Albion's Angel stood beside the Stone of night, and saw
The horror like a comet, or more like the planet of
That once inclus'd the terrible wandering comets in its sphere.
Then Mars thou wast our center, & the planets three flew round
The crimson death of Mars; the Sun was the fourth of its sphere;
The Spectre glowed his horrid length spanning the temple long
With beams of blood; & thus a voice came forth, and shook the
Articles

Blake in the Marketplace, 2021
By Robert N. Essick

“Seen in my visions”: Klüver Form-Constant Visual Hallucinations in William Blake’s Paintings and Illuminated Books
By David Worrall

Reviews

Linda Freedman, William Blake and the Myth of America: From the Abolitionists to the Counterculture
Reviewed by Luke Walker

Adam Komisaruk, Sexual Privatism in British Romantic Writing: A Public of One
Reviewed by Marsha Keith Schuchard

Erasmus Darwin, The Botanic Garden, ed. Adam Komisaruk and Allison Dushane
Reviewed by Alexander S. Gourlay