

La Gitana

By Aleister Crowley

Your hair was full of roses in the dewfall as we danced,
The sorceress enchanting and the Paladin entranced,
In the starlight as we wove us in a web of silk and steel
Immemorial as the marble in the halls of Boabdil,
In the pleasance of the roses with the fountains and the yews
Where the snowy sierra soothed us with the breezes and the dews!
In the starlight as we trembled from a laught to a caress
And the god came warm upon us in our pagan allegresse.
Was the Baille de la Bona too seductive? Did you feel
Through the silence and the softness all the tension of the steel?
For your hair was full of roses, and my flesh was full of thorns,
And the midnight came upon us worth a million crazy morns.
Ah! my gipsy, my Gitana, my Saliya! were you fain
For the dance to turn to earnest? – O the sunny land of Spain!
My Gitana, my Saliya! more delicious than a dove!
With your hair aflame with roses and your lips alight with love!
Shall I see you, shall I kiss you once again? I wander far
From the sunny land of summer to the icy polar star
I shall find you, I shall have you! I am coming back again
From the filth and fog to seek you in sunny land of Spain.
I shall find you, my Gitana, my Saliya! as of old
With your hair aflame with roses and your body gay with gold.
I shall find you, I shall have you, in the summer and the south
With our passion in your body and our love upon your mouth –
With our wonder and our worship be the world aflame anew!
My Gitana, my Saliya! I am coming back to you!