

Are sending each other messages;
Slowly, slowly,
I open the Budding Flower;
All passions are revealed—
I am the Pan God,
The piper that you must pay
Yet the scape-goat upon which
Man shall heap all his vices;
For lo: I call my nymphs to dance,
Holding aloft from their outstretched hands
A Crown of Thorns,
My Horns of Wisdom.
I am Love;
Come Lovers,
Autumn shall appear in the Woods of Summerland;
And seizing Summer shall fold her within his arms;
Far—far in the shadows I shall sing
Of a love that never dies
Of a rapture which is born of kisses,
A fire which lies hidden in eyes.
Come you Choosers of God;
For you am I a priestess,
For you I chant the vespers
Casting aside my body
To reveal the Non-Being;
I am the Circle of Life,
All centres of fire kindle into One Flame;
I am not a creature of parts
For all parts have merged into One;
I am a creator of all songs,
The God of Gods.