

**THE SONG
OF
ELMALLAHZ
KUMMING
LEVEL 1, PART 4:
THE SIKELZ
IN THEYODORRA**

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The Song ov Elmallahz Kuming Levvel 1, Part 4 The Sikelz in Theyodorra

A Few Technicalities

The poem tries to reproduce in a plausible way the archaeological nature of our knowledge of the past and our understanding of archaic thought-modes. If we are to evaluate our accumulated knowledge, we must know the Conscience that generated it. Assuredly a different mentation, a different conscience perceives the world in the human densities of the 20th century, from that conscience that perceived (and perceives) in the vast expansiveness of tribal and isolated societies on the margin of existence. This follows directly, not only from brief phenomenological glimpses available to every thinking person, but from the postulate that conscience is not an individual but a species-wide (and thus trans-individual) phenomenon. Accepting this, we will evaluate ancient thought-forms, not as things inferior and outmoded, but as different strata of conscience, as geological phenomena.

In that light I composed Part 3 using a Sumerian story to create a semi-coherent picture of some people/gods in that time. It is constructed of known texts and artifacts, which are themselves far more discontinuous than any reconstruction from them. In those layers you can see that the characters Dumuzee and Innonna transist in one direction to Elmallah and Ertha, and in another, to myself and my wife. The movement to Part IV is analog to the long historical transition from Mesopotamia to Byzantium, itself representing the evolving of the Sol. In this way, the literary is placed within the historical, and the historical within the spiritual, the lesser being formed and guided by the greater.

A technical issue that might need some explanation is my use of multiple, or layered, indents. I use layered indenting as a means of representing two things: 1. the phenomenology of thought, and 2. the symphonic nature of the poem. As thought is composed of both correlating and dissociating fragments of memory, sensation, emotion, and ideation, so the poem is interleaved and interrupted in indented layers to recapitulate





human mentation. At the same time the poem emulates a symphony, with multiple themes, melodies, rhythms, and chords. Voices and intonations act as instruments. Overall the symphony is analog to the visionary experience. In poetry the tools to convey this are much more limited than for pure music. To expand the repertoire, I use lines that are variously indented, each level of indent representing a voice, intonation or conceptual plane.





THE SIKELZ IN THEYODORRA

Tranzmigrating

*And intu her Sol, like eegelz
Diving frum a fi prommentoree... – Level 2*

We loukt down on Athenz:
I saw how mortel and how pore she wuz
And we trembeld in dismay.

*Athenz the welthee,
Athenz in the dust;
Huze hart wuz wield
Az the lyon, az the ass;
Huze miend wuz kontroeld
Az an atfileet, az a tirent; – Level 2*

Then Ertha:

“Belo iz Athenz, the pride ov the wirl,
“Full ov lerning and art and lust.
“See how the marbel gleemz in the lite
“And sordz and the choppee Ajeyan also glinting.
“And see the pepel bizzilee werking.
“Slaevz groening and thaer formen showt!
“Heer iz a plase tu restor my gloree,
“Ware I mite aggen be goddess and kween!”

But Elmallah:

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“Yes, the wotter and aer and erth heer ar kleen,
“And kreyaten ideyaz iz vallewd well.
“The fillossofer teechez the artist and staetsman,
“And the mathmattishen kan feed hiz chieldz.





“And shorlee thare iz goeld and imperrillist powwer
 “Enuf tu sattisfy even yu.

“But for awl thaer wizdem and verchew and tallent
 “Wut du theze pepel worship? Louk kloeslee!
 “Ware duz thaer mithoes leed?

“Thay bow down tu goets with hewman torsoez;
 “Thaer orrakkelz ishew frum hoelz in the grownd.
 “Thaer goedz ar nuthing but monstrus hewmanz,
 “Fantemz that hav rizzen frum drowt and despare;
 “Like dust thay will skatter in the wind.

“Athenz will laengwish and die like a weed.
 “Thaer faeth duz not leed tu ower fewcher.
 “No, Ertha, this iz no plase for us.
 “Louk down further intu yursel
 “Ware the lite iz kasting dark shadoez.”

Then intu her boddee I began my merj...

Withowt a werd she went with me deeper.
 And I, I marveld and sed a praer
 That Ertha aspiyerd tu a grater Goed
 Than sparks that spring frum klowdz and frum flint,
 And stoenz that ignite in the sky.

50

The grownd beneeth her feet wuz shifting.

Ware she wuz

The grownd wuz a konstant moshiun. – Levvel 1:1

She prest tu me, I hadent expekted¹

Suttel tremmerz and my hand went down tu help her...
 Like praerz sed uppon a string ov perlz,
 My fingers roelling the beedz;

¹ . A phrase missing here?





Her syz az she sung the aterna muzek...
 She passt the threshoeld, deeper...

Still within her exstassee
 Her boddee pulsing ware I tucht her with Knowen,
 Her eyz swimming in a plezhur releest
 Frum the koilz ov her annimma bondz,
 She wisperd az she kisst me:
 “Nuthing seemz difrent,
 “But evreething haz chaenjd.”

And I:
 “W e still hav mor chaenjez tu pass thru az we enter
 “Yur chieldz. Now the turbolen beginz.”

And down we went till the lite began tu fade
 Az if it wer eevning; thunderz and klowdiz;
 And nite abzorbd us in its shrowdiz.

Still down we peerst tu a spit ov land
 Jutting owt agenst a storm-drivven see.
 Waevz powned, the aer shudderd,
 The roks withstoud, taeking thaer shape
 Frum rezisten.

*My fathers withstood
 Taking their shape from resisting,
 Keeping their faith, and existing. – Level 3*

I ternd tu Ertha, saying:
 “Now the hand ov the Lor will lift us
 “Frum this shor and set us on annuther
 “And we will not kno wut level we ar on.
 “Now we will go
 “Az if tu slumber
 “And in ower miendz
 “A dreem will arrize
 “And in it we will awake.





“Hu ar yu, a kortezzan or a kween?
 “Now we will see. Haz my root taken hoeld?
 “Iz the Knowen ov the Lor koild in yur sensez,
 “Or, in the storm, will it sunder?”



Tranzmigrating:

From the Dichez ov Arrollee

Elmallah enters the body of a Byzantine man.

– Comment

Fater drove me tu the dichez ov Arrollee.
 The Lor wuz befor me wen I dove intu Bizzants.
 The Feerful Wun approecht,
 So I hid within this man!

In the dichez ov Arrollee Dumuzee wuz merderd.
 The areyanz naeld him tu a pole and he died;
 But hiz Sol thay left thare like a garment, torn.
 Areyanz! Men az bliend az thay ar kruel!
 Thay lugd off hiz boenz with heeving and grunting
 Wile hiz gossammer ov powwer and knowen thay ignord!
 I lifted him and kareed him owt ov the gulleez;
 Like a man hu haz faented, I restord hiz Sol.
 He bekame me serven beyond the Tawrus.
 He bekame a king in me Prezzens.

My Sol iz fownder in the dichez ov Arrollee.
 In the inner klefs ov Ertha my Sol iz lost.

*As briefly and distantly mentioned in the opening scenes,
 Elmallah and Ertha migrate from Mesopotamia, now to the
 shores of Lebanon. – Comment*

Wen I kame tu Libnonz hi and baren klefs --
 Thare ware I and ware Ertha lept down --
 Dumuzee falterd and faented away.





But wen I lifted him and put breth in hiz Sol
He wisperd, "I will not go down thare aggen."

Dumuzee iz ded

Hiz serve awl agree. – Levvel 1:3

Then Dumuzee died and hiz speret iz no mor,
For he haz tern bak on folloing the Lor.

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My Sol liez in the dichez ov Arrollee.
In Erthaz inner foelding I am lost.

"I will not go down thare aggen," he wept,
And the wind howld owt,
"Hu will not go down?!"

I ternd awway,

Pleeding with my Lor,

"Wut am I tu du here?"

"How am I tu save myself?" – Levvel 1:1

Then in my eerz, a distent singing,

I koud wuns agen heer

The base and soepranno

Ov ovr Lor singing forth the werldz,

The barattone waevz

On a rockee shor... – Levvel 1:3

"How kan a leef rezist the wind?"

"How duz the chield lern tu swim?"

"Hav yu taken the fragmen tu Bizzanteyum?"

The erj propelld me, the wind overwelmd me,

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, – Levvel 1:3

150

Down, down, among the hovvelz ov kingz;

Down, down, intu Bizzanteyum.

Like a seed dropt frum a berd in mid aer.

My life koud kontinnew oenlee thare.





Now Justineyan iz a vale akros my fase,
 And Dumuzee iz difrakt intu my addom.
 In the dichez ov Arrollee my Sol iz hide.
 I heer voizez. I am awl allone.

Elmallah has lept from his higher states and has entered the body of Justinian, yet another level of descent from the Moment of Bliss. – Comment



Tranzmigrating

The descent of Elmallah and Ertha is pictured from yet another angle. – Comment

Elmallah:
 “Louk! It kumz. The ship I envizhend,
 “Saling frum Athenz tu Bizzanteyum.
 “That iz the wun that will karree us down
 “Intu yur hewman boddeez.”

But Ertha:
 “Ware iz it? Ware? I kannot see.
 “The klowdz ar tuu lo.
 “The rane blurring my eyz.
 “The see and sky ar a singel kaldren.
 “Ware iz it? How kan we reech it?”

“Ertha, yu must follo me down tu the see.

Wuns mor I ternd bak

Tu be immerst in the serjing wotterz. – Level 1:1

“Hav kurrij. Du not despere.
 “Hoeld my hand; we ar at the klef-edj.
 “Du not be afrade. I will leep. Now follo!
 “And remember, hav kurrij; du not despere!”

Ertha and Elmallah leap into the sea. – Comment





Tranzmigrating:

Elmallahz Lamment

A lament in the ancient form, as "Dumuzeez Derj" from Level 1:3. – Comment

O I hav bin an Aenjel.
 "I led my flok well.
 "O I wuz wuns a Messijer.
 "My path wuz strait.

"Lamment for me hu touk a wife!
 "Let yur thots swerl,
 "O bruther hu held my ring.
 "Lamment for me hu luvd my wife,
 "Wun nite and a thowzend niets.
 "O seez, o sands, lamment for me!

"Lamment for me hu krost the see!
 "Let yur hart pittee,
 "O fother hu gave me kurrij.
 "Lamment for me hu left hiz wife,
 "Wun day, and a thowzend dayz.
 "O Aenjelz, O pepel, lamment for me!

"I lept frum land²
 "And sed the praerz.
 "I went tu Ertha in her nakedness.

...she took of its fruit and ate. She also gave some to her husband, and he ate. Then the eyes of both of them were opened and they perceived that they were naked;

– Genesis 3:6-7

200

². Alternative: Thow.





“I lept aggen, Uddoni Ekhud³,
 “And kawld Ertha frum the edj ov land⁴.
 “But now she iz plunjd in the wotter
 “And her lips and kerressez ar remoovd frum me!

“Hu am I tu bring such aengwish?
 “Hu am I tu test her faeth?
 “Hu am I tu brake her idelz
 “And kut the tiez tu her chieldhood wayz.

“This iz the werk ov the Aenjel ov Gode.
 “It iz I hu maeks the land lamment!”

225

Thay will say
The rebbel goedz bilt thaer sitteez...
Thay will say
The wind drove them tu madness,
But it wuz Fater;
But it wuz me! -- Level 2

Erthaz Refrane

O Elmallah, Elmallah
 “Wen the wotterz kloezd abbuw me
 “I thot that yu had drownd.
 “Wen the waevz kame down uppon me
 “I thot that yu had died.
 “O Elmallah, Elmallah
 “Wen the wirld kloezd in arrownd me
 “My joy with yu vannisht.
 “Wen the waevz kame down uppon me
 “Thaer chill appald my hart.
 “O Elmallah, Dumuzee
 “The waevz that dragd me down
 “Toeld me yu had trikt me,
 “Toeld me yu had left me,

³. Transliteration of Hebrew: "The Lord is One," a phrase that ends the most universal and important prayer in the Jewish liturgy. Accent is on the last syllable of both words.

⁴. Alternative: Goedz.





“Toeld me yu wer livving
 “And that I had died!”

*The Messenger of the Lor and Erthia have descended into the
 children of Erthia to see what it means to be human.*

– Comment

250



Tranzmigrating

Justinneyan stoud on the dek ov the gallee
 Gripping a rale az the boet heevd,
 Wandering if hiz fate in the Balkenz or at see
 Wer mor diyer. Salerz wer showting and puling
 On roeps. Slaevz wer futillee rowing.
 Awl but the kru had abbandond hope,
 Az Illereyanz, Greeks, and Jewz kurst
 Or praed in thaer privat tungz. Waevz,
 Like grate axez, krasht on the dek,
 And skreemz ov men, dragd owt tu see,
 Wer drownd in the howling wind.

But morning brot kalm. Serviverz tokt
 Like heroes. In a day thay past the ilandz
 At the Hellespont mowth. It wuz after dark
 That thay mord at Gallottaz rotting doks.

So Elmallah enterd Konstantinnopel
 Entwiend in a prins with a lepperdz konshents.





Morning, Ishtar Fading in the East

275

Az if the wind wer bloing
And stirring the surfas tu Life...

*Az if the sunrize had not yet begun
And thare on a hill, ware the full moon hung
Entangeld in parcht akkasiyaz,
She muevd... – Levvel 1:1*

Az if an oyster wer openning
Tu offer up its perl...

*Akross her fase emotenz rippeld
Like wind – Levvel 1:1*

Theyodorra rizez tu the surfas ov the see
Eskorted by dolfinz hu playfullee sport
At the wotterz ej. She standz
In korrora ov jem-like droplets

*As if you were an embryo pecking at your shell
Till you broke it... -- Level 3*

And steps owt ov the kristellin See.

*Arround her hed the lite like ffaemz,
Within her eyz like sparks... – Levvel 1:1*

Her haer iz tangeld on her fase and shoelderz;

*Thare she stoud in foton roebz,
Gawzee and fine, an arrora boreyallis. – Levvel 1:1*

Her boddee iz koppergoeld, strong, and naked;
Her eyz ar dark with shaddoez; yu ar staring
And she knoez it. She iz akting;
She iz perfektee at eez.

Dark hare kurrelling over her shoelderz... -- Levvel 1:1

*In her pride she heerz awl Naecher praezing
Her glorrejus assent frum the bed ov the see; --Levvel 1:4*

300



*Upon entering the human Conscience, Elmallah is embodied
into a man named Justinian, now destined to be emperor of
Byzantium. Ertha has descended to Theodora, the actress*





and courtesan yet to become empress. Justinian and Theodora are unknown to each other, and Elmallah and Ertha are hopelessly separated. – Comment

The Dubbel Shaddo

The inner diyalog ov a Bizzanteen prins.

Ware I go, the demen will follo.
Justineyan:

Cruelty and vengeance are brother and sister. – Level 3

“Frum the waestland that wuns wuz pepeld by my fotherz --

“Niyassus! wun day I will bild it aggen

“And hang the hedz ov slavz arrownd its wawlz;

“Tu the groevz ov Thrase, now empte and sullen;

“And even within Bizzanteyum --

“Rizing like vaperz frum pagan ruwinz;

“Filling my hed with groenz and kat-kalz,

Filling my hart

Not with strenth but with dred. – Level 1:2

“Rude sugestenz and blasfemmeez;

“Befor I am dun the wirlld will be klenzd

“Ov idelz and evel ideyaz.”

Elmallah:

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“How kan I fiend her

“Konstraend by this lummox

“Hu kant take hiz miend off demenz and ded men?

Let me eskaep

Frum theze lumbering oxxen. – Level 1:3

“How kan I fiend her

Ertha, the lost wun,

Ertha in the dust – Level 2

“Ammist a half a millyen pepel,

“A dimend in a heep ov broken glass?

“I kan still heer her shreeks

“Az she lept frum the klef

“Her kursez az she saenk in the wotter.





“I hav tu fiend her,
 “Tho she will not know me.
 “Indeed, she woent even know herself!
 “Her grater being
 “Reziding in this lesser,
 “Her suttel essens
 “Konfownded with addomz.
 “But I will know her.
 “I will sumhow kno her!”

And Elmallah wept, now departed frum hiz dubbel,
 Her divvine apparriten, and the **Moment** ov **Bliss**.

350

Justinneyan sunk in despere az he staerd
 At the masses ov kommenerz krowding hiz way.

Justineyan:

“Wut kan I akkomplish konstraend by these oxxen
 “Hu ar rushing about in a hoj-poj?
 “Wut ar the lamm and the liyon tu them?
 Ar yu the preest or ar yu the sakrafise? – Levvel 1:2
 “Ware iz thaer knowen ov the kross?
 “We hav bilt them cherchez, surrownded them with cherchmen,
 “Kreyated ov the klerjee a sekkend ruling klass.
 “But the foke ar still pagan in thaer twisted roots.

 “Ware ever I push, its like pushing wotter.
 “How ever I exxert myself the minnesterz say,
 “Thy will be dun! On erth and in hevven!’
 “**The pepel awl bow down and trembel terrafyd;**
 “And tumarro dons withowt my nu dekreez!
 “But wisper tu a minnister my sekret planz,
 “And tumarro it iz gossip awl about the street.
 *Then the cheef serven
 He pointed with hiz hand,*





*With the rite hand,
The hand with five ringz. – Levvel 1:3*

“Order and kontroel ar lakking evreeware!
“I will kloze the theyaterz, owtlaw the rasez,
“Lay down a rejjamen tu rowz the torped monk.

375

*Him! lu wuns made grate dekreez;
Now the pepel ar bent with the wate. – Levvel 1:3*

“Ower trezherreez ar full yet ower borderz totter
“Wile the landlordz get fat and thaer tennents plow,
“Playing pieps at eez beneath ower sheeld.

*And wen yu withhoeld the harvest ov weet
My gardz will sneek owt
Tu lay amung the liyonz – Levvel 1:3*

“The cherch, tuu, must bukkel tu my will
“For that will be the basis for my werld-wide expanden.
“Owerz iz the mishen tu bring the wirld tu Kries.
“For this allone Bizzanteyum shall be knoen.
“The cherch will be my kiln, the pepel my klay,
“The harettek and pagan will be bernd away.”

*The kiln iz a tempel, and thare the tru
And the fewj ar parted. – Levvel 1:1*

*Like a heartbeat, in which first the right then the left
ventricle contracts, so with Elmallah and Justinian: As
Elmallah's spiritual states sweep thru their cycles, Justinian's
emotions follow. – Comment*

Elmallah:

“Wut kan I du with this hewman boddee
“Huze miend iz like the ahgorrah:⁵
 “Bartererz and traderz point and showt;
 “A krowd iz klapping for a juggeller;
 “Chieldz and dogz run underfout,
 “And miemz and thaer munkeez make anteks.

400

⁵. A market square.





“The din ov hiz thot iz deffenning.

*The maddenning drone and sting
Ov flyz and sworming moskeetoez
Merjez intu my bevilderd thots: – Levvel 1:2*

“Wen I speek he simplee duzzent heer.

“So I hav kum tu him in dreemz

“Tu instill in him my Purpos:

“I offer it up

“Like ripend graeps uppon the vine,

*Heer he bendz tu pik
And weeralee seez
He haz a vajjina
And hanging brests.*

Starteld

He tryz tu wake. – Levvel 1:1

“But he seez me az a serpent

“And he ternz and fleez.

*Nuthing appeerz in its tru lite.
The viper, the ram,
I kannot now assume them. – Levvel 1:2*

“Tu avvoid my kawl he refuzez sleep;

“Tu perj my vois he refuzez food,

*With my last vestij ov self kontrol
I Will myself bak tu Thaaer Silens. – Levvel 1:2*

425

“And mortaffyz himself!

“Evree time I reech tu him

“He feelz it like a lietning bolt,

“And wen I try entising him

“He attaks me like a liyon.

*I stop, surprizez, and behoeld!
A liyon! He serkelz, snarrelling,
And rizez up on hiz hiend legz. – Levvel 1:2*

“Yet, he allone haz depth enuf tu hoeld me.”

Justineyan:

“Ah, but how kan I klip the fangz ov the Slavz

“Hu infest ower farmlandz in the west?





“How kan I lash the hornz ov the Perzhen

“Tu bend hiz shoelderz tu ower wotter-weelz?

The bull in the north,

Hiz hornz wer yoekt...

The asp tu the west,

Hiz poizen ekstraktet... – Levvel 1:3

“I hav a hundred forjez beeting owt sordz.

“I hav 2 hundred granerreez tu hoeld awl Ejips korn.

I had 5 forjez, I had 10 forjez...

I had 5 loevz, I had 10 loevz... – Levvel 1:3

“I hav a hunger, a beesteyal hunger

“And awl the kortezanz ov Bizzanteyum kant aswazh it.”



450

The Dubbel Shaddo: Fewcher Immij, After Immij, I.

Basket, Koebra, Man in a Heep

A charmer ov snaeks sits on the grownd
Repeating a littanee ov mannakkayen⁶ praerz.

Around him sum chieldz hav stopt tu stare,
And a number ov shopperz, distraktet frum thaer bizness,
Kureyuslee woch hiz okkult powwer.
Befor him, in a basket, a koebra haz rizen
And swayz tu the rithemz ov hiz praerz.

Now the snake sinks, slolee sinks in a koil,
Like a dying fiyer, and refuzez tu rize.
The majjishen uzez evree inkantaten
But nuthing inspiyerz the beest frum torper.

Yur baby iz gray az yur apren.

Yu fawl tu yur nees

And put yur eer tu her mouth.

Yu cannot heer,

⁶ . The Manichees were a religious (pagan) sect devoted to the god Mani.





Yu cannot feel her breth.

Yu doent beleev that she iz ded. – Levvel 2

475

Elmallah, inspiyerd by hiz passij intu Ertha,
 Singz owt hiz praerz, spirelling down
 Down thru the vortex ov interlokking skaelz.
 But wen he haz reecht the base ov the Kord,
 He seez the sakralfise ov hewman viktemz,
 The tungz ov aenshent preests kut owt,
 Bouks ov lerning perverted or eraest,
 Hiz oen werdz he seez reritten!
 Hiz vitel powwer inwerdlee sinks.
 Hiz wate⁷ increezez by the skware.

And Justinneyan iz bekum immobil with depressen
 Like a snake exxosted in a koil.

These two images of Elmallah and Justinian are analog to events in the agorah. – Comment

The shopperz drift frum the impotent man.
 The yung boyz retern tu rowdee play --
 Fiting with stiks and tossing littel stoenz --
 Wen an aerent stone flyz intu the basket.

Awaken, the koebra leeps frum hiz koil,
 And choozez a viktem, a neerby boy.
 Fureyus it dessendz, az a karrij roellz by.

Justinneyan iz in that karrij.
 He seez the jagged lietning, the koebra;
 He seez the viktem, unnaware,
 And grabz him! yanking him intu the koech.
 He showts tu the driver, "Awway!"

⁷. Alternative: dissilluzhen? gravittee? mass?





Then he louks aggen:

“Wut iz this? A filthee erchin!

“I hav meerlee prolongd its trubbelz!

“Awway.”

500

He thrusts the chield frum hiz kar,
Disgusted, and the boy tumbelz tu the stoenz.

But during that reeflex ov kiendness, the snake
Haz bin klubd and its charmer iz being stoend
By the krowd, and alreddee liez in a heap.



The Dubbel Shaddo, II.

Ah! I hav it! Thare iz a way!

“Awl my fors he kownterz with rezisten

“And ware I withdraw he rushez in like wotter.

“Yet, exxaktlee wut Iseek iz wut he kraevz!

“Despretlee he needz a goedess tu fullfill him,

“Not these goest-like wimmen hu drift aboutw the kort!

“Nite by nite I will sho him Erthaz fasez;

“I will be the weet that groez frum her lust.

I am the wun hu gru the weet,

And yu gru... – Levvel 1:3

“I will form the wotterz ov the rivver in her liekness.

I am the wun hu fownd yur fase

In the klay. – Levvel 1:3

“I will sing the song that oenlee she knoez.

The saekret ov ovr Lor

Bringing forth the werldz;

A peyan akkumpanned by the storm. – Levvel 1:2

“I will dans the dans ov her

La dor va dor,⁸

525

“Till he kan rekkognize her Sol.

⁸. Transliteration of the Hebrew, "From generation to generation."





Hallafuya.

“Then he will not hav ennee pees

La dor va dor,

“Untill he fiendz her karnate boddee.

Hallafuya.

“O Elmallah, Elmallah, doent yu kno?!

“Hiz lust will akkomplish

“Wut strenth nor faeth koud evver mannij.”



Make Me Aggen an Idel, I.

The hi preestess assendz the stare.

The waevz ov the see bow thaer hedz
 And wun by wun thay fawl tu thaer neez.
 With eech prostraten a lo moen rizez,
 The wotterz speeking in a thowzend tungz.

The hi preestess assendz the stare.

The wind rushez frum its narro alleez
 Tu witness the nude assending the stare;
 The treez thro owt thaer armz like danserz;
 The berdz wissel in a thowzend noets.

The hi preestess assendz the stare.

Abuv her the kardnelz and majjishenz wate.
 Pashent, expektent thay hav stoud in thaer ranks
 Woching az thaer preestess performd ablushenz,
 Karressing herself in a thowzend wayz.

The hi preestess assendz thru her disdaen.





Hottee she heerz awl Naecher praezing
 Her assent frum the see and frum awl theze men;
 The kardnels ar bowwing, the majjishenz stand dumm.
 By the top ov the stare she feelz oenlee kontempt.

Inside, at an alter, a fiyer bernz.

Az she staerz at the flaemz her furee igniets.
 Like a fiyer sweeping howzez and lieftiemz away,⁹
 Nuthing kan restraen her inspiyerd vizhen;
 She seez the fewcher ov theze men in the ash.¹⁰

The hi preestess porz oil on the fiyer.

So be it! She plunjez her handz in the flaemz,
 Tu soothe her heet, then she lifts the koelz
 And throez them at the men standing in the nave.
 “In my fiyer yu awl will soon be konsuemd!”

She dips her handz in the urn ov oil.

Theyodorra standz in the karnel hows
 Ware the krowd iz gatherd. Thay hav throne down thaer koinz
 And ar leering; thay wont thaer munneez werth.
 She starts tu dans in a thowzend pozishenz!

This, an extended image of Theodora the lewd dancer and courtesan, preparing tu perform. – Comment



⁹
 . There was once a wealthy mansion,
 A home for nearly a hundred generations.
 Last night it was burning, coppergoeld and roaring... -- Level 3

¹⁰
 . Kneeling at the fire place sifting the ashes
 To stir up any live coals.
 ...Last night, in the flames, a hundred generations... – Level 3





575

Befor Kompleten

The clinging flame over the abysmal water: the image of the condition before transition, in which the masculine is exhausted. But if the little fox, after nearly completing the crossing, gets his tail in the water, he will not succeed.

– E Zhing #64

The dayz passed, a stuperus summer,
 With Justinneyan sunk in morbid plezhur,
 Hizdayz dissapated in the steemee bathz
 With kortezanz, and soshel klimerz.

In hiz dreemz, a rekurring wouman appeerd
 Tormenting him with kruwel bewtee;
 He tryd tu kontroel it; he tryd tu eskape:
 He paented her fase like a prostattute;
 Immajjind he wuz thrashing her with a wip.
 Till he woek, dasht with urjent deziyer.

A nite ov lietning and lashing ov rane,
 Then annuther don broke, Annattolyen heet
 Kutting away the Hellepont¹¹ mist.
 Hiz hed pownded frum the niets hevvee drunk.
 Tho the sol wuz but a hand abbuw the Aezhen hiets,
 The swet trickeld down frum hiz armpits and chest.
 He orderd hiz karrij tu the hippodrome¹².

An attendant dozed by a marbel collum;
 A lone nite wokker stopt and ternd
 Tu see if Justineyan woud moshen her.
 Bored, he suddenlee chaenjd hiz miend
 And dirrektd hiz driver down tu the koest.

¹¹ Now called the Bosporus.

¹² . Literally, a horse racing track, but also at that time, site of prurient amusements.



600



Awl the way owt tu the dubbel wawlz
 And an ower beyond thay folloed the rode
 Till thay reecht the Propontis¹³ beechez.
 Pienz and sipressez gru tu the shor
 And ammung them, theyaterz, kassenoez, and howzez
 Ware wimmen wer paed tu pant.



The Dubbel Shaddo: After Immij, Fewcher Immij, III.

Annuther Basket, Annuther Praer

She dansez befor him, swaying and snake-like,
 Haf dresst, haf mokking, haf entranst.

On a werm-eeten bench a preest sits
 Droning a littancee ov Monnofizzite¹⁴ praerz.
*The litteny tumbels thru yur minde,
 Verzhens herd, verzhens obskuerd:
 A soft montazh ov praers, weeping,
 and curses... – Levvel 2*

At hiz feet an Ejjipshen reed basket
 Lyz batterd and diskarded in the mud.
 It iz filld with plumz, blu and rotting,
 And yello jakkets gorj on the frute.
 Down the street a karrij aproechez,
 Klattering along the kobbelz.
 An inner frenzee iz mownting in the preest.
 He bareez hiz hed in hiz handz, still praeing,
 Submerjd in the drone ov beez on the plumz,
 The kliklakking horsez, the lafter frum houzez
 Ov plesher, the jestuerz ov the dansing wouman.

¹³ . Now called the Marmara.

¹⁴ . An early Christian sect, decreed to be heretical by Justinian but espoused by Theodora, in which Jesus was said to have but one incorruptible body.





The kortezzan turnz with disdaenful intrest,
And staerz in the karrij that haz stopt beside her.

Silens. The preest haz stopt hiz chant,
The karrij iz stopt, the wouman iz peering
Moeshenlesslee. Even the beez ar kwiyet.
For a moment the preests frenzee iz suspended.
For a moment the werld iz tiemless.

Events that have no causal connections on one level, may have or may assume a composite causality or synergy on another level. – Comment

A hors nayz and pawz the kobbelz;
Lafter drifts frum a hows; the kortezzan
Taeks a tentattiv step tu the karrij.

The preest leeps up in mad furee
Skreeming a herrattik praer:
 “Hasues, thow art inkorrupta;
 “Redeem us in yur armz!”
He lunjez for the wouman tormenting him
But az he duz, the man in the karrij
Grabz her arm and yanks her in.
 “Go!” he showts, and the karrij lunjez.

650

The preest stumbelz tu the grownd, sobbing:
 “Doent take her; she iz mine!
 “Maree Magdelene!
 “Doent take her; she iz my Magdelene!”
And tuching himself, he spewz hiz seed in hiz roebz.

It iz mennee minnits befor he bekumz self-awware.
The juse ov blu plumz drips frum hiz hand.





The Dubbel Shaddo: After Immij, Alter Immij, IV.

The Koebra in Annuther Boddee

Justineyan trembeld.
J'The koech shouk on the kobbelz
 Almost az much az Justineyanz handz.
 The jaded lecher shifted, ill at eez,
 Unabel tu hide hiz expektaten.

Goeld jangeld in hiz lether powch.
 Hiz hand slipt down, intu the foeldz
 Ov hiz robe, and he fumbeld for a koin.
 Hiz uther powch also shouk frum the ride
 Az Theyodorraz hand muevd snaeklike, slolee
 Thru the foeldz till she fownd that rinkeld pers.

675

*She prest tu me, I haddent expekted;
 Suttel tremmerz shouk hier,
 And my hand went down tu help... – Lervel 1:4*

Justineyan skweezd the powch ov koinz.
 He koud see the koebra leep frum the basket,
 Koud still smell the street on the boy he saevd.
 Theyodorra leend over and kist hiz nek.
 The lietning ennerjee pulst in her handz
 And jazmin drifted frum her haer.

Wen hiz handz forgot the goeld peesez
 And hiz miend swam beyond itself,
 Theyodorra lifted the lether pers
 And slipt it intu herself, gloeting,
 “Theze hornee men ar so simpel.”





The Dubbel Shaddo, V.

The Hi Preestess, Assended

*By the sea, by the sea,
By the beautiful sea;
You and me, you and me,
Oh how happy we'll be. – Ditty*

Theyodorra steps owt on the balkenee.

Waevz braek. The Propontis wips up spray
Ov lite and sendz it leeping in sparks.
Frum a thowzend plaenz on a thowzend waevz,
The eyz ar seer with a thowzend bliend spots.

700

She shaeks her haer, her hed throen bak.

The wind iz blowing, massojing her fase,
Werking the oil on her armz and legz.
A gust lewdlee throez her gawzee robe open
Leengerz on her thiez, laffing az it flyz.

Theyodorra feelz wut she never felt befor.

Surrouned by aengelz that huvver in the aer
Like points ov lite, like a halo ov starz,
She iz flusht with exsietment and powwer and luv,
Her past dispersed by her nu-fownd gode.

The fiyeree See reflekts her oen Thots.

In the brillyens she seez how she iz uplifted.
Justinneyen iz mor than a prins, he'z a gode.
And she wil be kween, even mor than kween.
For a moment the world iz a vale she diskardz.

She kloeez her robe and tiez it tite.





The wind iz chill; her thots gust bak
 Tu Justineyanz tuch, so intens she shudderz;
 She rememberz hiz ferst klumzee kissez, steeling
 Hiz goeld, dansing wile men thru koinz.

The glaring See ternz her vizhen dark.

In the shadoez she seez the tormented preest
 That she had drivven mad by her dansing;
 She seez the gangz ov men leering,
 Paying tu uze her boddee like a rag.

725



The Dubbel Shaddo, VI.

Aternattee in a Graen ov Sand

*The boenz ov prehistorek annimmaz
 Ar washt intu the serf...
 Awl that iz left ov aeyonz
 That bore and nerrisht them...
 This is the Atterna in a grane ov sand,
 A billyen yeerz ov histeree
 Kondenst intu a frag ov kortz.*

Rejois! and rejois! The bred iz baekt!
 How long we hav wated for the ship tu arrive!
 How long tu see the husks ov weet
 Karreed frum the hoeld and laden on karts
 Till the grannereez ar full and owr belleez doent grumbel.

Huzza! and huzza! The forjez ar smoking!
 Ware wer the logz tu make the charkoel?
 And ware the or tu melt intu iyern?
 Now lissen tu the muzek ringing in eech villij,
 The hammerz rezounding on share and sord!





750
 Sellah! and sellah! The perl iz fownd!
 Az the oyster iz batterd on klefs by the waevz
 And iz washed away by the sheering tide:
 The See grabd yu frum my armz and touk yu
 But now it haz kast yu bak on my shor.

The bred iz baekt. The feeld iz plowd.
 Yur parted lips and the perl glissen.
 My luv and deziyer ar aggen sated.
 Wuns aggen I am joind tu my kween!



The Dubbel Shaddo, VII.

We Ar Wun

L touk the plate frum befor yu
 With pommagrannit seedz diskarded,
 Mennee a wun;
 Fine morselz ov duk, hanging
 On ribz and krispee thi boenz;
 Yes, and tender littel unyenz.
 I touk it and thru it down at yur feet
 And sherdz skatterd
 Like the Bizzanteen armee
 Running frum the feers and howling Slav.

Yur goblet I lifted up hi.
 The faent green wine I pord on the tabel;
 The spray, like fine lase, spred
 Like a kerten between us.
 Such a dellakkat goblet! Such a luvlee thing!
 I kast it down on the harth stone
 And the shivverz lept
 Like snivvelling dogz
 Obaying the barks ov thaer masterz.

775





Yur silver utensilz I hid in my skirts
I will sell them in the market, a hansum proffet.

And yu! Yu silentlee obzervd.
I koud see yu hiding a smirk
And it made me still mor fureyus.

Owtside, the klowdz hav dessended
And raen haz begun tu fawl.
Thaer wotterz will not be dimminisht
 Not even tumarro
And neether will my kontempt.
 Az the sherdz and the slivverz, so ovr luv.
 No, not luv; just plezher.

Yu kawld me Annonna this morning in ovr bed;
Doent tok tu me ov luv.
Go tu this Annonna if she iz so goud!

Doent tell me yu hav never herd such a name.



Make Me Aggen a Kween, II.

*Somewhere a kween is weeping;
Somewhere a king has no wife.
– “The Wind Cries ‘Mary’”*

In the Empressez chappel the idelz ar alive.

The man-gode huze glinting eyz stare bliend,
Huze rok gray robe konfienz him here;
Made obedeyent agenst hiz will,
Tu speek wut oenlee goedz shoud kno.

*It was passed down that the carved image captures the
power of the god or goddess. – Comment*





In the Empressez chappel the idelz kan tok.

The she-gode huze armz ar open wide
 Tu evree man; huze fase iz pale
 Az roze kwortz; draept in velvet;
 Her Sol kryz owt in perfekt silens.

In the Empressez chappel the idelz speek.

The man-gode mermerz frum a kristellin trans:
 “Ware iz the gode that kumz befor don,
 “Hu markt yur thi with hiz krewl knowen?
 “Ware iz he hu konsuemd yur spere?”
*Louk at me! On my thi
 Thay hav kut the mark
 A defilen. – Levvel 1:3*

In the Empressez chappel the she-gode enkwiyerz.

“Hu glaezd yur boddee with saekret deziyerz,
 “Then layed yu down in a kiln, wite hot?
 “Hu brot yu forth for the eyz ov beests
 “Tu addor, for the handz ov men tu saver?”
*Then the tempel became a smoking kiln
 Pakt with fiyer and saekred vesselz
 And in it, howling, the bride and grume,
 Paented in oxxide ov iyern. – Levvel 1:1*

825

In the Empressez chappel the man-gode akkuzez.

“Hu drove you down tu this opressiv plase
 “And konfiend yur etherek boddee in klay?
 “Yu ar soild and chipt; warevver yu ar karryd
 “Yu inspiyer disdaen; yur power iz gon!”

In the Empressez chappel the idelz rebel.





“Warevver yu ar karreed, kursez follo.
 “Du not let it be! It iz yu hu shoud kurs!
 “Brush madder on yur ashen fase and ware silk;
 “Sedduse Elmallah and bring him tu doom!”

*Yu unbutten yur blowse
 And wipe ash frum yur lips,
 And seduse the luvvers ov doom. – Levvels 2 & 3*

In her privat chaember the idelz gro silent.

Theyodorra rowzez frum a stranj trans.
 Shaddoez fill the rume; she reechez tu tuch
 The stachew hu a moment aggo, wuz tokking.
 Stone! Its chill runz up her arm.

*Neeling befor the goelden vessels, yu stare az if transfixt.
 A shaft ov lite that pors frum the west sloly streches tu yur feet,
 But yu remaen like an ikon. – Levvel 2*



Make Me at Leest Yur Luvver, III.

850

I am divided by the Goedz hu rule me.

Like a graneree huze korn iz dividid among the welthee,
 Az we hav dividid Ejipt intu hektaerz ov flud plane
 And demand ov eech skware a storhows ov korn;
 Up tu thaer neez in the erth thay toil,
 The pezzents in mud,

*Nee deep in paddeez
 In stuperus heet along the Nile: – Levvel 1:1*

Thaer lorz in a lan opressen;
 I am sunk tu my waest in merkee despare.

I am dividid by the Goedz hume I hav worshipt.





My forbidden rejenz devoted tu my fother:
 The werdz ar torn frum my tung unspoken;
 The letterz ov eech werd ar krusht by hiz grip.
 I cannot tell how he bernd my lush plase,
 Az Bellissar¹⁵ bernd the Perzhen weetfeeldz,
 Tor owt villijez frum the soil, like weedz.
 Like a bull goerz a man, lifting and throwing,
 Hiz bowelz fawling owt,
 Thats how I worship!
 Lifted on hi by my awsum fother.

Divvided by the Goedz hume I hav addord.

Wen my eyz wer opend and the valt ov hevven
 Ternd lappis blu, and awl that wuz abbuv
 I drank down in yur rapchur,
 Starz and the revolving speerz ov aenjelz,
 Then she lifted a skin tu her mowth
 And, dreenking the starree hevvenz,
 Her vissij inverted intu her miend
 And in rapcher my sensez wer swept in the
 inwerd vortex. – Levvel 1:1

And the eegel diving tu snare the duv.
 In a dreem yu naemd yurself Dammudee.
 My neez trembeld, my thiez ternd tu klay;
 Following yu I enterd a waestland
 And my skin wuz dryd tu parchmen by the sun.
 Uppon me the knowen ov ajez wuz skrieibd.

Divvided by the Goedz hume I hav klung tu.

I despratlee held tu faeth in my saevyor,
 The wun that wuz torn frum my brest, like a hart
 Kut owt ov a trater; in the gaping hole
 A speret struggeld like a gerl that vommits
 And riethz in paen by a poizend well.

¹⁵ . Bellissar was Justineyan's leading general, with campaigns as far ranging as Persia and Italy.





Nothing koud suppress my faeth, not even
The men hu dessakrated my boddee;

*Areyanz hu kuppeld az dogz in the feeld,
Hu fowld my pallas and tempel. – Level 1:3*

Not yu! hu abbandend my Sol in a dich,

*In the baren kuntree ware winter fludz tare,
The gowjd owt gulleez ov Arroollee. – Level 1:3*

900

Worning me yur Law haz no faevrits.

Torn appart az a liyon taerz a stag.

*Like lions the flames were pouncing
And sinking their claws in the prey.
Like a stag, feeble with gashes,
The roof of the mansion collapsed. -- Level 3*

My wume and the infinnit lenth ov passij
Tu my wume, with its brilliyent kristelz and werldz
Yet tu be, torn by the jawz ov the liyon

*Erthia, slumypt on the grownd, he lifts in hiz jawz,
Tossing hiz hed, pasing and snarrelling. – Level 1:2*

Az he feedz, my Fother! beside a blak pool.

Az the Sol skatterz rayz, my luv iz skatterd.

I roze in the sky, morning and eevning,
Wondering, serching for my goedlike self.
Az a bliend wouman sirkelz the same broken streets,
The sunz rayz fawl, mere rubbel at my feet.
Thare iz no pittee in the ellemments or in Naechur;
Neether duz Dumudee tern bak tu me.

How am I abel tu fiend my senter?

Thay say the Ejipshen paganz knu a gode
Huze boddee wuz dismemberd, Osyens thay kawld him.
I am the mortel part ov that gode!
Akross the ajez thay hav wept for me.





925

Forbidden and Permitted Ar the Same tu Me

I.

Frum furee kumz repenten;
Frum repenten kumz kompashen;
Frum kompashen kumz dissilluzhen;
 And disilluzhen endz in furee.

The shaddo on the sundiel sirkelz the stone.

Time, like a mirror reverses every image. – Level 3

With time, past and fewcher are identikkel,
 But with life the sirkel iz strecht intu ellips¹⁶;
 The ellips iz twisted allong kurvacherz ov spase¹⁷,
 Till the shape dissolvz in infinnit regress¹⁸
 On a jagged fronteer ov kaos¹⁹.
 And thare remaenz oenlee the memmeree ov a sirkel,
 An illuzhen that klingz tu the ey.

“Like Dido, hume bliend oeld Homer knu,
 “Men hav kum tu me az swine, grunting;
 “Hav kum az serpents, krawling, sleenking;
 “Az dogz, begging for a bone;
 “Az goets eeting fruet dirrekt frum the branch
 “Withowt so much az plukking with thaer handz.
 “Even men, hu wuns wer kingz:
 “Louk how thay ar redest!

“Yes, I kno abowt hewman worship!”

II.

Frum plezher arrizez luv.
Fum luv dessendz dependen.
Frum dependen kumz dissappointment.

¹⁶

¹⁷ re: Kepler

¹⁸ re: Einstein

¹⁹ re: An Experiment with Time

. re: Mandelbrot



950



Dissappointment haz 2 branchez:

Wun path endz in bitterness;

Wun seeks owt nu plezhur.

The wondering starz spirel, konfiend

In a narro path, in a slo ossillaten

Between thaer owter and inner limmits:

Thay, huze serkelz deformd tu ellipsez,

Huze regguler moshenz hav bekum the prototipe ov **K**aos.

“Wut iz a man, and wut a beest,

“And ware iz the Gode abuv them?

“In my privat chaemberz I hav despratlee praed

“Tu embrace ower Lor, the Divvine Man.

“And hu haz kum, but Justineyan, sneering.

“With hiz briebs and hiz blakmael he haz laed hiz law.

“I entiest the yung liyonz; bitter, bitter!

“And faster than Justinyen thay kame tu me.

“On hiend legz, like men, thay roze and strutted,

“And roerd; it sownded like Proffettek worningz.

And wen yu withhoeld the harvest ov weat

My gardz will sneek owt

And lern the way ov liyonz.

Yur slaevz will gro boeld

And enter yur privat chaemberz. – Levvel 1:3

975

“Wen the emperer reternd thay lept frum my side

“And fled tu thaer dezzerts, not tu retern!

“Now ware iz the inkorruptabbel Hazu?

“He haz not reternd, nor restord Hiz gloree,

“But my life bernz owt like an ash, waeting.

“Yes, I know awl about hewman worship!”

III.

Frum faeth derievz strenth.

Frum strenth dessendz 2 shadoez:





The wun eklipsez the tirent;
The uther obskuerz the proffet.

Wen the tirent iz brot lo, this iz liberaten.

Liberaten taeks 2 korsez:

Wun leedz intu kaos;
The uther tendz tu harmennee.

Wen the Proffet iz silenst, 2 shaddoez strech away:

In the larjer wun, ignorens breedz;
In the smawler, festerz madness.

Wen harmennee prevaelz thare ar 2 rezults:

Wun produsez grate kreyativ powwer;
The uther endz in seeking plezhur.

Kaos, if kontroeld, haz 3 konfluwent moshenz:

The ferst iz faeth;
The sekkend iz tirannee;
The therd iz hitend dependen.

On the uther side,

The derrivvattiv ov ignorens haz 2 solushenz

(But thaer absolute valu iz the same):

Wun iz strikt orthodoxxee;
The uther iz kreddulittee.

But at madness, kalkulus faelz

Az the wave-form fraktelz
In a thowzend fasez and fazez.

Az the toddler wobbelz, so Ertha totterz,
And star fasez spirel in the dans ov ajez.
And if Ertha haz lost her balans in the dans,
Wut ov Elmallah, hu playz the dans,
Tu hume the starz themselvz pay ommij?

The starz wonder az the plannets wonder²⁰
But slower, and eech with its oen prinsippelz.
Az Ertha iz bownded by a singel Sol
Huze limmets chaenj az they ar observd,

²⁰. Remember that this word is spelled phonetically, and superimposes with the word that should be spelled 'wunder'.





So Elmallah iz bownded by infinnit Solz
Huze limmets ar beyond magnattude.

Serkelz in serkelz; serkelz in ellipsez,
Ellipsez superimpoezd on frakchering lienz
Till awl thaer moshenz merj tugether
In a singel inkarnate globe ov lite.

1025 “I hav stript myself befor the werld
“And humilleyated myself at the feet ov slaevz.
“I hav praed for owerz befor the ikonz

*Neeling befor the goelden vessels yu stare az if transfixt.
A shaft ov lite that pors frum the west
Evenchually reechez yur feet,
But yu remaen like an ikon. – Level 2*

“And deklaerd the perfekt boddee ov ower King.
“I hav felt the exstassee ov knoing Him,
“And the horrer ov knoing He iz gon.
“How long Lor, how long?

“And hu iz this Hay Mellakh I dreem,
“Hu nietlee neelz beside my bed;
“Hu remuevz my gownz, hu expozez my lies;
“Huze trembling lips make my werld trembel?
“I thot I fownd him in mennee a yung soljer
“And the hottee aerz ov arristokrats.
“I hav laen with them; I hav diskorst tuu;
“And thay wer not Him, no, thay wer not Him!
“How long Hay Mellakh, how long?

“Wut I wuns fownd good and a joy tu du,
“Now I kawl abbomminnaten.
“And tumorro? Will I krinj remembering tудay,
“Lokkt in theze sikelz ov ruwin?

1050 “That iz wut I know ov hewman worship
“And wy ‘permitted’ and ‘forbidden’ hav no meening!
“I hav laen with a man, and knoen he wuz my Lor.





“Wut powwer! Wut klarittee ov purpos! I roze
 “Uppon hiz wingz. I saw wut wuz hidden:
 “A wirlde ware awl thingz leed tu Good!
 “Hu kan tell the plezhur ov hiz tuch?
 “Hu els iz knowen wut I hav seen?
 “The pallas iz allive with grunting and barking.
 “The tung kannot shape wut the hart haz nevvver felt.

“And wut iz the shape that the Lor haz taken
 “That He mite reech tu me? Justineyan!
 “Justineyan wuz the shape and fase ov the Lor!
 “That snivvelling kowwerd! That pompus fool!
 “Justineyan! Him I thot wuz a Gode.
 “He iz hardlee a man; he iz not a man!
 “And yet I beleevd him immortel.
 “Him I thot wuz divvine.

“Wen the Lor iz illuzhen; wen ower saevyer iz a dog,
 “Then wut iz truth, and wut iz law?
 “Then wut iz forbidden and wut iz not?
 “Yu hu juj me, tell me that!”



Time Iz a Meerer

By day I put my shoelder tu the weel.
By nite I repudeyate my grate rezolv.
 In my bouks I speak ov nuthing but the Lor.
 Then forget my werk, immerst in yur boddee.

1075

Yu wer my muther and yu held me;
 I gru sick and week in yur armz.
 I wuz a cowwerd and I luvd yu;
 My fase twisted with konfuzen.

*You were my mother and you held me
 Till I grew weak in your arms.*





*I was your guardian and I hurt you;
Your face twisted with tears. – Level 3*

In yur sexshuwel desepshenz yu held me;
My kurrij enlarjd with eech kiss.
I wuz a soljer on a mishen;
I never kwestyend my purpos.

Yu wer unrestraend and I wuz well born;
Yu wer unknownen and I wuz unknowing;
Yu thot like a pagan; I had a messij;
Yu made me dans; I made yu pray.

Now I am sitting in my pallas, far remuevd,
And yu hav fawlen viktem tu yur Aenjel ov Doom.
Now I am oeld and my lawz ar ignord,
And yu ar weeping that I am not yur Lor.



A Protrakted End

1100

Az the wether chaenjez, a slow ebb and flo
Thru sezenz, like a worm day in winter,
Elmallah left, az a dreem slips awway,
Kwiklee, in morning, and iz gon and forgot.
Like an eeglet haching frum an eg, he wuz gon;
Behiend him an emptee shell.

But Justineyan

Never understoud. For a breef time
He wuz mor than hewman; then he wuz meerlee allive.

Konkwest, rebilding Bizzanteyum,
Compiling the morass ov Roman law,
That wuz indeed a lieftime ov werk!
Grate endeverz! but sumthing wuz not in plase.
He ternd tu Gode and the naechur ov Gode,





But wen Theyodorra dyd, he ternd frum awl pepel
Tu dirrekt the fewcher ov the werld.

After hiz deth, hiz thereez wer disregarded,
And hiz pepel soon ternd tu Islom.



Sellah and Sellah

Ertha rizez tu the surfas ov the see,
Drawn upwerd by the leereks ov Elmallahz song.
Her hed iz krownd with lickwid dimendz;
She iz shivring frum koeld and choking the wotter
Az she staggerz frum the see and the boddee ov her chield.

Elmallah rushez and lifts her in hiz armz
And karreez her tu the beech, a bed ov garnets.
Long time she liez thare, shivring in the Sol,
Her thots still rizing frum the werld beneeth the waevz.
Az the tide washez up and iz then draggd bak,
So her luv assendz tu Elmallah
Wile her thots flownder in the undertoe.

“Ertha, Ertha, the Sol iz hi.
“The aer iz az radeyent az yur eyz wuns wer.
“For a moment and an aje we wer held beneeth the see.
“We wer lost; we wer ruwind; but now we ar restord.
“Louk, the wotter iz worm and kleeer.
“Kum swimming with me. Arize and Rejois!”

Ertha slolee woks down tu the wotter
And embrasez Elmallah and steps intu the serf.
At her aenkelz the sand and foem swerl;
It iz kool and refreshing, and jentlee it laps.
She koud not help but laff and louk down at her feet.





She louks and the wotter iz filld with fasez.
It hissez and kryz and it fillz her with greef.



END OV LEVVEL 1, PART 4

