

Frontispiece



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 Forgiveness of each Vice
Such are the Gates of Paradise
Against the Accusers chief desire
Who walkd among the Stones of Fire
Jehovah's Finger Wrote the Law
Then Wept! then rose in Zeal & Awe
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

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1 I found him beneath a Tree ~

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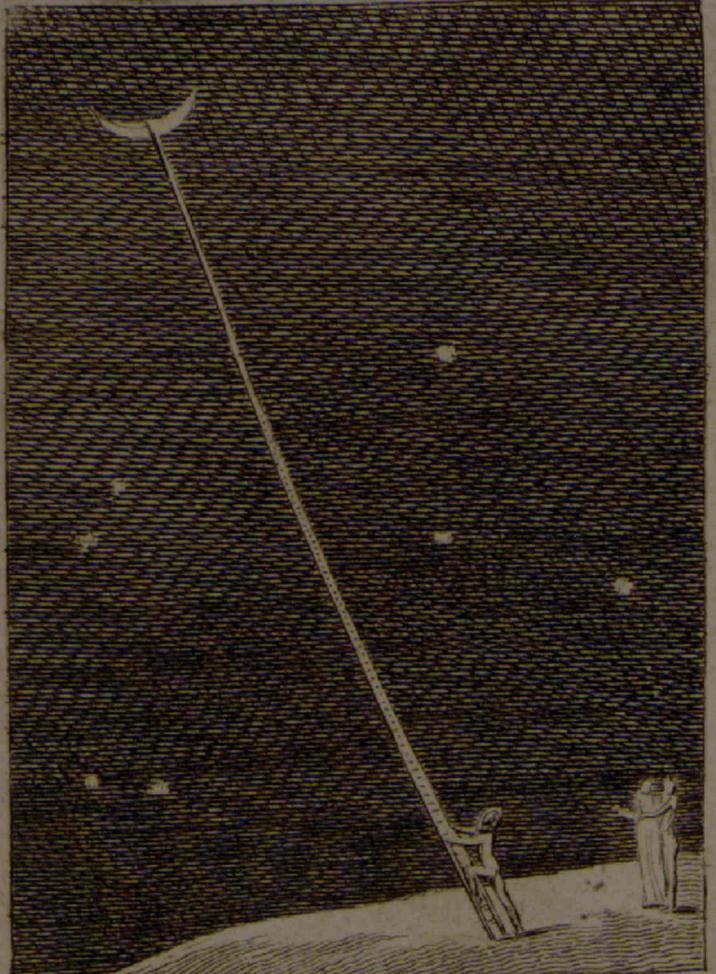


At length for hatching ripe
6 he breaks the shell
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What are these? Alas! The Female Martyr
Is She also the Divine Image

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9

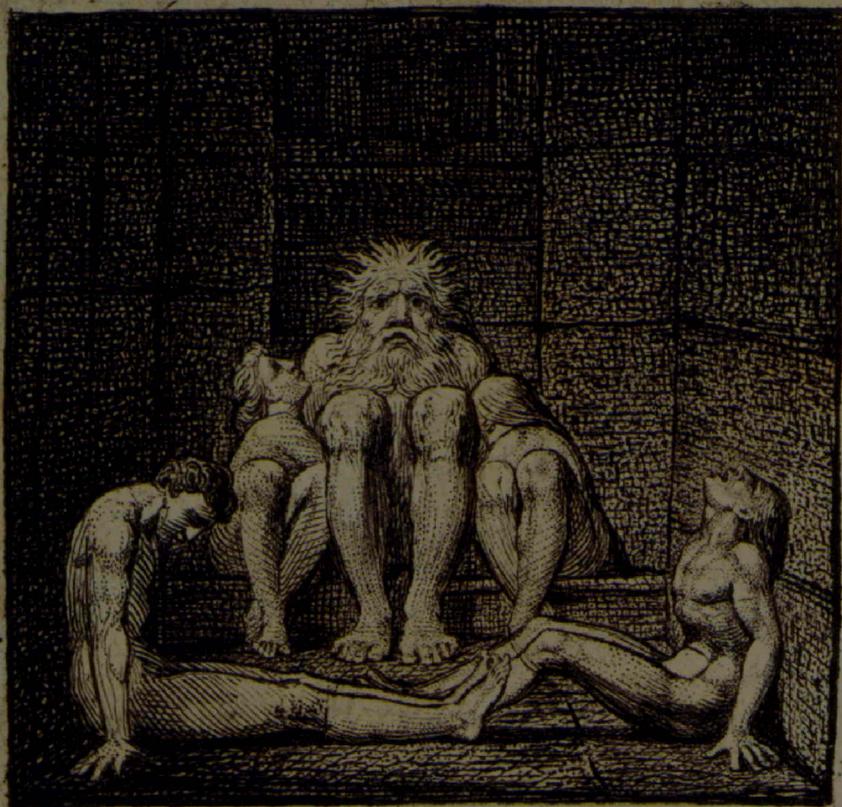
I want! I want!

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11. *Aged Ignorance*
Perceptive Organs closed, their Objects close

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12 Does thy God O Priest take such vengeance
as this?

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13

Fear & Hope are — Vision.



The Traveller hasteth in the
Evening.

14

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16 I have said to the Worm; Thou
art my mother & my sister
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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 darknes 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 thro Earths Melancholy
- 4 Naked in Air in Shame & Fear
- 5 Blind in Fire with shield & spear
Two Horrid Reasoning Cloven Fiction
In Doubt which is 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 Mundane Shell
- 6 I rent the Veil where the Dead dwell
When weary Man enters his Cave

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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 hatcht & 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 clipp'd 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 I hourt my Mother from the Womb
Wife Sister Daughter to the Tomb
Weaving to Dreams the Sexual strife
And weeping over the Web of Life.

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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 Worship'd 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

