O Thou golden breast of beauty!

Thou shrivelled udder of the storm-blasted mountain, who no longer sucklest the babe-clouds of wind-swept night!

O how can I gaze upon Thy countenance of eld, and yet be not blinding by the black fury of Thy dethroned Majesty?

9. O what art Thou, O God my God, Thou seraph-venom of witch-vengeance enchanted?

O Thou coiled wizardry of stars!

Thou one Lord of life triumphant over death, Thou red rose of love nailed to the cross of golden light!

O how can I die in Thee as sea-foam in the clouds, and yet possess Thee as a frail white mist possesses the stripped limbs of the Sun?

10. O what art Thou, O God my God, Thou soft pearl set in a bow of effulgent light?

O Thou drop of shimmering dew!

Thou surging river of bewildering beauty who speedest as a blue arrow of fire beyond, beyond!

O how can I measure the poisons of Thy limbeck, and yet be for ever transmuted in the athanor of Thine understanding?

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11. O what art Thou, O God my God, Thou disrober of the darkness of the Abyss?

O Thou veil'd eye of creation!

Thou soundless voice who, for ever misunderstood, rollest on through the dark abyssms of infinity!

O how can I learn to sing the music of Thy name, as a quivering silence above the thundering discord of the tempest?

12. O what art Thou, O God my God, Thou teeming desert of the abundance of night?

O Thou river of unquench'd thirst!

Thou tongueless one who lickest up the dust of death and casteth it forth as the rolling ocean of life!

O how can I possess the still depths of Thy darkness, and yet in Thine embrace fall asleep as a child in a bower of lilies?

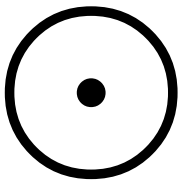
13. O what art Thou, O God my God, Thou shrouded one veiled in a dazzling effulgence?

O Thou centreless whorl of Time!

Thou illimitable abyssm of Righteousness, the lashes of whose eye are as showers of molten suns!

O how can I reflect the light of Thine unity, and melt into Thy Glory as a cloudy chaplet of chalcedony moon

O Glory be unto Thee through all Time
and through all Space : Glory,
and Glory upon Glory,
Everlastingly. Amen,
and Amen, and
Amen.



The Chapter known as
The Twelbefold Unificiation of God
and the Unity thereof

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ I ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ adore ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ Thee by the ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ Twelve Unificiations ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ and by the Unity thereof ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

1. O Thou Unity of all things: as the water that poureth through the fingers of my hand, so art Thou, O God my God. I cannot hold Thee, for Thou art everywhere; lo! though I plunge into the heart of the ocean, there still shall I find Thee, Thou Unity of Unities, Thou Oneness, O Thou perfect Nothingness of bliss!

2. O Thou Unity of all things: as the hot fire that flameth is too subtle to be held, so art Thou, O God my God. I cannot grasp Thee, for Thou art everywhere; lo! though I hurl me down the scarlet throat of a volcano, there still shall I find Thee, Thou Unity of Unities, Thou Oneness, O Thou perfect Nothingness of bliss!

3. O Thou Unity of all things: as the moon that waneth and increaseth in the heavens, so art Thou, O God my God. I cannot stay Thee, for Thou art everywhere; lo! though I devour Thee, as a dragon devoureth a kid, there still shall I find Thee, Thou Unity of Unities, Thou Oneness, O Thou perfect Nothingness of bliss!

4. O Thou Unity of all things: as the dust that danceth over the breast of the desert, so art Thou, O God my God. I cannot seize Thee, for Thou art everywhere; lo! though I lick up with my tongue the bitter salt of the plains, there still

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shall I find Thee, Thou Unity of Unities, Thou Oneness, O Thou perfect Nothingness of bliss!

5. O Thou Unity of all things: as the air that bubbleth from the dark depths of the waters, so art Thou, O God my God. I cannot catch Thee, for Thou art everywhere; lo! though I net thee as a goldfish in a kerchief of silk, there still shall I find Thee, Thou Unity of Unities, Thou Oneness, O Thou perfect Nothingness of bliss!

6. O Thou Unity of all things: as the cloud that flitteth across the white horns of the moon, so art Thou, O God my God. I cannot pierce Thee, for Thou art everywhere; lo! though I tangle Thee in a witch-gossamer of starlight, there still shall I find Thee, Thou Unity of Unities, Thou Oneness, O Thou perfect Nothingness of bliss!

7. O Thou Unity of all things: as the star that travelleth along its appointed course, so art Thou, O God my God. I cannot rule Thee, for Thou art everywhere; lo! though I hunt Thee across the blue heavens as a lost comet, there still shall I find Thee, Thou Unity of Unities, Thou Oneness, O Thou perfect Nothingness of bliss!

8. O Thou Unity of all things: as the lightning that lurketh in the heart of the thunder, so art Thou, O God my God. I cannot search Thee, for Thou art everywhere; lo! though I wed the flaming circle to the enshrouded square, there still shall I find Thee, Thou Unity of Unities, Thou Oneness, O Thou perfect Nothingness of bliss!

9. O Thou Unity of all things: as the earth that holdeth all precious jewels in her heart so art Thou, O God my God. I cannot spoil Thee, for Thou art everywhere; lo! though I burrow as a mole in the mountain of Chaos, there still shall I

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find Thee, Thou Unity of Unities, Thou Oneness, O Thou perfect Nothingness of bliss!

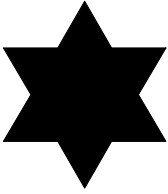
10. O Thou Unity of all things: as the pole-star that burneth in the centre of the night, so art Thou, O God my God. I cannot hide Thee, for Thou art everywhere; lo! though I turn from Thee at each touch of the lodestone of lust, there still shall I find Thee, Thou Unity of Unities, Thou Oneness, O Thou perfect Nothingness of bliss!

11. O Thou Unity of all things: as the blue smoke that whirleth up from the altar of life, so art Thou, O God my God. I cannot find Thee, for Thou art everywhere; lo! though I inter Thee in the sarcophagi of the damned, there still shall I find Thee, Thou Unity of Unities, Thou Oneness, O Thou perfect Nothingness of bliss!

12. O Thou Unity of all things: as a dark-eyed maiden decked in crimson and precious pearls, so art Thou, O God my God. I cannot rob Thee, for Thou art everywhere; lo! though I strip Thee of Thy gold and scarlet raiment of Self, there still shall I find Thee, Thou Unity of Unities, Thou Oneness, O Thou perfect Nothingness of bliss!

13. O Thou Unity of all things: as the sun that rolleth through the twelve manions of the skies, so art Thou, O God my God. I cannot slay Thee, for Thou art everywhere; lo! though I lick up the Boundless Light, the Boundless, and the Not, there still shall I find Thee, Thou Unity of Unities, Thou Oneness, O Thou perfect Nothingness of bliss!

O Glory be unto Thee through all Time
and through all Space : Glory,
and Glory upon Glory,
Everlastingly. Amen,
and Amen, and
Amen.



The Chapter known as
The Hundred and Sixty-Nine Cries of
Adoration and the Unity thereof

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ I ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ adore ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ Thee by the ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ Hundred and Sixty- ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ Nine Cries of Adoration ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ and by the Unity thereof ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

O Thou Dragon-prince of the air, that art drunk on the blood of the sunsets! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou Unicorn of the storm, that art crested above the purple air! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou burning sword of passion, that art tempered on the anvil of flesh! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou slimy lust of the grave, that art tangled in the roots of the Tree! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou smoke-shroded sword of flame, that art en-sheathed in the bowels of earth! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou scented grove of wild vines, that art trampled by the white feet of love! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou golden sheaf of desire, that art bound by a fair wisp of poppies! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou molten comet of gold, that art seen through the wizard's glass of Space! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

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O Thou shrill song of the eunuch, that art heard behind the curtain of shame! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou bright star of the morning, that art set betwixt the breasts of the night! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou lidless eye of the world, that art seen through the sapphire veil of space! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou smiling mouth of the dawn, that art freed from the laughter of the night! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou dazzling star-point of hope, that burnest over oceans of despair! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou naked virgin of love, that art caught in a net of wild roses! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou iron turret of death, that art rusted with the bright blood of war! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou bubbling wine-cup of joy, that foamest like the cauldron of murder! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou icy trail of the moon, that art traced in the veins of the onyx! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou frenzied hunter of love, that art slain by the twisted horns of lust! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou frozen book of the seas, that art graven by the swords of the sun! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

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O Thou flashing opal of light, that art wrapped in the robes of the rainbows! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou purple mist of the hills, that hideth shepherds from the wanton moon! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou low moan of fainting maids, that art caught up in the strong sobs of love! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou fleeting beam of delight, that lurkest within the spear-thrusts of dawn! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou golden wine of the sun, that art poured over the dark breasts of night! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou fragrance of sweet flowers, that art wafted over blue fields of air! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou mighty bastion of faith, that withstended all the breachers of doubt! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou silver horn of the moon, that gorest the red flank of the morning! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou grey glory of twilight, that art the hermaphrodite triumphant! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou thirsty mouth of the wind, that art maddened by the foam of the sea! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou couch of rose-leaf desires, that art crumpled by the vine and the fir! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

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O Thou bird-sweet river of Love, that warblest through the pebbly gorge of Life! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou golden network of stars, that art girt about the cold breasts of Night! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou mad whirlwind of laughter, that art meshed in the wild locks of folly! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou white hand of Creation, that holdest up the dying head of Death! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou purple tongue of Twilight, that dost lap up the lucent milk of Day! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou thunderbolt of Science, that flashest from the dark clouds of Magic! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou red rose of the Morning, that glowest in the bosom of the Night! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou flaming globe of Glory, that art caught up in the arms of the sun! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou silver arrow of hope, that art shot from the arc of the rainbow! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou starry virgin of Night, that art strained to the arms of the morning! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou sworded soldier of life, that art sucked down in the quicksands of death! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

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O Thou brozne blast of the trumpet, that rollest over emerald-tipped spears! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou opal mist of the sea, that art sucked up by the beams of the sun! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou red worm of formation, that art lifted by the white whorl of love! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou mighty anvil of Time, that outshowerest the bright sparks of life! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou red cobra of desire, that art unhooded by the hands of girls! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou curling billow of joy, whose fingers caress the limbs of the world! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou emerald vulture of Truth, that art perched upon the vast tree of life! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou lonely eagle of night, that drinkest at the moist lips of the moon! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou wild daughter of Chaos, that art ravished by strong son of law! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou ghostly night of terror, that art slaughtered in the blood of the dawn! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou popped nectar of sleep, that art curlded in the

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still womb of slumber! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou burning rapture of girls, that disport in the sunset of passion! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou molten ocean of stars, that art a crown for the forehead of day! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou little brook in the hills, like an asp betwixt the breasts of a girl! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou thou mighty oak of magic, that art rooted in the mountain of life! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou sparkling network of pearls, that art woven of the waves by the moon! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou wanton sword-blade of life, that art sheath'd by the harlot call'd Death! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou mist-clad spirit of spring, that art unrob'd by the hands of the wind! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou sweet perfume of desire, that art wafted through the valley of love! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou sparkling wine-cup of light, whose foaming is the heart's blood of the stars! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou silver sword of madness, that art smitten through the midden of life! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

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O Thou hooded vulture of night, that art glutted on the entrails of day! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou pearl-gray arch of the world, whose keystone is the ecstasy of man! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou silken web of movement, that art blown through the atoms of matter! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou rush-strewn threshold of joy, that art lost in the quicksands of reason! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou wild vision of Beauty, but half seen betwixt the cusps of the moon! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou pearl cloud of the sunset, that art caught up in a murderer's hand! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou rich vintage of slumber, that art crushed from the bud of the poppy! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou great boulder of rapture, that leapest adown the mountains of joy! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou breather-out of the winds, that art snared in the drag-net of reason! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou purple breast of the storm, that art scarred by the teeth of the lightning! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou pillar of phosphor foam, that Leviathan spouteth from's nostrils! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou song of that harp of life, that chantest forth the perfection of death! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

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O Thou veild beam of the stars, that art tangled in the tresses of night! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou flashing shield of the sun, as a discus hurled by the hand of Space! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou ribald shout of laughter, that echoest among the tombs of death! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou unfailing cruse of joy, that art filled with the tears of the fallen! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou burning lust of the moon, that art clothed in the mist of the ocean! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou one measure of all things, that art Dam of the great order of worlds! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou frail virgin of Eden, that art ravished to the abode of Hell! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou dark forest of wonder, that art tangled in a gold web of dew! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou tortured shriek of the storm, that art whirled up through the leaves of the woods! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou dazzling opal of light, that flamest in the crumbling skull of space! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou red knife of destruction, that art sheathed in the bowels of order! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou storm-drunk breath of the winds, that pant in the bosom of the mountains! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou loud bell of rejoicing, that art smitten by the hammer of woe! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

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O Thou red rose of the sunset, that witherest on the altar of night! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou bright vision of sunbeams, that burnest in a flagon of topaz! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou virgin lily of light, that sproutest between the lips of a corpse! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou blue helm of destruction, that art winged with the lightnings of madness! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou voice of the heaving seas, that tremblest in the grey of the twilight! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou unfolder of heaven, red-winged as an eagle at sunrise! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou curling tongue of red flame, athirst on the nipple of my passion! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou outrider of the sun, that spurrest the bloody flanks of the wind! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou dancer with gilded nails, that unbraidest the star-hair of the night! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou moonlit pearl of rapture, clasped fast in the silver hand of the Dawn! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou wanton mother of love, that art mistress of the children of men! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou crimson fountain of blood, that spoutest from the heart of Creation! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou warrior eye of the sun, that shooteth death from the berylline Byss! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

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O Thou Witch's hell-broth of hate, that boilest in the white cauldron of love! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou Ribbon of Northern Lights, that bindest the elfin tresses of night! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou red sword of the Twilight, that art rusted with the blood of the noon! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou sacrificer of Dawn, that wearest the chasuble of sunset! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou bloodshot eye of lightning, glowering beneath the eyebrows of thunder! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou four-square Crown of Nothing, that circlest the destruction of worlds! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou bloodhound whirlwind of lust, that art unleashed by the first kiss of love! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou wondrous chalice of light, uplifted by the M^{aa}ads of Dawn! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou fecund opal of death, that sparklest through a sea of mother-of-pearl! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou crimson rose of the Dawn, that art fastened in the dark locks of Night! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou pink nipple of Being, thrust deep into the black mouth of Chaos! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou vampire Queen of the Flesh, wound as a snake around the throats of men! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

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O Thou tender next of dove's down, built up betwixt the hawk's claws of the Night! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou concubine of Matter, anointed with love-nard of Motion! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou flame-tipp'd bolt of Morning, that art shot out from the crossbow of Night! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou frail blue-bell of Moonlight, that art lost in the gardens of the Stars! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou tall mast of wreck'd Chaos, that art crowned by the white lamp of Cosmon! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou pearly eyelid of Day, that art closed by the finger of Evening! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou wild anarch of the Hills, pale glooming above the mists of the Earth! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou moonlit peak of pleasure, that art crowned by the viper tongues of forked flame! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou wolfish head of the winds, that frighteth the snow-white lamb of winter! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou dew-lit nymph of the Dawn, that swoonest in the satyr arms of the Sun! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou mad abode of kisses, that art lit by the fat of murdered fiends! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

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O Thou sleeping lust of the Storm, that art flame-gorg'd
as a flint full of fire! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee,
IAO!

O Thou soft dew of the Evening, that art drunk up by
the mist of the Night! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee,
IAO!

O Thou wounded son of the West, that gushest out Thy
blood on the heavens! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee,
IAO!

O Thou burning tower of fire, that art set up in the midst
of the seas! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou unvintageable dew, that art moist upon the lips of
the Morn! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou silver crescent of love, that burnest over the dark
helm of War! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou snow-white ram of the Dawn, that art slain by
the lion of the noon! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee,
IAO!

O Thou crimson spear-point of life, that art thrust through
the dark bowels of Time! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore
Thee, IAO!

O Thou black waterspout of Death, that whirlest, whelme
st the tall ship of Life! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee,
IAO!

O Thou mighty chain of events, that art strained betwixt
Cosmon and Chaos! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee,
IAO!

O Thou towering eagre of lust, that art heaped up by the
moon-breasts of youth! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee,
IAO!

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O Thou serpent-crown of green light, that art wound round the dark forehead of Death! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou crimson vintage of Life, that art poured into the jar of the Grave! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou waveless Ocean of Peace, that sleepest beneath the wild heart of man! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou whirling skirt of the stars, that art swathed round the limbs of the ~~the~~ ^{the}! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou snow-white chalice of Love, thou art filled up with the red lusts of Man! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou fragrant garden of Joy, firm-set betwixt the breasts of the morning! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou pearly fountain of Life, that spoutest up in the black court of Death! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou brindle hound of the Night, with thy nose to the sleuth of the Sunset! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou leprous claw of the ghoul, that coaxest the babe from its chaste cradle! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou assassin word of law, that art written in ruin of earthquakes! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou trembling breast of the night, that gleamest with a rosary of moons! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

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O Thou Holy Sphinx of rebirth, that crouchest in the black desert of death! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou diadem of the suns, that art the knot of this red web of worlds! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou ravished river of law, that outpourest the arcanum of Life! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou glimmering tongue of day, that art sucked unto the blue lips of Night! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou Queen-Bee of Heaven's hive, that smearest thy thighs with honey of Hell! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou scarlet dragon of flame, enmeshed in the web of a spider! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou magic symbol of light, that art frozen on the black book of blood! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou swathed image of Death, that art hidden in the coffin of joy! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou red breast of the sunset, that pantest for the ravishment of Night! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou serpent of malachite, that baskest in a desert of turquoise! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou fierce whirlpool of passion, that art sucked up by the mouth of the sun! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou green cockatrice of Hell, that art coiled around the finger of Fate! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou lambet laughter of fire, that art wound round

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the heart of the waters! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou gorilla blizzard Air, that tearest out Earth's tresses by the roots! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou reveller of Spirit, that carousest in the halls of Matter! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou red-lipped Vampire of Life, that drainest blood from the black Mount of Death! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou little lark of Beyond, that art heard in the dark groves of knowledge! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou summer softness of lips, that glow hot with the scarlet of passion! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou pearly foam of the grape, that art flecked with the roses of love! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou frenzied hand of the seas, that unfurlest the black Banner of Storm! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou shrouded book of the dead, that art sealed with the seven souls of man! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

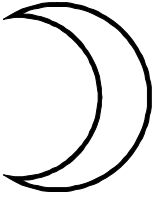
O Thou writhing frenzy of love, that art knotted like the grid-flames of Hell! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou primal birth-ring of thought, that dost encircle the thumb of the soul! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

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O Thou blind flame of Nothingness, as a crown upon my
brow! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Glory be unto Thee through all Time
and through all Space : Glory,
and Glory upon Glory,
Everlastingly. Amen,
and Amen, and
Amen.



The Chapter known as
 The Unconsciousness of God
 that is hidden from man for a sign.

♦	♦	♦	♦	♦	I	♦	♦	♦	♦	♦
♦	♦	♦	♦	♦	adore	♦	♦	♦	♦	♦
♦	♦	♦	♦		Thee by the	♦	♦	♦	♦	♦
♦	♦	♦	♦		Twelfefold Sign	♦	♦	♦	♦	♦
♦	♦	♦	♦		and by the Unity thereof	♦	♦	♦	♦	♦

12. The Light of my Life is as the light of two moons, one rising and the other setting, one increasing and the other waning; the one growing fat as the other groweth lean, like a paunchy thief sucking dry a skin of amber wine. Yet though the light of the first devoureth the light of the second, nevertheless the light of the second disgorgeth the light of the first, so that there is neither the desire of light nor the need of light—all being as a woven twilight of day and night, a madness of mingling moons. Yet I behold!

11. Now mine eyes are seven, and are as stars about a star; and the lids of mine eyes are fourteen, two to each eye. Also have I seven arms to do the bidding of the seven eyes; and each arm hath an hand of three fingers, so that I may rule the great ocean and burn it up with the Spirit of Flame, and that I may drown the fire in the Abode of the Waters. Thus I am rendered naked; for neither flame nor water can clothe me; therefore am I as a breath of wind blown over an Earth of Adamant, that knoweth neither sorrow nor rejoicing; then do I abide as a River of Light between the Night of Chaos and the Day of Creation.

10. Two are the moons of my madness, like the horns on

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the head of a goat. And between them burneth a pyramid of flame, which consumeth neither but blindeth both, so that the one beholdeth not the other. Notwithstanding, when the one is lost in the water, and the other is burnt up in the flame, they become united in the form of a woman fashioned of Earth and of Air, who without husband is yet mother of many sons.

9. Now the Sons are in truth but one Son; and the one Son but a daughter draped and never naked; for her mother is naked, therefore is she robed. And she is called the Light of my Love, for she in conealed, and cannot be seen, as the Sun burneth over her and drowneth her in fire, whilst below her surgeth the sea, whose waves are as flames of water. When thou hast licked up the oceanthou shalt not see her because of the fire; and when thou hast swallowed the Sun surely shall the waters be driven away from thee, so that though the fire be thine the water hath slipped thee, as a dog its leash. Yet the path is straight.

8. Along it shalt thou journey, and then shalt thou learn that the fear of death is the blood of the world. So the woman dressed herself in the shrouds of the dead, and decked herself with the bones of the fallen; and all feared her, therefore they lived. But she feared life; therefore she wove a dew-moon in her tangled hair as a sign of the fickleness of Death, and wept tears of bitter sorrow that she should live in the blossom of her youth. And her tears crept like scorpions down her cheeks, and sped away in the darkness like serpents; and for each serpent there came an eagle which did carry it away.

7. “Why weep?” said the Balance swinging to the left. “Why laugh?” said the Balance swinging to the right. “Why

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not remain still?" answered the Hand that held the Balance. And the Balance replied: "Because on my right laughs Death and on my left weeps a Virgin."

6. Then the Voice of the Hand said to the girl: "Why weep?" And the maid answered: "Because Death maketh jest of my life." Then the Hand stayed the Balance, and at once the girl saw that she as Death, and that Death that had sat opposite her was in truth a motherless babe. So she took the child she had conceived in the arms of fear, and went her way laughing.

5. And the infant grew strong; yet its strength was in its weakness; and though to olook at it from behind was to look upon a man-child, from behind it was a little girl with golden hair. Now, when the child wished to tempt a maid he faced and approached her; and when the child wished to tempt a man she turned her back on him and fled.

4. But one day the child met, at the self-same hour, Love; and the man, seeing a woman, approached her eagerly, and the woman, seeing a man, fled, so that he might capture her. Thus it came about that the child met the child and wondered, not knowing that the child had lost the child. So it was that they walked side by side.

3. Then that part of the child that was man loved and lusted for that part of the child that was woman; and each know not that each was the other, and felt that they were two and yet one, nevertheless one and yet two. And when one said: "Who art thou?" the other answered at the self-same moment: "Who am I?"

2. Soon becoming perplexed if I were Thou, or if Thou were I, it came about that the I mingled with the Thou, and

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the Thou with the I, so that six added to ten became sixteen, which is felicity; for it is the interplay of the elements. Four are the elements that make man, and four are the elements that make woman. Thus was the child reborn.

i. But though the man ruleth the woman, and the woman ruleth the man, the Child ruleth both its mother and father, and being five is Emperor over the kingdom of their hearts. To its father it giveth four, and to its mother it giveth four, yet it remaineth five, for it hat of its father an half and of its mother an half; but in itself it is equal to both its father and its mother; for it is father of fathers and mother of mothers.

o. Therefore is it One Whole, and not two halves; and being One is Thirteen, which is called Nothing when it is All-things.

.
Amen
without lie,
and Amen of Amen,
and Amen of Amen of Amen.

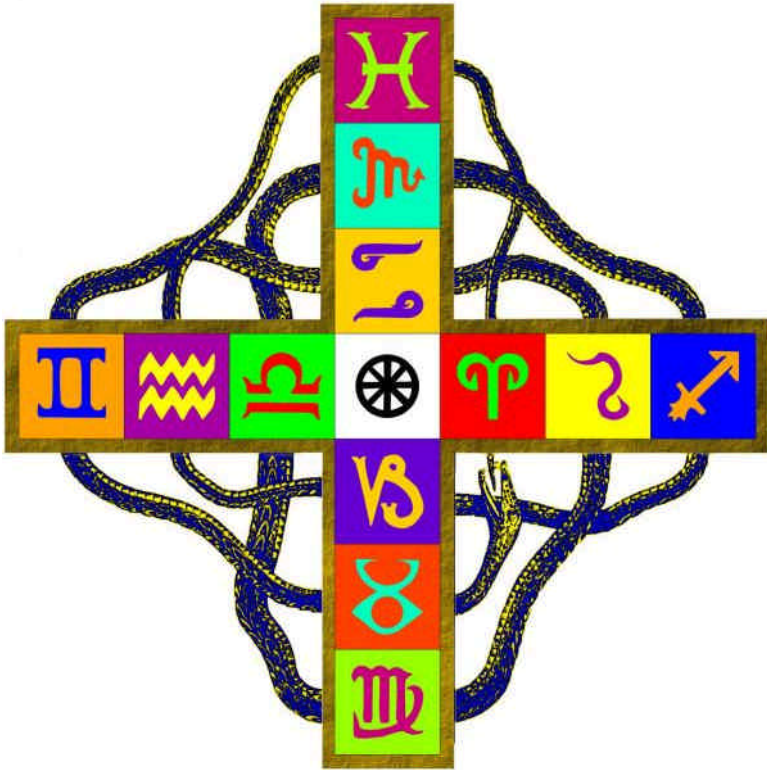


FIG. 2.

The Greek Cross of the Zodiac.

- | | | | |
|----|------------------------------|----------|------------------------------|
| ♈. | Emerald on Scarlet. | ♋. | Scarlet on Emerald. |
| ♉. | Greenish Blue on Orange-Red. | ♌. | Orange-Red on Greenish Blue. |
| ♊. | Royal Blue on Orange. | ♍. | Orange on Royal Blue. |
| ♋. | Indigo on Amber. | ♎. | Amber on Indigo. |
| ♌. | Violet on Greenish Yellow. | ♏. | Greenish Yellow on Violet. |
| ♍. | Crimson on Yellow-Green. | ♐. | Yellow-Green on Crimson. |
| | | Spirit. | Black on White. |
| | | Serpent. | Azure, with Golden Scales. |
| | | Border. | Gold. |

Liber CMXIII
The Treasure House of Images
by J.F.C. Fuller
(many adjectives removed by A. Crowley)

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