



LIBER XXI

清淨經

KHING KĀNG KING

THE CLASSIC  
OF PURITY

*First Written Down by me*

葛玄

KO HSUEN

in the Episode of the Dynasty of Wu  
and now made into a Rime  
by me ALEISTER CROWLEY





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# *KHING KĀNG KING*

## I

Lao Kun the Master said:

Tao is, devoid of Form;  
Yet Heaven and Earth are brought to birth,  
And nurtured by Its norm.

Tao hath no Will to Work;  
Yet by Its Way of Heaven  
The Moon and Sun rejoice to run  
Among the Starry Seven.

Tao hath no Name; Its Word  
Is Growth, and Sustenance  
To all; I aim to give it Name:  
Tao – Heaven prosper Chance!

Tao hath twin phase with Teh;  
The Silent and the Stressed.  
Of Motion, those; of these, Repose  
Sublimely manifest

Heaven moves, pure Silence He;  
Earth rests, beneath the Strain;  
Shuttle and Loom, as Word and Womb,  
Their Mystery sustain

Pure Motion maketh Rest  
As Silence maketh Stress.  
If man were still, then Heaven should thrill  
With Earth to Nothingness.

Self loveth Silence, yea,  
But Mind distracteth it.  
Mind loveth rest; but Passion's Pest  
Allures the trembling wit.

If man restrain desire,  
His mind will cease to roll,  
And mind's release allow pure peace  
Of Silence to the Soul.

The senses will not soil;  
The thought will not upstress;  
Nor Poisons: Greed, Wrath, Dullness: breed  
Their triform deadliness.

Men earn not ease of Tao  
For their desires' disease;  
Because their mind is not refined  
Of thought by killing these.

If one should slay desires  
His mind and body seem  
No longer his; but phantasies  
Danced in a wanton's dream.

Slay mind, slay body, slay  
The external: matter goes.  
Then space remains; renew thy pains  
Up! Front the final foes!

Slay space; then Naught abides;  
Hold not thine holy hand.  
When Naught gives back before the attack,  
Serene thy Silence stand!

All's rest, devoid of mark;  
How should desires fix tooth?  
When they are past, thou surely hast  
The Silence of the Truth.

Flawless that Truth and Fixed,  
Yet apt to each appeal  
Nature and Sense to influence—  
The magnet to the steel!

Oh! this true Touch with all  
Elastic and exact  
That yet abides above their tides—  
The Silence free from act!

He that hath this shall come  
Little by little, a breath,  
So floweth he now, to truth of Tao,  
Wherein he vanisheth.

Men style him Lord of Tao  
Yet he hath none to lord.  
Hid motive He of all that be:  
Enough for His reward!

He that can comprehend  
This Doctrine may transmit  
This Sacred Tao to men that vow  
Themselves to fathom It.

## II

Lao Kun the Master said:

The adept in skill of soul  
Hath never an aim; the bunglers shame  
Is that he gropes a goal.

Who most possess the Teh  
Conceal their magick power;  
Who least possess exert their stress  
Seven times in every hour.

These, who cling fast to Powers,  
Who guard them, and display  
Their magick art—they are not part  
Of Tao nor yet of Teh.

Men win not Truth of Tao  
Because their minds are wried.  
The mind uncurbed, the self's perturbed,  
And loses tune of tide.

Lost, the external lures;  
 They turn to seek it: then  
 All things perplex, confuse, and vex  
 Those miserable men.

Disordered thoughts arise;  
 Body and mind grow sick.  
 Disgrace and fear grow year by year  
 To their climacteric.

Wild, they are tossed about  
 Through Life and Death; they quiver,  
 Sunk in sea-stress of Bitterness,  
 And lose the Tao for ever.

The true, the abiding Tao!  
 Who understandeth hath;  
 Who hath the Tao is Here and Now  
 In Silence of the Path

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[The original print edition of this work was typeset in ALL CAPS. For the sake of readability, capitalisation here has been conformed to the manuscript (Yorke collection, notebook OS 35). In two places where the print edition varies from this MS. (which appears to be an early draft) the former has been followed – T.S.]