

THE HIERODULE

By P. De Labaume

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“He who has an ear,
let him hear.”
(Apocalypse 13:9)

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Head of the Sphynx, creative principle, O Father!
You, the Eternal Will and the Eternal Word,
Forever... ever created the mystery
Yod solemn and incommensurable active!

Without You, nothing would be: the Universe or Yourself
O Source of life, ardent to fertilize
O Bright Center in the Supreme Circle
Unique Force, frightening and which no one dares to probe!

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I adore you too Son, Wife, Love Fire of the soul
That others hid under the veil of Isis
Whose protective folds concealed the flame
From the indifferent eyes of the peoples of old!

Within You lives the flow from which is born Sacrifice!
Humankind suffers and has only its Faith
When it cannot implore your Justice
Hey Divine! Takes comfort and rests in You.

Greetings Eagle's Wings! Spirit! Strange Breath!
 From the Celestial Ternary to the United Quaternary
 Last Term... It is You The Eternal Praise
 That the Universe sings to the God of the Infinite...!

It is You that come to the rescue of who wants Science,
 You whom the Initiate knows how to invoke in a low voice;
 It is You that will implore the useless Constance
 When Truth is late and does not appear!

□

Strength of the first Yod that summarizes the Word,
 Without possessing, however, its creative Power,
 And, which, summing it up, makes it appear more splendid;
 Everything blends into You, Hey! Revealing Term!

Within It, All is! From It, every Force rises!
 And, if you want to know what to worship
 In the closed circle of the Astral Light.
 Ask this Sphinx ready to devour you!