

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

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## The Song ov Elmallahz Kumming, Levvel 1, Part 2

### A Belated Introduction:

**T**his 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

**B**efor 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.



**L**mmajjin 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 breef 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.

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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 kreaking ov krickets,  
 The cherping ov chickaddeez,  
 Al gru qwyet  
 Az I enterd that thicket.

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

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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.





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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 unmuving 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.

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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.

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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?!)

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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.



**W**e 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;





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Intu my boddee  
 The plezher and exsietment ov Ertha spred  
 Like the soft rippelz ov the Belleek<sup>1</sup>  
 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.

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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

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<sup>1</sup>. 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  
 Akkumpanneed 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 kleeerlee 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!”

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“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:

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“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.

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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.

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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

