

# In the Harvest Of Nations

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Book 3

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## Book 3: Nu World

Our fothers lernd Erthas trust, and our muthers  
 Her lov az thay made assent tu the Mouth.  
 This outcast tribe, wunse stragglng and motly,  
 Strode with purpos thru the chartless wood.

Wen thay reechd the Mouth ov the Serpent, thair mines  
 Swum in the dizzying hites and the vista  
 Ov sno-peekd mountens and steep verdent vallys  
 And pristene stillness. Thay forgot Old Wirld.

Thus the Life that we kno so well  
 Began. A lifetime ago Shaliyim  
 Waz dreem; and now thoz pryor ajes  
 Ar all forgot, save the Terrer and Oath.

Immajjin a forrest ware no sound iz herd  
 But human sounds; no birds twittering,  
 No small creeturs russling, no crickets chirping,  
 No mating calls; mankin so feerd.

Immajjin the rugged and deseptiv terrain,  
 The tangel and brambel and impassabel marsh,  
 The cleff-trails that fall off a thouzend feet,  
 Or the ded-end canyens and passes. Then compare.

We now liv neer Eldern, we liv with Hope  
 Tho our lives ar tennuous and our labers hard.  
 In Erthas compassion, at peese with all creeturs,  
 In expansiv spases, our Life iz glad.

25

Our elders wer yet tu kno theze feelings.  
 Thay stood in the hed ov the Serpent, gazing,  
 Without wirds, rapt in that Grater Mine,  
 That Seckend Boddy; thay knu only awe.

Thay knu thay had found a home, az prommisd,





And the mussel and faith tu bild a nu wirlld;  
 But thair Life in Passaj now seemd fammiliar,  
 And thair ransemd Will an eezy prise.

Our Patriark felt thair inner trembling.  
 He too trembeld at the sollemm task,  
 Yet rememberd that Old Wirlld wunse seemd safer  
 Than Passaj. Then hiz joy at the site resurjd.

He gazed in silense wile hiz Prezense spoke out  
 Tu hiz famly whu cleerly herd and took curraj:  
 "Menny ov us ar grone ajed; our childes  
 "Hav passd thair prime in our long jerny.

"Wut lys ahed iz givven us with trust.  
 "Wut onner! Wut grater gift bestoed?  
 "All that haz gone before iz prepparation,  
 "A purjing and washing cleen for this moment.

"Wut does Ertha request for this?  
 "Only our faith, our remembrese ov Terror,  
 "Our wirlld that our cultur maintain this wirlld  
 "Pristene and peesefull, az now we finde it."

50

Why thay all knu simmiler Thot,  
 Made simmiler Oath, took simmiler curraj --  
 We see the effect but not the cauz;  
 That cauz we call our Seckend Boddy.

Round eech ov them a rapturous Corona  
 Gloed like a candels flikkering flame  
 Az Thot lept between thair First and Seckend  
 Boddys, and thay skand the outspredding landscape.

Erthas fases wer lustrus with Lov  
 In the charjd Vizion and thair Cristallin Mine,  
 And eech clan eezily choze thozе peeks  
 And vallys ware dezire reechd out its hand.





Az thay set out Sunken Trezzur broke Silense:

"Sinse my own famly haz chozen trakts

"Neerest this plase, lle remain heer

"Az I vowd long ago, and I still dezire.

"No evel sperets or humans shall cross

"This Serpents jaws; lle stop em with prayer,

"Or sharp wirds, or attacks ov humer.

"lle serv az wotchman and keeper ov the gate.

"lle call this the Gate-ov-the-Ruind-Wirld.

"All whu leev go back tu despair,

"And all whu enter ar among the redeeming.

"But wut iz the Name our redeeming plase?"

Then Rainbo whu lovd him: "This sutes yu well,

"Tu akt az army for Erthas brood.

"Yu wer always wun tu straggel at reer,

"Tempted by the Divvine and Fatel Serpent."

Thay smiled the smile ov Lov and then parted.

Az thay all set off, eech waz musing

On a Name for the land, this transient Home.

It took them yeers tu lern the rite wun.

My purpos compels me tu tell our histery

Curtly. I cannot dwell on the hard

Or happy or persenal tales, but only

Ov founding the borders our Sakred Home.

The way tu the inner lands assended

Across a rocky platto and intu

A pass, austere, steep, and glaring

With prizmed sno in evry sezen.

From Serpents Mouth it appeerd a days

Jerny, maybe twu, tu reech the ragged

Cleft in the mountens, but at thoze hites distense

Deseevs. After weeks thay seemd no closer.





Thair first ewforia lagd and sloly  
 Sank, and thair feet gru immezzurably hevvyer  
 With eech step. Az indistinktly, despondense  
 Superseeded. And thay sank in thair First Boddy.

100

Whu sufferd moste wer the ajed. Long  
 Passaj had weeryd them. The thinning  
 Air, the freezing clime, the prommis  
 Ov no eezy life shook thair Will.

Then, az always befor, thay turnd  
 Tu Shemaya, whu hears and responds, huze Boddy  
 Ov Knowen iz Erthas Will. Starteld  
 Thay saw he too lagd, old and weery.

The Wind-with-a-Thouzend-Voises began  
 Tu murmer; soon it waz wining, then howling.  
 Nevver had cold so slashd them. Menny  
 Whu escaped the Fire dyed in lse.

Then the moment ov terror and remembrese peersd  
 Thair First Boddys like the wind thair skin.  
 Thair boddys nummd in the poizennes cold  
 Az the vizzaj ov the Serpent swam thru thair mines.

Eers, fingers, toes turnd black.  
 The wind deffend, the cold made clumsy,  
 Thair eyes swelld and crusted. Thay lumberd  
 And stumbeld thru enornes chazm ov ise.

Not despondense nor awe nor awfull bewty,  
 Only terror and remembrese swam in thair senseless  
 Limms. And thair Seckend Boddy drove  
 Them invizzably forwerd with its Grater Wills.

125

Confronted by Deth, whu hoverd in the clouds  
 Ov sno, thay pressd thru hiz rejens and thozе  
 Whu affirmd thair Purpos, unknone the Cauz,  
 Passd, uprazed, tu the Prezense ov Fater.





At pinnakel thay stood abov clouds, vuing  
 The billoey vapors and few peeks jutting  
 The sky, and the radiant hevven fludding  
 With Lite. Not Fater, but the Prezense ov Fater.

By dessent, Old Wirld seemd a hazy  
 Dreem, passing agen thru the clouds  
 Tu the warmer and fertil vallys, intu  
 The Mundane Egg, and Erthas protection.

Menny our kin did not come down  
 And our Patriark waz long time emerjing from cloud  
 Vale. With releef and sadness and self-  
 Reproach thay ran back tu the lone old man.

"Beleevd yu lost me up thare, hay?! I stayd  
 "With Brijjes Burnd az he fell in the drifting  
 "Cristas. He gave us no childes nor obvious  
 "Skills. He reechd us mor dirrektly.

"He could see the jestures ov Naturna in human  
 "Trajjedy; the Sakred Histery in the Mundane  
 "Egg; Erthas superpozing Boddys.  
 "He infuzed hiz Vizzion tu our hyer Awware.

"We spoke ov the Rites beneeth the howling spekters  
 "Till Deth overspred him with fraying robes  
 "And rapt him and took hiz Spere. Ide like  
 "Tu name that pass "The Burning Brij."

150

Morning, thay agreed tu the Name. Next day  
 Thay pressd on. Havving left Sunken Trezzur, the Clan  
 Ov Amerra split tu eestern rejens,  
 Rich in rezorse for tool makers.

Yu can tell wen yu enter thair territorys  
 By the houses; mostly impermanent strukturs  
 Ov skins or felts bound around poles  
 And deckorated with famly sines and simbells.





But tords interior thay hav bilt long houses  
 Ov pyramids and domes tu make thair tools,  
 For daily teeching, and clan gatherings,  
 And tu liv tugether thru the winter storms.

Further on, Diahmels Clan strew out  
 Like a handfull ov seed az our famly crossd  
 Thair rejets, pennetrating deeper the verjen  
 Lands, our wife, our muther, our childe.

We kno thair lands, thair mines in Erthas  
 Mines, by the underground houses, dug  
 In north fasing slopes, with that wall tilted  
 And projekting tu abzorb the rays ov Sol.

Ammathist, mettallek sheening sheets  
 Ov glass glint in the terrasd contors  
 Ov the slopes, dazelling the travveler. Thay gather  
 Thair glass ware sands wer melted by the Fire.

Wen our parents first discoverd thozе endless  
 Foothills, yung goats frolickd, hares  
 And rens teemd, feerless ov mankine.  
 The innosent vallys didnt care ov our past.

Years and ajes befor, a killer,  
 A rapist stalkd in Ertha, in boddys  
 And mines littel difrent than ours. Now the beest  
 Lay qwyet and the forgivving land lay open.

Tu south, the three remaining clans  
 Came tu the hills ware ways dividе.  
 Menny smiles ov Lov wer exchanjd  
 With swollen eyes and hy antissipation.

Thay revued minutely the pannoramma:  
 The levveling meddos tu eest, mor verdent  
 And softer than beds ov moss after rain,  
 And menny streems nesseld in the folded hills.







Tu west, hy ridjes and plunjing vallys,  
 A blending mosaek ov auburns, rusts,  
 Greens. South, thay saw baren  
 Peek. Even now it appears az thay saw it.

Thay named that rejion Desizion, for thare  
 The last parting waz waved, and responsibility  
 Taken by eech persen tu fulfill  
 The Oath. And our Patriark wokd allone.

200

Skatterd Ashes turned eest tu begin  
 That rite unknone until it iz livd,  
 That unprediktabel seqwense, so obvious  
 In retrospect. She gladly stepd intu it.

Her clan fand out like maidenhair fronds  
 Uncurling; farmers and gatherers, bilding  
 Houses like flowwers with curving rooms  
 Spiralling from a starlike sentrel court.

Tu west, Rainbo and her clan ov produkt  
 Makers and herders serchd the majjestek  
 Up-thrusting land that falls abruptly  
 Tu oshean; moste drammatek ov Ertha fases.

Thay lokate thair houses like animas thay kno  
 And then bild them in shapes tu express thair boddys  
 Or Speres. Hidden in thair scapes yu  
 Can finde stallions, herrons, lizzerds – all houses.

Rainbo shaped her hous az a lioness,  
 Bilt at entranse a cave, in stark  
 Peek, distent and lonely, ware mor  
 Than wun man knu her form ov marraj.

Our Patriark and hiz clan ov storry-  
 Tellers, teechers, and judjes setteld  
 The sentrel rejens, ov rocky cleffs  
 And canyens; land unfit for use.





225

In that clan, thair boddy in Erthas Boddys,  
 Thair mundane portion in the Sakred Mine,  
 Iz shelterd in crista houses, shapes  
 Jeolojjek, like clusters ov uncut jems.

And our Patriark wokd allone. Along  
 A few ov Naturnas corses he wanderd  
 Or waz wanderd. But in our eyes it appeerd  
 He had Infinnit cappasity, did all things.

Neer ware needel tree seeses, ware brush  
 And stubbel continnu tu the baren and isy  
 Summet, at base ov a jyant pile  
 Ov bolder and rubbel and shatterd timber,

Shemaya bilt hiz tiny home.  
 He named that rubbel 'The Aturna Scru,'  
 And hiz mounten he calld 'Erthas Pyram.'  
 Thay say he only climed it wunse.

At that time Shemaya waz fother ov three dotters.  
 He and thay, like all ov hiz clan  
 Wanderd, wirking and teeching, in Shaliyim;  
 Ten munes in the Sol thay shared the laber.

Hous bilding, harvesting, gathering frutes,  
 Heeling the ill, or leeding the pray  
 Wen Deth would lift a boddy intu Spere;  
 Teeching the rites that tested the Knowen.

Wut a hard time! Heer in land ov abbunden  
 Our famly ballensed on the thresh ov Deth,  
 In Mersy ov Eldern, in Evolven Mine  
 That knos no pain in its chanjes. Thay prosperd.

250

Neerly wun jenneraten tu bild a secure  
 Foundation. And moste the elder jenneraten  
 Lernd Deth. But Shemaya continued, and hiz dotters  
 Continued thair singing the Sol ov Shaliyim.





Then life gru mor stabel in Erthas trust.  
 A twentyeth winter ending, the men set out  
 Tu cleer the passes between territorys.  
 But that yeer our Patriark stayd in the villaj.

Neether did he wirk with the wimmen whu wer grinding  
 The grains and mixing the flours and repairing  
 Shelters and attending infents. And neether  
 Did he teeche the childes the storrys in thair Boddys.

In evening the wimmen and childes would gather  
 And hiz dotters would sing from the Boddys ov men  
 In the passes, and the men in slumber would dreem  
 The songs; but Shemaya did not attend it.

"Wut iz the old man duing? Iz he Thot  
 "Our singing the Boddys iz rong? Or ar  
 "We loozing the Contakt? We must hav broken  
 "The thred that twined us in Erthas Rites."

This the dout in sum ov the wimmen.  
 Uthers worryd: "the Grate Danse iz passing out  
 "Ov hiz Boddys. Will It then pass out ov our Mine  
 "And leev us foundering in the Anshent Annima?"

Our Patriark then brushd thru the curtens. "I am not  
 "The Lite altho I am in it. Yu ar in  
 "The Annima; yu cannot escape it. Yu must leed it  
 "Beyond erta and refine it in Ether."

275

Then Passaj, dotter ov Sha-ol, askd,  
 "How can we leed that wich iz grater,  
 "And wut iz Ether, and how will we kno  
 "The way?" Then she wept, exxasperated.

Our fother: "How did yu get this far?  
 "Yu folloed Serpent; yu lissend Ertha;  
 "Yu sakrifised all that yu wer, and still  
 "Yu lost nuthing. Its with yu now and forevver."





Then thay sat in silens ov chanjing Boddys.

The thaws ov spring gurgeld, then rushd  
From the mountens that yeer, as always.  
And az always, releef and the Sing ov the Wume.

This iz the time ov birth in Erthas  
Animas, wen the female knos releef  
Ov her burden; and so thay sellebrated, led  
By Rainbo, whu lernd that Rite in Exile.

But that yeer brot sorro tu end the feest:  
Rainbos Spere broke the shell  
Ov her Boddys. Our famly pord out thair wines  
On Ertha, and broke thair cups and waild.

They rapt her boddy in oild cloth  
And burnd her. Then thay gatherd the ashes  
In an erten pot and broke it at entranse  
Tu Deths cavvern, same az iz dun tудay.

Then a nu thing happend. From Shemayas dotters –  
Aura Evvary, and Alona – a moaning  
Came down, then mumblings, lo like doves  
Or like wind cumming down from Burning Brij:

Menny with chok markd the Heering,  
The Vois ov Rainbo in Exile; not events  
Ov her boddy, but a Vizzaj ov her Sol in Erthas  
Sol, her stirring ov the Mundane Egg:

Heer the Sing ov Birth in Exile;  
Heer it and remember.  
Heer it now and sing it later.  
Chanj it wen yu Kno it.

I see Ertha drenchd with swett,  
Belly big, over-big;  
I see a lioness in travvail,





Feverd and kontrakting.

I am her and I am in her;  
I am woching over.

Now the scru iz sqweezing;  
Now the serpent iz kontrakting;  
Now the cauldren boils.  
Now the roar, now the yelp,  
Now the cub iz born.

325

I am her and I am ov her;  
I am woching over.

I lift the shivvering littel welp  
In my hands, tu my mouth.  
I lick it off; I giv it suck;  
Then I wash the muther.

I am her and I hav left her;  
I am woching over.

Now Ime livving in her birth plase,  
Nesseld in her mountens.  
I my hut and she her cave'  
She the urj and I the seed;  
I the seeker, she the serpent;  
She the cauldren, I the cook;  
She my hut and I her cave,  
Fertillizing Erthas Egg.

I am her and I am in her;  
She iz woching over.

This iz the orijen ov our birth chant  
Sung tu call forth childe tu Life  
From the fast kontrakting belly. From mundane  
Events the Sakred Motiv emerjes.





350

All we kno iz Rainbo walloed  
 Minelessly in swamp till she climed from the wotter  
 Chanjd. But her Sol in Erthas Sol  
 Knu a birth that the boddy can only allude tu.

Tho a sezen passd with our First Boddys  
 In morning, our senses wer marvelling at the wirl  
 We wer creating, our hyer Boddys  
 Ekstatek in the lush and bewtifull Wirlds.

Eech yeer the timber gru denser and taller,  
 Climing up the steep slopes;  
 The vallys mor verdent; the fruting bushes  
 And trees gru rampent and droopd with frute.

Berrys, mellens, nuts, and grapes,  
 Appels, peeches, pares, and sitrus,  
 In evry taste and culler; so sweet  
 The birds would gorj and stagger drunken.

The flowwers in three sezens twined  
 In garlands over the land; the bees  
 Dousd in pollen, the air thick  
 With perfumes, plezzurs that left us giddy.

Torrents fell from the hills, sparkling  
 Like so menny chests ov jems pord out;  
 The roaring mingeld with twittering and singing  
 Ov innumerabel birds, a joyous kwyer.

In the hills the goats and lamms that skipd  
 And playd; the childes that play amung them;  
 The deer that nuzzel yur hand; the woolly  
 Sheep that gladly cum for the sheering.

375

In farmland, the terrasses layerd and contord  
 And the men and wimmen labering, or leening  
 On thair rakes and gazing, or in spereted debate,  
 Or shepperding in forrest and making muzek.





The tool makers carving the wood, forjing  
 The blades, beeting the curving plowshares.  
 The cloethsmakers soing, wissling tunes,  
 The needels glinting in rappid motions.

Evryware the sexual danse, gladly  
 And freely danced by men and wimmen,  
 Turning conversations in intrikat spirels,  
 Filling the air with eegerness and Lov.

Evryware the sexual danse and the Lov  
 Ov Ertha, the akts ov compassion and frendship,  
 The difficult tasks and the menial, the glad  
 Diktates ov Ertha, convayd from our Eldern.

The rites ov eech sezen ennacted by all  
 Naturna, and fulfilld anu eech yeer,  
 Lerning the steps ov the Grate Danse,  
 Renued, relernd eech yeer by us.

Evolvern eech yeer, slo or rappid,  
 Our sollumm task, our happy task!  
 We lern the Rite and then we chanj it,  
 Inspired by the lektrek Serpent ov Ertha.

400

Knoing eech uther in our Seckend Boddy,  
 Dirrekt Knowen ov Thot and feeling;  
 Ertha Knowen in our Third Boddy,  
 Filling that hyer Conshents with Life.

But not without suffer, not without conflict;  
 I remember how Hayman, bruther ov my fother,  
 Waz gripd by the Raje and beet hiz wife  
 And cursd hiz naybers and seesd all laber.

I herd hiz shouts: "Iz this yur Lov?  
 "Unfaithfulness, lies, defiense?! Wut  
 "Du yu giv me? Nuthing! Am I Nuthing  
 "Tu yu?" And the Raje then beet her and shook her.





Ide not seen the vilense escaping befor;  
 It came like demen from the tume ov Adom;  
 I wept and huddeld with my bruthers and sisters  
 And the terribel bellos eckod in the vallys.

Our elders greevd, but wer firm. Sum sed  
 "He iz taken by an annima." Uthers, "This  
 "Iz forbidden, tu relees the babbel ov Adom.  
 "He must chooz eether wilderness or Exile."

But Hayman dident chooz; he just folloed the beest  
 Tu the wildes. He nevrer returnd. Uthers  
 Hav been dragd by the beest tu Exile; thare  
 Tu wander in the rites till the Chanjes relees them.

425

We also knu sorro and severd Sol  
 In Deth, az wun by wun the elders  
 Passed thru the transforming shells ov Ertha;  
 But our suffer remaind in our First Boddys.

And anxiety that seems tu hav no cauz  
 Or end; and remorse ov consents at our failing;  
 And lost Lov; mentel angwishes  
 Silently born; not cast on uthers.

All in our First, our biolojjek Boddys,  
 But in hyer Boddys we shared the sorros  
 And suffers. Cleerly knowen the persenel  
 Pain, but peese in our Grater Boddys.

Part ov our peese waz in Shaliyims bewty  
 And part waz the Rites that held our ballense  
 Thru hardship; and part, our Patriark,  
 Whu stood abbov the herd and waz herd.

And with him we herd the songs ov Exile  
 Transformd, the Mundane Egg crackd, the Sakred  
 Seed reveeld; the Egg crackd  
 Az eech our leeders enterd Deth.







I need not rekord the songs az now  
 We kno them; but the first reveel iz only  
 Vagely rememberd amung our childes  
 Sinse we yeerly chanj the Rite az we pass it.

Elders! Remember how the bitter wind  
 Skreechd and the sno drifted over  
 Our grate hous, all the tribe gatherd  
 In wun plase tu survive the sezen ov blizzerd.

450

Munths passd – yeers! it seemd in our intense  
 Confinement -- that Rejektet Foundations had crackd  
 The Egg, but not till that hour in midst  
 Our week ov silense did the Deth-moan murmer

How the burnd-out sittu and that cruel illuzion  
 Waz Adoms home; ware the smoke swirld  
 Intu mixd up moments, sparks lept  
 In coiling eddys out from its senter.

In midst laberd Adom, hammering nu laws,  
 A blak silhouet in hiz wite hot fire,  
 Wen twu demens grabd him, eech by an arm  
 And pulld him assunder and a serpent lept out.

No wun remembers the exxakt wirts  
 Wen Rejektet Foundations convayd hiz expere  
 From Erthas Mine tu our Third Boddy  
 And gave us the Rite tu look intu Deth.

But theze the ideas that shaped our prezent  
 Knowen, Song ov Winter, Deths  
 Sezen (tho in any sezen our First  
 Boddy can enter the Rite dirrektly).

Autumm iz the sezen wen the marraj iz confirmd  
 By Naturna, wen the frute iz ripe tu be pickd,  
 Wen winters confinement will test how good  
 The harvest, and how tru the lovvvers bonds.





475

Even az Skattered Ashes lay dying  
 In the ripening feelds, a frail old womman,  
 She gave the telling ov her own expere,  
 Ov her marraj in Exile az Ertha performd it.

"I saw the Primmitiv Man, cum tu Ninev;  
 "Tho he purchasd the indiggo robes and mingeld  
 "With prinses, tho he lernd tu rite the sifer;  
 "Tho he came tu domminate, still he waz primmitiv.

"I saw the Female, grater than the Male  
 "By powwer ov sex, whu, sick with the powwer  
 "Openly became the Hor ov Nations  
 "Making the Childe tu loath the Muther.

"I saw the twu, estranjd and outcast,  
 "In the Cort ov Ajes wedded az wun;  
 "Then the Sol ov the Wirld waz wondrous glad  
 "And lifted them up and made them holy."

So she wisperd, in the same wisper  
 Az Shemayas dotters, like the wind at nite  
 From Burning Brij wen it bends the branches  
 And akes with wissling and muffeld howls.

Wen the Vois seesd, so did her breth.  
 Wut hard consolation tu trade the Chant  
 For her whu created the Meening. Not  
 Long after, annuther ov the Grate Wuns dessended.

500

Wen the yungest girl ov Sunken Trezzur  
 Wor the undyd linnen and first took lessens  
 In our Sakred Terror, her forteenth yeer,  
 On that same day he wokd with Deth.

Still waring the linnen, it waz she herd the Vois  
 And spoke with the wind, wirts beyond  
 Her Knowen, Truth beyond expere.  
 (Shurly nun ov us ar mor perfekted that annuther!)





"It iz my fother; it iz our Fater  
 "Under the tree ware the counsels meet.  
 "He iz lifting the dubbel bladed ax tu cut  
 "The Anshent Tree; now he lz the Tree!

"Now a crowd iz gatherd, chopping the tree;  
 "It totters, it falls, it crushes them all.  
 "From the stump a shoot gros grater than the first  
 "And I see my fothers fase in the trunk."

Such wer the songs ov Exile, herd  
 From the hart ov Ertha whu iz greeving tu be parted  
 From her childes; theze the Golden Threds  
 Tu sustain our Hope tu reunite with Eldern.

But our Patriark wokd allone. All  
 Our elders whu had knone Exile, now  
 Knu Deth. And Shemaya, ov thoze whu remaind  
 Abbov, allone continnued and did not wok with Deth.

But the chanj that brushd his cheeks with paller,  
 Turnd hiz sparkling eyes inwerd;  
 At days end, wen the peeks ar crimsen  
 And hiz dotters sang, he seemd not tu heer.

525

Wen the sheeps horn summend the counsels, wen the drum  
 Announsed the festivvels, and evry eer  
 Straind tu be serten thay herd rite,  
 He would turn away; nor would he attend.

The feer gatherd in our Mine, az in vallys  
 Clouds ov winter cum lowering, and the happy  
 Childes laffing, the frendly hail ov naybers,  
 The musek in the hills, all fall silent.

Imperseptibly, by days and weeks,  
 All ov Ertha fell silent. Like the forrests  
 In Passaj, wen mankine waz so feerd, no sounds  
 But our own lonely wokking; so it seemd now.





I remember the roundmune nite he left  
 Our camp; hiz slo, bent figgure  
 Leening on hiz stick, hiz shado from the mune  
 Merjing in the dark az the clouds gatherd.

He always wokd by nite, but this time  
 The dark hills lookd like stones piled  
 At a tume and I waz shor he'd nevver see morning.  
 But he waz sited in firstlite entering hiz mountens.

But nevver agen. And we nevver found  
 Hiz boddy. Sum say thats wen he climed  
 Erthas Pyram, but no wun could finde him.  
 Sum say he still hazent crackd the Shell.

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Then Erthas silense ended and she pord  
 Her sorros out; our hevvy anxiety  
 Got washd away in weeping, and insted  
 A dizmel and empty wirl d stund us.

I hav no wirds tu make a ulojy.  
 The morning befogd us. We seesd eeting,  
 Sleeping, wirking, tokking. The Kontakt  
 Faild. Our Boddys seemd illuzion.

Our faith, our futur seemd a cruel illuzion;  
 Famly withdru from famly, depressd;  
 Friends turnd sullen, naybers perverse;  
 Childes bickerd and fot in the lanes.

We saw how littel distingwishd us  
 From a savvaj tribe. Waz that the end  
 Ov our hy Destinny? Our Purpos decayd  
 In morning; in evening empty appathy.

But, held in Mater buzzums, our joy  
 Returnd. Ertha consoled and arrouzd us.  
 Aura, Evvary, and Alona rezumed  
 Thair singing. The Terror and the Knowen returnd.





Hiz Prezense iz still amung us! Nevver  
 Could we heel ourselvs. Nevver could we  
 Sustain the Knowen and nevver continnu  
 The Evolven. Only Hiz Prezense could restor us!

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Sol waz sirkling sloly tu north;  
 The Rites agen swing us in ballense  
 With Naturnas Danse -- wunse it waz Dethdanse --  
 And Shemaya reveeld hiz Rite in dreems.

Eech ov us saw but a part ov the Vizzion:  
 The Anchent Man wokd allone.  
 Hiz childes calld him Adom; thay left him for Lov.  
 Thay left him tu wok between Deth and Life.

In Deth he dezired the Sleeping Female.  
 He tried tu wake her but she clozed him in Sol.  
 In her dreems he laberd tu attain the Powwer  
 Tu unfetter himself from her nebbulus Traum.

In Life he sot tu impreg the Truth  
 Latent in her loins till hiz ennerjy cleev it.  
 But the Female feerd ov her Sol dissevverd  
 And denied hiz spiralling Boddys her Knowen.

Now in consentrek Ideas he iz burryd  
 In Erthas memmer, but hiz awfull urj  
 For union iz infuze in her Boddy ov Truth,  
 Inspiring her Lower Boddys tu Evolven.

So we herd it. So we live it.  
 And like the serpent we make it chanj.  
 Adom chanjd it first; he broke  
 The Shell, and turnd our eyes tu See.

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Thay ar heer! Our Patriark and our Eldern!  
 Dwelling in our midst az a commen nayber,  
 He wok amung us, we don't wok allone.  
 And He speek tu us all ov our days!





Heer my Histery ends. The Vizzions  
 Ov thoze Times hidden or expunjd,  
 This much commanded, but nevver tu knowen  
 The First Cauzes, and Finel Purposses.

This first rekording I offer our childes,  
 And all jenneratens. May it further the Rite;  
 May it hold Erthas Lov; may it bring Naturna  
 Closer; may it even reech our Eldern!

May we say together in all our Lives,  
 Till our Purpos seeses, till Ertha seeses,  
 This Praer ov Evening, wen Nite, whu iz kinde,  
 Appeers on the western horrizen:

In the menny Wirlds  
 Iz but wun Wirld  
 And we ar part ov its Conshents.

In the menny wirlds  
 Thare iz wun ov Ertha  
 And we ar livving her Conshents.

Peese be with yu! Peese and Lov!  
 Lov and Joy and Knowen!



## End Ov the Last Book





## Comments on In the Harvest of Nations

This, my most recent poem-myth, is written from the perspective of an individual, to whom the poem is dictated, three generations after a nuclear war. He lives in a society transformed psychologically and spiritually by that experience. As such, the poem is a history; but rather than a political history, it is a history of imaginative possibilities and psychological impressions. For the reader who would pursue the imagery more deeply, the poem is also a phenomenology of change that relies as heavily on alchemy as physics for its material. (One might begin with *Splendor Solis*, by Trismosin, to explore the alchemical precedents.) Nonetheless, my intention is for the poem to stand entirely on its own, without footnotes or knowledge of referents.

Concerning a few technical features of the poem: the spelling is greatly altered from the current norm. This has been an on-going process in my longer works. It is an attempt to 1) normalize English spellings according to the spoken word; 2) require the reader to hear and verbalize the language of the poem, and not simply see it; 3) distinguish the voice of the poem and its visual/emotional impression from the mundane world. The reader has entered the mythic realm in which the common world is seen with new eyes. In the same vein, the poem contains a few altered grammatical forms and a few altered words, notably Adom, Naturna, Mater (long 'a'), Fater (long 'a'), Eldern, Ertha, Sol, and Knowen. Suffice it to say that these words, and the altered grammatical forms, are created thru superimposed ideas and etymologies.

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The actual 'personalities' of some of the characters, especially Mater, Fater, and Naturna, have been explored more extensively in other of my mythic poems. I hope, without prior knowledge of them, they do not present serious difficulties to the reader's understanding and appreciation of this piece.

Perhaps most important of all, this poem was written in praise of American ideals and idealism. It is the story of the founding of the New World.



