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CONCERNING
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An Epistle of Baphomet to the Illustrious Damozel Anna Wright, Companion of the Holy Graal, Shining Like the Moon.

CONCERNING DEATH

That She and Her Sisters May Bring Comfort to All Them That Are Nigh Death, and Unto Such as Love Them.

Beloved Daughter and Sister,

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.
Let it be thy will and the will of all them that tend upon the sick, to comfort and to fortify them with these words following.

It is written in the Book of the Law: "Every man and every woman is a Star." It is Our Lady of the Stars that speaketh to thee, O thou that art a star, a member of the Body of Nuit. Listen, for thine ears are become dulled to the mean noises of the earth; the infinite silence of the Stars woos thee with subtle music. Behold her bending down above thee, a flame of blue, all touching, all penetrant, her lovely hands upon the black earth and her lithe body arched for love, and her soft feet not hurting the little flowers, and think that all thy grossness shall presently fall from thee as thou leapest to her embrace, caught up into her love as a dewdrop into the kisses of the sunrise. Is not the ecstasy of Nuit the consciousness of the continuity of existence, the omnipresence of her body? All that hath hurt thee was that thou knewest it not, and as that fadeth from thee thou shalt know as never yet how all is one.

Again she saith: "I give unimaginable joys on earth, certainty, not faith, while in life, upon death." This thou hast known. Time that eateth his children hath now power on them that would not be children of Time. To them that know themselves immortal, that dwell always in eternity, conscious of Nuit, throned upon the chariot of the sun, there is no death that men call death. In all the universe, darkness is only found in the shadow of a gross and opaque planet, as it were for a moment; the universe itself is a flood of light eternal. So also death is but through accident; thou hast hidden thyself in the shadow of thy gross body, and, taking it for reality, thou hast trembled. Not the orb revolveth anon; the shadow passeth away from thee. There is the dissolution, and eternal ecstasy in the kisses of Nu! For inasmuch as thou has made the Law of Freedom thine, as thou hast lived in Light and Liberty and Love, thou hast become a Freeman of the City of the Stars.

Listen again to thine own voice within thee. Is not Hadit the flame that burns in every heart of man, and in the core of every star? Is not He Life, and the giver of Life? And is not therefore the knowledge of Him the knowledge of Death? For it hath been shown unto thee in many other places how Death and Love be twins. Now art thou the hunter, and Death rideth beside thee with his horse and spear as thou chasest thy Will through the forests of Eternity, whose trees are the hair of Nuit thy mistress! Thrill with the joy of life and death! Know, hunter mighty and swift, the quarry turns to bay! Thou hast but to make one sharp thrust, and thou hast won. The Virgin of Eternity lies supine at thy mercy, and thou art Pan! Thy death shall be the seal of the promise of our age-long love. Hast thou not striven to the inmost in thee? Death is the crown of all. Harden! Hold up thyself! Lift thine head! breathe not so deep - die!

Or art thou still entangled with the thorny plaits of wild briar rose that thou hast woven in thy magick dance on earth? Are not thine eyes strong enough to bear the starlight? Must thou linger yet awhile in the valley? Must thou dally with shadows in the dusk? Then, if it be thy will, thou hast no right but to do thy will! Love still these phantoms of the earth; thou hast made thyself a king; if it please thee to play with toys of matter, were they not made to serve thy pleasure? Then follow in thy mind the wondrous word of the Stélé of Revealing itself. Return if thou wilt from the abode of the stars: dwell with morality, and feast thereon. For thou art this day made Lord of Heaven and of Earth.

The dead man Ankh-f-na-Khonsu
Saith with his voice of truth and calm:
O thou that hast a single arm!
O thou that glitterest in the moon!
I weave thee in the spinning charm;
I lure thee with the billowy tune.

The dead man Ankh-f-na-Khonsu
Hath joined the dwellers of the light,
Opening Duant, the star abodes,
Their keys receiving.

The dead man Ankh-f-na-Khonsu
Hath made his passage into night,
His pleasure on the earth to do
Among the living.

Love is the law, love under will.
The Benediction of the All-Begetter, All-Devourer be upon thee.