

AL AARAAF

Introductory Note: Al Aaraaf, among the Arabians, a medium between Heaven and Hell, is supposed to be located in the celebrated star discovered by Tycho Brahe, which burst forth in one night upon the eyes of the world, and disappeared as suddenly. —Michael Angelo is represented as transferred to this star, and speaking to the "lady of his unearthly love" of the regions he had left.

[Poe's original footnotes appear at the conclusion of the poem.]

PART I

O! nothing earthly save the ray
(Thrown back from flowers) of Beauty's eye,
As in those gardens where the day
Springs from the gems of Circassy—
O! nothing earthly save the thrill
Of melody in woodland rill—
Or (music of the passion-hearted)
Joy's voice so peacefully departed
That like the murmur in the shell,
Its echo dwelleth and will dwell—
With nothing of the dross of ours—
Yet all the beauty—all the flowers
That list our Love, and deck our bowers—
Adorn yon world afar, afar—
The wandering star.

'Twas a sweet time for Nesace—for there
Her world lay lolling on the golden air,
Near four bright suns—a temporary rest—
A garden-spot in desert of the blest.
Away—away—'mid seas of rays that roll
Empyrean splendor o'er th' unchained soul—
The soul that scarce (the billows are so dense)
Can struggle to its destin'd eminence—
To distant spheres, from time to time, she rode,
And late to ours, the favour'd one of God—
But, now, the ruler of an anchor'd realm,
She throws aside the sceptre—leaves the helm,
And, amid incense and high spiritual hymns,
Laves in quadruple light her angel limbs.

Now happiest, loveliest in yon lovely Earth,
Whence sprang the "Idea of Beauty" into birth,
(Falling in wreaths thro' many a startled star,
Like woman's hair 'mid pearls, until, afar,
It lit on hills Achaian, and there dwelt)
She look'd into Infinity—and knelt.
Rich clouds, for canopies, about her curled—
Fit emblems of the model of her world—
Seen but in beauty—not impeding sight
Of other beauty glittering thro' the light—
A wreath that twined each starry form around,
And all the opal'd air in color bound.

All hurriedly she knelt upon a bed
Of flowers: of lilies such as rear'd the head
(¹)On the fair Capo Deucato, and sprang
So eagerly around about to hang
Upon the flying footsteps of—deep pride—
(²)Of her who lov'd a mortal—and so died.
The Sephalica, budding with young bees,
Uprear'd its purple stem around her knees:
(³)And gemmy flower, of Trebizond misnamed—
Inmate of highest stars, where erst it sham'd
All other loveliness: its honied dew
(The fabled nectar that the heathen knew)
Deliriously sweet, was dropp'd from Heaven,
And fell on gardens of the unforgiven
In Trebizond—and on a sunny flower
So like its own above that, to this hour,
It still remaineth, torturing the bee
With madness, and unwonted reverie:
In Heaven, and all its environs, the leaf
And blossom of the fairy plant, in grief
Disconsolate linger—grief that hangs her head,
Repenting follies that full long have fled,
Heaving her white breast to the balmy air,
Like guilty beauty, chasten'd, and more fair:
Nyctanthes too, as sacred as the light
She fears to perfume, perfuming the night:
(⁴)And Clytia pondering between many a sun,

While pettish tears adown her petals run:

⁽⁵⁾And that aspiring flower that sprang on Earth—

And died, ere scarce exalted into birth,

Bursting its odorous heart in spirit to wing

Its way to Heaven, from garden of a king:

⁽⁶⁾And Valisnerian lotus thither flown

From struggling with the waters of the Rhone:

⁽⁷⁾And thy most lovely purple perfume, Zante!

Isola d'oro!—Fior di Levante!

⁽⁸⁾And the Nelumbo bud that floats for ever

With Indian Cupid down the holy river—

Fair flowers, and fairy! to whose care is given

⁽⁹⁾To bear the Goddess' song, in odors, up to Heaven:

"Spirit! that dwellest where,

In the deep sky,

The terrible and fair,

In beauty vie!

Beyond the line of blue—

The boundary of the star

Which turneth at the view

Of thy barrier and thy bar—

Of the barrier overgone

By the comets who were cast

From their pride, and from their throne

To be drudges till the last—

To be carriers of fire

(The red fire of their heart)

With speed that may not tire

And with pain that shall not part—

Who livest—*that* we know—

In Eternity—we feel—

But the shadow of whose brow

What spirit shall reveal?

Tho' the beings whom thy Nesace,

Thy messenger hath known

Have dream'd for thy Infinity

⁽¹⁰⁾A model of their own—

Thy will is done, Oh, God!

The star hath ridden high

Thro' many a tempest, but she rode
Beneath thy burning eye;
And here, in thought, to thee—
In thought that can alone
Ascend thy empire and so be
A partner of thy throne—
(11) By wingèd Fantasy,
My embassy is given,
Till secrecy shall knowledge be
In the environs of Heaven."

She ceas'd—and buried then her burning cheek
Abash'd, amid the lilies there, to seek
A shelter from the fervour of His eye;
For the stars trembled at the Deity.
She stirr'd not—breath'd not—for a voice was there
How solemnly pervading the calm air!
A sound of silence on the startled ear
Which dreamy poets name "the music of the sphere."
Silence is the voice of God—
Ours is a world of words: Quiet we call
"Silence"—which is the merest word of all.
Here Nature speaks, and ev'n ideal things
Flap shadowy sounds from visionary wings—
But ah! not so when, in the realms on high
The eternal voice of God is moving by,
And the red winds are withering in the sky!

(12) "What tho' in worlds which sightless cycles run,
Link'd to a little system, and one sun—
Where all my love is folly and the crowd
Still think my terrors but the thunder cloud,
The storm, the earthquake, and the ocean-wrath—
(Ah! will they cross me in my angrier path?)
What tho' in worlds which own a single sun
The sands of Time grow dimmer as they run,
Yet thine is my resplendency, so given
To bear my secrets thro' the upper Heaven.
Leave tenantless thy crystal home, and fly,
With all thy train, athwart the moony sky—

(13) Apart—like fire-flies in Sicilian night,
 And wing to other worlds another light!
 Divulge the secrets of thy embassy
 To the proud orbs that twinkle—and so be
 To ev'ry heart a barrier and a ban
 Lest the stars totter in the guilt of man!"

Up rose the maiden in the yellow night,
 The single-mooned eve!—on Earth we plight
 Our faith to one love—and one moon adore—
 The birth-place of young Beauty had no more.
 As sprang that yellow star from downy hours
 Up rose the maiden from her shrine of flowers,
 And bent o'er sheeny mountain and dim plain
 (14) Her way—but left not yet her Therasæan reign.

PART II

High on a mountain of enamell'd head—
 Such as the drowsy shepherd on his bed
 Of giant pasturage lying at his ease,
 Raising his heavy eyelid, starts and sees,
 With many a mutter'd "hope to be forgiven"
 What time the moon is quadrated in Heaven—
 Of rosy head, that towering far away
 Into the sunlit ether, caught the ray
 Of sunken suns at eve—at noon of night,
 While the moon danc'd with the fair stranger light—
 Uprear'd upon such height arose a pile
 Of gorgeous columns on th' unburthened air,
 Flashing from Parian marble that twin smile
 Far down upon the wave that sparkled there,
 And nursled the young mountain in its lair.
 (15) Of molten stars their pavement, such as fall
 Thro' the ebon air, besilvering the pall
 Of their own dissolution, while they die—
 Adorning then the dwellings of the sky.
 A dome, by linkèd light from Heaven let down,
 Sat gently on these columns as a crown—
 A window of one circular diamond, there,
 Look'd out above into the purple air,

And rays from God shot down that meteor chain
And hallow'd all the beauty twice again,
Save when, between th' Empyrean and that ring,
Some eager spirit flapp'd a dusky wing.
But on the pillars Seraph eyes have seen
The dimness of this world: that greyish green
That Nature loves the best for Beauty's grave
Lurked in each cornice, round each architrave—
And every sculptur'd cherub thereabout
That from his marble dwelling ventured out,
Seem'd earthly in the shadow of his niche—
Achaian statues in a world so rich?

⁽¹⁶⁾Friezes from Tadmor and Persepolis—

From Balbec, and the stilly, clear abyss

⁽¹⁷⁾Of beautiful Gomorrah!—O! the wave

Is now upon thee—but too late to save!

Far down within the crystal of the lake

Thy swollen pillars tremble—and so quake

The hearts of many wanderers who look in

Thy luridness of beauty—and of sin.

Sound loves to revel in a summer night:

Witness the murmur of the grey twilight

⁽¹⁸⁾That stole upon the ear, in Eyraco,

Of many a wild star-gazer long ago—

That stealeth ever on the ear of him

Who, musing, gazeth on the distance dim.

And sees the darkness coming as a cloud—

⁽¹⁹⁾Is not its form—its voice—most palpable and loud?

But what is this?—it cometh—and it brings

A music with it—'tis the rush of wings—

A pause—and then a sweeping, falling strain

And Nesace is in her halls again.

From the wild energy of wanton haste

Her cheek was flushing, and her lips apart;

And zone that clung around her gentle waist

Had burst beneath the heaving of her heart.

Within the centre of that hall to breathe

She paus'd and panted, Zanthé! all beneath,

The fairy light that kiss'd her golden hair

And long'd to rest, yet could but sparkle there!

(20) Young flowers were whispering in melody
 To happy flowers that night—and tree to tree;
 Fountains were gushing music as they fell
 In many a star-lit grove, or moon-lit dell;
 Yet silence came upon material things—
 Fair flowers, bright waterfalls and angel wings—
 And sound alone that from the spirit sprang
 Bore burthen to the charm the maiden sang:
 “ ‘Neath blue-bell or streamer—

Or tufted wild spray
 That keeps, from the dreamer,
 (21) The moonbeam away—
 Bright beings! that ponder,
 With half closing eyes,
 On the stars which your wonder
 Hath drawn from the skies,
 Till they glance thro’ the shade, and
 Come down to your brow
 Like—eyes of the maiden
 Who calls on you now—
 Arise! from your dreaming
 In violet bowers,
 To duty beseeching
 These star-litten hours—
 And shake from your tresses
 Encumber’d with dew
 The breath of those kisses
 That cumber them too—
 (O! how, without you, Love!
 Could angels be blest?)
 Those kisses of true love
 That lull’d ye to rest!
 Up!—shake from your wing
 Each hindering thing:
 The dew of the night—
 It would weigh down your flight;
 And true love caresses—
 O! leave them apart!
 They are light on the tresses,
 But hang on the heart.

Ligeia! Ligeia!
My beautiful one!
Whose harshest idea
Will to melody run,
O! is it thy will
On the breezes to toss?
Or, capriciously still,
(²²)Like the lone Albatross,
Incumbent on night
(As she on the air)
To keep watch with delight
On the harmony there?

Ligeia! wherever
Thy image may be,
No magic shall sever
Thy music from thee.
Thou hast bound many eyes
In a dreamy sleep—
But the strains still arise
Which *thy* vigilance keep—
The sound of the rain
Which leaps down to the flower,
And dances again
In the rhythm of the shower—
(²³)The murmur that springs
From the growing of grass
Are the music of things—
But are modell'd, alas!—
Away, then my dearest,
O! hie thee away
To springs that lie clearest
Beneath the moon-ray—
To lone lake that smiles,
In its dream of deep rest,
At the many star-isles
That enjewel its breast—
Where wild flowers, creeping,
Have mingled their shade,
On its margin is sleeping
Full many a maid—

Some have left the cool glade, and

(24) Have slept with the bee—

Arouse them my maiden,

On moorland and lea—

Go! breathe on their slumber,

All softly in ear,

The musical number

They slumber'd to hear—

For what can awaken

An angel so soon

Whose sleep hath been taken

Beneath the cold moon,

As the spell which no slumber

Of witchery may test,

The rhythmical number

Which lull'd him to rest?"

Spirits in wing, and angels to the view,

A thousand seraphs burst th' Empyrean thro',

Young dreams still hovering on their drowsy flight—

Seraphs in all but "Knowledge," the keen light

That fell, refracted, thro' thy bounds, afar

O Death! from eye of God upon that star:

Sweet was that error—sweeter still that death—

Sweet was that error—ev'n with *us* the breath

Of Science dims the mirror of our joy—

To them 'twere the Simoom, and would destroy—

For what (to them) availeth it to know

That Truth is Falsehood—or that Bliss is Woe?

Sweet was their death—with them to die was rife

With the last ecstasy of satiate life—

Beyond that death no immortality

But sleep that pondereth and is not "to be"—

And there—oh! may my weary spirit dwell—

(25) Apart from Heaven's Eternity—and yet how far from Hell!

What guilty spirit, in what shrubby dim,

Heard not the stirring summons of that hymn?

But two: they fell: for Heaven no grace imparts

To those who hear not for their beating hearts.

A maiden-angel and her seraph-lover—
O! where (and ye may seek the wide skies over)
Was Love, the blind, near sober Duty known?
(26)Unguided Love hath fallen—'mid "tears of perfect moan."

He was a goodly spirit—he who fell:
A wanderer by mossy-mantled well—
A gazer on the lights that shine above—
A dreamer in the moonbeam by his love:
What wonder? for each star is eye-like there,
And looks so sweetly down on Beauty's hair—
And they, and ev'ry mossy spring were holy
To his love-haunted heart and melancholy.
The night had found (to him a night of wo)
Upon a mountain crag, young Angelo—
Beetling it bends athwart the solemn sky,
And scowls on starry worlds that down beneath it lie.
Here sate he with his love—his dark eye bent
With eagle gaze along the firmament:
Now turned it upon her—but ever then
It trembled to one constant star again.

"Ilanthe, dearest, see! how dim that ray!
How lovely 'tis to look so far away!
She seem'd not thus upon that autumn eve
I left her gorgeous halls—nor mourn'd to leave.
That eve—that eve—I should remember well—
The sun-ray dropp'd, in Lemnos, with a spell
On th' Arabesque carving of a gilded hall
Wherein I sate, and on the draperied wall—
And on my eye-lids—O the heavy light!
How drowsily it weigh'd them into night!
On flowers, before, and mist, and love they ran
With Persian Saadi in his Gulistan:
But O that light!—I slumber'd—Death, the while,
Stole o'er my senses in that lovely isle
So softly that no single silken hair
Awoke that slept—or knew that it was there.
The last spot of her orb I trod upon
(27)Was a fair temple called Parthenon—

More beauty clung around her columned wall
 (28) Than even thy glowing bosom beats withal,
 And when old Time my wing did disenthral
 Thence sprang I—as the eagle from his tower,
 And years I left behind me in an hour.
 What time upon her airy bounds I hung
 One half the garden of her globe was flung
 Unrolling as a chart unto my view—
 Tenantless cities of the desert too!
 Ianthe, beauty crowded on me then,
 And half I wish'd to be again of men."

"My Angelo! and why of them to be?
 A brighter dwelling-place is here for thee—
 And greener fields than in yon world above,
 And woman's loveliness—and passionate love."

"But, list, Ianthe! when the air so soft
 (29) Fail'd, as my pennon'd spirit leapt aloft,
 Perhaps my brain grew dizzy—but the world
 I left so late was into chaos hurl'd—
 Sprang from her station, on the winds apart,
 And roll'd, a flame, the fiery Heaven athwart.
 Methought, Ianthe, then I ceas'd to soar
 And fell—not swiftly as I rose before,
 But with a downward, tremulous motion thro'
 Light, brazen rays, this golden star unto!
 Nor long the measure of my falling hours,
 For nearest of all stars was thine to ours—
 Dread star! that came, amid their night of mirth,
 A red Dædalion on the timid Earth."

"We came—my Angelo—but not to us
 Be given our lady's bidding to discuss:
 We came, my love; around, above, below,
 Gay fire-fly of the night we come and go,
 Nor ask a reason save the angel-nod
 She gives to us as given by her God—
 But truly, Angelo, grey Time unfurl'd
 Never his fairy wing o'er fairier world!

Dim was its little disk, and seraph eyes
 Alone could see the phantom in the skies,
 when first Al Aaraaf knew her course to be
 Headlong thitherward o'er the starry sea—
 But when its glory swell'd upon the sky,
 As glowing Beauty's bust beneath man's eye,
 We paus'd before the heritage of men,
 And thy star trembled—as doth Beauty then!"

Thus, in discourse, the lovers whiled away
 The night that waned and waned and brought no day.
 They fell: for Heaven to them no hope imparts
 Who hear not for the beating of their hearts.

[1829]

(1) On Santa Maura—*olim Deucadia*.

(2) Sappho.

(3) This flower is much noticed by Lewenhoeck and Tournefort. The bee, feeding upon its blossom, becomes intoxicated.

(4) Clytia—The *Chrysanthemum peruvianum*, or, to employ a better-known term, the turnsol—which turns continually towards the sun, covers itself, like Peru, the country from which it comes, with dewy clouds which cool and refresh its flowers during the most violent heat of the day.—*B. de St. Pierre*.

(5) There is cultivated in the king's garden at Paris, a species of serpentine aloes without prickles, whose large and beautiful flower exhales a strong odour of the vanilla, during the time of its expansion, which is very short. It does not blow till towards the month of July—you then perceive it gradually open its petals—expand them—fade and die.—*St. Pierre*.

(6) There is found, in the Rhone, a beautiful lily of the Valisnerian kind. Its stem will stretch to the length of three or four feet—thus preserving its head above water in the swellings of the river.

(7) The Hyacinth.

(8) It is a fiction of the Indians, that Cupid was first seen floating in one of these down the river Ganges—and that he still loves the cradle of his childhood.

(9) And golden vials full of odors which are the prayers of the saints.—*Rev. St. John*.

(10) The Humanitarians held that God was to be understood as having really a human form.—*Vide Clarke's Sermons*, vol. 1, page 26, fol. edit.

The drift of Milton's argument, leads him to employ language which would appear, at first sight, to verge upon their doctrine; but it will be seen immediately, that he guards himself against the charge of having adopted one of the most ignorant errors of the dark ages of the church.—*Dr. Sumner's Notes on Milton's Christian Doctrine*.

This opinion, in spite of many testimonies to the contrary, could never have been very general. Audeus, a Syrian of Mesopotamia, was condemned for the opinion, as heretical. He lived in the beginning of the fourth century. His disciples were called Anthropomorphites—*Vide Du Pin*.

Among Milton's minor poems are these lines:—

Dicite sacrorum præsides nemorum Deæ, &c.

Quis ille primus cujus ex imagine

Natura solers finxit humanum genus?

Eternus, incorruptus, æquævus polo,

Unusque et universus exemplar Dei.—And afterwards,

Non cui profundum Cæcitas lumen dedit

Dircæus augur vidit hunc alto sinu, &c.

[Speak ye goddesses who rule over the sacred groves, etc.

Who was the first one in whose image

Skillful nature formed the human race?

Eternal, untainted, as old as the heavens,

He was the one, universal pattern [used by] God.

The Theban soothsayer, to whom Blindness gave vast light,

Did not see this deep in his bosom, etc.]

(11) Seltsamen Tochter Jovis

Seinem Schosskinde

Der Phantasie.—*Goethe*.

(12) Sightless—too small to be seen—*Legge*.

(13) I have often noticed a peculiar movement of the fire-flies:—they will collect in a body and fly off, from a common centre, into innumerable radii.

(14) Therasæa, or Theræsea, the island mentioned by Seneca, which, in a moment, arose from the sea to the eyes of astonished mariners.

(15) Some star which, from the ruin'd roof

Of shak'd Olympus, by mischance, did fall.—*Milton*.

(16) Voltaire, in speaking of Persepolis, says, "Je connois bien l'admiration qu'inspirent ces ruines—mais un palais erigé au pied d'une chaîne des rochers sterils—peut il être un chef d'œuvre des arts! [I know well the admiration that these ruins inspire, but a palace erected at the foot of a chain of sterile rocks can be a masterpiece of all the arts!]"

(17) "Oh! the wave"—Ula Deguisi is the Turkish appellation; but, on its own shores, it is called Bahar Loth, or Almotanah. There were undoubtedly more than two cities engulfed in the "dead sea." In the valley of Siddim were five—Adrah, Zebain, Zoar, Sodom and Gomorrah. Stephen of Byzantium mentions eight, and Strabo thirteen, (engulphed)—but the last is out of all reason.

It is said, (Tracitus, Strabo, Josephus, Daniel of St. Saba, Nau, Maundrell, Troilo, D'Arvieux) that after an excessive drought, the vestiges of columns, walls, &c. are seen above the surface. At any season, such remains may be discovered by looking down into the transparent lake, and at such distances as would argue the existence of many settlements in the space now usurped by the 'Asphaltites.'

(18) Eyraco—Chaldea.

(19) I have often thought I could distinctly hear the sound of the darkness as it stole over the horizon.

(20) Fairies use flowers for their charactery.—*Merry Wives of Windsor*.

(21) In Scripture is this passage—"The sun shall not harm thee by day, nor the moon by night." It is perhaps not generally known that the moon, in Egypt, has the effect of producing blindness to those who sleep with the face exposed to its rays, to which circumstance the passage evidently alludes.

(22) The Albatross is said to sleep on the wing.

(23) I met with this idea in an old English tale, which I am now unable to obtain and quote from memory:—"The verie essence and, as it were, springheade and origine of all musiche is the verie pleasaunte sounde which the trees of the forest do make when they growe."

(24) The wild bee will not sleep in the shade if there be moonlight.

The rhyme in this verse, as in one about sixty lines before, has an appearance of affectation. It is, however, imitated from Sir W. Scott, or rather from Claud Halcro—in whose mouth I admired its effect:

O! were there an island,
Tho' ever so wild
Where woman might smile, and
No man be beguil'd, &c.

(25) With the Arabians there is a medium between Heaven and Hell, where men suffer no punishment, but yet do not attain that tranquil and even happiness which they suppose to be characteristic of heavenly enjoyment.

Un no rompido sueno—
Un dia puro—allegre—libre
Quiera—
Libre de amor—de zelo—

De odio—de esperanza—de rezelo.—*Luis Ponce de Leon.*

Sorrow is not excluded from "Al Araaf," but it is that sorrow which the living love to cherish for the dead, and which, in some minds, resembles the delirium of opium. The passionate excitement of Love and the buoyancy of spirit attendant upon intoxication are its less holy pleasures—the price of which, to those souls who make choice of "Al Araaf" as their residence after life, is final death and annihilation.

(26) There be tears of perfect moan
Wept for thee in Helicon.—*Milton.*

(27) It was entire in 1687—the most elevated building in Athens.

(28) Shadowing more beauty in their airy brows
Than have the white breasts of the Queen of Love.—*Marlowe.*

(29) Pennon—for pinion.—*Milton.*