

William Blake

(1757-1827)



*"Wenn die Tore der Wahrnehmung gereinigt wären,
würde der Mensch alles so sehen wie es ist, nämlich
unendlich..."*

Alle Gottheiten wohnen in der menschlichen Brust".

William Blake

The Gates of Paradise

[Prologue]

Mutual forgiveness of each vice,
Such are the gates of Paradise
Against the accusers chief desire,
Who walked among the stones of fire.
Jehovahs finger wrote the law;
Then wept! then rose in zeal and awe
And the dead corpse from Sinais heat
Buried beneath His mercy seat.
O Christians! Christians! Tell me why
You rear it on your altars high

The Keys of the Gates

The Catterpillar on the leaf
Reminds thee of thy mothers grief.
My eternal man set in repose,
The female from his darkness rose;
And she found me beneth a tree,
A mandrake and in her veil hid me.
Serpent reasonings us entice
Of Good and evil, virtue and vice,

Doubt self-jealous, watry folly
Struggling thro' earth's melancholy;
Naked in air, in shame und fear;
Blind in fire, with shield an spear;
Two-horn'd reasoning, cloven fiction,
In doubt, which is self-contradiction,
A dark hermaphrodite we stood -
Rational truth, root of evil and good.
Round me flew the flaming sword;
Round her snowy whirlwinds roar'd,
Freezing her veil, the mundane shell.
I rent the veil where the dead dwell:
When weary man enters his cave,
He meets his Savior in the grave.
Some find a female garment there,
And some a male, woven with care;
Lest the sexual garments sweet
Should grow a devouring winding-sheet.
One dies! Alas! The living and dead!
One is slain ! and one is fled!
In vainglory hatch'd and nurs'd,
By double spectres, self-accurst.
My son! My son! Thou treatest me
But as I have instructed thee
On the shadows of the moon,
Climbing thro' nights highest noon;
In times ocean falling, drown'd;
In aged ignorance profound,
Holy and cold, I clipp'd the wings
Of all sublunary things,
And in the depth of my dungeons
Closed the father and the sons.
But when once I did descry
The immortal man that cannot die,
Thro' evening shades I haste away
To close the labours of my day.
The door of death I open found,
And the worm weaving in the ground:
Thou'rt my mother, from the womb;
Wife, sister, daughter, to the tomb;
Weaving to dreams the sexual strife,

And weeping over the web of life.

[Epilogue]

To the Accuser who is The God of this World

Truly, my Satan, thou art but a dunce,
And dost not know the garment from the man;
Every harlot was a virgin once
Nor canst thou ever change Kate into Nan

Tho thou art worshipp'd by the names divine
Of Jesus and Jehovah, thou art still
The son of morn in weary nights decline,
The lost travellers dream under the hill.