What is Man!
The Sun's Light when he unfolds it Depends on the Organ that beholds it
Published by W. Blake 17 May 1793
For the Sexes
The Gates of Paradise

Mutual Forgivenees of each Vice
Such are the Gates of Paradise
Against the Accuser's chief desire
Who walk'd among the Stones of Fire
Jehovah's Finger Wrote the Law
Then Wept! then rose in Zeal & Clive
And the Dead Corpse from Sinai's heat
Buried beneath his Mercy Seat.
O Christians! Christians tell me Why
You rear it on your Altars high.
For the Sexes

The Gates of Paradise

Mutual Forgiveness of each Vice
Such are the Gates of Paradise
Against the Accusers' chief desire
Who walk 'mid among the Stones of Fire
Jehovah's Finger Wrote the Law
Then Wept; then rose in Zeal & Chie
And the Dead Corpse from Sinai's heat
Buried beneath his Mercy Seat

O Christians! Christians, tell me Why
You rear it on your Altars high
I found him beneath a tree

Published 17 May 1793 by W. Blake
At length for hatching ripe
he breaks the shell

Published by W. Blake 17 May 1793
"What are these? Alas! The Female Martyr
Is she also the Divine Image
Published 17th May 1793 by W. Blake, Lambeth"
I want! I want!

Pub. by W. Blake, 17 May 1793.
Aged Ignorance
Perceptive Organs closed their Objects close
Published 6 May 1793 by W. Blake, Lambeth
12. Does thy God, O Priest, take such vengeance as this?
Published 17 May 1793 by W. Blake, Lambeth.
Fear & Hope are... Vision
The Traveller hasteth in the Evening

Published 11 May 1793 by W. Blake, Lambeth
I have said to the Worm; Thou art my mother & my sister.

Published by W. Blake 1793.
The Keys

The Catterpiller on the Leaf
Reminds thee of thy Mothers Grief
of the Gates

1. My Eternal Man set in Repose
   The Female from his darkens rose
   And She found me beneath a Tree
   A Mandrake & in her Veil hid me
   Serpent Reasonings us entice
   Of Good & Evil. Virtue & Vice
2. Doubt Self, Jealous Watry folly
3. Struggling thru Earths Melancholy
4. Naked in Air in Shame & Fear
5. Blind in Fire with shield & spear
   Two Horrid Reasoning Cloven Fiction
   In Doubt which us, Self contradiction
   A dark Hermaphrodite We stood.
   Rational Truth Root of Evil & Good
   Round me flew the Flaming Sword
   Round her snowy Whirlwinds roard.
   Freezing her Veil the Mandrake Shell
6. I rent the Veil where the Dead dwell
   When weary Man enters his Cave.
The Keys

The Caterpillar on the Leaf
Reminds thee of thy Mother's Grief
of the Gates

1. My Eternal Man set in Repose
The Female from his darkens rose
And she found me beneath a Tree
A Mandrake & in her Veil hid me
Serpent Reasonings us entice
Of Good & Evil: Virtue & Vice
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Rational Truth Root of Evil & Good
Round me flew the Flaming Sword
Round her snowy Whirlwinds roard
Freezing her Veil the Mandane Shell
6. I rent the Veil where the Dead dwell
When weary Man enters his Cave
He meets his Saviour 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
7 One Dies! Alas! the Living & Dead
One is slain & One is fled
8 In Vain-glory hatchet & nurst
By Double Spectres Self Accurst
My Son, my Son, thou treatest me
But as I have instructed thee
9 On the shadows of the Moon
Climbing thro' Nights highest noon
10 In Times Ocean falling drownd
In Aged Ignorance profound
11 Holy & cold I clipped the Wings
Of all Sublunary Things
12 And in depths of my Dungeons
Closed the Father & the Sons
13 But when once I did descry
The Immortal Man that cannot Die
14 Thro' evening shades I haste away
To close the Labours of my Day
15 The Door of Death I open found
And the Worm Weaving in the Ground
16 Thou art my Mother From the Womb
Wife, Sister, Daughter to the Tomb
Weaving to Dreams the Sexual strife
And weeping over the Web of Life
He meets his Saviour in the Grave
Some find a Female Garment there
And some a Male woven with care
Lest the Sexual Garments sweet
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16 Thou art my Mother from the Womb
Wife, Sister, Daughter to the Tomb
Weaving to Dreams the Sexual strife
And weeping over the Web of Life
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.

Thou art Worshipped by the Names Divine
Of Jesus & Jehovah: thou art still
The Son of Morn in weary Nights decline
The lost Travellers Dream under the Hill.