

# Shelley on Immortality or the Orpheus of Romanticism

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Eurydice! Eurydice!<sup>1</sup> cries that part of our soul that yearns for beauty without finding it. Humanity could have taken a number of noble paths, but we looked back and our collective creative imagination was beheaded by the Maenads of capitalism. The first Renaissance was our last hope for the renewal of the Orphic spirit, and by the time of the second Renaissance we were already lost,<sup>2</sup> consumed by the insatiable Promethean spirit. This attitude is beautifully expressed in Friedrich von Schiller's *The Gods of Greece*:

Yes, home they went, and all things beautiful,  
All things high they took with them,  
All colours, all the sounds of life,  
And for us remained only the de-souled Word.  
Torn out of the time-flood, they hover,  
Saved, on the heights of Pindus.  
What shall live immortal in song  
In life is bound to go under.<sup>3</sup>

Hephaestus is the only god left to us, for he is the god of the factories, the steel mills and robots. It is his lone pomegranate seed that we have collectively eaten. And yet, there was an opening during the Romantic period for a renewal and reawakening of the Orphic spirit. Among the many luminaries of this period, the one who embodied most closely the ideals necessary for this reawakening, the one who most closely resembled, in spirit, a true poet-philosopher was Percy Bysshe Shelley.

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1. Gérard de Nerval, *Selected Writings*, trans. Geoffrey Wagner (Ann Arbor: The University of Michigan Press, 1970), 145.

2. See Simone Weil, *The Need for Roots*, trans. Arthur Wills, Routledge Classics (London and New York: Routledge, 2003), 295.

3. Cited in Robin Waterfield, ed. and trans., *The First Philosophers: The Presocratics and the Sophists*, Oxford World's Classics (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2009), xi.

The so-called primary source for the study of Percy Shelley's Platonism is James A. Notopoulos' *The Platonism of Shelley*,<sup>4</sup> which, though massive in size and exhaustive in detail, is severely lacking in a number of respects. Notopoulos' writings are marred by a number of critical errors, including:

1. The presentation of Neoplatonism as something quite different from the thought of the original Platonism of Plato,
2. An insistence that Shelley never read the writings of the Neoplatonists, but learned of their doctrines almost wholly through second hand sources, such as Coleridge,<sup>5</sup> though freely admitting that Shelley read Thomas Taylor's translations of Plato, and,
3. A wholly unjustified prejudice against both the writings and person of Thomas Taylor,<sup>6</sup> culminating in the citation of John Stuart Mill's—who did not have half of Taylor's genius—libelous criticism of Taylor's translations.<sup>7</sup>

After selectively misquoting Coleridge, Notopoulos goes on to conjecture that the writings of Thomas Taylor are “inaccurate in translation, interpreted Plato through obscure Neoplatonism, and prevented Shelley from ever seeing anything but a dim, distorted, and tradition-crustrated Plato.”<sup>8</sup> One wonders if Notopoulos ever read the writings of either Thomas Taylor or the so-called Neoplatonists. His attitude—all too common in academic studies of Platonism—is reason enough to dismiss his work out of hand. This misguided view of tradition as “crustrated,” leads only to such ridiculous nonsense as Alain Badiou's recent work, *Plato's Republic*, which puts words such as “Holy smoke!”<sup>9</sup> in the mouth of Socrates. Worst of all, Notopoulos, in his essay *Shelley and Thomas Taylor*, states regarding Taylor the calumny that his writings purvey “[a] strange and twisted Neo-Platonism that [he] concocted from the Neo-Platonists and equated with Plato's philosophy.”<sup>10</sup> In fact, one of the very few pieces of genuinely useful knowledge that one can glean from Notopoulos' writings is that Shelley knew Taylor personally, became his friend, and even attended vegetarian dinners together.<sup>11</sup> As such, this paper aims to fill in the missing spaces, demonstrating that Shelley strove to become a true disciple of the Neoplatonists and Thomas Taylor, and a modern day Orpheus who worked to reawaken

4. James A. Notopoulos, *The Platonism of Shelley* (New York: Octagon Books, 1969).

5. *Ibid.*, 155-167.

6. *Ibid.*, 30.

7. *Ibid.*, 399.

8. *Ibid.*, 33.

9. Alain Badiou, *Plato's Republic*, trans. Susan Spitzer (Cambridge, UK and Malden, MA: Polity Press, 2012), 2.

10. James A. Notopoulos, “Shelley and Thomas Taylor,” *PMLA* 51, no. 2 (June 1936): 508.

11. *Ibid.*, 514.

the doctrine of the immortality of the soul. Sri Aurobindo says the following regarding Shelley's greatness:

He has on the one hand, one feels, been a native of the heights to which he aspires and the memory of them, not indeed quite distinct, but still environing his imagination with its luminous ethereality, is yet with him. If the idea of a being not of our soil fallen into the material life and still remembering his skies can be admitted as an actual fact of human birth, then Shelley was certainly a living example of one of these luminous spirits half obscured by earth.<sup>12</sup>

Many of Shelley's simplest poems, and hence most popular, give a wrong impression of his mature views. It is common to accuse Shelley of atheism, but this is something he never was, save in the Buddhist sense of a non-theist. In his youth, Shelley admits to being taken in by materialist philosophy—and according to Simone Weil, “[a]mong those men in whom the supernatural part has not been awakened, the atheists are right and the believers wrong”<sup>13</sup>—but his writings on the topic always make it clear that he was fighting against a specifically theistic Christian conception of God, as is made clear in the following note to *Queen Mab*: “There is no God! This negation must be understood solely to affect a creative Deity. The hypothesis of a pervading Spirit coeternal with the universe, remains unshaken.”<sup>14</sup> Shelley's attitude continually evolved from this non-theism to its culmination in his mature polytheism. He even rewrote large portions of *Queen Mab* as *The Daemon of the World*, a poetic fragment, still highly critical of Christianity—which Shelley thoroughly rejected throughout his life—but full of Platonic, Pythagorean, and Orphic symbolism.<sup>15</sup> Ultimately, however, Shelley was never devoted to the gods, but only to the One from which we spring and to which we return. Feeling the need to clarify his position, Shelley, in *On Life* writes that:

I am one of those who am unable to assent to the conclusions of those philosophers, who assert that nothing exists but as it is perceived[...] The shocking absurdities of the popular philosophy of mind and matter, and its fatal consequences in morals, their violent dogmatism concerning the source of all things, had early conducted me to materialism. This materialism is a seducing system to young and superficial minds[...] But I was discontented

12. Sri Aurobindo, *The Future Poetry* (Pondicherry: Sri Aurobindo Ashram Trust, 1997), 140.

13. Simone Weil, *Gravity and Grace*, trans. Emma Crawford and Mario von der Ruhr (London and New York: Routledge, 2006), 115.

14. Percy Bysshe Shelley, *The Major Works*, ed. Zachary Leader and Michael O'Neill, Oxford World's Classics (Oxford and New York: Oxford University Press, 2009), 79.

15. Percy Bysshe Shelley, *The Daemon of the World* (Marlborough Hill, UK: H. Buxton Forman, 1876).

with such a view of things as it afforded; man is a being[...] in the future and the past, being not what he is, but what he has been, and shall be[...] Each is at once the centre and the circumference; the point to which all things are referred, and the line within which all things are contained.<sup>16</sup>

Not only does Shelley dismiss the materialist perspective of his youth, but he clearly and unambiguously proclaims his allegiance to a mystical philosophy that has more than subtle overtones to Pythagoreanism. Simone Weil has the following to say regarding the symbolism of the circle: “Pythagoras offered up a sacrifice in his joy at having discovered the possibility of drawing a right-angled triangle inside a semicircle. The circle, in the eyes of the Greeks, was the image of God. For a circle which turns upon itself is a movement leading to no change and one completely self-contained.”<sup>17</sup> Our soul is an Ouroboros swallowing itself unto infinity until we are swallowed by God. Another example of Shelley’s Pythagoreanism is his insistence on a strict vegetarian diet. In a lengthy note to *Queen Mab*, Shelley puts forward an innovative interpretation of the Prometheus myth: “Prometheus (who represents the human race) effected some great change in the condition of his nature, and applied fire to culinary purposes; thus inventing an expedient for screening from his disgust the horrors of the shambles. From this moment his vitals were devoured by the vulture of disease.”<sup>18</sup> He goes on to say, following Plutarch, that if one wants to eat meat, he or she should “tear a living lamb with his teeth, and plunging his head into its vitals, slake his thirst with steaming blood.”<sup>19</sup> The practice of vegetarianism is one of the most important practices for all those who believe in the immortality of the soul and some form of transmigration, because eating your deceased grandmother would be a none too pleasant occurrence.

Shelley’s Platonism was rooted in the very depths of his being. He claimed that he would “rather be damned with Plato[...] than to go to Heaven with Paley and Malthus.”<sup>20</sup> If Henry Corbin is true and one does not choose to be, but is “born a Platonist,”<sup>21</sup> then Shelley was certainly a Platonist from birth. And yet, he was never certain of anything, always full of intuition, but also full of doubt. This is the hallmark of a serious seeker. A true kindred spirit of Shelley is René Daumal, whose life and thoughts can shed some light upon Shelley’s conceptions of the immortality of the soul. Daumal, above all else, felt a desire for eternity, but he recounts that “[a]round the age of

16. Shelley, *The Major Works*, 634.

17. Weil, *The Need for Roots*, 288.

18. Shelley, *The Major Works*, 84.

19. *Ibid.*, 85.

20. *Ibid.*, 232.

21. Tom Cheetham, *All the World an Icon: Henry Corbin and the Angelic Function of Beings* (Berkeley, California: North Atlantic Books, 2012), 137.

six, no religious belief having been instilled in me, the problem of death presented itself in all its nudity. I spent horrible nights, clawed in the stomach and held in a stranglehold by the dread of nothingness, of ‘nothing left at all.’”<sup>22</sup> Daumal went on to perform a number of experiments that involved putting his body into a state as close to death as possible in order to know with certainty the nature of death. One day it happened; Daumal had a life changing experience in which Reality made itself manifest to him and from that point forward he was certain of the immortality of his soul. According to Daumal, “[a]n individual is the limitless person thinking of himself as limited, denied as such, of his ‘selfness’ and tortured within a particular form.”<sup>23</sup> This can shed a lot of light on Shelley’s life and thoughts. Aside from his very early political poems, almost all the verse that Shelley wrote was implicitly or explicitly dealing with the topic of the soul and its immortality. Some of his poems, such as *The Sensitive Plant* or *Adonais* have immortality as their sole topic and these comprise some of the finest lines on this topic ever written. In fact, even the idea for Mary Shelley’s *Frankenstein* may have germinated from experiments in life, death, and consciousness that Percy and Mary may have been performing in order to know the nature of the soul. This questioning is described in a line from *Mont Blanc*: “Has some unknown omnipotence unfurled / The veil of life and death? or do I lie / In dream?”<sup>24</sup> Any such path is fraught with perils and it does seem that in the last two years of his life, Shelley reached a state of certainty, claiming that “eternity is the inheritance of every thinking being.”<sup>25</sup> Whether that was arrived at through study, the revelation of Nature, or certain theurgic practices that are hinted at in his late poetry, we will never know. One thing that is certain is that despite all of the changes that transitory forms, such as our bodies, may go through, the soul is eternal, for whatever was always will be and can never not be, or as Shelley writes in *The Cloud*: “I am the daughter of Earth and Water, / And the nursling of the sky; / I pass through the pores of the oceans and shores; / I change, but I cannot die.”<sup>26</sup> Gérard de Nerval writes in *Aurélia* that even “God Himself cannot make death a nothingness.”<sup>27</sup> Shelley elaborates upon this in the following beautiful lines from *Hellas*:

Worlds on worlds are rolling ever  
From creation to decay,  
Like the bubbles on a river

22. René Daumal, *The Powers of the Word*, ed. and trans. Mark Polizzotti (San Francisco: City Lights Books, 1991), 163.

23. René Daumal, *Le Contre-Ciel*, trans. Kelton W. Knight (New York: Peter Lang, 1990), 12.

24. Shelley, *The Major Works*, 125.

25. *Ibid.*, 585.

26. *Ibid.*, 463.

27. Nerval, *Selected Writings*, 147.

Sparkling, bursting, borne away.  
 But they are still immortal  
 Who, through birth's orient portal  
 And death's dark chasm hurrying to and fro,  
 Clothe their unceasing flight  
 In the brief dust and light  
 Gathered around their chariots as they go;  
 New shapes they still may weave,  
 New gods, new laws receive,  
 Bright or dim are they as the robes they last  
 On Death's bare ribs had cast.<sup>28</sup>

These lines echo Rumi's contention that death is simply a gateway to a new birth, but a more interesting and hitherto unexplored parallel is that of Shelley and *Isbraqi* philosophy. If Shelley's philosophy is mystical, which it most certainly is, the form of mysticism that pervades his writings is that of light. Our lives, according to *The Ode to Heaven*, are filled with "mighty suns beyond the night, / Atoms of intensest light!"<sup>29</sup> Not only this, but each soul and every living thing interpenetrates every other living thing, "[f]or each one [is] interpenetrated / With the light and the odour its neighbor shed[s]."<sup>30</sup> The most obvious parallel is to Proclus' doctrine of all things in all things,<sup>31</sup> but there is ample evidence to suggest both that Shelley was well aware of Islamic symbolism, poetry, and philosophy, and that Shahab al-Din Suhrawardi had studied both Plotinus' *Enneads* and Proclus' *Elements of Theology*, so though there is no direct chain linking the two, the metaphorical *golden chain* of the Platonic tradition may be said to have illumined both men. Witness the similarity of Shelley's preceding verse to the following passage from Suhrawardi's *Hikmat al-Isbraq*: "Know that it would be inconceivable for the incorporeal managing light to become nonbeing after the annihilation of the fortress. If the incorporeal light necessitated its own nonbeing, it would never have existed at all. That which makes it necessary—the dominating light—does not destroy it, for the dominating light never alters; and, in any case, how could a thing destroy by its own essence the concomitant of its essence?"<sup>32</sup> A further similarity exists, which is Shelley's interest

28. Shelley, *The Major Works*, 558.

29. *Ibid.*, 447.

30. *The Sensitive Plant*, *ibid.*, 452.

31. See Radek Chlup, *Proclus: an introduction* (Cambridge, UK: Cambridge University Press, 2012), 83-92; Laurence Jay Rosán, *The Philosophy of Proclus: The Final Phase of Ancient Thought* (New York: Cosmos, 1949), 96-97; and Proclus, *Proclus' Elements of Theology*, trans. Thomas Taylor, The Thomas Taylor Series 1 (Dorset, UK: The Prometheus Trust, 2006), 24.

32. Shihab al-Din al-Suhrawardi, *The Philosophy of Illumination*, trans. John Walbridge and Hossein Ziai, Islamic Translation Series (Provo, Utah: Brigham Young University Press, 1999), 144.

in the sages of the East, such as Zoroaster, as can be seen in the following passage from *Prometheus Unbound*:

They shall be told. Ere Babylon was dust,  
The Magus Zoroaster, my dead child,  
Met his own image walking in the garden.  
That apparition, sole of men, he saw.  
For know there are two worlds of life and death:  
One that which thou beholdest; but the other  
Is underneath the grave, where do inhabit,  
The shadows of all forms that think and live  
Till death unite them and they part no more;  
Dreams and the light imaginings of men,  
And all that faith creates or love desires,  
Terrible, strange, sublime, and beauteous shapes.<sup>33</sup>

Suhrawardi was a great spiritual disciple of Plato, Hermes, and Zoroaster, considering them to have shared the *batini* (esoteric) philosophy of life and the universe as opposed to the *zahiri* (exoteric) doctrines presented in the Qur'an. According to Suhrawardi:

Plato related that he himself had stripped off the darkness and beheld it. The sages of Persia and India without exception agreed upon this[...] [L]et him engage in mystical disciplines[...] as one dazzled by the thunderbolt, see the light[...] and will witness the heavenly essences and lights that Hermes and Plato beheld. He will see the spiritual luminaries, the wellsprings of kingly splendor and wisdom that Zoroaster told of[...] These are the lights to which Empedocles and others alluded.<sup>34</sup>

In addition to the pervasive symbolism of light, Shelley constantly uses the symbolism of birds, such as the nightingale, which was so dear to Hafiz, and a “secret bird” synonymous with the phoenix or hoopoe of Farīd ud-Dīn ‘Attār, which leads the soul from this world to the next, from stupor to enlightenment. In Shelley’s *The Revolt of Islam*, he says the soul “would arise, and like the secret bird / Whom sunset wakens, fill the shore and sky / With her sweet accents—a wild melody!”<sup>35</sup>

Despite Shelley’s affinities with Sufism, and certain other traditions, his verse went far beyond the confines of any one religious tradition. I believe that Shelley’s final goal was

33. Shelley, *The Major Works*, 238-239.

34. al-Suhrawardi, *The Philosophy of Illumination*, 108.

35. Shelley, *The Major Works*, 165.

nothing less than to become a new Orpheus, a Bodhisattva of verse, who would liberate trapped souls from the confines of matter, sending them into ethereal realms to merge with the numinous Divinity. Shelley, in his *A Defense of Poetry* states that “[p]oets are the hierophants of an unapprehended inspiration[... they] are the unacknowledged legislators of the World.”<sup>36</sup> This is true, and for this reason Plato banned the poets, but also for this very same reason we desperately need a poet-philosopher to set this world right. Plato, after all, was a poet of prose. The Romantic period was a time in which hope was still alive, hope that “[a]nother Orpheus sings again, / And loves and weeps and dies.”<sup>37</sup> Shelley was that Orpheus, but he died and his dreams and the dreams of his era died with him, leading us to a state of abject slavery to commerce, money, and matter. Better than almost anyone else, Marguerite Yourcenar, in *Memoirs of Hadrian*, indicts our modern slavery through the following words of Hadrian:

I doubt if all the philosophy in the world can succeed in suppressing slavery; it will, at most, change the name. I can well imagine forms of servitude worse than our own, because more insidious, whether they transform men into stupid, complacent machines, who believe themselves free just when they are most subjugated, or whether to the exclusion of leisure and pleasures essential to man they develop a passion for work as violent as the passion for war among barbarous races. To such bondage for the human mind and imagination I prefer even our avowed slavery.<sup>38</sup>

Shelley, lover of freedom that he was, would have been appalled at the modern systems of government in all of the nefarious forms they take.<sup>39</sup> Shelley’s soul may have been reincarnated or merged with the One, but in the form of Percy Shelley he left us with a profound philosophy of language that can be used to liberate our minds from the lies which have been fed to us since we were children. Language has the power, through the use of the creative imagination, to manifest any form in this world. Through the use of prayer, meditation, and theurgy, one may ease the pains of this life and unchain the soul for its journey upward. “Language is a perpetual Orphic song, / Which rules with daedal harmony a throng / Of thoughts and forms, which else senseless and shapeless were.”<sup>40</sup> For Shelley, a new kind of poet-philosopher may rise, which is the same in spirit to the ancient poet-philosophers, and this neo-Orpheus would:

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36. Shelley, *The Major Works*, 701.

37. *Hellas*, *ibid.*, 583.

38. Marguerite Yourcenar, *Memoirs of Hadrian*, trans. Grace Frick (New York: Farrar, Straus / Giroux, 2005), 115.

39. For one recent proposal to solve these dilemmas, see Arthur Versluis, *The Mystical State: Politics, Gnosis, and Emergent Cultures* (Minneapolis: New Cultures Press, 2011).

40. *Prometheus Unbound*, Shelley, *The Major Works*, 308.

From his divine and simple song  
 Shall draw immortal youth,  
 When he and thou shall cease to be  
 Or be some other thing, so long  
 As men may breath or flowers may blossom  
 O'er the wide Earth's maternal bosom.<sup>41</sup>

For Shelley, the most important topic of investigation, as it should be for any thinking being, is the soul and its immortality. As mentioned earlier, this something that Shelley devoted much time and energy to discovering and expounding. Shelley's magnum opus in this regard is *Adonais*, a poem which, due to its subject matter—the death of Keats—and its composition near the end of Shelley's life, gives the fullest and most perfect picture of Shelley's mature views on the immortality of the soul. The presentation of *Adonais* is highly dialectical, begins with more conventional views of death, then explodes into a refulgent exposition of ancient philosophy in verse. Matter may pass away, but “[n]ought we know, dies. Shall that alone which knows / Be as a sword consumed before the sheath?”<sup>42</sup> All animals, people, and even stars die, but for the living being, the soul is imperishable and not subject to change and decay. Upon death, the soul passes to another body or back to its source. Shelley writes: “Dust to the dust! but the pure spirit shall flow / Back to the burning fountain whence it came, / A portion of the Eternal, which must glow / Through time and change, unquenchably the same.”<sup>43</sup> Not only do our souls eventually make their way back to the Eternal Light from which they sprung, but they are one and the same with that Light. We should not mourn the dead, but should celebrate the liberation of the soul from its prison chamber. The true casket is not the box that holds the rotten flesh, but the flesh that holds the soul. Shelley comforts us, saying: “Peace, peace! he is not dead, he doth not sleep— / He hath awakened from the dream of life[...] He has outsoared the shadow of our night[...] He lives, he wakes— 'tis Death is dead, not he.”<sup>44</sup> Death is an illusion, a veil of *maya* slipped over our eyes that prevents us from seeing Reality as such. Death does not exist and never has existed. The illusion of death far from being a pain to suffer is a gift from the Divinity so that our souls, joined with Its Essence, may experience eternity and omniscience. The liberated soul “is a presence to be felt and known / In darkness and in light, from herb and stone, / Spreading itself where'er that Power may move / Which has withdrawn his being to

41. *Verses Written on Receiving a Celandine in a Letter from England*, Shelley, *The Major Works*, 114.

42. Percy Bysshe Shelley, “Adonais,” in *The Major Works*, ed. Zachary Leader and Michael O'Neill, Oxford World's Classics (Oxford and New York: Oxford University Press, 2009), 536.

43. *Ibid.*, 541.

44. *Ibid.*

its own.”<sup>45</sup> For those souls that are not ready for union with the Source, they must be reborn into another form, human, animal, or that of a lesser divinity. Shelley describes this mutability beautifully as follows: “the Spirit’s plastic stress / Sweeps through the dull dense world, compelling there / All new successions to the forms they wear; / Torturing th’ unwilling dross that checks its flight / To its own likeness, as each mass may bear; / And bursting in its beauty and its might / From trees and beasts and men into the Heaven’s light.”<sup>46</sup> A human, at essence divine, is capable of creating things of pure beauty. After all has perished, including the visible universe, the Mind of the Divinity, and hence the mind of each and every soul, shall contain memories of everything that ever was. These “splendours of the firmament of time / May be eclipsed, but are extinguished not; / Like stars to their appointed height they climb / And death is a low mist which cannot blot / The brightness it may veil.”<sup>47</sup> Death is not something to fear, but a joy that we should await gleefully. Shelley counsels us: “From the world’s bitter wind / Seek shelter in the shadow of the tomb. / What Adonais is, why fear we to become? The One remains, the many change and pass; / Heaven’s light forever shines.”<sup>48</sup> Shelley was not immune from the fear that we all experience, but he counseled himself as follows: “Why linger, why turn back, why shrink, my Heart? [...] / No more let Life divide what Death can join together.”<sup>49</sup> Matter will burn in the fire of the Eternal and all things will be light, but a light unlike the light of this world. We are a reflection of the Divine and to experience our own immortality we need only look at the mirror of our soul, or as Shelley puts it: “That Light whose smile kindles the Universe, / That Beauty in which all things work and move, [...] Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors of / The fire for which all thirst, now beams on me, / Consuming the last clouds of cold mortality.”<sup>50</sup> In conclusion, I will let first Marsilio Ficino and then Shelley speak to us with prayers for our eternal salvation.

Ficino:

But I pray that as heavenly souls longing with desire for our heavenly home we may cast off the bonds of our terrestrial chains; cast them off as swiftly as possible, so that, uplifted on Platonic wings and with God as our guide, we may fly unhindered to our ethereal abode, where we will straightaway look with joy on the excellence of our own human nature.<sup>51</sup>

45. Shelley, “Adonais,” 542.

46. *Ibid.*

47. *Ibid.*

48. *Ibid.*, 544-545.

49. *Ibid.*, 545.

50. *Ibid.*

51. Marsilio Ficino, *Platonic Theology*, ed. James Hankins and William Bowen, trans. Michael J. B. Allen and John Warden, vol. 1, *The I Tatti Renaissance Library 2* (Cambridge, Massachusetts and London: Harvard University Press, 2001), 15.

Shelley:

The breath whose might I have invoked in song  
Descends on me; my spirit's bark is driven  
Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng  
Whose sails were never to the tempest given;  
The massy earth and spheréd skies are riven!  
I am borne darkly, fearfully, afar;  
Whilst burning through the inmost veil of Heaven,  
The soul of Adonais, like a star,  
Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are.<sup>52</sup>

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52. Shelley, "Adonais," 545.

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