

**THE SONG
OF
ELMALLAHZ
KUMMING
LEVEL 1, PART 2**

STEPHEN M. BERER



The Song ov Elmallahz Kumming, Levvel 1, Part 2

A Belated Introduction:

This poem originated over 10 years ago in a series of 9 poems I wrote to a woman who was to become my wife. At that time I assumed, unrealistically, that the underlying mythic and psychologic levels would be known and understood by the reader. I was unrealistic not only because those 9 short poems implied and made reference to far more than what was stated, but because the mythic and spiritual levels I was referring to were hardly even thought about by most 20th century poetry readers.

Coming to realize this, I have expanded that short series into this full length book. Level One is the mythic foundation of the 2 higher levels. Many of the images briefly glossed in Level One will be transposed and transisted into other scenes in other parts of the poem. At the same time, images of what is yet to come will echo in these opening scenes. In the Prophetic Conscience, past, present, and future are intertwined.

Concerning Part 2: for Ertha it is set in a prehistoric moment. Elmallah, diffracted into that history, tries to reach to her and still hold on to the Moment of his Fater. Tho confined in her time, their minds are not so confined. Thought flows between them, visible to Elmallah, detectable by all his senses, palpable. They pass beyond the photon boundary that shapes space in a closed sphere, entering the axis of infinite time where all things exist in infinite multiplicity and all paths are parallel and non coherent. His infinite bodies intersect her infinite bodies, and his infinitely repeating hand reaches between her infinitely mirrored legs, there where his eyes were originally drawn, to that dark moist center in her being. His arid Conscience is interleaved in a hyper-globe of pleasure, and then desire for pleasure, and then dependence on pleasure, and then despondence over his dependence.

Elmallah is astonished by their sexual crescendo. In it he feels a vast surf washing up on the sand. It is Ertha's Conscience washed by his Knowledge and her perpetual forgetting. It is his energy penetrating her levels and withdrawing. It rushes - surf - he tells her of the Lor; withdraws - surf - she hears and recreates it in her Conscience. It rushes - surf - he sees how she has distorted his Knowledge; withdraws - surf - into his despair;





rushes - surf - he touches her differently, a new image; ebb and flow while making love. The seen ends: for a moment Ertha glimpses a vision of the Lor - surf - is thunderstruck - surf - sees now the pantheon of Babylon standing above - surf - forgets that too - surf - remembers only that she has seen something awesome that she can't hold, can't comprehend.

Ertha's history with Elmallah is not a continuous series of events, but layered states, stratified in Their Conscience.





SONG OV ELMALLAHZ KUMMING

Befor ovr ferst nite had ended
 And Sol had reternd with its glowwer
 Tu ovr eyz, and its seer
 Tu dry up ovr remaning pashen;
 Befor my deziyer had bin sated,
 Deziyer ov wun hu wuz nevver with wouman,
 Ov wun hu had nevver felt the fors ov ovr Lor
 Shudder like a snake devowering an owlet,
 Like an owlet being devowerd;
 Ov wun hu had nevver befor seen deth.

Befor I had seen the endz ov my luv
 And the fewcher chaenjez that I wuz impregnen,
 I left Erthaz pallas
 Tu pray tu ovr Lor
 And wen I reternd she wuz gon.

No!
 I wil not sing ov separaten.
 No, not ov sorro eether!
 Let me tel yu how I luvd her,
 Tel yu how it wuz between us.
 In this way, perhaps, I kan sho yu
 Wy it wuz I kame.



Lmmajjin an eeglet haching frum an eg,
 Wet with albumin and struggelling
 Tu krak its kalseyum horrizen.





See! It iz gawnt and exhawsted and skaerd,
 Drivven tu du wut it kant understand,
 Shreenking frum a pane it iz drivven tu feel.

And az yu woch, yur miend iz abzorbd
 In a rapchur, az if in a dreem.
 And in that moment a yeer transpiyerz
 And the tinee and trembelling eegel groez,
 Intu a fearless monnark,
 Soring on sparkelling pinyenz.

So it wuz az I enterd Ertha,
 In my breek moments --
 For her, ajez -- she flerrisht.



When I reecht owt tu her
 With so much wizdem and no expeer
 Much az the embryonek berd
 That iz drivven tu pass thru its shell,
 And she hezzittated
 Theenking abowt her preveyus men
 And her fewcherz,
 In that instant befor she touk my hand,
 I saw that she had no permanent plase,
 Not even a tent ov skin or felt,
 Her resting plase wuz a thicket or kave
 And the hillz ware she livd
 Shoed hardlee a trase ov her prezzens:
 Oenlee the mowndz ov ashez
 Skatterd with boenz ov beest.
 “She kan be a preddatter tu,” I thot.
 And I saw that she wuz naked.

50

She must hav knowen ov my thots
 Bekawz she kuvverd her brests





With her forarm in shame.
 Then puling her uther hand frum mine
 She ran away like a woonded liyon
 And dissappeerd in a kovert.

The kawing ov kroez,
 The kreeking ov krickets,
 The cherping ov chickaddeez,
 Al gru qwyet
 Az I enterd that thicket.

*Elmallah enters deeper
 Into the spirit of Ertha. – Comment*

75

I tryd tu peer thru the tangel
 Ov brambel, boushez, and sagging branchez.
 The jaggerz skracht my legz,
 Spider strandz klung tu my fase.

I herd not a sownd frum Ertha,
 Nor saw a trase ov her prezzens;
 Insted, a boding ov vilens,
 Az the dens thicket began tu sho its fasez:

A glimps ov a serpent
 Zigzagd with amber,
 Twisting among the vienz;
 A ram, hiz hornz tangeld
 In the branchez, him bucking,
 Trying tu eskape;
 The leg ov a boy
 Bownd tu a tree, --
 No, not a boy,
 And not a leg!
 But meerlee the sinewee tree itself...

Nothing appeerz in its tru lite.
 The viper, the ram,
 I kan not now fiend them.
 The path behiend me klozez
 And appeerz az if impennatrabbel.





100

The grownd beneeth me oozez,
 And with eech nu step, the suk,
 Az if I am being devowerd.
 The maddenning drone and sting
 Ov flyz and sworming moskeetoez
 Merjez intu my bewilderd thots:
 Am I the serpent?
 This terrabbel drone!
 Am I the ram?
 My handz waving
 Tu protekt my eyz.
 Am I the boy bownd tu the tree?
 I grasp
 Like a shiprekt man
 Flowndering for a liefbote
 I grasp
 For the memmer ov owr Lor
 And that wich allone iz unmoving and fixt.

With my last breth ov self kontrol
 I Wil myself bak tu Thaer Silens
 Tu heer Thaer beluvved Vois.
 And the silens dessendz
 Like a sickenning shaddo
 And my hart fillz
 Not with strenth, but dred
 Az if I am bannisht
 And that Vois iz oenlee a dreem
 And I am not kum intu its mist
 But intu the mist ov a liyonz lare.

125

Befor me the rushez and boushez
 Ar krusht and beeten down.
 I stop, surpriezd, and behoeld!
 A liyon! He serkelz, snarrelling.
 He seez me now,
 And rizez up on hiz hiend legz,
 (I am trembel so vilent





I kan hardlee tell wut he iz duing.)
 And roerz a rore;
 It sowndz like the Name ov the Lor.
 And Ertha, hu layz heer --
 Ertha layz here! --
 Slumpt on the grownd,
 He lifts in hiz jawz,
 Tossing hiz hed, pasing and snarrelling still.
 And he roerz agen
 And it sowndz like:
 "Ar yu the preest
 "Or ar yu the sakrafise?"
 Then he springz tu a branch abuv me
 And iz gon.

But the terror ov hiz rore
 Rezownded in my hed
 And dizzeeness overtouk my sensez
 In sikkenning waevz
 Amist renued silens.

150

Then a branch abuv me kreekt.
 Az I spun tu louk
 My armz flu up in protektiv insteenkt
 Az golden klawz
 And an immortal rore
 Slasht akros my sensez.

But not uppon me
 The grate kat sprung
 But uppon a ram
 That had kum by don-lite
 Tu dreenk frum the merkee wotter.
 Hiz klawz dug intu its flanks
 Wile hiz jawz twisted its nek
 Til it broke.
 Then the ram slumpt tu the grownd.





And thare the liyon gluttid,
Blud oozing intu the pool.

Now the kroez kame
And danst arownd the viktem
And the kricketts agen touk up thaer fiddelz
And smal berdz sang thaer maree toonz,
In luv with life and plezher.

And Ertha appeerd.
(How koud this be?!)

175

Ertha stept owt ov the rushez and reedz
Also eying the karkas
That lay az if kot in a tentattiv dans step.
She approeht it
And the liyon reerd up and snarreld,
Streeks ov blud on its fase.
Fureyus, but mor afraed,
It bakt intu the reedz,
And Ertha, hu waz waring a liyonz pelt
Prowdlee, hottalee
Presst herself tu my boddee.



We lay in the soft and matted grass
Ware the liyon had trampeld it down
And intu my boddee
That had hung like a karkas
Uppon my speer, so dens with despare:
Terrer ov the liyon
Hu spoke like the Lor;
Horrer at Ertha
Hu knu no Lor;
Shok at the silens
Wen I, myself, lissend for that redemen;





200

Intu my boddee
 The plezher and exsietment ov Ertha spred
 Like the soft rippelz ov the Belleek¹
 Spredding owt on its banks;
 Like its wotterz rizing in flud
 Over the pebbellee shorz
 And intu the lolandz, ripe
 With wield rise, lickerish, and flax.

And I,
 Hu had sunk frum my hyer orbits
 Intu this in-ferrelling pool ov matter,
 Had shrunk frum a jyant
 Huze wingspan enkumpast the plannets
 Tu a grane ov korn
 Skatterd on a threshing flor,
 Now agen I spred owt my pinnyenz
 And flu!
 Az I enterd Erthaz opake boddee
 And felt the plezher ov her miend
 Empteed now ov awl her dowl,
 Deziyer ignited evree sell
 Like a fyer barning off the hazee kontorz
 That devided she and me,
 So that 'I' and 'she' became meeningless werdz.

225

I koud wuns agen heer
 The base and soepranno
 Ov ovr Lor singing forth the werldz,
 And this iz like I herd:
 Like the barattone waevz
 On a rockee shor,
 The waling and groenz
 Ov drivven spray, arking
 Up eroded klefs.
 And frum the nor-eest

¹. Ancient name of Tigris River.





The blak klowdz lower,
 Til the wind singz owt
 In hi sharp wisselz and the rane
 Slaps down akros the roks
 Harmonnek tu the waevz.
 Thare, hi on the klefs
 A Man iz leening
 Intu the wind, and pasing.
 He iz singing a peyan
 Akkumpanned by the storm.

And az the fewg bildz tu its klimax
 The Man steps owt
 Beyond the klef-ej
 And plunjez tuwardz the roks,
 And the Man pasez
 The dripping rok klef
 Waving a beeken ov lite,
 And the Man pushez off
 Frum the kolapsing rok lej,
 Hiz legz strech bak in klawz,
 Hiz armz a spektrum ov fetherz,
 Hiz long beard twisting
 Over Hiz shoelder
 Az He roerz owt Hiz Song ov joy.

And eech ov hiz voisez
 Sowndz like a Vois ov the Lor.
 Then I sunk ekstattek in her armz,
 She shuddering and sying with me.

I sed tu her az we lay re-dessending
 Bak tu owr sepperrat selvz,
 “Wut did yu theenk ov Thaer Vois
 “And the Song ov the Werldz
 “Az it broke on the klefs,
 “And its invers sung by the Man?”





“Wer yu singing? It sowneded
 “Mor like moenz. It remiended me
 “Ov my sunz arownd thaer fyerz
 “Kawling forth the ram
 “In the grasse vajjina ov mowntenz;
 “Or like my dotterz dergez
 “Wen the overheeted sun layz lo
 “Hiz wife with hiz unremittent fallus
 “And leevz her rivverbed skorcht.”

275

And she smield, wonting tu flatter me.

And in that smile the jentel waevz
 Ov her Konshents rippeld
 Over my miend like bakwash
 Off ov a ruwind bulkhed,
 And I saw that she had not bin aware
 Ov my vizhen, had not seen the storm
 Or the Man, had not herd Thaer song.

Az a migrating tern
 Kan kleelee see the aerz terbulens,
 The vollewts ov presher,
 The konflikting kurrents and eddeez ov wind
 Az if thay wer paented in eraddeessent hewz,
 Wile a hewman kan hardlee konseev it,
 So, I koud rezownd in the Vois ov ovr Lor
 But Erthaz sensez wer tu few and tu kors,
 Glimpsing but a tennuwus harmennee
 In the universen Konkord.

But seeing her smile
 I tu had tu smile
 And I sed,
 “Du yu kno
 “How yur oen sweet plezher sowneded?”
 With kuller rizing tu her nek
 And for-hed, her eybrowz lifted:
 “O? Tel me!”

300





“I herd the mone ov a grate wotter
 “Expanding owtwerd, beeting agenst the bolderz
 “Ov kalseyum and klefs that restraned it,
 “And the slash ov rane az it koild in gusts
 “Arownd the denuded karben armz
 “Ov the narreld and grownd klinging oke.

“And frum a heeth obskuerd
 “By the storm, a wouman aroze,
 “Pushing her way tu klefs ej
 “Tu woch a ship az it saeld along the koest.

“And I saw her wave a lite tu lor the ship,
 “And I saw her thro herself
 “Down, down, in despare intu the brakerz,
 “And I saw her gro intu a wingd speret
 “That like an albatros spernz the shor
 “Tu follo her departing mate.”

“It duzzent sownd like yu enjoyd me much,”
 She sed, and ternd away and thot awwile.
 Then she askt,
 “And ennee way how koud that straenj wouman
 “Du difrent and oppozit thingz at wuns?
 “Yur fantasseez ar a bit konfuezd
 “And havvent much tu du with making luv.”

Then I:
 “I waz trying tu kno yur miend
 “Az part ov my plezher.”
 And I tucht her eyz
 Tu feel the heet and lite streaming owt.
 And I held her rist
 Tu heer the ekko ov thot in her vaenz.

But tho her boddee wuz streng
 And her hart did puls with fors





Like the wind frum the wield, unrulee noreest
 And her eyz pord forth a streem ov magnettek lite,
 In her red vaenz the unneven ekko,
 In her blu vaenz difrakted presher,
 Frum her eyz depolarriezd feeldz;
 So I knu how unsteddee her purpos,
 How turbolen her miend.

She ternd awway and wonderd frum the liyonz lare
 Qwiklee owt ov the dens kovert
 And up a rij,
 Overlouking the vallee.

Thare

Like a lieth green snake
 Meyandering intu the hazee sowth
 With legz reeching owt
 Intu gullee basenz

The rivver and its tribz,
 Erthaz chieldz and their triebz,
 Few in number, dwelling among the beests.

350

Then frum north a band ov worriyerz
 Dessended on the land
 Attacking itz men, enslaving
 Its wimmen and chieldz, and behiend
 The worriyerz thaer oen wimmen folloed.
 And behiend thaer famleez, yet annuther band,
 Wave after wave krashing down
 Tu the bank ov the rivver,
 Rizing up frum its wotterz dripping with blud.

*Then the ram slumypt tu the grownd.
 And thare the liyon glutted,
 Blud oozing intu the pool. – Levvel 1:2*

But not for long, til sentreez wer poested,
 Fensez bilt, embankments pield,
 And peepel gatherd tu liv in enkloezd plasez.
 And the vilent miegraten began tu ebb





Like waevz wen the tiedz,
 Arowzd by storm, dimminnish thaer anger
 And the wind imperseptablee slackenz
 Til silens reternz
 And not but the jentel lapping
 And a sens ov profownd pees.

375

But in the sky thay saw thaer sunz twisted in the dust;
 And in the dust at thaer feet thay saw the boenz
 Ov thaer herdz pikt over by kroez;
 Thaer howzez, in heeps, skard the valleez;
 Thaer seed grane eeten tu stave off fammin,
 Thaer feeldz a tangel ov thornz.

Then the peepel beheld thaer produkten ov wor:
 Speerz and arroeze with chipt flint hedz,
 Wouden skoops for digging trenchez,
 Fensez bownd with hemp and brambel,
 Wawlz ov rivver stone bedded in mud,
 Chard timberz remaning frum the fyerz
 That were fed by pich and niter.



END OV LEVVEL 1

PART 2

