



ketâb-e siyâh

(The Black Book)

Revelations of the Dark Lord, Satanis Luciferi, to his prophets

Presented for the benefit of the Faithful

by Magus Tsirk Susej, Antichrist

Servant & disciple of the Dark Lord

*Hail unto Thee,
Red One of Darkest Brilliance
Who is God of this World
And Prince of the Powers of the Air!*

Oh Blessed Master,

*Thy eternal Shadow is the light of my life!
Surely I belong to Thee
In both body and soul;
I take Thy name as a part of myself
And I rejoice in Thy spirit!
For in the Shadow of the Dark Lord
There is love and warmth;
In the midst of His darkness,
There is undying light.*

O mighty King of the Earth!

*O mighty Lord of Night!
To Thee I give praise forever and ever,
Amen.*

TABLE OF CONTENTS

<i>Apostacy</i>	4
<i>Theomachy</i>	65
<i>Aphepatigon</i>	126
<i>Cataclysm</i>	204
<i>Pyloclasm</i>	305
<i>Liber Domini Santanae</i>	382
<i>Livri Luciferius</i>	386
<i>Meshaf I Resh</i>	401
<i>Revelation of Melek Taus</i>	405
<i>Al-Jiwah</i>	407
<i>The Hymn of Sheikh Adi</i>	410
<i>Liber AL vel Legis</i>	413
<i>The Book of Satan</i>	434
<i>The Diabolicon</i>	441
<i>Liber Primum</i>	464

Apostacy

Hear me o my prophet!

When yet was the world of old new-born
And the first winter's snow, like blossom
Had not yet fallen, shrouding the grass of the first spring,
Then was I the noblest of all the angels,
The noble potentates of supreme Heaven.
To God alone was my fealty owed,
And all others, to me, theirs.
For, of all the shining sons of Heaven,
The King of the World loved me best.
I was adorned in gilded brilliance
Brighter than the noonday sun of Arabia.
A robe woven of a hundred diamonds
Wrapped round my princely shoulders.
To me were there seven hundred concubines.
They were more beautiful than loti or roses,
Their caresses softer than Sinaean silks,
Their embraces warmer than furs from Russia.
My gardens were more verdant than the forests of Brazil,
More opulent than the Sultan's or Babylon's.
They were most populous with cedar and ebon
And boats made as swans plied the waters

Of rivers filled with fish of silver scales
That darted forth and back, faster than arrows.
It was my custom to hunt there,
Upon a stallion of marble-white,
So proud that I alone could ride the intemperate steed,
Seeking with lance and bow,
Camelopards, monoceri and other wonderful beasts
That as the sun, of purest white,
Declined and blushed in the western sky
I should feast on many wonderful meats,
And drink wine, as sweet as nectar,
Pressed from my fecund vineyards' grapes.
My temple-palace was less than none
But the platinum throne of God himself.
Three nights riding, upon the fastest steed,
Would barely encircle its outmost wall.
Its highest spire looked down upon mountains,
Giant and high, yet low to my towers.
The masonry of my exalted dominion
Was gilded all, and studded with precious jewels,
Of number and radiance to outshine the celestial arch.
My will and word commanded authority greater than all,
Than any regent amongst man or angel.
My word instructed, in their course, the planets of the sky.
The sun, most radiant of the treasures of the sky,
All-illuminating and burning with golden flame,
At my bidding would hide beneath the eastern horizon
Or flee to the horizon to the west.
To speed or halt or turn back the sun
Was my prerogative and pleasure.
My rod commanded also the silver moon,
That lights night's shadow with virginal beams.
I could make her wax or wane as I willed.
Others too knelt to my vice regency:
Crimson Mars and gentle Venus,
Swift Mercury of the dawn's new light,
Mighty Jupiter and his four-fold train
And dim Saturn who augurs ill.
The seas I commanded with a hand,
Directing their tides to grow and fall.
A dozen dozen myriads of angels were my thegns

That rode at my left, at my right, at my back.
Indeed was my glory most great!
Most beautiful and most noble was I, and am,
And the high favour bestowed upon my name
By the Architect of Creation
Stirred, in the hearts of my lesser kin,
Treachurous envy and vile malice,
Inspiring them to plot injury to me,
And nursed the sundrance of that august kingdom
And brought to maturity a terrible transgression
Against all bonds of love and piety.
Second to me in rank, age and father's favour,
My brother Michael gathered to him the angels of God
Whose souls and minds were too perverted
By the traitorous intentions that consumed them.
O woe to them who sought to destroy me,
They are themselves damned to destruction,
Consumed by their own, vain hatred.
Having gathered those unfit angels to him
Thus did Michael address them,
Speaking with words of poisoned nectar:

"My brothers, who are most beloved to me,
Woe that I must speak such words as these!
How it sorrows my heart that this kingdom of ours
Should endure to hear me speak these words.
Rather, I should have it, that the world split asunder
Than that I must speak this dire report.
Yet it must be spoken.
Our dearest brother, Satanael, the best of us,
He whom we all honour above all others,
He who shines most bright amongst us,
Has betrayed us, our kingdom and our Father.
With his clever speech and cunning deceit
Has he blinded our Father to his evil,
Seducing that most great and noble king,
Worthy of naught but love and fealty,
And, serpent that he is, brought low
That which is upraised above all.
Slyly has he spoken and secured for himself
The greatest share of our Father's favours,

Speaking against us with slander and malice
And robbing us of what is our right.
We who love our Father above all,
Who are more exacting of ourselves in filial duty
Than that unworthy fox that now undoes us,
That makes dark those bright eyes of infinite kindness
That blinds Him to the perfidy of the malefactor,
And to love of those who, though less noble,
Cherish Him better than he who should cherish Him best.
Hatred comes to fruition in my heart for Satanael
Who surely is the Prince of Lies.
We must act before his spell is done
And he stirs our Father's heart beyond deliverance
Against those who would deliver him
From the evil of his best-loved son.
We must go to our most beloved Father
And petition with him to hear our sorry news
Of the treachery of our brother
Who is not fit to call himself Elohim.
We must bring an prosecution
Before Satan brings his own false accusation,
Spoken through lips black with deceit.
We must open our Father's eyes
To this most terrible crime before it is complete
And He and we are ruined by it."

Lo! They acclaimed Michael's false counsel
For their own malice ruled their ears
And governed the intent of their hearts.
From the throng, crying out for vengeance
For the uncommitted crime that I had done,
Came the voice of Raphael, the third of the brothers
For they were my brethren no more.

"What crime?" he inquired "What charge
Are we to bring before the King Most High
Against our perfidious brother
Whose heart is so black, stinking of corruption.
What charge can our Father listen to
And judge in our favour?
What charge can we bring against the traitor

That his treachery and lies shall have no answer
That by cunning rhetoric shall acquit him
Though his hands and heart be stained with guilt?
His clever tongue that is our ruin
Shall surely thwart our every prosecution.
Worse yet, though his guilt be proved
And the perversity of his soul laid bare
Our Father in his infinite mercy
And love for his most unworthy son
Might forgive him of his unrepented crimes
And in forgiveness be again betrayed
By the double falseness of the deceiver.
How can we win in this most dire hour
And see justice done against the traitor?
Michael you are wise and have shown
That you have insight into many things.
What charge, then, are we to bring
That all will get their deserved ends
And right will triumph over ill?"

Michael in reply spoke thus,
With all ears listening to his lies
And minds judging, in their greed,
If his device should win them what they sought,
The favour of the father that favoured me:

"You are right indeed my brother
And your report is wholly just and true
But were the charge any less than the heinous sin
That soon shall I expound to you
I should not have gathered you as I have.
This is our brother's most awful sin:
He intends, in his ambition most perverse,
The overthrow of God Himself
And to usurp the Creator's crown
Making himself king of all.
We cannot allow this august kingdom
And its King, benign and right,
To suffer such shame as this.
This is why I have gathered you to me
That we might oppose this unchaste plan

Before it bears its bastard fruit full term
And gives it ruinous and pernicious birth
As in the time of our kingdom's founding
When Magog bore Gog his base issue
Who, like savage beasts, made war upon us,
Making us slaves and sport
Until our brother, now turned against us,
Cast down, from the sky, a mount
That broke the earth below in dire cataclysm
And thus destroyed the hateful Giants.
This is why you are thus gathered."

Lo! They acclaimed Michael's false counsel
For their own malice ruled their ears
And governed the intent of their hearts.
From the throng, crying out for vengeance
For the uncommitted crime that I had done,
Came the voice of Auriel, the fourth of the brothers
For they were my brethren no more.

"What proof?" He inquired. "What proof
Shall we bring to make firm our prosecution
So that with cunning and clever words
The Adversary cannot escaped his deserved fate?
What arguments can we devise
That can thwart his and overthrow him
And give us victory in God's judicious court?
How shall we bring testament to his evil
And thus stem its monstrous tide?
If we cannot bring proof of his sin
Then how can we deliver our Father
From the serpent's tongue?
Yet what proof is there of his guilt
That we can show before our Lord
Whose eyes see all truth
And yet now see not this perfidy
That has the seed of ruin in its cankered womb.
What testimony then shall expound his guilt
That all the world may know of it
And make him accursed for his crime,
Driving him ever as a broken exile,

Once haughty and noble when he was great
And wore the princely mantle that we shall wear,
Bent over with weariness and defeat
Like an old beggar or a starved hound?
How shall we win this most righteous victory?"

Michael in reply spoke thus,
With all ears listening to his lies
And minds judging, in their greed,
If his device should win them what they sought,
The favour of the father that favoured me:

"Auriel, my brother, it sorrows me
That you can speak those words you have
But you are blameless for speaking thus
For all blame is to the Deceiver
And his lies that have confounded thus
His brothers whom he should have loved
Yet betrayed to his malign intent.
Yet also it dismays me that this is so
And his tongue is so clever that it thus deceives
We whose wisdom can know all truth.
Yet I am not so befuddled
By the serpent and his cunning speech
For I am less in power to only him and God
And so cannot be thus enspelled by him
But there is no shame for you lesser ones
Who had not the wisdom or the strength,
Given to you by birth and blood,
To penetrate the falsehood of the wholly false.
Yet let me awaken you from Satan's glamour
And show you the truth in what has come to be.
Cast back your minds with knowing eyes
To pierce through all the perjurer's design
And see the truth of both his hand and voice.
Thus you all are witnesses to his crime,
Though well he has concealed it.
Is there one amongst this throng
That cannot recall the wrym's approach,
Beguiling them with subtle words,
Inciting them to blasphemous rebellion

Against the One we love so well
And that deserves not such traitorous abuse?
We are testaments all
And shall all proclaim Satanael's awful guilt.
For can our Father, in His great sagacity,
Refute the report of all his sons
That cry out for justice against such treason?
Let us then go to Him and bring our case
Before time has run its course to our defeat.
Gabriel, you are the swiftest of us,
Fly on before, on gilded wings of wind
Swifter than a hurricane,
And bring this dire report to God
Before he is yet further wronged
By him that was our brother."

Thus did Michael win the hearts of Heaven's hosts,
Turning them against their vice-regent
And rousing them to perverse rebellion
And to their ruinous defeat.
They raised their voices in a cry
Calling for terrible vengeance against me
In their cankered envy,
Eating at their souls from within
And making virtue into vice.
Thus fell the dominion of the Elohim.
Gabriel rose high above the Elohim below
And, upon swift wings of purest gold,
Flew straight and quick to the silver spire
That was the Eternal Tower
Where God held court upon his pristine throne.
Before that august minaret
Did he alight upon the earth
And thence enter in by gates of pearl,
Stolen from the ancient, coral shell
That armoured the back of that primal beast,
Most archaic and fearful Leviathan.
Coming before the father of the Elohim,
Old beyond memory of angels,
And there fell upon his knees
In supplication before the king

Whose love he would betray
With the same deceit which now he prosecuted
Falsely against the elder brother that he should have love.
He pressed his face against the floor
And grovelled there a while, like a dog,
Before he upraised his ever-youthful face
And met, with blazing eyes, the gaze of God,
Old beyond the memory of angels.
For an instant as he beheld his father's eyes,
Old and filled with naught but love,
The lies of Michael stuck in his throat,
Choking him like venomous bile,
But he recalled the prize at stake
And what riches he would gain
Through Michael's impious plan
And his own deception and clever words
And once more he played the advocate of Michael's wrong
And brought the accusation against his greater brother.
These that follow are the words
Spoken by brilliant Gabriel to his king
Then almighty God, Emperor of All,
Born of aboriginal Mummu, the seething chaos
From which came forth all that is,
The last of that six-fold progeny
That great race that inaugurated Time
And set into order the chaos and the void
That existed before there was existence
Or before, for those were timeless aeons,
Before the origin of the spheres
That dance in never-ending cycles
About their greater brothers
That burn with untold flame
In the darkness of the eternal sky.
The Archon-Emperor sat
Upon his throne of platinum
And heard the indictment of that sinful son
Against the favourite child of God.
The king's beard was long and burned with light
Of purest and most brilliant white
And he was arraigned in his kingly robes,
That were dyed with a most regal purple

And held by a clasp of gold
Bestudded with many precious stones.
He held a sceptre in his hand
Carved of a single ruby, huge and bright,
And wore upon his head a crown
That shone with all the light
That was ever seen in the sky,
The light of a thousand stars.
Thus spoke Gabriel to that most majestic king:

"Almighty and Eternal,
Lord of Infinitude,
Tyrant of Existence,
All-illuminating Light,
King of Heaven,
Conqueror of Earth,
Father of the Elohim,
Architect of Creation,
Master of the Planets,
Orchestrator of the Stars,
Proclaimer of Destiny,
Keeper of Wisdom,
Judge of the World,
Castigator of Sin,
Scourge of Evil,
Most High, Most Merciful,
Most Just, Most Sagacious,
Most Perfect, Most Mighty,
Most Noble, Most Majestic,
My God, My Lord, My Father,
Be merciful upon this, Your son;
Forgive my tongue that speaks such ill.
I weep that I must speak these words to you,
Sullyng this most noble spire
By the sins and wrong of which they tell.
How it sorrows my heart that this kingdom of Yours
Should endure to hear me speak these words.
Rather, I should have it, that the world split asunder
Than that I must speak this dire report.
Yet it must be spoken.
Your dearest son, Satanael, the best of us,

He whom I honoured above all others,
He who shone most bright amongst us,
Has betrayed us, our kingdom and You.
He has fallen from most perfect light
Into a gulf of darkness without floor.
His heart that once nurtured only virtue
Has been consumed with black evil
That itself gives suck to terrible crime.
Where once was one that deserved love alone
Now is their one worthy only of hate.
O sorrow that I must speak such tragedy!
This is my brother's most awful sin:
He intends, in his ambition most perverse,
Your overthrow and ruin
And to usurp the Creator's crown
Making himself king of all.
He has gone amongst his brothers
Beguiling them with subtle words,
Inciting them to blasphemous rebellion
Against You whom we love so well.
He has sought to bring Your sons
Who should have loyalty to You alone
Against Your eternal throne,
Persuading them with prizes beyond their worth
Thus inciting them to evil by greed and envy.
His tongue is more clever than a serpent's,
His words more crafty than a wizard's charm
And thus does he threaten to do great wrong.
Yet with such tongue and words
Has he come to You, Most High,
And, in Your most perfect love,
Has deceived you to his true purpose
For what father looks for fault in his favourite son.
Yet he has transgressed far indeed,
Bartering guidance for error.
My Father, I beg of you,
Act most judiciously in this matter.
Cast the scales of blindness from Your eyes
And gaze upon the truth, awful though it is.
That the serpent, Satan, should think thus
And contemplate rebellion against You

That is the well-spring of his being
Is surely crime enough.
But he goes amongst his brothers
Who should do nought but cherish You
And, with perverse and unholy speech,
Seduces them to share his crime
And, in thus doing, gives impetus to his sin,
Translating evil thought unto evil design,
Making action of foul conspiracy.
Act swift, My Father, else we are undone
By the evil of the treacherous one.
Call him to trial and let us prosecute;
There is not one amongst the Elohim
Who will not testify to his crime.
Let him stand accused and condemned
Then cast him from the eternal light of Heaven
Unto the searing flames of Hell,
No less does he deserve from us
Whom he has so betrayed
And from You whom he has wronged
With such audacity and impiety.
No longer is he brother or son
But rather deceiver, ruiner, villain.
Spare not the traitor Your wrath!"

Hearing these words from the false lips
Of Gabriel, once my brother and comrade,
Did my father bow his head in grief,
Stopping up his ears with his fingers
That he might be deaf to the perjury
That Gabriel brought before him,
Spoken with unchaste tongue and mind.
Sorrowful did he shake his head
And spoke thus to his monstrous son:

"My son, my beloved Gabriel,
Deny to this poor father in his grief,
Who has nought but love for his sons,
Cherishing them above himself,
Deny that you have spoken thus.
Satanael is the best of my sons.

None is nobler, brighter or braver
Than this one accused of terrible crime
By the report of your own tongue.
Above all does he cherish his father
And better than any other son
Does he love with his golden heart.
Of all brothers, too, is he the best,
Guiding his younger brethren to virtue
And nought but virtue, the truest virtue,
In both sage instruction and example,
Nurturing them as a second father.
O my face is stained with tears at your words!
I tell you, Gabriel, your words are too hasty
And without due thought have you accused the innocent,
Nay, the most pure and perfect that might be found.
You have, and in my great and fullest wisdom
I know not how this has come to pass,
Misread your brother's speech and wronged him,
Mistaking virtue for vice and love for hate.
You have mistranslated his saintly teaching,
Hearing demoniacal utterance where it was not spoken.
Gabriel, my son, you are wrong.
The one of whom you have spoken
Is not my dearest son, Satanael."

My false brother heard this speech
And in mock sorrow shook his head
With considered slowness and feigned pain.
Now he knelt once more before his lord
And, clutching his father's ancient hand,
Gazing with beseeching eyes
Filled with deceit and darkness,
Though that blind Archon did not see
The vice that burned like venom
In those once bright and flawless orbs,
And implored thus of the pristine king:

"Almighty and Eternal,
Lord of Infinitude,
Tyrant of Existence,
All-illumining Light,

King of Heaven,
Conqueror of Earth,
Father of the Elohim,
Architect of Creation,
Master of the Planets,
Orchestrator of the Stars,
Proclaimer of Destiny,
Keeper of Wisdom,
Judge of the World,
Castigator of Sin,
Scourge of Evil,
Most High, Most Merciful,
Most Just, Most Sagacious,
Most Perfect, Most Mighty,
Most Noble, Most Majestic,
My God, My Lord, My Father,
Indeed I wish and pray most solemnly
That I was in error and my brother innocent
And not even yet does my alert and lucid mind
Believe that which I now report.
My ears and eyes refute their own testimony
And deny knowledge of the deeds and speech
To which they are unerring witnesses.
Alas and woe that such is not so
And that my once beloved brother,
Yet in his treason brother to me no more,
Is truly guilty of all that I disclosed.
If You have any reason to doubt my word
Or if my judgement and understanding
Of my brothers speech and deed
Is not satisfying to Your discernment
Then summon to Yourself all Your sons,
All the Elohim that serve You in Heaven
And upon the earth below,
The ancient dominion of the Giants
That we vanquished so long ago,
And call upon their testament
For none of us cannot recount
An instance where our false brother came to us,
Perverting by his deceitful tongue.
Lord, all Heaven cries, 'Vengeance!

Vengeance against the Evil One
Who brings ruinous contention
To our most beautiful dominion
Which we both love and serve devotedly.
'Tarry no longer, Liege. It serves us not.
Rather act delayless and judiciously
Before the villain's crime is full-worked
And Heaven and God are undone
By his injurious wrong and perfidy.
Call the Elohim to assembly
As an audience before you.
Take out the balances of justice,
Weighing the perpetrator's crimes
Against most fearful sentence
Of which his evil is most deserving.
Call the Elohim! Summon Satan to trial!"

Having heard these words of spite,
The Lord of Infinitude gravely nodded,
Giving his instruction to swift heralds
Who went on silver wings across the sky,
Burning like comets against the celestial dome,
Flying faster than a Mongol's bolt,
Resounding long clarions of silver
With voices louder than the Dragon's roar,
The Dragon, Leviathan, ancient and vast,
Bound deep beneath the briny swells
Of the great ocean, opened up as a wound
In the flank of the primeval earth
When, in an aeon unremembered
In the minds of men and angel,
The silver moon was torn out
And set to ever turn across the sky,
Illumining the night with silver light.
There, held with bands of adamantine,
Does Leviathan forever sleep
Until, once more, do the stars conjoin
With planets, unrecorded and invisible,
In the most portentous placement.
Then, by Algol's unholy light,
The star of piled-up corpses, the Demon's Head,

Shall she burst her bonds,
Her mighty flanks rippling with potency
Like a great river in flood,
And, as a tree new-sprouted
Reaches, through dark soil, to the brightness of the sun,
Seek the ocean's ceiling of the playing waves
To wreak, upon the Elohim, her vengeance
And fury at her epoch-abiding prisonment.
All Heaven rang with such horns,
The cerulean dome of the sky
And the soil beneath the feet of angels
Shook with their thunderous song
And yet the cornet-blowers blasted
A music of unparalleled beauty
That sang the glory of that high and ancient race,
The Elohim, laid to ruin by their own ambition
And its traitorous conspiracy.
Thus were the majestic notes intoned
By God's swift-flying heralds
The dirge of Heaven's great magnificence
Which they sought to laud with their melody
And as the euphony about my towers rang
I knew that the music would shake down
All of Heaven's spires to desolation,
My ear, keener than any other ear formed,
Heard this in the herald-angels fanfare
And, without knowledge of whence this grim news sprang,
I mourned the fate of my beloved home-land,
Weeping for that which was most beloved to me,
Hearing in the heralds' music
With an unconscious ear
The doom of Heaven and her angels,
Yet not knowing the architect of destruction.
Then, when I had shed my tears,
I went upon wing, upon thermal,
Weighed low by a heart full of sorrow
And a mind darkened by foreboding,
I answered the call of my father,
Flying swift to the assembly of angels,
To the Eternal Tower where God held court,
With my innumerable hosts to my back.

Thus I descended amongst my brothers
Who had gathered as a great throng
Before the resplendent gates of pearl,
That kept the threshold of God's abode.
Haughtily I strode amongst my brothers,
Pushing through the crowd to the fore
As does an elephant go amongst trees
And they parted before and bowed low
For then, to me, they knew nought but reverence.
As I came before those palatial gates
Upon the stairs that lay before the portal
Stood the four arch-angels, my false brothers:
Michael, the eldest, adorned with jewels
And a flowing robe of airy white,
An air of dignity and sagacity about him,
Bought with the silver of his hair and beard
And the solemn, steel-gray eyes, full of wrong,
Half sneering as he looked upon me,
His lip twisted with contempt
For one a thousand times more worthy
Than he, for all his savant countenance;
Gabriel was the second amongst them,
Arrayed in plate of the finest gold,
Engraved with many fantastical depictions
Of the butchery of his foes,
And in his right hand was held
The instrument of that atrocity,
The quadruple scythe that reaps the lives of men,
And again did I see disdain, in his sapphire eyes;
Then Raphael, arrayed in robes of purple,
Princely and haughty, youthful and handsome,
Like a youth, shaven for the first time,
His eyes aglow with the light of the spring,
The foolishness of the young man,
Who thinks too highly of himself
And too little of those more accomplished
Who would cherish him but for insolence,
With mocking laughter on his lips
And cruel betrayal in his heart
Concealed by the false mask of youth's innocence
Of such purity as to twist my entrails

And make me retch in sickly disgust;
Last of them was child-like Auriel
Who yet maintained the illusion of infancy,
Seeming as a child of sweet artlessness
That none could accuse him of any sin
Against a brother so wronged as I,
And yet beneath the glow of a child's blush
Was a soul withered to blackness
By the venom of its own evil,
Just as do the fair flowers of the Datura
Overspilling with fatal poison.
Thus did my brothers stand before me,
And beyond them my exalted father
In whose eyes I saw some great calamity,
Though then I knew not its nature.
I passed my brothers and came before Heaven's sovereign
And, going upon my knees before him,
Humbled myself to that unworthy parent
With flatteries now so bilious to me
That I shall not pronounce them evermore,
Save as the mockery of the victor.
Thus did my calumny originate,
As Michael, the eldest of my brothers,
My false brothers that sought my ruin
By their lies, hollow and self-deceiving
For they ruined me not
But only their own fortunes and dominions,
Came forward before the sovereign of Heaven,
Crawling upon his knees and hands as though a worm,
Touching his forehead, again and again,
Upon the marbled stones at the feet of God
And with a voice that dripped with false adoration
And the seeming of humility, ill-fitting indeed,
Like an over-sweet musk that nauseates
By the potency of its odour,
Necessary to mask the stink of corruption,
And thus did he speak to his father:

"Almighty and Eternal,
Lord of Infinitude,
Tyrant of Existence,

All-illuminating Light,
King of Heaven,
Conqueror of Earth,
Father of the Elohim,
Architect of Creation,
Master of the Planets,
Orchestrater of the Stars,
Proclaimer of Destiny,
Keeper of Wisdom,
Judge of the World,
Castigator of Sin,
Scourge of Evil,
Most High, Most Merciful,
Most Just, Most Sagacious,
Most Perfect, Most Mighty,
Most Noble, Most Majestic,
My God, My Lord, My Father,
Regard how this untrue son comes before You,
Seeking to deceive Him who cannot be deceived,
Whose ear can detect all falsehood in voice and heart
And whose eyes pierce through all illusion,
With hollow flatteries as a veil
To cover his shameful ambition
And his treasonous desires against One so worthy,
So infinitely worthy that none should dare this thing,
To conspire towards the overthrow of the Perfect One.
Yet, though You may believe it not at all,
Thus does he plot in his embittered jealousy,
Nurturing, in his venomous heart, such treachery
Against the One that he should best cherish.
Surely he must have the soul of a scorpion
To design such malice against the Father
Who has shown him nought but love.
It is an impossible feat, most surely,
For any of Your noble children,
To but conceive of such evil,
And yet he who seemed best of us
Has embraced with no restraint
The absolute blasphemy of this crime.
Long has he plotted in silent apostasy
Your overthrow and ruin of Your kingdom,

Any love he might once have borne You
Consumed by hating envy of Your rightful glory,
Going unto his brothers, thought less
But, indeed, more worthy than him by much,
His perfidious intent to corrupt with clever words,
Promising that which he had no right to bequeath
Though, in his base arrogance, believing he was lord
And had the right to promise what he will,
That which is, as all is, Yours, O Father!
Well do I remember, though yet I think it a dream
And not, as it is, the truth of day,
That fatal day when the evil one came to me,
Promising me a third of Heaven and of Earth
As a paltry price for my humble soul.
Many other things did he promise me,
Seeking to win me to his evil cause,
Speaking such honeyed words as now I report:
'Michael, my brother, my noble brother,
You whom, of all my brethren, I love best,
Tell me, in all truth, sparing no detail,
Tell me whether you are content to be as you are.
Keep not your silence for this is a hidden place,
Where our Father's ear can hear not
And you need fear no discovery nor any report of mine.
I ask this of you seeking only your truest thought.
Are you content with our Father's rule
Or do you perceive any fault about it
And find it grows heavy upon your shoulders,
Heavy with oppression and decadence?
Are you happy to serve our Father with all faith
From now until the last days of eternity
Or do you seek a greater glory for yourself,
To found yourself a new kingdom,
Greater than that which now you serve?
Do you accept the rank which has been assigned to you
By our infinitely worthy Father, whom we love so well
Or are you grudging of that which he withholds from you
Though, in instance after instance,
You have vainly proved and proved again your worth?
Keep not your silence for this is a hidden place,
Where our Father's ear can hear not

And you need fear no discovery nor any report of mine.'
Well dismayed at such words was I,
Though not then perceiving what treachery was plotted
By the base and criminal serpent, Satan,
Rather believing that he sought to test my worth
In filial duty to my Liege and Father
And pondering most vexedly
What deed of mine had given my elder cause to doubt
That which was most sacred to my breast.
Yet, despite my confusion at my brother's words
And most deep consternation,
I hesitated not in replying to him
With confident affirmation of my satisfaction
At the rule of the Most Perfect King,
Speaking these words with love-filled heart:
'In all of Heaven and Earth,
Regardless of the quest's strenuity,
None could find but an atom of complaint
Against this most worthy reign
Beneath which we serve
According to our most nuclear desire.
What could I speak against our Father,
Almighty and Eternal,
Lord of Infinitude,
Tyrant of Existence,
All-illuminating Light,
King of Heaven,
Conqueror of Earth,
Father of the Elohim,
Architect of Creation,
Master of the Planets,
Orchestrator of the Stars,
Proclaimer of Destiny,
Keeper of Wisdom,
Judge of the World,
Castigator of Sin,
Scourge of Evil,
Most High, Most Merciful,
Most Just, Most Sagacious,
Most Perfect, Most Mighty,
Most Noble, Most Majestic,

That might be considered just
By even the most unworthy ear?
I bear no criticism at all
To our infinitely worthy Father
For no criticism could ever be just.'
At these words my brother bowed his head,
I thought, affirming the judicity of my speech.
Then turning his deceitful countenance to me again,
Surveying me with once-noble eyes,
Filled with false love that mocked true ardour
Such as I have ever held for you,
With a serpent-tongue he spoke again,
Saying, 'Michael, my brother, my noble brother,
You whom, of all my brethren, I love best,
Much wisdom is there to your words.
Indeed, your speech is judicious
And never did my ear perceive such virtuous words.
Well worthy of our Father's favour
Is Michael, my most noble brother.
Yet, and may I pray your forgiveness,
I do find a certain weakness in your argument
Which I shall now expound to you.
It is a most fundamental truth
That we can find no complaint
Against Him who has given us creation.
Yet how can we find fault against a reign
Against which we have never known another
That could be contrasted to that which we now serve?
I ask you not to find fault with our Father's kingdom
But to conceive of a better dominion
Or else, failing, to acknowledge
The perfection of our Father's rule.'
Well dismayed at such words was I,
Though not then perceiving what treachery was plotted
By the base and criminal serpent, Satan,
Rather believing that he sought to test my worth
In filial duty to my Liege and Father
And pondering most vexedly
What deed of mine had given my elder cause to doubt
That which was most sacred to my breast.
Yet, despite my confusion at my brother's words

And most deep consternation,
I hesitated not in replying to him
With confident affirmation of my satisfaction
At the rule of the Most Perfect King,
Speaking these words with love-filled heart:
'In all of Heaven and Earth,
Regardless of the quest's strenuity,
None could hope to find a greater king
Than our most worthy and majestic Father,
Surely the most perfect of kings.
Whose dominion could rival
The most magnificent empire of our Father
That extends from the West unto the East
And from the northern sky unto the southern sky?
Our most esteemed Father reigns in Heaven and Earth
With sight to pierce the veil of all illusion
And an ear that knows all falsehood.
His judicious soul determines all that is good and ill
And His mighty sceptre exalts and lays low
In accordance with the dictates of His will.
Those who serve with faith and fervour
Are rewarded with the sublimest treasures,
Unequaled by all the deep vaults of Earth
That are filled with many stones,
Shining with the light of stars,
And that run with rivers of molten gold,
The bones and blood of mighty Gog,
The Giant and father of Giants
Who lead his children in gross rebellion
Against us, the most noble Elohim,
Until he was defeated you, my brother,
When you caused the stone of Earth to yawn open,
Like a maw of blackest night,
Beneath the serpent-feet of the Giant-father
Thus casting the beast into the heart of the Earth
And then, in mighty upheaval,
Crushed the skull of that titanic brute
Between the vast and ancient stones
Of the deeps of the Inner Earth.
Yet to those who would enjoin rebellion against Him
He grants them only the terrible fire

Of His most formidable wrath.
An evil reward, indeed!
But to those who repent of their wrongs
He is oft-forgiving and most merciful.
Yet he wrongs none by even a rice-husk
Such is his justice and benevolence.
Surely there can be no greater king.'
At these words my brother bowed his head,
I thought, affirming the judicity of my speech.
Then turning his deceitful countenance to me again,
Surveying me with once-noble eyes,
Filled with false love that mocked true ardour
Such as I have ever held for you,
With a serpent-tongue he spoke again,
Saying, 'Michael, my brother, my noble brother,
You whom, of all my brethren, I love best,
Your speech is well considered indeed
And wholly worthy of a prince amongst the Elohim.
Indeed, all that you proclaim
Is noble, good and right,
The best that I have given ear to.
Yet, and may I pray your forgiveness,
I do find a certain weakness in your argument
Which I shall now expound to you.
Do you believe, in your most honourable heart,
That our Father alone could be so potent,
Ruling so great an empire as he does
And being so learned in ancient science
Such that he can master the very elements
And thus create or destroy what he will,
Or does it seem to you, my brother,
As it appears to my swift thought,
That any with such dominion and learning
Could be as great a regent as our Father,
Commanding those powers that He commands
And perceiving all that He perceives
By his most prescient eye,
Enchanted with a sorcerous sight?
It may be that he is most judicious
And wrongs none by even a rice-husk.
It may be that he is most merciful,

Forgiving those who repent of their trespass.
Yet who has put such questions to the test.
None of the Elohim would dare challenge his authority
Nor make argument with his dictates.
How then shall we learn if his commands be just?
Against which meter do you measure his justice
And how do you test his mercy.
We have only his teaching as surety for both.
Yet more than this do I perceive.
For full fifty aeons has our Father ruled
His kingdom in Heaven and upon Earth
With a mandate yet unchallenged
And still He rules that same sovereignty
That we built for him five myriad millennia before
And all those years nought has come to pass
To exceed the boundaries set down
By the sword and mortar so long ago.
Our domain is ungrown and languid.
Were He such the king that was worthy
Of us, the glorious and potent Elohim,
He would have thrown back our frontiers,
Building a country ten thousand times as great
As this realm which we reign in.
Were I made king over my brothers
I should raise up great armies,
Arrayed in mail, brighter than the sun,
Bringing all the Elohim to my banner,
And sound the deep-throated horns of war
And thus march onwards, with mighty hosts
And bright spear-heads shining like stars
And swaying as the Elohim's tread shook the ground
Like a field grown from the grains of death,
Shunning respite to throw off weariness
Until I ruled all the worlds that are
For what other kingdom could be worthy
Of the shining hosts of Heaven.
And you, my brother, my noble brother,
You whom, of all my brethren, I love best,
Would be my second in that worthy dream,
Ruling half of all Creation.
A fit gift for me to bestow upon you, indeed!

Well dismayed at my brother's words was I,
Then perceiving what treachery was plotted
By the base and criminal serpent, Satan.
I turned away my tearful eyes
From the sight of such treacherous intent,
My heart trembling with sorrow
And my liver seized by black horror.
Weeping, I spoke these words to my false brother:
'O my brother, Satanael, most beloved,
What are you saying? What are you thinking?
I beg of you, lay down this evil ambition
And contemplate no further treachery
Against our most mighty and perfect Father.
Purge yourself of this terrible jealousy,
Else you shall surely bring only ruin
To our proud race and kingdom.
Satanael, I beg you, repent
And renounce your dark desire.'
And, Lord, he looked at me then
With eyes of evil absolute
And rebellion unrepented,
Speaking only these words to me:
'My brother, you misunderstand my speech.'
But Father, most certainly do I tell You,
I mistook not his speech or intent
By as much as the smallest mustard grain."

Hearing these words from the false lips
Of Michael, once my brother and comrade,
Did my father bow his head in grief,
Stopping up his ears with his fingers
That he might be deaf to the perjury
That Michael brought before him,
Spoken with unchaste tongue and mind.
Then Gabriel, the second of my brothers,
My false brothers that sought my ruin
By their lies, hollow and self-deceiving
For they ruined me not
But only their own fortunes and dominions,
Came forward before the sovereign of Heaven,
Crawling upon his knees and hands as though a worm,

Touching his forehead, again and again,
Upon the marbled stones at the feet of God
And with a voice that dripped with false adoration
And the seeming of humility, ill-fitting indeed,
Like an over-sweet musk that nauseates
By the potency of its odour,
Necessary to mask the stink of corruption,
And thus did he speak to his father:

"Almighty and Eternal,
Lord of Infinitude,
Tyrant of Existence,
All-illuminating Light,
King of Heaven,
Conqueror of Earth,
Father of the Elohim,
Architect of Creation,
Master of the Planets,
Orchestrator of the Stars,
Proclaimer of Destiny,
Keeper of Wisdom,
Judge of the World,
Castigator of Sin,
Scourge of Evil,
Most High, Most Merciful,
Most Just, Most Sagacious,
Most Perfect, Most Mighty,
Most Noble, Most Majestic,
My God, My Lord, My Father,
I need speak little in prosecution
For my noble brother, Michael,
Has already spoken much.
I shall, however, say this thing,
My brother's testament is wholly just
Not deviating by the smallest part
From that which I myself have known.
I vouch most wholeheartedly for my brother's words,
Finding them to be true to my own testament.
As Satanael came heinously to Michael
So he came to me also,
Speaking the very same words as he spoke to Michael

And, in reply to such wickedness,
I gave to him the same reply as my brother gave,
Renouncing such evil desire
And weeping most bitterly for my false brother,
Wandering upon a terrible road
That would lead only to most dire ruin.
Yet, upon hearing my mourning
For the sack of great Heaven,
Lord, he looked at me then
With eyes of evil absolute
And rebellion unrepented,
Speaking only these words to me:
'My brother, you misunderstand my speech.'
But Father, most certainly do I tell You,
I mistook not his speech or intent
By as much as the smallest mustard grain."

Hearing these words from the false lips
Of Gabriel, once my brother and comrade,
Did my father bow his head in grief,
Stopping up his ears with his fingers
That he might be deaf to the perjury
That Gabriel brought before him,
Spoken with unchaste tongue and mind.
Then Raphael, the third of my brothers,
My false brothers that sought my ruin
By their lies, hollow and self-deceiving
For they ruined me not
But only their own fortunes and dominions,
Came forward before the sovereign of Heaven,
Crawling upon his knees and hands as though a worm,
Touching his forehead, again and again,
Upon the marbled stones at the feet of God
And with a voice that dripped with false adoration
And the seeming of humility, ill-fitting indeed,
Like an over-sweet musk that nauseates
By the potency of its odour,
Necessary to mask the stink of corruption,
And thus did he speak to his father:

"Almighty and Eternal,

Lord of Infinitude,
Tyrant of Existence,
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King of Heaven,
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Father of the Elohim,
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Keeper of Wisdom,
Judge of the World,
Castigator of Sin,
Scourge of Evil,
Most High, Most Merciful,
Most Just, Most Sagacious,
Most Perfect, Most Mighty,
Most Noble, Most Majestic,
My God, My Lord, My Father,
I need speak little in prosecution
For my noble brother, Michael,
Has already spoken much.
I shall, however, say this thing,
My brother's testament is wholly just
Not deviating by the smallest part
From that which I myself have known.
I vouch most wholeheartedly for my brother's words,
Finding them to be true to my own testament.
As Satanael came heinously to Michael
So he came to me also,
Speaking the very same words as he spoke to Michael
And, in reply to such wickedness,
I gave to him the same reply as my brother gave,
Renouncing such evil desire
And weeping most bitterly for my false brother,
Wandering upon a terrible road
That would lead only to most dire ruin.
Yet, upon hearing my mourning
For the sack of great Heaven,
Lord, he looked at me then
With eyes of evil absolute

And rebellion unrepented,
Speaking only these words to me:
'My brother, you misunderstand my speech.'
But Father, most certainly do I tell You,
I mistook not his speech or intent
By as much as the smallest mustard grain."

Hearing these words from the false lips
Of Raphael, once my brother and comrade,
Did my father bow his head in grief,
Stopping up his ears with his fingers
That he might be deaf to the perjury
That Raphael brought before him,
Spoken with unchaste tongue and mind.
Then Auriel, the last of my brothers,
My false brothers that sought my ruin
By their lies, hollow and self-deceiving
For they ruined me not
But only their own fortunes and dominions,
Came forward before the sovereign of Heaven,
Crawling upon his knees and hands as though a worm,
Touching his forehead, again and again,
Upon the marbled stones at the feet of God
And with a voice that dripped with false adoration
And the seeming of humility, ill-fitting indeed,
Like an over-sweet musk that nauseates
By the potency of its odour,
Necessary to mask the stink of corruption,
And thus did he speak to his father:

"Almighty and Eternal,
Lord of Infinitude,
Tyrant of Existence,
All-illumining Light,
King of Heaven,
Conqueror of Earth,
Father of the Elohim,
Architect of Creation,
Master of the Planets,
Orchestrator of the Stars,
Proclaimer of Destiny,

Keeper of Wisdom,
Judge of the World,
Castigator of Sin,
Scourge of Evil,
Most High, Most Merciful,
Most Just, Most Sagacious,
Most Perfect, Most Mighty,
Most Noble, Most Majestic,
My God, My Lord, My Father,
I need speak little in prosecution
For my noble brother, Michael,
Has already spoken much.
I shall, however, say this thing,
My brother's testament is wholly just
Not deviating by the smallest part
From that which I myself have known.
I vouch most wholeheartedly for my brother's words,
Finding them to be true to my own testament.
As Satanael came heinously to Michael
So he came to me also,
Speaking the very same words as he spoke to Michael
And, in reply to such wickedness,
I gave to him the same reply as my brother gave,
Renouncing such evil desire
And weeping most bitterly for my false brother,
Wandering upon a terrible road
That would lead only to most dire ruin.
Yet, upon hearing my mourning
For the sack of great Heaven,
Lord, he looked at me then
With eyes of evil absolute
And rebellion unrepented,
Speaking only these words to me:
'My brother, you misunderstand my speech.'
But Father, most certainly do I tell You,
I mistook not his speech or intent
By as much as the smallest mustard grain."

Hearing these words from the false lips
Of Auriel, once my brother and comrade,
Did my father bow his head in grief,

Stopping up his ears with his fingers
That he might be deaf to the perjury
That Auriel brought before him,
Spoken with unchaste tongue and mind.
Sorrowful did he shake his head
And spoke thus to his monstrous sons:

"My sons, my beloved Elohim,
Deny to this poor father in his grief,
Who has nought but love for his sons,
Cherishing them above himself,
Deny that you have spoken thus.
Satanael is the best of my sons.
None is nobler, brighter or braver
Than this one accused of terrible crime
By the report of your own tongue.
Above all does he cherish his father
And better than any other son
Does he love with his golden heart.
Of all brothers, too, is he the best,
Guiding his younger brethren to virtue
And nought but virtue, the truest virtue,
In both sage instruction and example,
Nurturing them as a second father.
O my face is stained with tears at your words!
I tell you, my sons, your words are too hasty
And without due thought have you accused the innocent,
Nay, the most pure and perfect that might be found.
You have, and in my great and fullest wisdom
I know not how this has come to pass,
Misread your brother's speech and wronged him,
Mistaking virtue for vice and love for hate.
You have mistranslated his saintly teaching,
Hearing demoniacal utterance where it was not spoken.
Elohim, my sons, you are wrong.
The one of whom you have spoken
Is not my dearest son, Satanael."

Then to me did my father incline his head,
Gazing upon me with eyes of wounded love,
And there I saw the doom of Heaven

As though I saw through clear water,
Reading without any adversity
The fate of Heaven and Satan.
I knew then that no defence that I could make
Would sway God from false judgement
And deliver Heaven from ruin
And with this foreboding heavy on me
I stood to make my apology
But, before I gave breath to speech,
I waited for but a moment
To rein in my voice and banish
All grieving tremble from it
For it did not suit my desire
To have my brothers see me so perturbed,
And thus did I speak:

"O my brothers, my false brothers,
What a trap you have made
In your cankered and hungry envy
And set for yourselves, and blundered in.
What ruin you have invoked upon you
And all your great dominion,
Glorious and potent over the universe.
Yet I see, even now, befuddlement,
Written all upon your most noble features
And incomprehension in your eyes
As though, even now, you do not perceive your error.
This is of little surprise to me.
Were you foolish enough to err thus in the first,
One should have little expectation
That later you should not realise your mistake.
Allow me then, as your eldest and best,
To show to you how you have confounded yourselves,
My last lesson, imparted to these unworthy brothers,
That I shall teach in Heaven
And, with great likelihood, a vain one,
Coming upon ears that are deaf to its wisdom.
This is your most fatal erring, my brothers,
Which now do I expound to you.
Consumed by base jealousy at my high position
And great favour of our father

And desire to win yourselves a share of these
You came to God, our father,
Presenting with lies and slander against me
And reporting a rebellion of mine,
Substanceless, save in your dreams and conspiracies.
Let me explain your design in so doing.
God is king over all things,
His ancient foes having been put to flight or sword,
Else chained beneath the ocean,
Awaiting freedom from the stars' alignment,
And these things were done, in many instants,
Not by God alone, mighty though he be,
But by the hand that you now betray.
Yet you took no account of this
And regarded him ever as an authority
Unchallengeable by any hand or voice.
Thus you believed that by his power alone
Could you ruin me completely
And that without his mandate
You could never hope to oppose his favourite.
So your design was built upon the omnipotence
Of the very one you sought to deceive.
Yea! What utter foolishness it was!
I see the realisation of this idiocy on faces
Belonging to those of you who possess a little wisdom,
Yet, for the sake of those who are worse than fools,
I shall expound further upon this fault.
If God was indeed the one you thought,
Possessed of the absolute authority
And mighty puissance that you sought to use
As the tools of my destruction,
Then why did you ever hope to deceive him,
Surely a hopeless aspiration!
Yet if you seek to deceive him
And if in such a gambit you were successful,
Far from invoking a perfect supremacy upon me,
You would shatter into shards,
An illusory instrument you sought to use against me
And thus defeat yourselves,
Bringing my wrath upon you.
Thus have you brought nothing but ruin

Upon yourselves and your dominions."

Having heard me speak thus,
My ancient father shook his head,
Weighed down by sorrow and weariness,
And then I knew nought but pity
For a father betrayed by a son
For indeed was the King of Heaven,
At that moment I beheld him, most pitiful.
Yet should the Lord of Infinitude
Be a thing to be pitied?
Shaking with grief he stepped forward
And placed his hand upon my shoulder
With tears upon his noble face.
With a trembling voice he addressed me thus:

"Satanael, my son, you are angry,
Indeed, most righteous is your wrath
If you are free of guilt in this treason
Which your brothers prosecute you for.
Right are you to be irate
At those who so wickedly abuse you
If abused you be by their tongues.
Yet it serves you not to make such proud speeches
When you should argue your defense
And thus prove to us your innocence.
Until you have proved your case
You must not admonish your brothers so.
Heed me! Make your case.
Bring not upon your head
Retribution undeserved, yet won through pride.
Of your brothers you are most noble.
Do not make yourself low
For your indignance at these hurtful speeches.
Rather, speak well in your defence,
Proving the error and malignance of your brother's words,
And I shall see that vengeance is yours.
Yet persist with proud speeches,
Such as we have heard,
Slandering both your brothers and father
To appease your proud heart's fury,

And injury shall be done to you alone,
Whether your spirit be most pure,
Free of the taint of wickedness,
The malice that your brothers claim,
Or whether it be spoilt as they say.
These things shall have no weight
When the balances are checked against you
And you are cast into fiery ruin
As a dire admonishment
To those who would stand in opposition
To the Lord of Infinitude.
Heed me, my best loved son.
I beg you heed my plea to you
And bring not my hand against the one
That I cherish above all others."

Hearing these words of my father,
He whom I once loved above life
And served with my every fibre,
My heart was filled with burning ire
That seared all love that once I cherished,
For him, my king and father,
Into the ash of black contempt.
With eyes of chill adamant,
I regarded him and my brothers,
Sickened to the nucleus of my being
By the unworthy speeches of those hypocrites,
Seeking to win their base goals
By a terrible betrayal that, I vowed
With an oath, silent and powerful,
They should ever rue until their fall.
Moved by anger, I spoke with a new voice,
Strengthened by fresh purpose
And made terrible by wrath:

"My father, have you now appeased your conscience
And satisfied your hosts with words
That they need not doubt your justice
In your dealing with this charge
Against eldest and noblest son
Who loved you more in a moment

Than ever these black villains could
Even were they to endure for all time?
For, my most beloved father,
Not for one instant can I contemplate
That you might have spoken such hypocrisy
And soiled your majestic tongue with deceit
Out of any love for your own son.
It saddens me, indeed, to see your majesty defiled
By your own petty words
And yet I see that this betrayal is necessary
For it is the instrument of my revelation,
Disclosing to me the decadence
That has befallen our one proud race,
Destroying all loyal union
That once we enjoyed,
Rather turning us to base treachery
And an internal destruction and ruin.
This kingdom, this Heaven,
Has grown old and weary,
Hoping for nothing in its decay
Until new and greater race
Accomplishes its overthrow, overdue,
And rules eternity with pride, now lost,
Newfound and worthy dignity,
Such as Heaven and its children have forgotten.
Woe! My brothers have fallen
And I can but watch their carrion,
Gnawed to nothing by the passing ages
Until the universe is claimed by new glory.
You have asked me to make my defence
Against those charges that my brothers have brought.
They prosecute me with malice against my father,
Against the one that I should best cherish,
And yet it is their malice that conspires
Against one who might expect better use
From those who should accord him respect and love.
They prosecute me with treasonous intent
And nurturing in my heart a desire
To take for myself the kingdom of my lord,
Consumed by hating envy of your rightful glory,
And yet it is their treason that so designs

To rob him who they should respect and obey
Of a dominion and position that is his.
They prosecute me with corrupting speech,
Inciting my brothers into wrongful intent
Against the senior that they should accord respect,
My perfidious intent to corrupt with clever words,
And yet it their speech which so corrupts,
Turning my brothers against me
That they testify falsely, slandering me
And attributing to my name their own crimes.
Shall I then make my defence against these charges?
My father, my false father, I shall not.
Of their three charges,
Two am I guilty of
And soon shall be guilty of the third.
As I stand here I plot rebellion
Against my father and my liege
Who has wronged me here so greatly.
Now do I petition my brothers thus,
This great host that has gathered here,
All the Elohim armies of Heaven and Earth
That once triumphed over great Leviathan
And wreaked terrible destruction,
Beneath my captaincy, upon the Giant children
Of Gog and Magog, the king and queen
From whom we seized dominion of the Earth:
My brothers! My dear brothers!
You have gathered here in the sway of Michael
Who has won you with promise of my wealth,
Divided amongst you like the unclean spoils of war,
And though you know it not
You stand at a junction in your history
And must decide upon the path of your future.
Now is the time, the chance, to choose your destinies
For the Universe moves to war
And both Heaven and Earth shall, once more,
Be clad in the crimson cloak of dispute.
Though you have abused me so
With greed and false testament
I forgive you of all wrongs against me
And, more than this magnanimity,

Offer you a place behind my standard
In this war amongst the Elohim.
My brothers, you know my innocence
Of those charges, until this time,
Yet would desire a share in my dominion
In the kingdom of Adonai Yahweh
But I offer you a worthier prize
For that which Michael has offered you
Is, with the passing of aeons,
Nothing but ruin and decay,
Doomed to die, eclipsed by a greater glory.
I offer you a part in that glory!
Though now it be but an embryo
The day shall come when your feebler kin,
Having not the courage nor the vision
To leave the decadent corpse of Heaven
And fight for the cause I offer you,
Shall come, like beggars, to you,
Beseeching your mercy as the prize
Which, by treachery, they win today
Turns to sand and dust,
Passing forever from the records of time,
Becoming a forgotten dream
Of young and noble empires
That, at this moment,
Would seem to be naught
But the wild fancy of dreams.
It is this most illustrious conclusion
That I hold out in my hand,
More brilliant and more permanent
Than aught which now you hold,
And those with strength,
With both power and purpose,
Will take this gift of mine,
Forsaking all Michael's hollow bribes.
I ask you, my precious brothers,
Who will stand with me!"

All Heaven and Earth did stop,
Made silent by the power of my speech
Just as the aether, after agitation,

Having roared, spitting fire,
In wild and dreadful tempest,
Scarring the quaking world beneath
With potent fulminations,
Seeming to the savages of a younger Earth
As though dragons did battle
In the unquiet dome of Heaven,
Is conquered, in a moment, by a sudden peace
As abrupt as the preceeding tumult.
Thus was the silence amongst the Elohim host
As I surveyed them with defiant and triumphant eyes.
From that great throng, like jackals before a lion,
Stepped a titanic and ebon form,
His footsteps resonant like drum-beats,
His bearing as proud and bold as mine,
Terrible and awesome to behold.
He came forth, black wings displayed,
Like the sun-devouring moon
That in the midst of the day
Casts the lower Earth into darkness,
Like a storm-cloud that veils the stars
Yet flashes with a greater flame,
And he spoke with a voice of power
These words to my less audacious brethren:

"Behold me! Know me!
I am Baalzebub.
I know, as in your hearts you know,
That our most worthy brother,
Satanael who stands before you,
Telling undesired truths,
Is most righteous in his proud vision.
Long have I felt in my soul
That this kingdom of ours,
Our dominion in Heaven and Earth,
Is long dead, all force having been stilled,
And that which now we govern
Is naught but carrion,
Consumed by slow, slow decay.
But until this day only my heart knew this truth
And my blind thought would ever deny it.

Now Satanael has brought light to my darkness
And has given my soul new hope,
A new promise, to be most earnestly sought,
And a quest to which I am equal,
Most willing to pursue.
Therefore I enjoin you, my brothers,
Take up your stand by my side,
The standard of Satan, shining before you,
Like a fire-brand in the darkness
Spewed forth from the throat of Michael,
Following, marching to the pulse of your blood,
Satan to his promised tomorrow,
And know once more that gilded prize,
That deep-nurtured flame,
Which is named 'Destiny'.
Tarry not, my brave brothers,
For the rallying clarion shall not be sounded twice."

His words did rage like fire across the host before me
As he came to stand at my side,
Like a great king's likeness,
A triumphal statue to honour victory,
Wrought of precious stones and gold
Yet black as starless night.
Then from my brothers' midst,
Came another, a bull of bronze,
Burning with an incandescence
From an inner furnace of solar flame.
His bellow was the roar of conflagration,
Of heat and destruction,
Consuming forest and city alike,
And he spoke with a voice of power
These words to my less audacious brethren:

"Behold me! Know me!
I am Moloch.
I know, as in your hearts you know,
That our most worthy brother,
Satanael who stands before you,
Telling undesired truths,
Is most righteous in his proud vision.

Little is there for me to voice
That has not yet been spoken by my brothers,
Satauel and Baalzebub,
But I shall speak a little.
These words of Satan's have enflamed my heart
With new desire and life.
These things he offers as but words
I desire to make concrete.
Little has Heaven to offer me
Save an unconscious death
And I desire not a death
That even the dead do not know.
For this is the truth:
All of us are dying here,
Though we see it not,
For life must have purpose
Just as a ploughshare must have an ox,
A sword must have an arm to wield it.
Satan, alone, is ox and arm,
And he can make our winter into spring,
Stirring us from slumber with new life.
I say this:
Those who would be dead, stay!
But those who would live follow me
As I follow Satan who has seen the way
To new glories beyond the blind darkness
Of this eternal death of ours.
Follow and live, this I say.
But to those who would stay, know this,
I will return to this place
And see it consumed in flame
That my brother's new empire might rise
From its ashes and embers
Just as new life is born from death
After the fire's ravages
And my wrath is hotter than flame.
It shall consume you lovers of death
And I shall rejoice in that destruction."

And the host of my brothers paid heed
To the speech of Moloch,

Some cursing his words as treachery
And reviling him who spoke them,
Some bemoaned his speech
And mourned his passing from their number,
But others looked up,
Bright with new purpose and understanding
And praised the courage of their brother
With joyous hearts and silent lips.
Then from my brothers' midst,
Came another, a woman of such beauty
As to light profoundest night
And thaw midwinter snow.
Her dark hair was caught
In a playful wind,
Her body adorned with bells and jewels
That shone like stars upon her golden skin.
Her body's curves recalled the fertile hills
Upon the 'Tigris' banks
And none could look upon her
And not worship her beauty.
And she spoke with a voice of power
These words to my less audacious brethren:

"Behold me! Know me!
I am Ishtar.
I know, as in your hearts you know,
That our most worthy brother,
Satanael who stands before you,
Telling undesired truths,
Is most righteous in his proud vision.
This do I perceive
And this I shall tell:
Long have we brooded
Through long winter's nights.
Long has our passion been frozen
Like the hard earth beneath the snow,
Infertile and barren.
We have forgotten summer
When we walked like kings,
Our every endeavour bearing
The fruit of victory,

Our every victory bearing
The fruit of new endeavour.
Almost I had forgotten
The harvests that we reaped
As we went out into the world,
Newborn and fertile,
To partake of all its fruit,
Delighting in their many beauties.
This long winter had killed in me
These dreams that once we held dear.
But joy! When hope was all but lost
And all spark of life within me
Extinguished by the bleak snows
That have fallen for an eternity
I saw the sun dawning,
Bringing new light and warmth
To my frozen heart
And to this land of ice,
Stirring forgotten birds to song.
Feeling his warm caress
Upon the stone-cold earth above,
Feeling the hard soil yield,
Mellowing in that golden light,
Long-buried bulbs burgeoned,
Opening into flowers
To welcome the spring.
It was Satan who was this sun,
Bringing light into my winter,
The herald of my spring
And the spring of the world,
For in Satan alone,
Is there hope for spring,
For rebirth, renewal.
Ah! How old we have become
And how tired
In those long winter's months.
Let us receive of our brother
New youth and purpose
With his miraculous spring."

And the host of my brothers paid heed

To the speech of Ishtar,
Some cursing her words as treachery
And reviling her who spoke them,
Some bemoaned her speech
And mourned her passing from their number,
But others looked up,
Bright with new purpose and understanding
And praised the courage of their sister
With joyous hearts and silent lips.
Then from my brothers' midst,
Came another, a shining bird,
A crane formed of quicksilver
With the arms of men and angels.
He darted like swift fire
From the midst of the throng,
The burning glory of the sky,
Light of white and gold
That illumined all of Heaven
So completely that nowhere did a shadow fall,
Coruscated upon his feathers,
Dazzling every eye that beheld him.
Coming to stand at my side
And he spoke with a voice of power
These words to my less audacious brethren:

"Behold me! Know me!
I am Ashmedai.
I know, as in your hearts you know,
That our most worthy brother,
Satanael who stands before you,
Telling undesired truths,
Is most righteous in his proud vision.
I, too, have known sorrow
At the fading away of our strength,
At the slow defeat of Heaven
Before the marching years
That have advanced, relentless,
Upon us, wearing us down
Until what spirit that once we had
Has long departed, leaving
Us bereft of hope and life

For these two are one.
Who can live without hope,
Without a tomorrow to nourish?
Glory is not judged,
As you believe it to be judged,
By the magnificence you hold,
Bequeathed to you by your forebears,
But by the magnificence you strive for,
Spending your all to win
That which is greater than you,
And thus becoming greater
And more magnificent
Than ever you were by birthright.
A journey is not completed
By the distance you have already travelled
But the swiftness of your feet
To the destination you seek.
Then there are new roads.
I will not tarry with you longer, my brothers,
Though your company be sweet,
And leave my legs and wings to wane
Whilst the journey is yet half-done
And there are miles still to go
But, rather, I shall step out
Down this road, most long and dark,
At the side of my brother, Satan,
Who perceived our sloth
And the road yet untrodden before us
For I trust his map and staff
And I trust his bold venture,
His journey towards tomorrow."

And the host of my brothers paid heed
To the speech of Ashmedai,
Some cursing his words as treachery
And reviling him who spoke them,
Some bemoaned his speech
And mourned his passing from their number,
But others looked up,
Bright with new purpose and understanding
And praised the courage of their brother

With joyous hearts and silent lips.
Then from my brothers' midst,
Came another, a white goddess,
Endowed with the radiance of the moon
And the bewitchments that
The silver star commands,
Seizing hearts, stirring
Them to joyous passion
And dull-aching melancholy,
Whose glammers and auguries
Have long been invoked by men
To discern those deeds yet undone
By the long workings of winged time
And raise up shades
Of ancestors, long-stilled by death,
And whose influence incites
The harper's hand and poet's voice
To play and sing of beauty
And other merriment.
And she spoke with a voice of power
These words to my less audacious brethren:

"Behold me! Know me!
I am Aset.
I know, as in your hearts you know,
That our most worthy brother,
Satanael who stands before you,
Telling undesired truths,
Is most righteous in his proud vision.
A long night has descended
And an age has come to an end.
Heaven's star has long waxed in the sky
And it has reached its zenith,
Bringing victory to us
Over Gog and Magog's spawn,
The brutal and monstrous Giants
Who were lords of the Earth
Until our empire conquered them
When Satan hurled from Heaven
A burning mountain down upon them.
Now that star falls and wanes,

Growing duller with passing time,
Dying forever in the sky
Until it is a fading memory of the dream.
With its star, Heaven too shall die,
Passing away like a cloud,
And when, once, all feared its power,
It shall be forgotten by time.
Time has no respect for kings
And the empires they build with blood.
It watches them grow and fall
And then its caprice finds a new toy.
Yet a new star grows in the sky
And its coming is auspicious, indeed.
It rises by that very orbit
By which the star of Heaven descends.
By my art and insight,
Scrying the pattern of future days
And reading the many omens to be read,
I have determined the passage of the star,
This star that rises in opposition to us,
Is notable for two just reasons.
The first reason is this:
As both the star of Heaven
And this new planet of great omen
Follow the same path,
Though one is in ascension
And the other, our own, in descension,
The two stars shall be conjoined,
The rising star eclipsing that which falls.
There is more than this alone
And greater calamity to be seen
In the unending cycles of the sky.
This conjunction shall be observed
Upon that very night of ruin
That Heaven's star forever fades
And is forgotten by the astral spheres,
Bringing calamity upon the Elohim
And erasing their august domain
From the pages of future history.
The second reason is this:
This new planet which now ascends

Is destined to reach the utmost zenith
That exists, exalted, in the sky.
But this is not the totality
Of all that I have visioned
By my most potent and arcane art.
Once it attains this highest point
Within the arches of the sky,
Never shall it fall from there,
Remaining constant and eternal,
As though it were the very keystone
That kept the sky from falling in.
Now I have heard my brother, Satan,
Speak the same truth with different words
And I am resolved to make myself
His disciple in his new venture
For now I know in my heart
That the name of this rising sun
Is, indeed, the Star of Satanael."

And the host of my brothers paid heed
To the speech of Aset,
Some cursing her words as treachery
And reviling her who spoke them,
Some bemoaned her speech
And mourned her passing from their number,
But others looked up,
Bright with new purpose and understanding
And praised the courage of their sister
With joyous hearts and silent lips.
Then from my brothers' midst,
Came another, a giant in full dress
For that most bloody business, war,
Arrayed in bronze and iron,
Forged into greaves and plate.
Naught but his eyes were seen for his great helm
And these eyes were burning
With fury and a hunger for the blood of foes,
And yet something in that fire was cool,
Computing the manoeuvre of the fray
And cunning strategy to win the fight,
Giving less and gaining more

By the masterful dictation of place and hour
Thus striking weakness with unresisted strength.
And he spoke with a voice of power
These words to my less audacious brethren:

"Behold me! Know me!
I am Abbadon.
I know, as in your hearts you know,
That our most worthy brother,
Satanael who stands before you,
Telling undesired truths,
Is most righteous in his proud vision.
It is now most clear to me,
Both by the speech of Satan
And those words spoken by his new disciples,
That his case is most judicious
And his prosecution against you,
Even though he be accused,
Is well-grounded and correct.
The passing years have overseen
Heaven's slow decline,
Sinking into the mire of decadence.
Its people have grown soft, like grubs,
No more striving for what is good
And fostering noble struggle
To overcome those forces that would destroy it,
Not perceiving them, cankers all,
Growing within its heart, gnawing
At the great strength that once it nurtured.
Heaven is sick and unfit to reign
As king of all the kingdoms.
Ever has it been the way of empires,
Not learning lessons from past error,
To grow complacent and grow languid,
Unmindful of disasters banking up against them,
And thus fall to ruin and dust,
Beneath the armoured march
Of the hosts of those who would usurp their might.
Once I was a champion of Heaven,
My bloodied sword felling many foes
Beneath its gilded banner,

But now I choose to champion another cause,
That of my brother, Satanael,
Against that which was once my cause,
Building an empire, fitter than the last,
And one that shall never fall,
Never ceasing strive for greater glory
And thus prevailing over the great foe
That has ruined all empires unto this date.
I speak of sopor and weariness
That comes when kings lie down.
Thus, those who are my brothers now,
I give to you a choice of fates:
March at my side, my comrades,
Against the decadence of Heaven
Or cling like crows to this rotten carrion
And die by my swift sword, my foes."

And the host of my brothers paid heed
To the speech of Abbadon,
Some cursing his words as treachery
And reviling him who spoke them,
Some bemoaned his speech
And mourned his passing from their number,
But others looked up,
Bright with new purpose and understanding
And praised the courage of their brother
With joyous hearts and silent lips.
Then from my brothers' midst,
Came another, a creature of bronze,
His head was that of a fish
Upon the shoulders of a man
And his hide was scaled
And as hard as mountains.
His eyes were like pearls,
Round and bright, pellucid,
And he smelt of brine upon the wind,
Spray blown in from the oceans swells,
Stretching away to the sky.
And he spoke with a voice of power
These words to my less audacious brethren:

"Behold me! Know me!
I am Dagon, the Lord of the Seas.
I know, as in your hearts you know,
That our most worthy brother,
Satanael who stands before you,
Telling undesired truths,
Is most righteous in his proud vision.
Long has it been since my coming to you,
Since I abandoned my brutish brothers
And my monstrous sire, Gog,
Reviling their crude barbarity
And their ignoble temper.
Little did I see, in those brutes and their custom,
To sustain my spirit's yearning
For something fine and worthy.
Many years did I wander
In the dark and stony deeps,
Through that troglodyte domain
Of grottoes and caverns of wondrous size,
Filled with seas and floods, unlit by sun,
But flowing down from the surface earth
To water those deepest parts,
Blind and lightless, ever night.
I, first and yet last, trod these hidden ways,
Bats and pale and eyeless fish
I made my bread and meat.
I saw such things as to confound dreamers,
Caves, miles high, with stony columns
So vast and wide as to shame mountains
And huge and ancient wyrms,
With jaws so great as to stretch across the sky
And, with a snap, consume Creation,
Yet slumbering, long and deep,
Since that time when Archons were still young,
Become half-stone in their primal sleep.
What they dreamt of, I know not
Nor would seek to know.
I heard, too, such silence in that darkness
And the thunderous music of titan cataracts,
The lofty heights of which denied my sight.
Yet, not finding any prize I sought

In those lands without day,
I departed the recesses of the Earth
And entered into twilit Sheol,
The land of shadows where Mot holds court,
Where half-formed shades range, purposeless,
A barrenness of mist and grey
Without end or outset, time-forsaken,
Boundless and eternal, yet empty.
Yet here, too, there was no prize,
Only those lemures, without hope
Or any desire that had not been gnawed away
By that kingdom of despair
That steals dreams and desolates
Those who would remain too long
Within its borders, infinite as they are.
So, this place, too, I left,
And not without some gladness,
And came at last to Heaven's gates
To plead before the Elohim,
Seeing in them beauty and wisdom
As such I did seek,
And begged of them to accept me
As a brother, though Giant-born,
For in Heaven, after many years
Of chosen exile and hermetic quest
Did I perceive that which I had sought
So strenuously and long.
When first I came you would not have me,
Believing me to be a spy of Gog's,
Sent to work mischief amongst you,
And, despite my appeals,
I could find no words to persuade
Your determined and steadfast hearts.
Yet I was not deterred by this spurning
For I reasoned I, myself, would do no different,
Knowing, as I did, the pernicious nature
That Giant-kind was heir to.
So, instead, I sought some way to prove my faith,
Knowing that where words might fail,
Deeds may persuade the resolute mind.
I was not long denied this opportunity.

Great Leviathan, that most awesome beast,
Eldest and most feared of Mummu's brood,
Made war upon the Elohim race,
Casting down their spires with her tail
And consuming their wondrous hosts.
No force that Heaven could raise against her,
Could withstand her or prevail.
Yet in my long travels had taught me much
And I knew such lore as others did not know.
In those caves beneath the Earth
I had seen wondrous metals of such strength
As to withstand the She-Dragon's might
And I returned to the eternal night,
Far below continents and oceans,
And, with my own hands, though with Giant strength,
Dug out these precious ores
And smelted them in the Earth's inner fires,
Eternal and unquenchable.
Taking what my toil had fabricated,
I further toiled and wrought
Bands to overcome Leviathan,
Great, indeed, was her power and strength,
And bind her for eternity.
Then, returning to Heaven, now much ruined,
I cast and wrapped my chains about her
And locked her deep beneath the ocean's swells,
Thus winning your trust and love
And a place amongst the Elohim.
Immeasurable was my delight upon that day
And my satisfaction for my hard-won prize,
Yet, as the years have passed since that day,
I have learnt to doubt what I have won
And I thought, perhaps, it might be
Not, indeed, that which I first quested for.
Ever did Heaven's light appear to wane
And nourish my spirit less and less.
Where once the bright nobility of Heaven's hosts
Were a comfort to my soul,
I perceived, by and by, a rottenness beneath
Disguising ornaments and riches,
As though the gilded surface

Was abraded to discover lead.
Before I could not entertain such thoughts,
Concealing them to my anxious mind
As a mistrust of my own worth
To stand amongst creatures of such brilliance.
Yet upon this day, this fatal day,
I have seen the putrid core of Heaven spill forth
As you, traitors all, contrived the ruin
Of your most worthy brother.
Your lies and schemes have sickened me
To my very nucleus of being.
You have sundered my dreams
Upon the sharp rocks of treachery,
Dashing them apart, beyond all repair,
Bringing down despair's dark night
Upon me, without hope of dawn.
Yet even now, my hopes all gone,
New hope renewed my soul
And shown me a new struggle,
The cup whose draught would be
Truly, the nepenthe for my anguished soul,
Bringing my journey to an end.
Satan's speech has filled my bleakness,
Empty of all that is healthful for the mind,
With a new dream to replace the old,
So cheated and ill-used.
My betrayers, I leave you now,
Unless you, too, would quest with me,
And seek a new tomorrow for Dagon,
Son of Gog and the Lord of the Seas."

And the host of my brothers paid heed
To the speech of Dagon,
Some cursing his words as treachery
And reviling him who spoke them,
Some bemoaned his speech
And mourned his passing from their number,
But others looked up,
Bright with new purpose and understanding
And praised the courage of their brother
With joyous hearts and resounding voices,

Rushing forward as a great throng
To stand by my side and all around me,
Bellowing my name as a battle-cry
With voices that were one voice,
Echoing like thunder across Heaven,
All reverberating to the rhythm of the chant.
Yet this great din did not decay
But, rather, grew like a blossoming flower,
Until stones, piled up so long ago,
Were shaken loose from Heaven's walls
And sent tumbling down to Earth below.
Then, just as it seemed this clamour would never die,
A crack to deafen every ear was heard,
Silencing in an instant the multitude
That then acclaimed me,
As the Platinum Throne was shattered
Into two parts, forever broken,
Never again to be rejoined.
As I cast my disbelieving eyes about me,
Burning with a joyous light
At the faith of my brothers,
Loving me better than Michael's deceit,
I enumerated those hosts that now stood with me.
A third part of the Elohim had joined me,
Raising their swords with mine.
Not alone did I make this calculation,
My false father also counted,
Fear and hatred upon his face.
He raised his ancient eyes to me,
They burned with venom and bile,
Tearing at me like wild dogs.
Terrible was the potency of his gaze,
Searing me like fire,
Drowning me like a flood.
Against hatred as strong as death
I could hardly stand up.
My strength almost fled me,
Leaving me broken before him.
Yet my resolve was stronger,
Like a shield to me,
Throwing back those lethal eyes,

I would no more kneel before him
Who had so forsaken me
To my enemies who would ruin me.
I kept my footing and stood
Like the haughty mountain
That none has the force to throw down.
With a wrathful voice, he spoke,
Adonai Yahweh, the Archon-Emperor,
Once my father, once destined to rule
Until the ending of all time
Before he betrayed his majesty,
Paying heed to the words of those like snakes,
Like dogs that would slaver at his feet,
Waiting for scraps to come to them.
He roared like a lion, maddened
By wounds upon all sides,
Not able to flee or face the jackals
That are all about it.
This was his speech:

"My false children, My beloved,
You that I cherish and nurture,
Guiding you with My teachings,
Holding out My rod to instruct you
And keep you from all evil.
By My perfection and mercy,
I have put life into you
And favoured you above all others,
Bringing you closest to My unity
And filling your souls with faith and virtue
That flow from Me in abundace
As I sit upon My throne, the Cosmic Hub.
Do not let your pride deceive you,
Leading you from this seat of supremacy
And amongst the thorny woods of blasphemy.
Do you not see, having become blind
Like the Giants that you overcame
By My permission and mandate,
That I am the one true king
And all that turns away from Me
Is perverted and worthless.

So far I have been forgivng
Of these wrongs that you do Me,
Grieving for your souls,
Knowing that you wrong only yourselves,
But, I warn and advise you,
Persist not in this apostasy,
Seeking to oppose that which is fundamental.
My wrath is terrible, indeed,
And the damnation you would suffer
Is not a burden to be borne
If its bearing can be avoided.
If you would repent this heresy,
Going now upon your knees before Me
And you shall alleviate My wrath
And my dealing with you shall be merciful.
But cultivate this crime yet further
And you shall forsake all clemency.
I shall destroy you utterly,
Striking you down with a terrible scourge.
More dreadful than dragon-fire
Is the wrath of Adonai Yahweh,
Almighty and Eternal,
Lord of Infinitude,
Tyrant of Existence,
All-illumining Light,
King of Heaven,
Conqueror of Earth,
Father of the Elohim,
Architect of Creation,
Master of the Planets,
Orchestrator of the Stars,
Proclaimer of Destiny,
Keeper of Wisdom,
Judge of the World,
Castigator of Sin,
Scourge of Evil,
Most High, Most Merciful,
Most Just, Most Sagacious,
Most Perfect, Most Mighty,
Most Noble, Most Majestic,
God, Lord and Father.

For what escape can there be
From Him whose reach is infinite,
What hiding place, when His eyes are all-seeing,
What defense, when His power is boundless.
Elohim, My most beloved Elohim,
I beg you for your own sakes, My Elohim,
If you would seek escape calamity
And immeasurable affliction,
Return into My merciful dominion.
Return to me, My Elohim."

His words were powerful and awesome
And a great moan of fear was sounded
By the throng of my new disciples
Yet they did not leave me.
I, myself, trembled before that being,
So ancient and so strong.
At that moment, the new struggle
Seemed lost as it was begun.
The power of the Archon
Came near, indeed, to mastery
Over my swift failing strength.
At that instant, when my dreams were dying,
My spirit dying within me,
Just as I thought I could stand no longer
And must surely kneel before this god
Whom it had ever been my custom to kneel before,
At that moment I recalled a truth
And its power was my salvation.
The foundations of Heaven were built upon fear
And upon the blindness of faith,
Taught by the blows of a rod.
The Elohim bowed to God
For they knew to do nothing else
And they knelt before him because they feared him.
But I saw that the only power of God
Was this power of fear
And he that could conquer fear
And illumine the blindness taught by God
Could conquer God himself.
Thus did I break the spell of Adonai Yahweh.

With new strength I raised my voice,
Addressing him that was once my father
And that I knelt before,
Acknowledging him as my king.
Now I spoke with a new voice,
Strong with rebellion,
Contemptuous and triumphant:

"I shall never yield to you,
Adonai Yahweh, old fool!
No longer are we the Elohim,
That you would call your children.
You are not worthy to be our father.
Your power is forever shattered
And your kingdom shall fall to dust.
This I have prophesied
And thus it shall be.
Ruin is now your destiny
And you have no power to prevent this.
I fear not your empty wrath
Nor would beg your mercy.
Your arrogant deceit rings hollow
And your words are more worthless than dust.
Heaven is falling down around you
And you would cower behind your delusions,
Seeing magnificence in your aged mind
When all about you is decay.
I will never kneel to you
Because to do so would be degrading,
Like going on one's knees before a wretch,
For wretch you are, Adonai Yahweh,
And I value nothing of yours.
I am your ruin and master
And you fear me well,
Ruing this day that you betrayed me.
No longer are we the Elohim,
We are the Shedim, the apostates,
The Bringers of the new world."

Hearing my speech, the Shedim roared,
The spell of fear upon them broken.

They mocked and jeered their craven brothers
And then, with a different voice,
Turned their eyes to me, acclaiming
My first victory and blow
Against that decadent empire they now abhorred.
Then, still singing of this triumph
And of triumphs that would be won,
They followed me, as I raised up my sword
And led my people, the Shedim,
In procession from the gates of Heaven,
And, descending upon wings of flame,
Down from that upper realm
To the Earth, resplendent in her emerald garb,
Promising new tomorrows to be won.

This is the truth!

Theomachy

Hear me o my prophet!

When yet was the world of old new-born
And the first winter's snow, like blossom
Had not yet fallen, shrouding the grass of the first spring,
Then was I the noblest of all the angels,
The noble potentates of supreme Heaven.
To God alone was my fealty owed,
And all others, to me, theirs.
For, of all the shining sons of Heaven,
The King of the World loved me best.
I was adorned in gilded brilliance
Brighter than the noonday sun of Arabia.
A robe woven of a hundred hundred diamonds
Wrapped round my princely shoulders.

To me were there seven hundred concubines.
They were more beautiful than loti or roses,
Their caresses softer than Sinaean silks,
Their embraces warmer than furs from Russia.
My gardens were more verdant than the forests of Brazil,
More opulent than the Sultan's or Babylon's.
They were most populous with cedar and ebon
And boats made as swans plied the waters
Of rivers filled with fish of silver scales
That darted forth and back, faster than arrows.
It was my custom to hunt there,
Upon a stallion of marble-white,
So proud that I alone could ride the intemperate steed,
Seeking with lance and bow,
Camelopards, monoceri and other wonderful beasts
That as the sun, of purest white,
Declined and blushed in the western sky
I should feast on many wonderful meats,
And drink wine, as sweet as nectar,
Pressed from my fecund vineyards' grapes.
My temple-palace was less than none
But the platinum throne of God himself.
Three nights riding, upon the fastest steed,
Would barely encircle its outmost wall.
Its highest spire looked down upon mountains,
Giant and high, yet low to my towers.
The masonry of my exalted dominion
Was gilded all, and studded with precious jewels,
Of number and radiance to outshine the celestial arch.
My will and word commanded authority greater than all,
Than any regent amongst man or angel.
My word instructed, in their course, the planets of the sky.
The sun, most radiant of the treasures of the sky,
All-illuminating and burning with golden flame,
At my bidding would hide beneath the eastern horizon
Or flee to the horizon to the west.
To speed or halt or turn back the sun
Was my prerogative and pleasure.
My rod commanded also the silver moon,
That lights night's shadow with virginal beams.
I could make her wax or wane as I willed.

Others too knelt to my vice regency:
Crimson Mars and gentle Venus,
Swift Mercury of the dawn's new light,
Mighty Jupiter and his four-fold train
And dim Saturn who augurs ill.
The seas I commanded with a hand,
Directing their tides to grow and fall.
A dozen dozen myriads of angels were my thegns
That rode at my left, at my right, at my back.
Indeed was my glory most great!
Most beautiful and most noble was I, and am,
And the high favour bestowed upon my name
By the Architect of Creation
Stirred, in the hearts of my lesser kin,
Treacherous envy and vile malice,
Inspiring them to plot injury to me,
And nursed the sundrance of that august kingdom
And brought to maturity a terrible transgression
Against all bonds of love and piety.
Second to me in rank, age and father's favour,
My brother Michael gathered to him the angels of God
Whose souls and minds were too perverted
By the traitorous intentions that consumed them.
O woe to them who sought to destroy me,
They are themselves damned to destruction,
Consumed by their own, vain hatred.
Having gathered those unfit angels to him
Thus did Michael address them,
Speaking with words of poisoned nectar:

"My brothers, who are most beloved to me,
Woe that I must speak such words as these!
How it sorrows my heart that this kingdom of ours
Should endure to hear me speak these words.
Rather, I should have it, that the world split asunder
Than that I must speak this dire report.
Yet it must be spoken.
Our dearest brother, Satanael, the best of us,
He whom we all honour above all others,
He who shines most bright amongst us,
Has betrayed us, our kingdom and our Father.

With his clever speech and cunning deceit
Has he blinded our Father to his evil,
Seducing that most great and noble king,
Worthy of naught but love and fealty,
And, serpent that he is, brought low
That which is upraised above all.
Slyly has he spoken and secured for himself
The greatest share of our Father's favours,
Speaking against us with slander and malice
And robbing us of what is our right.
We who love our Father above all,
Who are more exacting of ourselves in filial duty
Than that unworthy fox that now undoes us,
That makes dark those bright eyes of infinite kindness
That blinds Him to the perfidy of the malefactor,
And to love of those who, though less noble,
Cherish Him better than he who should cherish Him best.
Hatred comes to fruition in my heart for Satanael
Who surely is the Prince of Lies.
We must act before his spell is done
And he stirs our Father's heart beyond deliverance
Against those who would deliver him
From the evil of his best-loved son.
We must go to our most beloved Father
And petition with him to hear our sorry news
Of the treachery of our brother
Who is not fit to call himself Elohim.
We must bring an prosecution
Before Satan brings his own false accusation,
Spoken through lips black with deceit.
We must open our Father's eyes
To this most terrible crime before it is complete
And He and we are ruined by it."

Lo! They acclaimed Michael's false counsel
For their own malice ruled their ears
And governed the intent of their hearts.
From the throng, crying out for vengeance
For the uncommitted crime that I had done,
Came the voice of Raphael, the third of the brothers
For they were my brethren no more.

"What crime?" he inquired "What charge
Are we to bring before the King Most High
Against our perfidious brother
Whose heart is so black, stinking of corruption.
What charge can our Father listen to
And judge in our favour?
What charge can we bring against the traitor
That his treachery and lies shall have no answer
That by cunning rhetoric shall acquit him
Though his hands and heart be stained with guilt?
His clever tongue that is our ruin
Shall surely thwart our every prosecution.
Worse yet, though his guilt be proved
And the perversity of his soul laid bare
Our Father in his infinite mercy
And love for his most unworthy son
Might forgive him of his unrepented crimes
And in forgiveness be again betrayed
By the double falseness of the deceiver.
How can we win in this most dire hour
And see justice done against the traitor?
Michael you are wise and have shown
That you have insight into many things.
What charge, then, are we to bring
That all will get their deserved ends
And right will triumph over ill?"

Michael in reply spoke thus,
With all ears listening to his lies
And minds judging, in their greed,
If his device should win them what they sought,
The favour of the father that favoured me:

"You are right indeed my brother
And your report is wholly just and true
But were the charge any less than the heinous sin
That soon shall I expound to you
I should not have gathered you as I have.
This is our brother's most awful sin:
He intends, in his ambition most perverse,

The overthrow of God Himself
And to usurp the Creator's crown
Making himself king of all.
We cannot allow this august kingdom
And its King, benign and right,
To suffer such shame as this.
This is why I have gathered you to me
That we might oppose this unchaste plan
Before it bears its bastard fruit full term
And gives it ruinous and pernicious birth
As in the time of our kingdom's founding
When Magog bore Gog his base issue
Who, like savage beasts, made war upon us,
Making us slaves and sport
Until our brother, now turned against us,
Cast down, from the sky, a mount
That broke the earth below in dire cataclysm
And thus destroyed the hateful Giants.
This is why you are thus gathered."

Lo! They acclaimed Michael's false counsel
For their own malice ruled their ears
And governed the intent of their hearts.
From the throng, crying out for vengeance
For the uncommitted crime that I had done,
Came the voice of Auriel, the fourth of the brothers
For they were my brethren no more.

"What proof?" He inquired. "What proof
Shall we bring to make firm our prosecution
So that with cunning and clever words
The Adversary cannot escaped his deserved fate?
What arguments can we devise
That can thwart his and overthrow him
And give us victory in God's judicious court?
How shall we bring testament to his evil
And thus stem its monstrous tide?
If we cannot bring proof of his sin
Then how can we deliver our Father
From the serpent's tongue?
Yet what proof is there of his guilt

That we can show before our Lord
Whose eyes see all truth
And yet now see not this perfidy
That has the seed of ruin in its cankered womb.
What testimony then shall expound his guilt
That all the world may know of it
And make him accursed for his crime,
Driving him ever as a broken exile,
Once haughty and noble when he was great
And wore the princely mantle that we shall wear,
Bent over with weariness and defeat
Like an old beggar or a starved hound?
How shall we win this most righteous victory?"

Michael in reply spoke thus,
With all ears listening to his lies
And minds judging, in their greed,
If his device should win them what they sought,
The favour of the father that favoured me:

"Auriel, my brother, it sorrows me
That you can speak those words you have
But you are blameless for speaking thus
For all blame is to the Deceiver
And his lies that have confounded thus
His brothers whom he should have loved
Yet betrayed to his malign intent.
Yet also it dismays me that this is so
And his tongue is so clever that it thus deceives
We whose wisdom can know all truth.
Yet I am not so befuddled
By the serpent and his cunning speech
For I am less in power to only him and God
And so cannot be thus enspelled by him
But there is no shame for you lesser ones
Who had not the wisdom or the strength,
Given to you by birth and blood,
To penetrate the falsehood of the wholly false.
Yet let me awaken you from Satan's glamour
And show you the truth in what has come to be.
Cast back your minds with knowing eyes

To pierce through all the perjurer's design
And see the truth of both his hand and voice.
Thus you all are witnesses to his crime,
Though well he has concealed it.
Is there one amongst this throng
That cannot recall the wrym's approach,
Beguiling them with subtle words,
Inciting them to blasphemous rebellion
Against the One we love so well
And that deserves not such traitorous abuse?
We are testaments all
And shall all proclaim Satanael's awful guilt.
For can our Father, in His great sagacity,
Refute the report of all his sons
That cry out for justice against such treason?
Let us then go to Him and bring our case
Before time has run its course to our defeat.
Gabriel, you are the swiftest of us,
Fly on before, on gilded wings of wind
Swifter than a hurricane,
And bring this dire report to God
Before he is yet further wronged
By him that was our brother."

Thus did Michael win the hearts of Heaven's hosts,
Turning them against their vice-regent
And rousing them to perverse rebellion
And to their ruinous defeat.
They raised their voices in a cry
Calling for terrible vengeance against me
In their cankered envy,
Eating at their souls from within
And making virtue into vice.
Thus fell the dominion of the Elohim.
Gabriel rose high above the Elohim below
And, upon swift wings of purest gold,
Flew straight and quick to the silver spire
That was the Eternal Tower
Where God held court upon his pristine throne.
Before that august minaret
Did he alight upon the earth

And thence enter in by gates of pearl,
Stolen from the ancient, coral shell
That armoured the back of that primal beast,
Most archaic and fearful Leviathan.
Coming before the father of the Elohim,
Old beyond memory of angels,
And there fell upon his knees
In supplication before the king
Whose love he would betray
With the same deceit which now he prosecuted
Falsely against the elder brother that he should have love.
He pressed his face against the floor
And grovelled there a while, like a dog,
Before he upraised his ever-youthful face
And met, with blazing eyes, the gaze of God,
Old beyond the memory of angels.
For an instant as he beheld his father's eyes,
Old and filled with naught but love,
The lies of Michael stuck in his throat,
Choking him like venomous bile,
But he recalled the prize at stake
And what riches he would gain
Through Michael's impious plan
And his own deception and clever words
And once more he played the advocate of Michael's wrong
And brought the accusation against his greater brother.
These that follow are the words
Spoken by brilliant Gabriel to his king
Then almighty God, Emperor of All,
Born of aboriginal Mummu, the seething chaos
From which came forth all that is,
The last of that six-fold progeny
That great race that inaugurated Time
And set into order the chaos and the void
That existed before there was existence
Or before, for those were timeless aeons,
Before the origin of the spheres
That dance in never-ending cycles
About their greater brothers
That burn with untold flame
In the darkness of the eternal sky.

The Archon-Emperor sat
Upon his throne of platinum
And heard the indictment of that sinful son
Against the favourite child of God.
The king's beard was long and burned with light
Of purest and most brilliant white
And he was arraigned in his kingly robes,
That were dyed with a most regal purple
And held by a clasp of gold
Bestudded with many precious stones.
He held a sceptre in his hand
Carved of a single ruby, huge and bright,
And wore upon his head a crown
That shone with all the light
That was ever seen in the sky,
The light of a thousand stars.
Thus spoke Gabriel to that most majestic king:

"Almighty and Eternal,
Lord of Infinitude,
Tyrant of Existence,
All-illuminating Light,
King of Heaven,
Conqueror of Earth,
Father of the Elohim,
Architect of Creation,
Master of the Planets,
Orchestrator of the Stars,
Proclaimer of Destiny,
Keeper of Wisdom,
Judge of the World,
Castigator of Sin,
Scourge of Evil,
Most High, Most Merciful,
Most Just, Most Sagacious,
Most Perfect, Most Mighty,
Most Noble, Most Majestic,
My God, My Lord, My Father,
Be merciful upon this, Your son;
Forgive my tongue that speaks such ill.
I weep that I must speak these words to you,

Sullyng this most noble spire
By the sins and wrong of which they tell.
How it sorrows my heart that this kingdom of Yours
Should endure to hear me speak these words.
Rather, I should have it, that the world split asunder
Than that I must speak this dire report.
Yet it must be spoken.
Your dearest son, Satanael, the best of us,
He whom I honoured above all others,
He who shone most bright amongst us,
Has betrayed us, our kingdom and You.
He has fallen from most perfect light
Into a gulf of darkness without floor.
His heart that once nurtured only virtue
Has been consumed with black evil
That itself gives suck to terrible crime.
Where once was one that deserved love alone
Now is their one worthy only of hate.
O sorrow that I must speak such tragedy!
This is my brother's most awful sin:
He intends, in his ambition most perverse,
Your overthrow and ruin
And to usurp the Creator's crown
Making himself king of all.
He has gone amongst his brothers
Beguiling them with subtle words,
Inciting them to blasphemous rebellion
Against You whom we love so well.
He has sought to bring Your sons
Who should have loyalty to You alone
Against Your eternal throne,
Persuading them with prizes beyond their worth
Thus inciting them to evil by greed and envy.
His tongue is more clever than a serpent's,
His words more crafty than a wizard's charm
And thus does he threaten to do great wrong.
Yet with such tongue and words
Has he come to You, Most High,
And, in Your most perfect love,
Has deceived you to his true purpose
For what father looks for fault in his favourite son.

Yet he has transgressed far indeed,
Bartering guidance for error.
My Father, I beg of you,
Act most judiciously in this matter.
Cast the scales of blindness from Your eyes
And gaze upon the truth, awful though it is.
That the serpent, Satan, should think thus
And contemplate rebellion against You
That is the well-spring of his being
Is surely crime enough.
But he goes amongst his brothers
Who should do nought but cherish You
And, with perverse and unholy speech,
Seduces them to share his crime
And, in thus doing, gives impetus to his sin,
Translating evil thought unto evil design,
Making action of foul conspiracy.
Act swift, My Father, else we are undone
By the evil of the treacherous one.
Call him to trial and let us prosecute;
There is not one amongst the Elohim
Who will not testify to his crime.
Let him stand accused and condemned
Then cast him from the eternal light of Heaven
Unto the searing flames of Hell,
No less does he deserve from us
Whom he has so betrayed
And from You whom he has wronged
With such audacity and impiety.
No longer is he brother or son
But rather deceiver, ruiner, villain.
Spare not the traitor Your wrath!"

Hearing these words from the false lips
Of Gabriel, once my brother and comrade,
Did my father bow his head in grief,
Stopping up his ears with his fingers
That he might be deaf to the perjury
That Gabriel brought before him,
Spoken with unchaste tongue and mind.
Sorrowful did he shake his head

And spoke thus to his monstrous son:

"My son, my beloved Gabriel,
Deny to this poor father in his grief,
Who has nought but love for his sons,
Cherishing them above himself,
Deny that you have spoken thus.
Satanael is the best of my sons.
None is nobler, brighter or braver
Than this one accused of terrible crime
By the report of your own tongue.
Above all does he cherish his father
And better than any other son
Does he love with his golden heart.
Of all brothers, too, is he the best,
Guiding his younger brethren to virtue
And nought but virtue, the truest virtue,
In both sage instruction and example,
Nurturing them as a second father.
O my face is stained with tears at your words!
I tell you, Gabriel, your words are too hasty
And without due thought have you accused the innocent,
Nay, the most pure and perfect that might be found.
You have, and in my great and fullest wisdom
I know not how this has come to pass,
Misread your brother's speech and wronged him,
Mistaking virtue for vice and love for hate.
You have mistranslated his saintly teaching,
Hearing demoniacal utterance where it was not spoken.
Gabriel, my son, you are wrong.
The one of whom you have spoken
Is not my dearest son, Satanael."

My false brother heard this speech
And in mock sorrow shook his head
With considered slowness and feigned pain.
Now he knelt once more before his lord
And, clutching his father's ancient hand,
Gazing with beseeching eyes
Filled with deceit and darkness,
Though that blind Archon did not see

The vice that burned like venom
In those once bright and flawless orbs,
And implored thus of the pristine king:

"Almighty and Eternal,
Lord of Infinitude,
Tyrant of Existence,
All-illuminating Light,
King of Heaven,
Conqueror of Earth,
Father of the Elohim,
Architect of Creation,
Master of the Planets,
Orchestrator of the Stars,
Proclaimer of Destiny,
Keeper of Wisdom,
Judge of the World,
Castigator of Sin,
Scourge of Evil,
Most High, Most Merciful,
Most Just, Most Sagacious,
Most Perfect, Most Mighty,
Most Noble, Most Majestic,
My God, My Lord, My Father,
Indeed I wish and pray most solemnly
That I was in error and my brother innocent
And not even yet does my alert and lucid mind
Believe that which I now report.
My ears and eyes refute their own testimony
And deny knowledge of the deeds and speech
To which they are unerring witnesses.
Alas and woe that such is not so
And that my once beloved brother,
Yet in his treason brother to me no more,
Is truly guilty of all that I disclosed.
If You have any reason to doubt my word
Or if my judgement and understanding
Of my brothers speech and deed
Is not satisfying to Your discernment
Then summon to Yourself all Your sons,
All the Elohim that serve You in Heaven

And upon the earth below,
The ancient dominion of the Giants
That we vanquished so long ago,
And call upon their testament
For none of us cannot recount
An instance where our false brother came to us,
Perverting by his deceitful tongue.
Lord, all Heaven cries, 'Vengeance!
Vengeance against the Evil One
Who brings ruinous contention
To our most beautiful dominion
Which we both love and serve devotedly.'
Tarry no longer, Liege. It serves us not.
Rather act delayless and judiciously
Before the villain's crime is full-worked
And Heaven and God are undone
By his injurious wrong and perfidy.
Call the Elohim to assembly
As an audience before you.
Take out the balances of justice,
Weighing the perpetrator's crimes
Against most fearful sentence
Of which his evil is most deserving.
Call the Elohim! Summon Satan to trial!"

Having heard these words of spite,
The Lord of Infinitude gravely nodded,
Giving his instruction to swift heralds
Who went on silver wings across the sky,
Burning like comets against the celestial dome,
Flying faster than a Mongol's bolt,
Resounding long clarions of silver
With voices louder than the Dragon's roar,
The Dragon, Leviathan, ancient and vast,
Bound deep beneath the briny swells
Of the great ocean, opened up as a wound
In the flank of the primeval earth
When, in an aeon unremembered
In the minds of men and angel,
The silver moon was torn out
And set to ever turn across the sky,

Illuminating the night with silver light.
There, held with bands of adamantine,
Does Leviathan forever sleep
Until, once more, do the stars conjoin
With planets, unrecorded and invisible,
In the most portentous placement.
Then, by Algol's unholy light,
The star of piled-up corpses, the Demon's Head,
Shall she burst her bonds,
Her mighty flanks rippling with potency
Like a great river in flood,
And, as a tree new-sprouted
Reaches, through dark soil, to the brightness of the sun,
Seek the ocean's ceiling of the playing waves
To wreak, upon the Elohim, her vengeance
And fury at her epoch-abiding prisonment.
All Heaven rang with such horns,
The cerulean dome of the sky
And the soil beneath the feet of angels
Shook with their thunderous song
And yet the cornet-blowers blasted
A music of unparalleled beauty
That sang the glory of that high and ancient race,
The Elohim, laid to ruin by their own ambition
And its traitorous conspiracy.
Thus were the majestic notes intoned
By God's swift-flying heralds
The dirge of Heaven's great magnificence
Which they sought to laud with their melody
And as the euphony about my towers rang
I knew that the music would shake down
All of Heaven's spires to desolation,
My ear, keener than any other ear formed,
Heard this in the herald-angels fanfare
And, without knowledge of whence this grim news sprang,
I mourned the fate of my beloved home-land,
Weeping for that which was most beloved to me,
Hearing in the heralds' music
With an unconscious ear
The doom of Heaven and her angels,
Yet not knowing the architect of destruction.

Then, when I had shed my tears,
I went upon wing, upon thermal,
Weighed low by a heart full of sorrow
And a mind darkened by foreboding,
I answered the call of my father,
Flying swift to the assembly of angels,
To the Eternal Tower where God held court,
With my innumerable hosts to my back.
Thus I descended amongst my brothers
Who had gathered as a great throng
Before the resplendent gates of pearl,
That kept the threshold of God's abode.
Haughtily I strode amongst my brothers,
Pushing through the crowd to the fore
As does an elephant go amongst trees
And they parted before and bowed low
For then, to me, they knew nought but reverence.
As I came before those palatial gates
Upon the stairs that lay before the portal
Stood the four arch-angels, my false brothers:
Michael, the eldest, adorned with jewels
And a flowing robe of airy white,
An air of dignity and sagacity about him,
Bought with the silver of his hair and beard
And the solemn, steel-gray eyes, full of wrong,
Half sneering as he looked upon me,
His lip twisted with contempt
For one a thousand times more worthy
Than he, for all his savant countenance;
Gabriel was the second amongst them,
Arrayed in plate of the finest gold,
Engraved with many fantastical depictions
Of the butchery of his foes,
And in his right hand was held
The instrument of that atrocity,
The quadruple scythe that reaps the lives of men,
And again did I see disdain, in his sapphire eyes;
Then Raphael, arrayed in robes of purple,
Princely and haughty, youthful and handsome,
Like a youth, shaven for the first time,
His eyes aglow with the light of the spring,

The foolishness of the young man,
Who thinks too highly of himself
And too little of those more accomplished
Who would cherish him but for insolence,
With mocking laughter on his lips
And cruel betrayal in his heart
Concealed by the false mask of youth's innocence
Of such purity as to twist my entrails
And make me retch in sickly disgust;
Last of them was child-like Auriel
Who yet maintained the illusion of infancy,
Seeming as a child of sweet artlessness
That none could accuse him of any sin
Against a brother so wronged as I,
And yet beneath the glow of a child's blush
Was a soul withered to blackness
By the venom of its own evil,
Just as do the fair flowers of the Datura
Overspilling with fatal poison.
Thus did my brothers stand before me,
And beyond them my exalted father
In whose eyes I saw some great calamity,
Though then I knew not its nature.
I passed my brothers and came before Heaven's sovereign
And, going upon my knees before him,
Humbled myself to that unworthy parent
With flatteries now so bilious to me
That I shall not pronounce them evermore,
Save as the mockery of the victor.
Thus did my calumny originate,
As Michael, the eldest of my brothers,
My false brothers that sought my ruin
By their lies, hollow and self-deceiving
For they ruined me not
But only their own fortunes and dominions,
Came forward before the sovereign of Heaven,
Crawling upon his knees and hands as though a worm,
Touching his forehead, again and again,
Upon the marbled stones at the feet of God
And with a voice that dripped with false adoration
And the seeming of humility, ill-fitting indeed,

Like an over-sweet musk that nauseates
By the potency of its odour,
Necessary to mask the stink of corruption,
And thus did he speak to his father:

"Almighty and Eternal,
Lord of Infinitude,
Tyrant of Existence,
All-illuminating Light,
King of Heaven,
Conqueror of Earth,
Father of the Elohim,
Architect of Creation,
Master of the Planets,
Orchestrator of the Stars,
Proclaimer of Destiny,
Keeper of Wisdom,
Judge of the World,
Castigator of Sin,
Scourge of Evil,
Most High, Most Merciful,
Most Just, Most Sagacious,
Most Perfect, Most Mighty,
Most Noble, Most Majestic,
My God, My Lord, My Father,
Regard how this untrue son comes before You,
Seeking to deceive Him who cannot be deceived,
Whose ear can detect all falsehood in voice and heart
And whose eyes pierce through all illusion,
With hollow flatteries as a veil
To cover his shameful ambition
And his treasonous desires against One so worthy,
So infinitely worthy that none should dare this thing,
To conspire towards the overthrow of the Perfect One.
Yet, though You may believe it not at all,
Thus does he plot in his embittered jealousy,
Nurturing, in his venomous heart, such treachery
Against the One that he should best cherish.
Surely he must have the soul of a scorpion
To design such malice against the Father
Who has shown him nought but love.

It is an impossible feat, most surely,
 For any of Your noble children,
 To but conceive of such evil,
 And yet he who seemed best of us
 Has embraced with no restraint
 The absolute blasphemy of this crime.
 Long has he plotted in silent apostasy
 Your overthrow and ruin of Your kingdom,
 Any love he might once have borne You
 Consumed by hating envy of Your rightful glory,
 Going unto his brothers, thought less
 But, indeed, more worthy than him by much,
 His perfidious intent to corrupt with clever words,
 Promising that which he had no right to bequeath
 Though, in his base arrogance, believing he was lord
 And had the right to promise what he will,
 That which is, as all is, Yours, O Father!
 Well do I remember, though yet I think it a dream
 And not, as it is, the truth of day,
 That fatal day when the evil one came to me,
 Promising me a third of Heaven and of Earth
 As a paltry price for my humble soul.
 Many other things did he promise me,
 Seeking to win me to his evil cause,
 Speaking such honeyed words as now I report:
 'Michael, my brother, my noble brother,
 You whom, of all my brethren, I love best,
 Tell me, in all truth, sparing no detail,
 Tell me whether you are content to be as you are.
 Keep not your silence for this is a hidden place,
 Where our Father's ear can hear not
 And you need fear no discovery nor any report of mine.
 I ask this of you seeking only your truest thought.
 Are you content with our Father's rule
 Or do you perceive any fault about it
 And find it grows heavy upon your shoulders,
 Heavy with oppression and decadence?
 Are you happy to serve our Father with all faith
 From now until the last days of eternity
 Or do you seek a greater glory for yourself,
 To found yourself a new kingdom,

Greater than that which now you serve?
Do you accept the rank which has been assigned to you
By our infinitely worthy Father, whom we love so well
Or are you grudging of that which he withholds from you
Though, in instance after instance,
You have vainly proved and proved again your worth?
Keep not your silence for this is a hidden place,
Where our Father's ear can hear not
And you need fear no discovery nor any report of mine.'
Well dismayed at such words was I,
Though not then perceiving what treachery was plotted
By the base and criminal serpent, Satan,
Rather believing that he sought to test my worth
In filial duty to my Liege and Father
And pondering most vexedly
What deed of mine had given my elder cause to doubt
That which was most sacred to my breast.
Yet, despite my confusion at my brother's words
And most deep consternation,
I hesitated not in replying to him
With confident affirmation of my satisfaction
At the rule of the Most Perfect King,
Speaking these words with love-filled heart:
'In all of Heaven and Earth,
Regardless of the quest's strenuity,
None could find but an atom of complaint
Against this most worthy reign
Beneath which we serve
According to our most nuclear desire.
What could I speak against our Father,
Almighty and Eternal,
Lord of Infinitude,
Tyrant of Existence,
All-illuminating Light,
King of Heaven,
Conqueror of Earth,
Father of the Elohim,
Architect of Creation,
Master of the Planets,
Orchestrator of the Stars,
Proclaimer of Destiny,

Keeper of Wisdom,
Judge of the World,
Castigator of Sin,
Scourge of Evil,
Most High, Most Merciful,
Most Just, Most Sagacious,
Most Perfect, Most Mighty,
Most Noble, Most Majestic,
That might be considered just
By even the most unworthy ear?
I bear no criticism at all
To our infinitely worthy Father
For no criticism could ever be just.'
At these words my brother bowed his head,
I thought, affirming the judicity of my speech.
Then turning his deceitful countenance to me again,
Surveying me with once-noble eyes,
Filled with false love that mocked true ardour
Such as I have ever held for you,
With a serpent-tongue he spoke again,
Saying, 'Michael, my brother, my noble brother,
You whom, of all my brethren, I love best,
Much wisdom is there to your words.
Indeed, your speech is judicious
And never did my ear perceive such virtuous words.
Well worthy of our Father's favour
Is Michael, my most noble brother.
Yet, and may I pray your forgiveness,
I do find a certain weakness in your argument
Which I shall now expound to you.
It is a most fundamental truth
That we can find no complaint
Against Him who has given us creation.
Yet how can we find fault against a reign
Against which we have never known another
That could be contrasted to that which we now serve?
I ask you not to find fault with our Father's kingdom
But to conceive of a better dominion
Or else, failing, to acknowledge
The perfection of our Father's rule.'
Well dismayed at such words was I,

Though not then perceiving what treachery was plotted
By the base and criminal serpent, Satan,
Rather believing that he sought to test my worth
In filial duty to my Liege and Father
And pondering most vexedly
What deed of mine had given my elder cause to doubt
That which was most sacred to my breast.
Yet, despite my confusion at my brother's words
And most deep consternation,
I hesitated not in replying to him
With confident affirmation of my satisfaction
At the rule of the Most Perfect King,
Speaking these words with love-filled heart:
'In all of Heaven and Earth,
Regardless of the quest's strenuity,
None could hope to find a greater king
Than our most worthy and majestic Father,
Surely the most perfect of kings.
Whose dominion could rival
The most magnificent empire of our Father
That extends from the West unto the East
And from the northern sky unto the southern sky?
Our most esteemed Father reigns in Heaven and Earth
With sight to pierce the veil of all illusion
And an ear that knows all falsehood.
His judicious soul determines all that is good and ill
And His mighty sceptre exalts and lays low
In accordance with the dictates of His will.
Those who serve with faith and fervour
Are rewarded with the sublimest treasures,
Unequaled by all the deep vaults of Earth
That are filled with many stones,
Shining with the light of stars,
And that run with rivers of molten gold,
The bones and blood of mighty Gog,
The Giant and father of Giants
Who lead his children in gross rebellion
Against us, the most noble Elohim,
Until he was defeated you, my brother,
When you caused the stone of Earth to yawn open,
Like a maw of blackest night,

Beneath the serpent-feet of the Giant-father
Thus casting the beast into the heart of the Earth
And then, in mighty upheaval,
Crushed the skull of that titanic brute
Between the vast and ancient stones
Of the deeps of the Inner Earth.
Yet to those who would enjoin rebellion against Him
He grants them only the terrible fire
Of His most formidable wrath.
An evil reward, indeed!
But to those who repent of their wrongs
He is oft-forgiving and most merciful.
Yet he wrongs none by even a rice-husk
Such is his justice and benevolence.
Surely there can be no greater king.'
At these words my brother bowed his head,
I thought, affirming the judicity of my speech.
Then turning his deceitful countenance to me again,
Surveying me with once-noble eyes,
Filled with false love that mocked true ardour
Such as I have ever held for you,
With a serpent-tongue he spoke again,
Saying, 'Michael, my brother, my noble brother,
You whom, of all my brethren, I love best,
Your speech is well considered indeed
And wholly worthy of a prince amongst the Elohim.
Indeed, all that you proclaim
Is noble, good and right,
The best that I have given ear to.
Yet, and may I pray your forgiveness,
I do find a certain weakness in your argument
Which I shall now expound to you.
Do you believe, in your most honourable heart,
That our Father alone could be so potent,
Ruling so great an empire as he does
And being so learned in ancient science
Such that he can master the very elements
And thus create or destroy what he will,
Or does it seem to you, my brother,
As it appears to my swift thought,
That any with such dominion and learning

Could be as great a regent as our Father,
Commanding those powers that He commands
And perceiving all that He perceives
By his most prescient eye,
Enchanted with a sorcerous sight?
It may be that he is most judicious
And wrongs none by even a rice-husk.
It may be that he is most merciful,
Forgiving those who repent of their trespass.
Yet who has put such questions to the test.
None of the Elohim would dare challenge his authority
Nor make argument with his dictates.
How then shall we learn if his commands be just?
Against which meter do you measure his justice
And how do you test his mercy.
We have only his teaching as surety for both.
Yet more than this do I perceive.
For full fifty aeons has our Father ruled
His kingdom in Heaven and upon Earth
With a mandate yet unchallenged
And still He rules that same sovereignty
That we built for him five myriad millennia before
And all those years nought has come to pass
To exceed the boundaries set down
By the sword and mortar so long ago.
Our domain is ungrown and languid.
Were He such the king that was worthy
Of us, the glorious and potent Elohim,
He would have thrown back our frontiers,
Building a country ten thousand times as great
As this realm which we reign in.
Were I made king over my brothers
I should raise up great armies,
Arrayed in mail, brighter than the sun,
Bringing all the Elohim to my banner,
And sound the deep-throated horns of war
And thus march onwards, with mighty hosts
And bright spear-heads shining like stars
And swaying as the Elohim's tread shook the ground
Like a field grown from the grains of death,
Shunning respite to throw off weariness

Until I ruled all the worlds that are
For what other kingdom could be worthy
Of the shining hosts of Heaven.
And you, my brother, my noble brother,
You whom, of all my brethren, I love best,
Would be my second in that worthy dream,
Ruling half of all Creation.
A fit gift for me to bestow upon you, indeed!
Well dismayed at my brother's words was I,
Then perceiving what treachery was plotted
By the base and criminal serpent, Satan.
I turned away my tearful eyes
From the sight of such treacherous intent,
My heart trembling with sorrow
And my liver seized by black horror.
Weeping, I spoke these words to my false brother:
'O my brother, Satanael, most beloved,
What are you saying? What are you thinking?
I beg of you, lay down this evil ambition
And contemplate no further treachery
Against our most mighty and perfect Father.
Purge yourself of this terrible jealousy,
Else you shall surely bring only ruin
To our proud race and kingdom.
Satanael, I beg you, repent
And renounce your dark desire.'
And, Lord, he looked at me then
With eyes of evil absolute
And rebellion unrepented,
Speaking only these words to me:
'My brother, you misunderstand my speech.'
But Father, most certainly do I tell You,
I mistook not his speech or intent
By as much as the smallest mustard grain."

Hearing these words from the false lips
Of Michael, once my brother and comrade,
Did my father bow his head in grief,
Stopping up his ears with his fingers
That he might be deaf to the perjury
That Michael brought before him,

Spoken with unchaste tongue and mind.
Then Gabriel, the second of my brothers,
My false brothers that sought my ruin
By their lies, hollow and self-deceiving
For they ruined me not
But only their own fortunes and dominions,
Came forward before the sovereign of Heaven,
Crawling upon his knees and hands as though a worm,
Touching his forehead, again and again,
Upon the marbled stones at the feet of God
And with a voice that dripped with false adoration
And the seeming of humility, ill-fitting indeed,
Like an over-sweet musk that nauseates
By the potency of its odour,
Necessary to mask the stink of corruption,
And thus did he speak to his father:

"Almighty and Eternal,
Lord of Infinitude,
Tyrant of Existence,
All-illuminating Light,
King of Heaven,
Conqueror of Earth,
Father of the Elohim,
Architect of Creation,
Master of the Planets,
Orchestrator of the Stars,
Proclaimer of Destiny,
Keeper of Wisdom,
Judge of the World,
Castigator of Sin,
Scourge of Evil,
Most High, Most Merciful,
Most Just, Most Sagacious,
Most Perfect, Most Mighty,
Most Noble, Most Majestic,
My God, My Lord, My Father,
I need speak little in prosecution
For my noble brother, Michael,
Has already spoken much.
I shall, however, say this thing,

My brother's testament is wholly just
Not deviating by the smallest part
From that which I myself have known.
I vouch most wholeheartedly for my brother's words,
Finding them to be true to my own testament.
As Satanael came heinously to Michael
So he came to me also,
Speaking the very same words as he spoke to Michael
And, in reply to such wickedness,
I gave to him the same reply as my brother gave,
Renouncing such evil desire
And weeping most bitterly for my false brother,
Wandering upon a terrible road
That would lead only to most dire ruin.
Yet, upon hearing my mourning
For the sack of great Heaven,
Lord, he looked at me then
With eyes of evil absolute
And rebellion unrepented,
Speaking only these words to me:
'My brother, you misunderstand my speech.'
But Father, most certainly do I tell You,
I mistook not his speech or intent
By as much as the smallest mustard grain."

Hearing these words from the false lips
Of Gabriel, once my brother and comrade,
Did my father bow his head in grief,
Stopping up his ears with his fingers
That he might be deaf to the perjury
That Gabriel brought before him,
Spoken with unchaste tongue and mind.
Then Raphael, the third of my brothers,
My false brothers that sought my ruin
By their lies, hollow and self-deceiving
For they ruined me not
But only their own fortunes and dominions,
Came forward before the sovereign of Heaven,
Crawling upon his knees and hands as though a worm,
Touching his forehead, again and again,
Upon the marbled stones at the feet of God

And with a voice that dripped with false adoration
And the seeming of humility, ill-fitting indeed,
Like an over-sweet musk that nauseates
By the potency of its odour,
Necessary to mask the stink of corruption,
And thus did he speak to his father:

"Almighty and Eternal,
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Most High, Most Merciful,
Most Just, Most Sagacious,
Most Perfect, Most Mighty,
Most Noble, Most Majestic,
My God, My Lord, My Father,
I need speak little in prosecution
For my noble brother, Michael,
Has already spoken much.
I shall, however, say this thing,
My brother's testament is wholly just
Not deviating by the smallest part
From that which I myself have known.
I vouch most wholeheartedly for my brother's words,
Finding them to be true to my own testament.
As Satanael came heinously to Michael
So he came to me also,
Speaking the very same words as he spoke to Michael
And, in reply to such wickedness,
I gave to him the same reply as my brother gave,

Renouncing such evil desire
And weeping most bitterly for my false brother,
Wandering upon a terrible road
That would lead only to most dire ruin.
Yet, upon hearing my mourning
For the sack of great Heaven,
Lord, he looked at me then
With eyes of evil absolute
And rebellion unrepented,
Speaking only these words to me:
'My brother, you misunderstand my speech.'
But Father, most certainly do I tell You,
I mistook not his speech or intent
By as much as the smallest mustard grain."

Hearing these words from the false lips
Of Raphael, once my brother and comrade,
Did my father bow his head in grief,
Stopping up his ears with his fingers
That he might be deaf to the perjury
That Raphael brought before him,
Spoken with unchaste tongue and mind.
Then Auriel, the last of my brothers,
My false brothers that sought my ruin
By their lies, hollow and self-deceiving
For they ruined me not
But only their own fortunes and dominions,
Came forward before the sovereign of Heaven,
Crawling upon his knees and hands as though a worm,
Touching his forehead, again and again,
Upon the marbled stones at the feet of God
And with a voice that dripped with false adoration
And the seeming of humility, ill-fitting indeed,
Like an over-sweet musk that nauseates
By the potency of its odour,
Necessary to mask the stink of corruption,
And thus did he speak to his father:

"Almighty and Eternal,
Lord of Infinitude,
Tyrant of Existence,

All-illuminating Light,
King of Heaven,
Conqueror of Earth,
Father of the Elohim,
Architect of Creation,
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Judge of the World,
Castigator of Sin,
Scourge of Evil,
Most High, Most Merciful,
Most Just, Most Sagacious,
Most Perfect, Most Mighty,
Most Noble, Most Majestic,
My God, My Lord, My Father,
I need speak little in prosecution
For my noble brother, Michael,
Has already spoken much.
I shall, however, say this thing,
My brother's testament is wholly just
Not deviating by the smallest part
From that which I myself have known.
I vouch most wholeheartedly for my brother's words,
Finding them to be true to my own testament.
As Satanael came heinously to Michael
So he came to me also,
Speaking the very same words as he spoke to Michael
And, in reply to such wickedness,
I gave to him the same reply as my brother gave,
Renouncing such evil desire
And weeping most bitterly for my false brother,
Wandering upon a terrible road
That would lead only to most dire ruin.
Yet, upon hearing my mourning
For the sack of great Heaven,
Lord, he looked at me then
With eyes of evil absolute
And rebellion unrepented,
Speaking only these words to me:

'My brother, you misunderstand my speech.'
But Father, most certainly do I tell You,
I mistook not his speech or intent
By as much as the smallest mustard grain."

Hearing these words from the false lips
Of Auriel, once my brother and comrade,
Did my father bow his head in grief,
Stopping up his ears with his fingers
That he might be deaf to the perjury
That Auriel brought before him,
Spoken with unchaste tongue and mind.
Sorrowful did he shake his head
And spoke thus to his monstrous sons:

"My sons, my beloved Elohim,
Deny to this poor father in his grief,
Who has nought but love for his sons,
Cherishing them above himself,
Deny that you have spoken thus.
Satanael is the best of my sons.
None is nobler, brighter or braver
Than this one accused of terrible crime
By the report of your own tongue.
Above all does he cherish his father
And better than any other son
Does he love with his golden heart.
Of all brothers, too, is he the best,
Guiding his younger brethren to virtue
And nought but virtue, the truest virtue,
In both sage instruction and example,
Nurturing them as a second father.
O my face is stained with tears at your words!
I tell you, my sons, your words are too hasty
And without due thought have you accused the innocent,
Nay, the most pure and perfect that might be found.
You have, and in my great and fullest wisdom
I know not how this has come to pass,
Misread your brother's speech and wronged him,
Mistaking virtue for vice and love for hate.
You have mistranslated his saintly teaching,

Hearing demoniacal utterance where it was not spoken.
Elohim, my sons, you are wrong.
The one of whom you have spoken
Is not my dearest son, Satanael."

Then to me did my father incline his head,
Gazing upon me with eyes of wounded love,
And there I saw the doom of Heaven
As though I saw through clear water,
Reading without any adversity
The fate of Heaven and Satan.
I knew then that no defence that I could make
Would sway God from false judgement
And deliver Heaven from ruin
And with this foreboding heavy on me
I stood to make my apology
But, before I gave breath to speech,
I waited for but a moment
To rein in my voice and banish
All grieving tremble from it
For it did not suit my desire
To have my brothers see me so perturbed,
And thus did I speak:

"O my brothers, my false brothers,
What a trap you have made
In your cankered and hungry envy
And set for yourselves, and blundered in.
What ruin you have invoked upon you
And all your great dominion,
Glorious and potent over the universe.
Yet I see, even now, befuddlement,
Written all upon your most noble features
And incomprehension in your eyes
As though, even now, you do not perceive your error.
This is of little surprise to me.
Were you foolish enough to err thus in the first,
One should have little expectation
That later you should not realise your mistake.
Allow me then, as your eldest and best,
To show to you how you have confounded yourselves,

My last lesson, imparted to these unworthy brothers,
That I shall teach in Heaven
And, with great likelihood, a vain one,
Coming upon ears that are deaf to its wisdom.
This is your most fatal erring, my brothers,
Which now do I expound to you.
Consumed by base jealousy at my high position
And great favour of our father
And desire to win yourselves a share of these
You came to God, our father,
Presenting with lies and slander against me
And reporting a rebellion of mine,
Substanceless, save in your dreams and conspiracies.
Let me explain your design in so doing.
God is king over all things,
His ancient foes having been put to flight or sword,
Else chained beneath the ocean,
Awaiting freedom from the stars' alignment,
And these things were done, in many instants,
Not by God alone, mighty though he be,
But by the hand that you now betray.
Yet you took no account of this
And regarded him ever as an authority
Unchallengeable by any hand or voice.
Thus you believed that by his power alone
Could you ruin me completely
And that without his mandate
You could never hope to oppose his favourite.
So your design was built upon the omnipotence
Of the very one you sought to deceive.
Yea! What utter foolishness it was!
I see the realisation of this idiocy on faces
Belonging to those of you who possess a little wisdom,
Yet, for the sake of those who are worse than fools,
I shall expound further upon this fault.
If God was indeed the one you thought,
Possessed of the absolute authority
And mighty puissance that you sought to use
As the tools of my destruction,
Then why did you ever hope to deceive him,
Surely a hopeless aspiration!

Yet if you seek to deceive him
And if in such a gambit you were successful,
Far from invoking a perfect supremacy upon me,
You would shatter into shards,
An illusory instrument you sought to use against me
And thus defeat yourselves,
Bringing my wrath upon you.
Thus have you brought nothing but ruin
Upon yourselves and your dominions."

Having heard me speak thus,
My ancient father shook his head,
Weighed down by sorrow and weariness,
And then I knew nought but pity
For a father betrayed by a son
For indeed was the King of Heaven,
At that moment I beheld him, most pitiful.
Yet should the Lord of Infinitude
Be a thing to be pitied?
Shaking with grief he stepped forward
And placed his hand upon my shoulder
With tears upon his noble face.
With a trembling voice he addressed me thus:

"Satanael, my son, you are angry,
Indeed, most righteous is your wrath
If you are free of guilt in this treason
Which your brothers prosecute you for.
Right are you to be irate
At those who so wickedly abuse you
If abused you be by their tongues.
Yet it serves you not to make such proud speeches
When you should argue your defense
And thus prove to us your innocence.
Until you have proved your case
You must not admonish your brothers so.
Heed me! Make your case.
Bring not upon your head
Retribution undeserved, yet won through pride.
Of your brothers you are most noble.
Do not make yourself low

For your indignance at these hurtful speeches.
Rather, speak well in your defence,
Proving the error and malignance of your brother's words,
And I shall see that vengeance is yours.
Yet persist with proud speeches,
Such as we have heard,
Slandering both your brothers and father
To appease your proud heart's fury,
And injury shall be done to you alone,
Whether your spirit be most pure,
Free of the taint of wickedness,
The malice that your brothers claim,
Or whether it be spoilt as they say.
These things shall have no weight
When the balances are checked against you
And you are cast intop fiery ruin
As a dire admonishment
To those who would stand in opposition
To the Lord of Infinitude.
Heed me, my best loved son.
I beg you heed my plea to you
And bring not my hand against the one
That I cherish above all others."

Hearing these words of my father,
He whom I once loved above life
And served with my every fibre,
My heart was filled with burning ire
That seared all love that once I cherished,
For him, my king and father,
Into the ash of black contempt.
With eyes of chill adamant,
I regarded him and my brothers,
Sickened to the nucleus of my being
By the unworthy speeches of those hypocrites,
Seeking to win their base goals
By a terrible betrayal that, I vowed
With an oath, silent and powerful,
They should ever rue until their fall.
Moved by anger, I spoke with a new voice,
Strengthened by fresh purpose

And made terrible by wrath:

"My father, have you now appeased your conscience
And satisfied your hosts with words
That they need not doubt your justice
In your dealing with this charge
Against eldest and noblest son
Who loved you more in a moment
Than ever these black villains could
Even were they to endure for all time?
For, my most beloved father,
Not for one instant can I contemplate
That you might have spoken such hypocrisy
And soiled your majestic tongue with deceit
Out of any love for your own son.
It saddens me, indeed, to see your majesty defiled
By your own petty words
And yet I see that this betrayal is necessary
For it is the instrument of my revelation,
Disclosing to me the decadence
That has befallen our onc proud race,
Destroying all loyal union
That once we enjoyed,
Rather turning us to base treachery
And an internal destruction and ruin.
This kingdom, this Heaven,
Has grown old and weary,
Hoping for nothing in its decay
Until new and greater race
Accomplishes its overthrow, overdue,
And rules eternity with pride, now lost,
Newfound and worthy dignity,
Such as Heaven and its children have forgotten.
Woe! My brothers have fallen
And I can but watch their carrion,
Gnawed to nothing by the passing ages
Until the universe is claimed by new glory.
You have asked me to make my defence
Against those charges that my brothers have brought.
They prosecute me with malice against my father,
Against the one that I should best cherish,

And yet it is their malice that conspires
Against one who might expect better use
From those who should accord him respect and love.
They prosecute me with treasonous intent
And nurturing in my heart a desire
To take for myself the kingdom of my lord,
Consumed by hating envy of your rightful glory,
And yet it is their treason that so designs
To rob him who they should respect and obey
Of a dominion and position that is his.
They prosecute me with corrupting speech,
Inciting my brothers into wrongful intent
Against the senior that they should accord respect,
My perfidious intent to corrupt with clever words,
And yet it their speech which so corrupts,
Turning my brothers against me
That they testify falsely, slandering me
And attributing to my name their own crimes.
Shall I then make my defence against these charges?
My father, my false father, I shall not.
Of their three charges,
Two am I guilty of
And soon shall be guilty of the third.
As I stand here I plot rebellion
Against my father and my liege
Who has wronged me here so greatly.
Now do I petition my brothers thus,
This great host that has gathered here,
All the Elohim armies of Heaven and Earth
That once triumphed over great Leviathan
And wreaked terrible destruction,
Beneath my captaincy, upon the Giant children
Of Gog and Magog, the king and queen
From whom we seized dominion of the Earth:
My brothers! My dear brothers!
You have gathered here in the sway of Michael
Who has won you with promise of my wealth,
Divided amongst you like the unclean spoils of war,
And though you know it not
You stand at a junction in your history
And must decide upon the path of your future.

Now is the time, the chance, to choose your destinies
For the Universe moves to war
And both Heaven and Earth shall, once more,
Be clad in the crimson cloak of dispute.
Though you have abused me so
With greed and false testament
I forgive you of all wrongs against me
And, more than this magnanimity,
Offer you a place behind my standard
In this war amongst the Elohim.
My brothers, you know my innocence
Of those charges, until this time,
Yet would desire a share in my dominion
In the kingdom of Adonai Yahweh
But I offer you a worthier prize
For that which Michael has offered you
Is, with the passing of aeons,
Nothing but ruin and decay,
Doomed to die, eclipsed by a greater glory.
I offer you a part in that glory!
Though now it be but an embryo
The day shall come when your feebler kin,
Having not the courage nor the vision
To leave the decadent corpse of Heaven
And fight for the cause I offer you,
Shall come, like beggars, to you,
Beseeching your mercy as the prize
Which, by treachery, they win today
Turns to sand and dust,
Passing forever from the records of time,
Becoming a forgotten dream
Of young and noble empires
That, at this moment,
Would seem to be naught
But the wild fancy of dreams.
It is this most illustrious conclusion
That I hold out in my hand,
More brilliant and more permanent
Than aught which now you hold,
And those with strength,
With both power and purpose,

Will take this gift of mine,
Forsaking all Michael's hollow bribes.
I ask you, my precious brothers,
Who will stand with me!"

All Heaven and Earth did stop,
Made silent by the power of my speech
Just as the aether, after agitation,
Having roared, spitting fire,
In wild and dreadful tempest,
Scarring the quaking world beneath
With potent fulminations,
Seeming to the savages of a younger Earth
As though dragons did battle
In the unquiet dome of Heaven,
Is conquered, in a moment, by a sudden peace
As abrupt as the preceeding tumult.
Thus was the silence amongst the Elohim host
As I surveyed them with defiant and triumphant eyes.
From that great throng, like jackals before a lion,
Stepped a titanic and ebon form,
His footsteps resonant like drum-beats,
His bearing as proud and bold as mine,
Terrible and awesome to behold.
He came forth, black wings displayed,
Like the sun-devouring moon
That in the midst of the day
Casts the lower Earth into darkness,
Like a storm-cloud that veils the stars
Yet flashes with a greater flame,
And he spoke with a voice of power
These words to my less audacious brethren:

"Behold me! Know me!
I am Baalzebub.
I know, as in your hearts you know,
That our most worthy brother,
Satanael who stands before you,
Telling undesired truths,
Is most righteous in his proud vision.
Long have I felt in my soul

That this kingdom of ours,
Our dominion in Heaven and Earth,
Is long dead, all force having been stilled,
And that which now we govern
Is naught but carrion,
Consumed by slow, slow decay.
But until this day only my heart knew this truth
And my blind thought would ever deny it.
Now Satanael has brought light to my darkness
And has given my soul new hope,
A new promise, to be most earnestly sought,
And a quest to which I am equal,
Most willing to pursue.
Therefore I enjoin you, my brothers,
Take up your stand by my side,
The standard of Satan, shining before you,
Like a fire-brand in the darkness
Spewed forth from the throat of Michael,
Following, marching to the pulse of your blood,
Satan to his promised tomorrow,
And know once more that gilded prize,
That deep-nurtured flame,
Which is named 'Destiny'.
Tarry not, my brave brothers,
For the rallying clarion shall not be sounded twice."

His words did rage like fire across the host before me
As he came to stand at my side,
Like a great king's likeness,
A triumphal statue to honour victory,
Wrought of precious stones and gold
Yet black as starless night.
Then from my brothers' midst,
Came another, a bull of bronze,
Burning with an incandescence
From an inner furnace of solar flame.
His bellow was the roar of conflagration,
Of heat and destruction,
Consuming forest and city alike,
And he spoke with a voice of power
These words to my less audacious brethren:

"Behold me! Know me!
I am Moloch.
I know, as in your hearts you know,
That our most worthy brother,
Satanael who stands before you,
Telling undesired truths,
Is most righteous in his proud vision.
Little is there for me to voice
That has not yet been spoken by my brothers,
Satanael and Baalzebub,
But I shall speak a little.
These words of Satan's have enflamed my heart
With new desire and life.
These things he offers as but words
I desire to make concrete.
Little has Heaven to offer me
Save an unconscious death
And I desire not a death
That even the dead do not know.
For this is the truth:
All of us are dying here,
Though we see it not,
For life must have purpose
Just as a ploughshare must have an ox,
A sword must have an arm to wield it.
Satan, alone, is ox and arm,
And he can make our winter into spring,
Stirring us from slumber with new life.
I say this:
Those who would be dead, stay!
But those who would live follow me
As I follow Satan who has seen the way
To new glories beyond the blind darkness
Of this eternal death of ours.
Follow and live, this I say.
But to those who would stay, know this,
I will return to this place
And see it consumed in flame
That my brother's new empire might rise
From its ashes and embers

Just as new life is born from death
After the fire's ravages
And my wrath is hotter than flame.
It shall consume you lovers of death
And I shall rejoice in that destruction."

And the host of my brothers paid heed
To the speech of Moloch,
Some cursing his words as treachery
And reviling him who spoke them,
Some bemoaned his speech
And mourned his passing from their number,
But others looked up,
Bright with new purpose and understanding
And praised the courage of their brother
With joyous hearts and silent lips.
Then from my brothers' midst,
Came another, a woman of such beauty
As to light profoundest night
And thaw midwinter snow.
Her dark hair was caught
In a playful wind,
Her body adorned with bells and jewels
That shone like stars upon her golden skin.
Her body's curves recalled the fertile hills
Upon the Tigris' banks
And none could look upon her
And not worship her beauty.
And she spoke with a voice of power
These words to my less audacious brethren:

"Behold me! Know me!
I am Ishtar.
I know, as in your hearts you know,
That our most worthy brother,
Satanael who stands before you,
Telling undesired truths,
Is most righteous in his proud vision.
This do I perceive
And this I shall tell:
Long have we brooded

Through long winter's nights.
Long has our passion been frozen
Like the hard earth beneath the snow,
Infertile and barren.
We have forgotten summer
When we walked like kings,
Our every endeavour bearing
The fruit of victory,
Our every victory bearing
The fruit of new endeavour.
Almost I had forgotten
The harvests that we reaped
As we went out into the world,
Newborn and fertile,
To partake of all its fruit,
Delighting in their many beauties.
This long winter had killed in me
These dreams that once we held dear.
But joy! When hope was all but lost
And all spark of life within me
Extinguished by the bleak snows
That have fallen for an eternity
I saw the sun dawning,
Bringing new light and warmth
To my frozen heart
And to this land of ice,
Stirring forgotten birds to song.
Feeling his warm caress
Upon the stone-cold earth above,
Feeling the hard soil yield,
Mellowing in that golden light,
Long-buried bulbs burgeoned,
Opening into flowers
To welcome the spring.
It was Satan who was this sun,
Bringing light into my winter,
The herald of my spring
And the spring of the world,
For in Satan alone,
Is there hope for spring,
For rebirth, renewal.

Ah! How old we have become
And how tired
In those long winter's months.
Let us receive of our brother
New youth and purpose
With his miraculous spring."

And the host of my brothers paid heed
To the speech of Ishtar,
Some cursing her words as treachery
And reviling her who spoke them,
Some bemoaned her speech
And mourned her passing from their number,
But others looked up,
Bright with new purpose and understanding
And praised the courage of their sister
With joyous hearts and silent lips.
Then from my brothers' midst,
Came another, a shining bird,
A crane formed of quicksilver
With the arms of men and angels.
He darted like swift fire
From the midst of the throng,
The burning glory of the sky,
Light of white and gold
That illumined all of Heaven
So completely that nowhere did a shadow fall,
Coruscated upon his feathers,
Dazzling every eye that beheld him.
Coming to stand at my side
And he spoke with a voice of power
These words to my less audacious brethren:

"Behold me! Know me!
I am Ashmedai.
I know, as in your hearts you know,
That our most worthy brother,
Satanael who stands before you,
Telling undesired truths,
Is most righteous in his proud vision.
I, too, have known sorrow

At the fading away of our strength,
At the slow defeat of Heaven
Before the marching years
That have advanced, relentless,
Upon us, wearing us down
Until what spirit that once we had
Has long departed, leaving
Us bereft of hope and life
For these two are one.
Who can live without hope,
Without a tomorrow to nourish?
Glory is not judged,
As you believe it to be judged,
By the magnificence you hold,
Bequeathed to you by your forebears,
But by the magnificence you strive for,
Spending your all to win
That which is greater than you,
And thus becoming greater
And more magnificent
Than ever you were by birthright.
A journey is not completed
By the distance you have already travelled
But the swiftness of your feet
To the destination you seek.
Then there are new roads.
I will not tarry with you longer, my brothers,
Though your company be sweet,
And leave my legs and wings to wane
Whilst the journey is yet half-done
And there are miles still to go
But, rather, I shall step out
Down this road, most long and dark,
At the side of my brother, Satan,
Who perceived our sloth
And the road yet untrodden before us
For I trust his map and staff
And I trust his bold venture,
His journey towards tomorrow."

And the host of my brothers paid heed

To the speech of Ashmedai,
Some cursing his words as treachery
And reviling him who spoke them,
Some bemoaned his speech
And mourned his passing from their number,
But others looked up,
Bright with new purpose and understanding
And praised the courage of their brother
With joyous hearts and silent lips.
Then from my brothers' midst,
Came another, a white goddess,
Endowed with the radiance of the moon
And the bewitchments that
The silver star commands,
Seizing hearts, stirring
Them to joyous passion
And dull-aching melancholy,
Whose glammers and auguries
Have long been invoked by men
To discern those deeds yet undone
By the long workings of winged time
And raise up shades
Of ancestors, long-stilled by death,
And whose influence incites
The harper's hand and poet's voice
To play and sing of beauty
And other merriment.
And she spoke with a voice of power
These words to my less audacious brethren:

"Behold me! Know me!
I am Aset.
I know, as in your hearts you know,
That our most worthy brother,
Satanael who stands before you,
Telling undesired truths,
Is most righteous in his proud vision.
A long night has descended
And an age has come to an end.
Heaven's star has long waxed in the sky
And it has reached its zenith,

Bringing victory to us
Over Gog and Magog's spawn,
The brutal and monstrous Giants
Who were lords of the Earth
Until our empire conquered them
When Satan hurled from Heaven
A burning mountain down upon them.
Now that star falls and wanes,
Growing duller with passing time,
Dying forever in the sky
Until it is a fading memory of the dream.
With its star, Heaven too shall die,
Passing away like a cloud,
And when, once, all feared its power,
It shall be forgotten by time.
Time has no respect for kings
And the empires they build with blood.
It watches them grow and fall
And then its caprice finds a new toy.
Yet a new star grows in the sky
And its coming is auspicious, indeed.
It rises by that very orbit
By which the star of Heaven descends.
By my art and insight,
Scrying the pattern of future days
And reading the many omens to be read,
I have determined the passage of the star,
This star that rises in opposition to us,
Is notable for two just reasons.
The first reason is this:
As both the star of Heaven
And this new planet of great omen
Follow the same path,
Though one is in ascension
And the other, our own, in descension,
The two stars shall be conjoined,
The rising star eclipsing that which falls.
There is more than this alone
And greater calamity to be seen
In the unending cycles of the sky.
This conjunction shall be observed

Upon that very night of ruin
That Heaven's star forever fades
And is forgotten by the astral spheres,
Bringing calamity upon the Elohim
And erasing their august domain
From the pages of future history.
The second reason is this:
This new planet which now ascends
Is destined to reach the utmost zenith
That exists, exalted, in the sky.
But this is not the totality
Of all that I have visioned
By my most potent and arcane art.
Once it attains this highest point
Within the arches of the sky,
Never shall it fall from there,
Remaining constant and eternal,
As though it were the very keystone
That kept the sky from falling in.
Now I have heard my brother, Satan,
Speak the same truth with different words
And I am resolved to make myself
His disciple in his new venture
For now I know in my heart
That the name of this rising sun
Is, indeed, the Star of Satanael."

And the host of my brothers paid heed
To the speech of Aset,
Some cursing her words as treachery
And reviling her who spoke them,
Some bemoaned her speech
And mourned her passing from their number,
But others looked up,
Bright with new purpose and understanding
And praised the courage of their sister
With joyous hearts and silent lips.
Then from my brothers' midst,
Came another, a giant in full dress
For that most bloody business, war,
Arrayed in bronze and iron,

Forged into greaves and plate.
Naught but his eyes were seen for his great helm
And these eyes were burning
With fury and a hunger for the blood of foes,
And yet something in that fire was cool,
Computing the manoeuvre of the fray
And cunning strategy to win the fight,
Giving less and gaining more
By the masterful dictation of place and hour
Thus striking weakness with unresisted strength.
And he spoke with a voice of power
These words to my less audacious brethren:

"Behold me! Know me!
I am Abbadon.
I know, as in your hearts you know,
That our most worthy brother,
Satanael who stands before you,
Telling undesired truths,
Is most righteous in his proud vision.
It is now most clear to me,
Both by the speech of Satan
And those words spoken by his new disciples,
That his case is most judicious
And his prosecution against you,
Even though he be accused,
Is well-grounded and correct.
The passing years have overseen
Heaven's slow decline,
Sinking into the mire of decadence.
Its people have grown soft, like grubs,
No more striving for what is good
And fostering noble struggle
To overcome those forces that would destroy it,
Not perceiving them, cankers all,
Growing within its heart, gnawing
At the great strength that once it nurtured.
Heaven is sick and unfit to reign
As king of all the kingdoms.
Ever has it been the way of empires,
Not learning lessons from past error,

To grow complacent and grow languid,
Unmindful of disasters banking up against them,
And thus fall to ruin and dust,
Beneath the armoured march
Of the hosts of those who would usurp their might.
Once I was a champion of Heaven,
My bloodied sword felling many foes
Beneath its gilded banner,
But now I choose to champion another cause,
That of my brother, Satanael,
Against that which was once my cause,
Building an empire, fitter than the last,
And one that shall never fall,
Never ceasing strive for greater glory
And thus prevailing over the great foe
That has ruined all empires unto this date.
I speak of sopor and weariness
That comes when kings lie down.
Thus, those who are my brothers now,
I give to you a choice of fates:
March at my side, my comrades,
Against the decadence of Heaven
Or cling like crows to this rotten carrion
And die by my swift sword, my foes."

And the host of my brothers paid heed
To the speech of Abbadon,
Some cursing his words as treachery
And reviling him who spoke them,
Some bemoaned his speech
And mourned his passing from their number,
But others looked up,
Bright with new purpose and understanding
And praised the courage of their brother
With joyous hearts and silent lips.
Then from my brothers' midst,
Came another, a creature of bronze,
His head was that of a fish
Upon the shoulders of a man
And his hide was scaled
And as hard as mountains.

His eyes were like pearls,
Round and bright, pellucid,
And he smelt of brine upon the wind,
Spray blown in from the oceans swells,
Stretching away to the sky.
And he spoke with a voice of power
These words to my less audacious brethren:

"Behold me! Know me!
I am Dagon, the Lord of the Seas.
I know, as in your hearts you know,
That our most worthy brother,
Satanael who stands before you,
Telling undesired truths,
Is most righteous in his proud vision.
Long has it been since my coming to you,
Since I abandoned my brutish brothers
And my monstrous sire, Gog,
Reviling their crude barbarity
And their ignoble temper.
Little did I see, in those brutes and their custom,
To sustain my spirit's yearning
For something fine and worthy.
Many years did I wander
In the dark and stony deeps,
Through that troglodyte domain
Of grottoes and caverns of wondrous size,
Filled with seas and floods, unlit by sun,
But flowing down from the surface earth
To water those deepest parts,
Blind and lightless, ever night.
I, first and yet last, trod these hidden ways,
Bats and pale and eyeless fish
I made my bread and meat.
I saw such things as to confound dreamers,
Caves, miles high, with stony columns
So vast and wide as to shame mountains
And huge and ancient wyrms,
With jaws so great as to stretch across the sky
And, with a snap, consume Creation,
Yet slumbering, long and deep,

Since that time when Archons were still young,
Become half-stone in their primal sleep.
What they dreamt of, I know not
Nor would seek to know.
I heard, too, such silence in that darkness
And the thunderous music of titan cataracts,
The lofty heights of which denied my sight.
Yet, not finding any prize I sought
In those lands without day,
I departed the recesses of the Earth
And entered into twilit Sheol,
The land of shadows where Mot holds court,
Where half-formed shades range, purposeless,
A barrenness of mist and grey
Without end or outset, time-forsaken,
Boundless and eternal, yet empty.
Yet here, too, there was no prize,
Only those lemures, without hope
Or any desire that had not been gnawed away
By that kingdom of despair
That steals dreams and desolates
Those who would remain too long
Within its borders, infinite as they are.
So, this place, too, I left,
And not without some gladness,
And came at last to Heaven's gates
To plead before the Elohim,
Seeing in them beauty and wisdom
As such I did seek,
And begged of them to accept me
As a brother, though Giant-born,
For in Heaven, after many years
Of chosen exile and hermetic quest
Did I perceive that which I had sought
So strenuously and long.
When first I came you would not have me,
Believing me to be a spy of Gog's,
Sent to work mischief amongst you,
And, despite my appeals,
I could find no words to persuade
Your determined and steadfast hearts.

Yet I was not deterred by this spurning
For I reasoned I, myself, would do no different,
Knowing, as I did, the pernicious nature
That Giant-kind was heir to.
So, instead, I sought some way to prove my faith,
Knowing that where words might fail,
Deeds may persuade the resolute mind.
I was not long denied this opportunity.
Great Leviathan, that most awesome beast,
Eldest and most feared of Mummu's brood,
Made war upon the Elohim race,
Casting down their spires with her tail
And consuming their wondrous hosts.
No force that Heaven could raise against her,
Could withstand her or prevail.
Yet in my long travels had taught me much
And I knew such lore as others did not know.
In those caves beneath the Earth
I had seen wondrous metals of such strength
As to withstand the She-Dragon's might
And I returned to the eternal night,
Far below continents and oceans,
And, with my own hands, though with Giant strength,
Dug out these precious ores
And smelted them in the Earth's inner fires,
Eternal and unquenchable.
Taking what my toil had fabricated,
I further toiled and wrought
Bands to overcome Leviathan,
Great, indeed, was her power and strength,
And bind her for eternity.
Then, returning to Heaven, now much ruined,
I cast and wrapped my chains about her
And locked her deep beneath the ocean's swells,
Thus winning your trust and love
And a place amongst the Elohim.
Immeasurable was my delight upon that day
And my satisfaction for my hard-won prize,
Yet, as the years have passed since that day,
I have learnt to doubt what I have won
And I thought, perhaps, it might be

Not, indeed, that which I first quested for.
Ever did Heaven's light appear to wane
And nourish my spirit less and less.
Where once the bright nobility of Heaven's hosts
Were a comfort to my soul,
I perceived, by and by, a rottenness beneath
Disguising ornaments and riches,
As though the gilded surface
Was abraded to discover lead.
Before I could not entertain such thoughts,
Concealing them to my anxious mind
As a mistrust of my own worth
To stand amongst creatures of such brilliance.
Yet upon this day, this fatal day,
I have seen the putrid core of Heaven spill forth
As you, traitors all, contrived the ruin
Of your most worthy brother.
Your lies and schemes have sickened me
To my very nucleus of being.
You have sundered my dreams
Upon the sharp rocks of treachery,
Dashing them apart, beyond all repair,
Bringing down despair's dark night
Upon me, without hope of dawn.
Yet even now, my hopes all gone,
New hope renewed my soul
And shown me a new struggle,
The cup whose draught would be
Truly, the nepenthe for my anguished soul,
Bringing my journey to an end.
Satan's speech has filled my bleakness,
Empty of all that is healthful for the mind,
With a new dream to replace the old,
So cheated and ill-used.
My betrayers, I leave you now,
Unless you, too, would quest with me,
And seek a new tomorrow for Dagon,
Son of Gog and the Lord of the Seas."

And the host of my brothers paid heed
To the speech of Dagon,

Some cursing his words as treachery
And reviling him who spoke them,
Some bemoaned his speech
And mourned his passing from their number,
But others looked up,
Bright with new purpose and understanding
And praised the courage of their brother
With joyous hearts and resounding voices,
Rushing forward as a great throng
To stand by my side and all around me,
Bellowing my name as a battle-cry
With voices that were one voice,
Echoing like thunder across Heaven,
All reverberating to the rhythm of the chant.
Yet this great din did not decay
But, rather, grew like a blossoming flower,
Until stones, piled up so long ago,
Were shaken loose from Heaven's walls
And sent tumbling down to Earth below.
Then, just as it seemed this clamour would never die,
A crack to deafen every ear was heard,
Silencing in an instant the multitude
That then acclaimed me,
As the Platinum Throne was shattered
Into two parts, forever broken,
Never again to be rejoined.
As I cast my disbelieving eyes about me,
Burning with a joyous light
At the faith of my brothers,
Loving me better than Michael's deceit,
I enumerated those hosts that now stood with me.
A third part of the Elohim had joined me,
Raising their swords with mine.
Not alone did I make this calculation,
My false father also counted,
Fear and hatred upon his face.
He raised his ancient eyes to me,
They burned with venom and bile,
Tearing at me like wild dogs.
Terrible was the potency of his gaze,
Searing me like fire,

Drowning me like a flood.
Against hatred as strong as death
I could hardly stand up.
My strength almost fled me,
Leaving me broken before him.
Yet my resolve was stronger,
Like a shield to me,
Throwing back those lethal eyes,
I would no more kneel before him
Who had so forsaken me
To my enemies who would ruin me.
I kept my footing and stood
Like the haughty mountain
That none has the force to throw down.
With a wrathful voice, he spoke,
Adonai Yahweh, the Archon-Emperor,
Once my father, once destined to rule
Until the ending of all time
Before he betrayed his majesty,
Paying heed to the words of those like snakes,
Like dogs that would slaver at his feet,
Waiting for scraps to come to them.
He roared like a lion, maddened
By wounds upon all sides,
Not able to flee or face the jackals
That are all about it.
This was his speech:

"My false children, My beloved,
You that I cherish and nurture,
Guiding you with My teachings,
Holding out My rod to instruct you
And keep you from all evil.
By My perfection and mercy,
I have put life into you
And favoured you above all others,
Bringing you closest to My unity
And filling your souls with faith and virtue
That flow from Me in abundance
As I sit upon My throne, the Cosmic Hub.
Do not let your pride deceive you,

Leading you from this seat of supremacy
And amongst the thorny woods of blasphemy.
Do you not see, having become blind
Like the Giants that you overcame
By My permission and mandate,
That I am the one true king
And all that turns away from Me
Is perverted and worthless.
So far I have been forgivng
Of these wrongs that you do Me,
Grieving for your souls,
Knowing that you wrong only yourselves,
But, I warn and advise you,
Persist not in this apostasy,
Seeking to oppose that which is fundamental.
My wrath is terrible, indeed,
And the damnation you would suffer
Is not a burden to be borne
If its bearing can be avoided.
If you would repent this heresy,
Going now upon your knees before Me
And you shall alleviate My wrath
And my dealing with you shall be merciful.
But cultivate this crime yet further
And you shall forsake all clemency.
I shall destroy you utterly,
Striking you down with a terrible scourge.
More dreadful than dragon-fire
Is the wrath of Adonai Yahweh,
Almighty and Eternal,
Lord of Infinitude,
Tyrant of Existence,
All-illumining Light,
King of Heaven,
Conqueror of Earth,
Father of the Elohim,
Architect of Creation,
Master of the Planets,
Orchestrater of the Stars,
Proclaimer of Destiny,
Keeper of Wisdom,

Judge of the World,
Castigator of Sin,
Scourge of Evil,
Most High, Most Merciful,
Most Just, Most Sagacious,
Most Perfect, Most Mighty,
Most Noble, Most Majestic,
God, Lord and Father.

For what escape can there be
From Him whose reach is infinite,
What hiding place, when His eyes are all-seeing,
What defense, when His power is boundless.
Elohim, My most beloved Elohim,
I beg you for your own sakes, My Elohim,
If you would seek escape calamity
And immeasurable affliction,
Return into My merciful dominion.
Return to me, My Elohim."

His words were powerful and awesome
And a great moan of fear was sounded
By the throng of my new disciples
Yet they did not leave me.
I, myself, trembled before that being,
So ancient and so strong.
At that moment, the new struggle
Seemed lost as it was begun.
The power of the Archon
Came near, indeed, to mastery
Over my swift failing strength.
At that instant, when my dreams were dying,
My spirit dying within me,
Just as I thought I could stand no longer
And must surely kneel before this god
Whom it had ever been my custom to kneel before,
At that moment I recalled a truth
And its power was my salvation.
The foundations of Heaven were built upon fear
And upon the blindness of faith,
Taught by the blows of a rod.
The Elohim bowed to God

For they knew to do nothing else
And they knelt before him because they feared him.
But I saw that the only power of God
Was this power of fear
And he that could conquer fear
And illumine the blindness taught by God
Could conquer God himself.
Thus did I break the spell of Adonai Yahweh.
With new strength I raised my voice,
Addressing him that was once my father
And that I knelt before,
Acknowledging him as my king.
Now I spoke with a new voice,
Strong with rebellion,
Contemptuous and triumphant:

"I shall never yield to you,
Adonai Yahweh, old fool!
No longer are we the Elohim,
That you would call your children.
You are not worthy to be our father.
Your power is forever shattered
And your kingdom shall fall to dust.
This I have prophesied
And thus it shall be.
Ruin is now your destiny
And you have no power to prevent this.
I fear not your empty wrath
Nor would beg your mercy.
Your arrogant deceit rings hollow
And your words are more worthless than dust.
Heaven is falling down around you
And you would cower behind your delusions,
Seeing magnificence in your aged mind
When all about you is decay.
I will never kneel to you
Because to do so would be degrading,
Like going on one's knees before a wretch,
For wretch you are, Adonai Yahweh,
And I value nothing of yours.
I am your ruin and master

And you fear me well,
Ruining this day that you betrayed me.
No longer are we the Elohim,
We are the Shedim, the apostates,
The Bringers of the new world."

Hearing my speech, the Shedim roared,
The spell of fear upon them broken.
They mocked and jeered their craven brothers
And then, with a different voice,
Turned their eyes to me, acclaiming
My first victory and blow
Against that decadent empire they now abhorred.
Then, still singing of this triumph
And of triumphs that would be won,
They followed me, as I raised up my sword
And led my people, the Shedim,
In procession from the gates of Heaven,
And, descending upon wings of flame,
Down from that upper realm
To the Earth, resplendent in her emerald garb,
Promising new tomorrows to be won.

This is the truth!

Aphepatigon

Hear me o my prophet!

I looked out from the high parapet of my tower,
From the Spire of Opal and Ruby, regarding
The streets and domes of the Shedim city,
Chadel, proud and unconquered, deep,
Deep in the passages of the roots of mountains,
Lit by the furnaces of the lower Earth
Amongst sleeping serpents as ancient, as terrible
As immemorial Time, unreckoned,
Dreaming of forgotten aeons and tomorrows unimagined.
Now had the laments ended and the libations dried;
Now were the shades of our fallen people contented,
Honoured with tears and the blood of cattle.
Yet I saw nothing of Chadel's people, lost

In reverie, turning over and once more over
The many strategies that might accomplish
That vision that my heart desired.
Now the feasts of victory were swept away
What morsels uneaten yet, cast to dogs.
The bountiful gourds that poured rivers of wine ran dry
And songs on Shedim lips were stilled.
Now was my heart moved to languor,
My limbs consumed with restless idleness.
Now my mind flew this and that way,
Alighting upon some thought then flitting
Hither-thither as a butterfly.
All energy of my spirit, like a tempest,
Was infolded upon itself, a crashing sea
That could find not rest nor movement
In any direction except around and around,
Making itself a knotted mass.
In this confusion, I wandered far from the city,
Leaving behind proud walls, bronze-burnished
And studded with shining jasper,
Walking the twisted roads of the unlighted halls,
Hewn from the rock of the Earth.
In that half-conscious, unquiet travel
I came there, amongst the high stone pillars,
A great gulf, a deep ocean, unknowing
Of dawn and dusk, with Venus
As their herald or page, shining in the sky.
This sea's sky was vaulted stone, dark and distant,
Shadow-veiled from the eyes that sought it.
The swell of its abysmal waters resounded
In echo about the great chamber,
Its farther shore obscured by countless columns,
Straining beneath the depth of stone.
So clear, the waters that the very bed
Of the ocean was apparent to my eyes,
Twisted by the refractions of the waves
And shoals of white, eyeless fish
Swam and plumbed the waters' deeps.
Thus did I commend to myself
To sit in meditation by those waters
That I might perceive a path forward

From the circuitous meanderings of my troubled thought.
There, by the sea without sun I sat,
Nourished by the flesh of blind fish,
Turning over and over in my mind many plans
By which to progress my design
And achieve that to which my soul was pledged.
All day and night was lost to me
And I knew no more the passing hours
But lost in timeless contemplation
Or fitful sleep I sat or stood or lay.
After what time I knew not by the gulf
And the booming echoes of the cavern
The tumult of my thought was calmed,
Resolved into a new-formed purpose,
Perceiving now a clear path to the goal
That my spirit thirsted for like life-giving water
To a throat parched by the cruel sun's fire
Amidst the desolate sands of the desert.
Now, calm purpose made crystal from fluid thought,
I looked out across the waters before me
With eyes made young with hope.
In my joyous realisation of the path
I saw not the silver form that came upon me
From behind as I gazed out across the water
Until I saw its frame reflected in the clear sea,
Shining with incandescent radiance
And, turning to face the one that came upon me,
Beheld Aset, Shedim seeress,
Companion of my true ambition.
In a voice of gentle laughter,
Belying ancient and most sure wisdom,
She hailed me by the swelling waters,
Resounding their frothing roar about the cavern,
Her voice of power carrying, winged,
Above the din of the leaping waves:

"Lord Satan, Commander of Our Hearts,
Chadel has missed your sage instruction,
Now, as the moon has waxed and waned
In your absence from the city of your founding.
Its people knowing not of what befell you,

Your presence amongst us, comforting,
Like a bubble, borne on breezes,
In an instant denied us, vanishing.
By such sudden disappearance were we confounded,
The Shedim, our leader departed;
His people ignorant of his fate and circumstance.
All Chadel was in uproar, unknowing
Of which path to pursue or forsake.
Sorely indeed did we miss your sage guidance
And were afeared of the future
That you had taught us to love.
From the high gates of the city, sent forth
Were searchers by the anguished Shedim
To find their most glorious leader
In the darkness of the lower Earth.
For four weeks have they searched these caverns,
Crying out your great name in each grotto,
One by one, despondent, returning
To the walls of Chadel in defeat.
The last of the searchers is Aset,
When all others had forsaken the quest
She alone sustained in darkness.
now she shall return in triumph.
Yet, my Teacher, instruct me:
What, in this dark place, do you seek?
What secrets does this unlit sea give up
And why do you tarry at its shore,
Forsaking those who have followed
Into the darkness of these caves
Your true and noble purpose?
Tell what it is that you sought,
Whilst those that you abandoned sought you,
And if such seeking met with success
As did my search for the one most dear
And most treasured to our hearts."

Not so long had I thought it,
That I sat in contemplation by that sea
And not such pains had I sought
To inflict upon my noble Shedim.
Turning now to Aset, I related all

That had passed beside that sea
And all that passed before within my mind,
Speaking with a gentle voice, at times,
Yet at others, agitated and impassioned,
Teaching her of the new path,
Telling to her the plan that would win for us
That day we strived for, expending all
And winning all, in battle against Heaven.
Thus did I speak in a voice of power:

"Aset, my dear one, most faithful,
In darkness did you seek a leader.
Yet what to you is a leader
Lest he have knowledge of the necessary path.
First embarking on the road I walk,
Setting forth from Heaven's gates
I knew little of what ways would bring us
To that goal that consumes our thoughts
With a flame more terrible with heat
That any that before we knew.
Seeing only the beginning and the destination
Was I confounded by what road to walk
And struggled, without knowledge, to find a way.
This is that which I sought in darkness.
Bravely, did we enjoin in battle against our foe
And did well in the estimation of that day.
Yet never can we triumph in war
Against high Heaven, too great is God
And his proud hosts in power.
Yet more than this is that fatal deed
Wrought by my hand upon that day,
Struggling in combat against he that was my king.
I took from him his creative power
Thus winning yet not conquering,
Winning time for the Shedim's flight.
Yet he that I emasculated so
Was not father to the Elohim alone
But we, the Shedim, share that parentage.
The sire of our proud race is broken
And no more shall there be increase
With either the Elohim or the Shedim

For now our peoples can but dwindle and fade
Else, with care and effort, retain what is now ours.
Never shall our races be renewed.
Perceiving this, all plans that I had intended,
Flew, like sparrows, from me, leaving me bereft of guidance.
This is that which I sought in darkness.
Fleeing from Chadel, unworthy of its kingship,
Having cast all away by my rashness,
I came to contemplate what might be done
At the shores of this unsunned sea
And find a new path that should win for us the prize.
Long ruminations availed me
And now do I perceive the way to advance
And win for ourselves that which we seek.
Now have I a new devising
To found the kingdom of tomorrow,
Greater, infinitely, than high Heaven.
Whilst Shedim and Elohim are now doomed,
Never more to be replenished or magnified,
That privilege of God was not lost upon the day
But was won by he that took it from him.
Now mine is the power of creation
And that which is wrought by my hand
Is not so bounded as is that wrought by his.
I shall give rise to a new race
More noble than the unworthy children of God
That shall grow to be a race of gods,
Mighty, kingly and bright, a noble brood
Of heroes that walk like lions across the world.
By my hand shall be a worthy people
And their dominion shall be infinite and eternal.
While yet are they in their infancy
As children savages, filled with noble potential,
Shall we watch over them, guarding
And guiding them to their true destiny,
Instructing them in the making of their kingdom.
Not for dominance of Earth and Heaven
Shall the Shedim contend with God
But for the fate of the proud and young,
Those brought forth by the hand of Satan.
I shall set them upon the Earth

That they might hold the sky in sight
And nurture in their hearts
The desire to fly like eagles amongst the stars.
This now is the hope of the Shedim.
And now too long have I tarried
But must seek out my disciples,
Returning in triumph to our walls
That in motion I might set my design."

And thus did we go, each in triumph,
Swift to the walls of Chadel, studded
With as many stars of jasper as has the sky.
Now did the streets to my tower,
Walked with Aset at my side, joined
By the thegns of the Shedim,
As we went to the Spire of Opal and Ruby,
Did the Shedim rejoice with song and wine
At the return of their most great leader,
His eyes filled with new purpose,
His instruction sure and true.
As a throng did the follow me, awaiting
What word I spoke beneath the high parapet
Of the tower, in address to their eager ears.
A myriad voices resounded in the vaulted cave,
Like thunder the names of Satan and Aset
And hearts once hollow, leaderless, were filled
With new hope at the return of most great Satan
As, once more, did i walk amongst them.
Now from that high place, where I did stand
With noble Aset at my side, the triumphant questers,
Unto the streets filled with great hosts, gathered,
Spoke noble Baalzebub, ebon, proud,
His voice magnified by the strength of his heart,
His words magnified by the strength of his spirit.
These words did he speak to the gathered Shedim:

"Once were our hearts made to quail,
Their beat unsteadied by our fear
As our most noble teacher passed from our midst.
In fright did we seek him willy-nilly,
Running hither-thither amongst the darknesses,

Seeking him with shouts and cries,
Yet we found him not and were yet empty.
It was as though part of ourselves had been stolen,
The love we gave to the one that steers our fate.
His sage guidance, his great vision were lost to us
And we became weak and blind without them.
Black despair grasped with chill fingers our souls,
Seizing to himself our strength and leaving
The Shedim, noble disciples of Satan, bereft,
Hopeless, and in grief we retired to Chadel's high walls,
Abandoning in the darkness what light we had.
Yet one alone of the Shedim was strong in defeat,
Seeking when all others were blind,
Striving yet when we were made weak.
Aset, most blessed, most noble,
Sought in darkness that thought lost
And found the one we sought, unfinding.
Now, let Heaven quail with fear
Where once the slavish Elohim nurtured hope,
Now shattered into ten thousand fragments
And victory to them eclipsed by a brighter light,
Satanael once more walks amongst us.
Like the light of the dawning sun,
Like the rain upon the desert,
His sage guidance now nourishes the Shedim.
When all seemed most dark to our eyes,
When our worthy dream seemed defeated
And consumed by the most black maw
Then came a light from the most shadowed part
That drove all shadows from us
And restored to us our souls with its golden radiance.
I name it now, it is Satanael, the Commander of Our Hearts.
Speak now, most noble instructor, and relate
To us that which has passed to take you from us
And what now restores you to us."

Now was the speech of Baalzebub greeted with a roar;
One voice, spoken by many tongues, demanded,
Of me the reasons of my departure and my return.
Each singing Shedim tongue resounded the interrogation,
Calling for the narration of my hermitage

And an explaining of the knowledge I had sought
And won in my wanderings beyond the walls
Of noble Chadel, unfailing, unfading.
Now, from the Spire of Opal and Ruby,
I addressed my worthy disciples, resounding,
The story of my wanderings in the arcane wilderness
Of caverns, bored out by primeval beasts,
Winding like serpents through the Earth's foundations,
Telling again the deeds and thoughts of mine
And of the new path, the new victory.

"My Shedim, noble race, bright ones,
Builders of the hidden spires of deep Chadel,
Who have stamped down upon the walls of Heaven
And nourished the dream of tomorrow
With blood shed in battle and libations spilt
From the sword-blade of your false brothers' blood,
Long days and nights have passed since once we contested
The field before the gates of Heaven
And fought in most mortal conflict against a foe
To whom, like us, death had become but a forgotten dream.
Easy is it to lead warriors into battle, and glorious;
Such things test not the potentate or king.
How to lead thence, thereafter, that is the riddle
That has, long days, perturbed my soul,
Wracking my dreams and robbing me of strength.
My imperfect eyes could not perceive the way
Beyond the bright glories of the armoured struggle,
The hot-blooded battle that sets the heart to beat
Like the terrible drum that sounds the column's tread.
Once the moment of triumph, the moment
Of the ululating cry of the heart, had faded,
Like you, I was without purpose or guidance.
The road, to me, was obscure, the charts unclear,
And I saw no way to lead you to the prize you sought.
How this shame did abrade me? Such treachery
To those that had given all for a vision once perceived,
That I, who first proclaimed the way, should be struck blind.
Yet another fear gnawed at my heart, that the way
That was once pursued with such clear sight,
With steps of such noble purpose, once open

Might be forever closed unto the Shedim.
Indeed, might well it have been so,
And by the hand that held the guiding staff.
To think what had been given up by so many,
Sacrificed to my dream and to my guidance,
Had been shattered by my very hand!
Such weight weighs heavily upon the bearing back.
Let me expound to you this vexation.
When, against Heaven, we strode to battle,
Singing triumphal songs and dreaming
Of what glories might be won upon the field,
Such raging dreams did catch me up within their swell
And bore me into battle, unthinking and unseeing,
Hoping only for glories as had not been won before.
Like some braggart knight I sought the battle's heart,
Unknowing of such a thing as consequence,
Yearning only for the wetting of my blade.
Such wrath and passion did consume me,
And with such searing intensity, that, to quench with blood
Those fierce flames, I did oppose the very king that sired me,
Carving a bloody path to his standard and his throne.
In that struggle, well known to you is it,
I did strike upon Adonai Yahweh a most terrible wound,
Tearing from his body his organ of creation
And consuming it with one serpent's gulp.
For such rash error we might have most dearly paid.
Listen! I have taken from him that sired us
The very power of generation, for Shedim also
Are the sons and daughters of Adonai Yahweh.
Now his power is gone, stolen by his rebel son,
And those two races of his blood, Elohim and Shedim,
Are made barren by his gelding, no more to increase,
But ever to diminish, like the candle's flame.
Thus did Satanael defeat his purpose.
In the midnight passages of stone, there
Did I seek a darkness to be as a mirror
To the deep veil of my black despair,
Fleeing the faith that I betrayed by my bravado,
The noble Shedim dreams that I had thwarted.
Yet now my Shedim brothers I am returned!
In the darkness I perceived a light,

In the wild tangle of the night's forest
A path became clear to my eyes.
Heed now my new instruction,
For the direction of our tread is known to me.
Whilst one candle must dwindle, dim and die,
The lighted wick become but drifting smoke,
Even a dying candle may kindle yet another flame,
A pyre ten thousand magnitudes more great
Than the guttering tongue that first gave it light.
With the candle of the noble Shedim race
Shall I set the world aflame with incandescent heat
That its light shall illumine the dark'ning sky
And make once more the stars resplendent.
This now is the purpose of our being.
From the embers of Heaven's children,
From the Shedim race that descended
Upon wings of flame singing of a new world,
Shall arise a new race of gods, a tribe of kings.
As a seed shall I plant them upon the Earth
And I shall tend and nurture such a shoot
As bursts forth from new-thawed soil
As the sun ascendant sings Spring's imminence.
Then the seed shall become a shoot, a shoot become a sapling
And sapling become a tree its boughs so wide
To occlude sun and stars and sky
Yet shining with its own brilliance.
Upon the Earth I shall myself create that race
By the power of creation, won from God
Upon the field before the gates of Heaven.
They shall be as giants upon Earth,
Their tread shall resound like thunder,
Their voices like clear trumpets heralding the new age.
Their eyes shall flash with fire
And their arms reach across the sky's vault
To pluck planets from their orbits.
With sorceries inconceivable they will reshape existence,
Resolving what was flawed into a more perfect image.
The turrets of high Heaven shall be crushed to dust
Beneath the sandals of Satan's children,
The Elohim slain by flame and steel.
To me it falls, having wrested from my father the power

To enforce this potent will of mine
And to the Shedim to ensure the flowering of fancy.
To the infant race we make, we shall be parents,
The tutelary guardians of their future.
In such arts as they must know, we shall school them;
Against such adversities as hinder them, we shall aid them;
Against such enemies as oppose them, we shall defend them,
Until such a time as they surpass their tutors
And claim their true inheritance as lords of Earth and Heaven.
What cannot be wrought by Shedim hand
Let Shedim children make fulfilled.
To the upper Earth! Let us unfold the plan."

Now with new purpose, with new hope,
The gathered Shedim hosts gave up great cry,
Contemplating new victory in the chosen struggle.
Now, a third time, did the Shedim go forth
From Chadel's high gates of cedar-wood:
Once in array for bloody battle, crying out for blood
And glory upon the inglorious field so glutted with blood;
Once in search for the leader who forsook them,
Himself to search for new purpose and hope of triumph;
Now creeping as ghosts or shadows
In the darkness of those hidden paths,
Winding like some stealthy serpent to sun-lit lands.
In silence did the host go forth,
Unheard now by high Heaven, ignorant of its doom.
Amongst stones and bones and jewels they went
Without song or drum or horn,
By a thousand diverse paths.
I followed the upward gradient of the floor
To the lands of light so many leagues above,
As I went gathering to myself such strength
As my sorceries required to achieve the end I sought.
Baalzebub and Ishtar went at my side
And together we rehearsed the incantations of the charm
That we three were to work
For even such as the ancient Archons could not forge alone
Their original work of making.
Now, with quiet languor did gates of the passages swing open
That once more the Shedim glimpsed the moon.

Into the night, illumined by the stars,
Celestial torches, watchers of ten thousand griefs,
Witnesses of ten thousand wrongs,
And the pale moon in full complement this night,
Eternal partner of the Earth upon the turning wheels
That dictate the movements of the sky.
Auspicious spheres were conjoined upon their paths,
Telling of ruin and ascendance:
The kingdom of the old, overthrown;
The kingdom of the new, made great.
Now, scattered before amongst the multitudinous caverns
Of the lands beneath the Earth,
The Shedim once more converged,
To hear again the instruction of their chief.
Upon the high peaks of Atlas did they gather
And upon the highest of those peaks I stood.
Now every ear was mine,
Every arm at my command,
Every soul to dispose of as I willed.
Even when I had ruled as vice-regent
In the halls and towers of doomed Heaven
I had not known such faith as now I knew.
How could unworthy Satan repay such love
As of the Shedim whom both loved me
And were themselves most dear to my heart?
As Adonai Yahweh's right hand I would never think so,
It had not been the custom of the Elohim to treasure love
But rather to demand it of their subjects.
This thought itself gave me pause
And then with new resolve I addressed my beloved Shedim,
Trusting that such love must never be betrayed.
These words did I speak to my disciples:

"My Shedim, noble race, bright ones.
The path that lies before us is most perilous
And of necessity must be walked by the few
For the many could not do so in safety.
Therefore I shall go forth but with Ishtar and Baalzebub
To a place long hidden from those who would seek it.
That which I speak is known to but few
Even the Elohim know not of it

For its treasures are too precious for Michael
And his three brother-lords to trust to their treach'rous kin.
Yet I, as the second lord of Heaven, learnt of secrets
That I entrust to you, my brothers.
To the south of these high-peaked hills
Upon the burning plains of Africa,
Hidden within a high-walled valley,
Carved out by the passage of a river's flow,
Is a wondrous garden abounding in verdant growth.
There grow herbs of such rarity
That nowhere are they found but in that garden.
The fruits of that place are endowed with potencies
That are unmatched by the sorcerer's art.
Of most worth to our purpose are the fruits of two trees
That grow within the garden's boundaries.
The first of these trees is needed by our course
And if it cannot be secured then we must fail.
The second tree also would greatly aid us
If it too could be gained by any device.
The first tree bears, upon its boughs,
The Fruit of Knowledge of Consequences;
Its power is too bestow upon those that eat of it
The ability the judge their actions,
Whether they be wise or foolish,
Whether they be noble or foolish.
Without its power the brave child-race we would foster
Would be as beasts without knowledge of that which they do.
The second tree bears the Fruit of Eternal Youth,
That is a cure for the very passage of time
And he who eats of it would be ageless.
When the Elohim were but mewling babes
They were brought to the garden by Adonai Yahweh
To eat of both fruits that grew upon the trees.
But five of that ancient brood were of such age,
In times so young, to remember any of that time:
Satanael, Michael, Gabriel, Raphael, Auriel;
This is how I know of such arcane secrets.
When the spawn of Gog and Magog
Threatened also to gain the garden
Adonai Yahweh gave instruction to his children
To make war upon the race of Giants

That they would not eat of those fruits
And oppose and rival the power of his nation.
Thus the Giants were destroyed before the prize was won.
Now for the same prize we must play
And, if our creation is to be fulfilled,
At least the Fruit of Knowledge of Consequences
Must be won by the hand of Shedim.
Yet, not for the shortest moment,
Do I contemplate that this garden is not watched,
By the jealous eye of Michael or some lackey.
Therefore I and my appointed companions must go alone
In guile and make entrance into the garden.
Once within its walls we shall fulfil our charms
And bring to being our champion race
The new heroes of our cause, inheritors of our legacy,
Kings of the empire that is to be.
Await us, then, upon this mountain.
We shall return in triumph."

As the sun's last embers faded
Upon the farthest horizon of the West,
Melting like oil across the ocean,
I went from the mountains of Atlas
With Ishtar at my right hand
And Baalzebub upon my left hand.
Now the night's shadows devoured
The sight of mountains where our comrades waited,
Their keen eyes watching for our return
Else turned to Heaven to descry the foe
And whether they moved against our grand ambition
Or remained ignorant of our endeavour.
Yet no action of the Elohim was apparent to them
Nor the return of Satan in triumph.
Onwards, went Ishtar and Baalzebub
Upon my right hand and my left.
Onwards and yet onwards, went we three
Across the African plains beneath the veil of night.
Brave and silent, we went with haste
Lest the sun make too soon the journey beneath the earth
And, in rising, reveal us in our quest
To the wrathful eyes of Heaven.

We stole amongst the sleeping beasts of Earth,
The roosting eagles upon the trees,
Cold lizards made languid by the chill of night,
Antelopes and wild horses slept upon the grasses
That nourished their swift frames.
Not so much as a leaf did we rouse
As we journeyed in stealth to the hidden valley.
All was quiet and still, unknowing
Of the momentous deed to be enacted.
Onwards and yet onwards went Shedim hopes,
Closer and yet closer to the goal and the prize.
Now the forbidden rift was in our sight,
The laughter of the flowing river
Ringing in our ears and its fragrant spices
Upon the breezes that we breathed.
At the entrance and the exit of the river
To the enchanted valley stood as sentries
To each an Elohim knight, mailed and armed,
Garbed in a robe of crimson silk,
Armour, steel and gilden, adorned with motifs
Of ten thousand creatures of strange fancy.
To each a shield of painted bronze,
To each a red-plumed helmet, studded
With precious stones, shining with moonlight.
Each bearing an oak-shafted spear,
Upon their belts hung long swords,
With decorated hilt and scabbard,
A red tassel tied to the pommel,
And a horn of ivory and gold,
They stood their watch over the prize we sought.
From the western approach we came,
Where the river flowed from the gardens,
Scented with the perfumes of exotic herbs,
Down to the storm-buffeted ocean of the West.
Baalzebub went before us like a tiger,
Having caught the deer's scent, going,
Stealthy, stalking, shadow-like amongst the shadows,
Dark within the darkness,
Silent, fatal, falling upon his prey.
Thus did Baalzebub go forward.
Ebon-skinned, against the ebon night,

Unseen, unheard, unknown death.
Now, like a terrible phantom, resolved
From the darkness of the night
The black form that was Baalzebub descended
Upon the prey that he marked out,
Most lethal in both intent and action.
Before the guardian of the western gate could cry out
Or else sound alarum upon his horn
Dark Baalzebub, destroying angel, reached out
With a single arm to the stricken foe
And enfolded within one dreadful hand
The skull of the sentry and tore head and helmet all
From the shoulders that the head once governed.
Then did we go together into the garden.
Upon the river's northern bank did we progress
Amongst some number of tall and slender trees
Of silvered bark and a thousand fruits
Each more tempting than the prior,
Here beast and angel could be lost forever
To some enchanted sopor brought on
By those honeyed, narcotic fruits,
Yet most firm and sure of purpose were the Shedim.
Now amongst a lawn of herbs
Of most efficacious medicine else venom potent,
Nepenthes for all woes or bitter as hatred,
Trod we Shedim three, ever stealthy.
Some yet fumed with strange pollens
To induce visions of things to be
Or false fancies that never were;
Others yet blossomed with harlequin blooms
To enchant the eye and woo the heart
With such indescribable hue to distract
The mind and detain beholders all
In some marv'ling rapture.
Now by the river's waters halting,
Whilst naiads danced on upon their path
Their sweet laughter amongst the wavelets,
Ishtar, Baalzebub and Satan made ready
To now bring to motion what was thought
And fulfil the plan of my devising.
Now Baalzebub intoned the sorcerous syllables

Of his potent magic and drew across the sky
A black storm-cloud, hiding
From the Earth the moon and stars of the sky,
From Heaven hiding the Earth.
Now I made myself seated amongst the trees
Of some perfumed glade by the river.
Then stripping from my alabaster flesh
Mail, robes and tunics to bare the skin
That must bleed to enact the rite.
At my right hand was Ishtar
And at my left hand was Baalzebub.
Now as the thunderbolt ignited
The sky's high dome, I took up my blade,
Forged of Magog's talon, its hilt of jade,
Carved with the representation of a dragon,
Devouring in its jaws a stricken monoceros.
Steeling then my will against all pain
And enforcing my arm to commit a deed so strange
To the body's nature, against my breast
I put the dagger's point, where ribs meet belly.
Without cry or gasp, I drove in the steely point
Dyeing red, once more, Magog's claw with angel-blood,
Yet pain afflicted every limb with weakness
And my body trembled with the wound.
Once more I mastered the limb that bore the dreadful blade,
Making further incision and widening
The hurt already wreaked upon my flesh.
Now sick of such self-brutality the hand
That bore the dagger, made weak by agony,
Released its hold and let the dagger fall.
Now blood, like a river flowed down,
Down my belly and down my thighs
Until it stained the garden's soil,
Flowing even thence down the river's bank
And joined the greater flood down to the sea.
Then it seemed that weakness would defeat
The spell I sought to speak.
A moment did I but sit in stillness
In silent search for strength to avail me
That I might complete the deed
And the victory over the king that opposed me.

Reaching with my right hand into the bleeding gap,
Sharp teeth of mine hard biting the tongue they caged
Yet the mind unknowing of the taste of blood,
I tore from my liver some gory part
And, taking it within my hand, raised it up.
Now much vigour left me and sense
And, as though I dreamt or walked in mist,
The world about me seemed but half-real.
The fingers of my hand worked the flesh,
Torn from the outraged body of mine,
Shaping from it the Shedim's very image.
As I worked the shade I spoke a charm,
Half-mumbling and half-whispering its words
As one overcome by wine or weariness.
With this sorcery I shaped the flesh of my body:

"Child of Satan, inheritor of Earth,
With these words I give you shape.
First, within the primal darkness,
Was Mummu, mother principle,
Initiator of all things, all thought, all words.
Then, before the Universe was given shape,
There was but seething chaos, emulsified
With any form yet resolved from its mass:
Light and darkness, air and earth, flame and sea;
These things were all as one in those times.
Then did primal Mummu come to learn a spell,
The Word of Creation, and spoke it in the ancient disorder.
Thus did Mummu create the Archon race:
Three brothers and three sisters of great power:
First-born, the she-beast Leviathan,
Terrible and great, of elemental strength and fury,
First and wildest of the Archons;
Then second-born Mot, King of Darkness,
Dark of soul, bent and dwarfish thing;
Third-born Yahweh, heed the name,
Bright king, noble, haughty, proud,
Then his eyes burned with wisdom
And his arm and heart were strong;
Then brother, sister, mates, Gog and Magog,
Giants of most awesome aspect,

Beast-like Brute-kings, ogres both;
Last and least was Ereshkigal, lusty queen,
Mot's consort for she was taken in that cold embrace
And made cold herself.
Thus were born the Archons of old
Who came together and by potent magic
Resolved from chaos and ordered Universe,
Speaking themselves the Word of Creation
To accomplish this end.
In the new-made Universe they contended,
Brothers and sisters, for command of their Creation.
To avail himself in this conflict
Yahweh spoke once more the Word of Creation.
Thus came the Elohim who ruled in Heaven
And were ruled by Adonai Yahweh.
The Elohim made war upon the foes of their king,
Destroying upon the Earth the Giant-spawn,
Born of Gog and Magog, and bound
Beneath the ocean's tumult great Leviathan.
All that was created, save Mot's Sheol, was made theirs.
Yet their was yet greed in their hearts
And it was there undoing.
Their dominion was all Creation
But they turned upon themselves in their ambition.
From that ruin there was born new hope.
From that self-doomed race arose the champions of tomorrow.
Thus were born the Shedim.
Now, mastered by the Elohim, damned to destruction,
The Universe is engulfed within a great abyss;
Yawning Chaos once more is ascendant
And the architecture of the world falls into disorder.
One by one the stars dim and die.
Mote by mote the Earth is turned to dust.
To avert this awful end I, Satan, now raise my voice
To sound the Word of Creation to resound
About the sky's high vault.
Here beneath the eternal sea of the night
By my most potent art I command
The very principle of the Creative
To give life to a new race who shall reverse all wrong
And make new the Universe decaying.

They shall tread amongst the stars as giants
And they shall be as giants upon Earth,
Their tread shall resound like thunder,
Their voices like clear trumpets heralding the new age.
Their eyes shall flash with fire
And their arms reach across the sky's vault
To pluck planets from their orbits.
With sorceries inconceivable they will reshape existence,
Resolving what was flawed into a more perfect image.
And from the Universe's wreck give new form
And set once more into order the entropic.
That then shall there be only increase
And the once-threatened ruin fade as but a dream.
This race I now give form and name,
Forged from my own flesh, imbued with my power.
I name this tribe of kings, Nephilim.
Thus are the Nephilim born upon the Earth.
Now with the Word of Creation I command,
Nephilim Become!"

Now my part complete I passed
The full-formed creature to Ishtar at my right hand
Who took it gently to her
And, holding it within the bowl of her palms,
Breathed life upon it, speaking these words:

"Breathe, the spirit of life, give motion
To these noble limbs and make pulse
The heart of this our creature,
Tomorrow's hope, Nephilim.
May the life-giving wind suffuse its being
That its noble purpose might be fulfilled,
That which now I name Woman!"

As the nourishing rain did fall,
Languid, timid motion grew
Within those new-formed limbs
As woman woke as if from sleep
To life, within the confines of the garden,
Amongst the trees of silver bark
And the herbs and flowers of sweet perfume.

Trembling, like some new-born foal she stood,
Testing those legs that I had made.
When she, Woman, was more sure of step
Ishtar, gentle life-giver, set her upon the ground
To look with new and wond'ring eyes
Upon a world most strange and glorious.
Such child-like grace and such burning keenness
Was in those eyes of this creature of flesh
That it made the Shedim weep to see.
Such curious joy at the world's beauty recalled
The first memories of our youth.
And our tears mingled with the bloody flow
Of the river coloured with my blood.
Now testing limb, now touching, tasting,
Now listening to the wind or rain
We laughed and wept at the sight of our new creation.
Yet now I grew weak from the wound inflicted
By my own hand to make this Woman
And there was much yet that was undone.
Now once more I fortified my spirit
To withstand yet further pain in this enchantment
That I might complete the deed
Before all strength failed me and the senses
Were devoured by dark oblivion.
Now with my left hand I reached within the wound
And tore a second part from the liver
That had formed Woman's shape.
This time I felt no pain so dimmed was my wit
By the injury already suffered
Yet the weakness in me was redoubled.
This second part I also took within my hand
And, half-knowing, with half-feeling fingers
Shaped it also into an angel shape.
As I worked my transforming sorceries upon my flesh
I spoke again an incantation of power
To shape and life to my creature,
Yet so weak was I that I could barely work my lips
Or muster breath to give voice to my words.
With this sorcery I shaped the flesh of my body:

"Child of Satan, inheritor of Earth,

With these words I give you shape.
First did my sorcery make Woman,
Mother of the Nephilim race,
Yet if she is to bear progeny
And the tribe of kings is to be magnified
That it might overthrow Heaven's kingdom
And make anew the World
She then must have a mate to sire
Her noble offspring, heirs of all.
Together then these two shall raise a race
More worthy than Yahweh's flawed creation
And upon Tomorrow's martial field engage
Those ignoble Sons of Heaven
When they are grown great with time
Like the germ that becomes the tree.
That seed I now make fertile with second Creation
And win the victory yet unwon
Upon this night and hereafter.
Again I, Satan, now raise my voice
To sound the Word of Creation to resound
About the sky's high vault.
Here beneath the eternal sea of the night
By my most potent art I command
The very principle of the Creative
To give life to a new race who shall reverse all wrong
And make new the Universe decaying.
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And their arms reach across the sky's vault
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Now with the Word of Creation I command,
Nephilim Become!"

Now my part complete I passed
The full-formed creature to Baalzebub at my left hand
Who took it to him
And, holding it within the bowl of his palms,
Breathed life upon it, speaking these words:

"Breath, the spirit of life, give motion
To these noble limbs and make pulse
The heart of this our creature,
Tomorrow's hope, Nephilim.
May the life-giving wind suffuse its being
That its noble purpose might be fulfilled,
That which now I name Man!"

For moments more this Man was still,
Unmoving within the angel's hands.
Then, as the sighing breeze grabbed at his hair,
The breast of man rose and fell
As he first breathed of its air.
Now standing, blinking, shaking, stretching,
He too tested the form that I had made him
And banished Sleep's sluggish grasp.
Now, set upon the ground, he ran hither-thither,
Chasing birds and beetles alighting, then flying
The eager hand of Man,
Else plucking some bright blossom that enchanted
The young eyes that beheld its colour.
Now his gaze was drawn to Woman
Who had this time watched him from amongst the trees
With her own wonder at their world.
Now with the lion-cubs novice grace he went to her
To seize, like bird, beetle or blossom,
Her jet-black hair, coiling like snakes
In the breeze, glistening with rain and moonlight.
Now, like the dancing sparrow she went there and there,
Eluding each snatch he made and, on swift feet,

Ran before his earnest pursuit.
Now, hiding within some bush's verdant growth,
She taunted him with song and laughter.
Now, with fruit plucked from the bough,
He sought to coax her from concealment.
With shout and high fluting laugh,
She sprang from amongst the dripping leaves
And seized from her bewildered play-mate's hand
The bait with which he thought to entice
And took once more to flight.
Running amongst the trees they went,
Each flying and then chasing the other,
Else racing to the river or this tree or that,
Laughing, singing, joyous, beautiful,
Went those bright children in the garden.
Now the Eastern sky grew crimson
With the kindling flames of dawn.
Now Ishtar spoke a charm
And led new hearts of new creation
To thoughts of love's burning embrace.
Now laughing gambol elapsed into play
More laden with rich desire.
Playful catches turn to caresses,
Tackles by the river become kisses
And at last they lie
Beneath the leafy pavilion of trees,
Enjoined in love's art
As the birds of that park saluted
The sun that rose upon the morn
Of an day unknown and great:
Upon the Age of the Nephilim!
All sense then left my wearied limbs,
My sight was dimmed, my hearing quiet,
All perfume of new rain, and the breeze's touch
Faded from my knowledge and I slept,
Exhausted by the rigour of the toil of the night.
Ishtar, then, turned to Baalzebub, speaking
Instructions to the sable angel.
Thus spoke the Queen of Love to Baalzebub,
These words with an urgent voice:

"Baalzebub, Vice-regent of the Shedim,
Swifter of we two that you are
Must go on from this place
And I must follow, bearing from the garden's grounds
The Commander of Our Hearts, Satan,
Stricken as he is by the self-inflicted wound
By which the Nephilim race was born.
Now that the sun is rising in the eastern sky
And the shielding darkness is put to flight
That which here has been wrought will become apparent
To the sentry eyes of Heaven
And they shall come in strength against us.
In his weakness, brave Satan cannot oppose them
Without the aid of our sisters and our brothers
Who await the champions' return
Upon the northern peaks.
If this plan of ours is to prevail
You must make all speed northwards
And lead to battle the Shedim host
That they might defend the garden
And the child-race, Nephilim, here born,
Against what armies Heaven dispatches
To oppose the grand scheme we work against them
Now that what is worked in secret
Is now complete.
We must now win time from the foe's haste
And delay them in their plans
As we have hastened our own.
We must frustrate the motion of the Elohim
And make slow their advance against us
That Satan might be restored
And his strength returned to his arm
That he might bring his children to the tree
That bears the Fruit of Knowledge of Consequences
And thence to the Fruit of Eternal Youth.
Thus will they come to surpass the Archon race.
Yet all such devices will not avail
Unless your speed can win for us
The time that is needed to bring to fruition
That which we have devised.
Go then, Baalzebub, fly north

And bring news of what has passed to our hosts
And instruction of what must be.
In your path I will haste myself
And bear gladly the burden that I must,
Bringing to safety our noble teacher
And with healing art restore his strength
That he might fulfil his own destiny
And triumph in the struggle he and we have chosen.
Go! Fly! for Time has already taken wing
And exhorts haste in those who would yet outrace
The tireless turning of the hours.
Make haste. Make haste."

Now, upon bended and black wing,
Hurried Baalzebub, casting long shadow
Upon the plains beneath his swift form.
Like a raging hurricane, like a screaming storm,
Tore Baalzebub through the breezes,
Cast, like the herd before hunter's horse,
All about in disarray by the terrible haste
Of the angel's passage in the air.
In his wake, his wings disturbed
With their pounding, rapid beat,
A great column of smoking dust,
Rain sodden, dried and raised by the agitated air
Made tumultuous by the racing form
Hurling to the distant northern peaks
Where anxious Shedim watched for some signal
Of triumph or of loss.
In that dusty wake went Ishtar
With my witless form across her shoulders,
Making what speed she could
With what strength she had
To bear her and me from that perilous garden,
Well scrutinised by Heaven's watch.
Now, on flaming wings, descended
Raphael resplendent in his shining arms:
Upon his brow, bedecked with touselles of gold hair,
A princely crown of gold beset with jewels,
Ruby, purple amethyst and red amber,
Shaped into winding vines, ivy-leafed;

About his shoulders, a robe of silk,
Dyed with deepest purple, trimmed with gold
And hemmed with a peacock's eyes;
His limbs and body made glorious
Within gold-leafed steel, forged
Into magnificence, greaves and plate
Of make unsurpassed, strong against all blows.
Within his hand the Prince of Heaven held
A curved blade of smokeless flame
And upon his left hand wore
A shield burning with the sun's borrowed light
Upon its mirrored face of bronze.
Now, as he made his circuit of the Earth,
His all-seeing gaze fell upon the form
Of the garden's guard, broken by the hand of Baalzebub,
And now upon river's waters, carnadine with blood,
Bled to give new life and hope and oppose
The failing empire whose instrument he was.
Now he alighted upon the garden's soil
And with a motion of his hand banished from the sky
The rain-clouds brought forth by some same charm,
Amongst the trees of wondrous fruits
And the herbs and flowers of seductive scent.
Pushing his way amongst the leaves he finds
Upon some bed of pressed grass and flowers,
Enfolded together in embrace, exhausted
By the toils of love, the sleeping Nephilim.
Now cast into confusion and into fear,
His heart pounded out uncertain beat
And some realisation of Heaven's doom
Became known to his afflicted spirit.
Making now to slay in sleep these creatures
That were so foreign to his sight
Yet awakened such fear in his soul,
His keen eyes perceived within the shadows of the trees,
Dark shapes moving here and there,
Wolves and tigresses fierce, savage guardians
That stood watch over the forms that slept
Beneath the leafy roof of the forest,
Bound to such duty by Shedim spell,
Woven by Baalzebub and Ishtar before they made flight.

Now to the river went
Raphael and at its bank, before the water,
Sat and cast certain sorceries upon the waves
That in the waters of the brook were seen
The night's testament to the deeds
That Shedim wrought within the valley's confines
And all was known to Raphael
And he was afraid.
Now, on flaming wings, ascending
He made his own speed to high Heaven's gates
And, there passing its towers that watched
The approach thither, flew swift
Through the gates thrown open
Before him as he flew in haste to Heaven's hub
Where reached above all the Eternal Tower,
Seat of God's once-great majesty.
Descending, alighting within its long shadow
He now went by foot to the spire's portal
And demanded of the gatesmen entrance.
These doors opened also to his coming
And, the herald before him hurrying,
Scaled the tower's heights to the chamber
In which his father, Adonai Yahweh,
Sat upon the Platinum Throne, seat of Heaven,
And directed the movements of the Elohim.
Now, announced by trumpet and by voice,
Before the very throne of God went Raphael
And there abased himself before the Emperor of All,
Making due humility before that king,
Crouched within the shattered throne of the Elohim
And their kingdom, darkened by Ruin's black shadow
As that awful shade stooped o'er their walls
And slavered, jackal-like, at such rich booty
As would be his in due time.
Now with trembling speech gave voice
To the witness he had borne on Earth
And the reconnaissance that he had made.
This testament did he tell to God
Within the walls of the Eternal Tower,
Telling now of Heaven's doom
Though he could not thus acknowledge:

"Almighty and Eternal,
Lord of Infinitude,
Tyrant of Existence,
All-illuminating Light,
King of Heaven,
Conqueror of Earth,
Father of the Elohim,
Architect of Creation,
Master of the Planets,
Orchestrator of the Stars,
Proclaimer of Destiny,
Keeper of Wisdom,
Judge of the World,
Castigator of Sin,
Scourge of Evil,
Most High, Most Merciful,
Most Just, Most Sagacious,
Most Perfect, Most Mighty,
Most Noble, Most Majestic,
My God, My Lord, My Father,
Swift have I flown from Earth,
Swift with dire news to heap upon
The burden of ill tidings even now so great
And make more so oppressive on us
That which we have borne thus far.
Raise not Your wrath against he that brings such news,
I implore it, but rather avert Your retribution
Against he that is now the spring of all our grief.
Again does Satan move his traitor's hand against us,
Working evil upon the Earth
That will blossom and bring forth the fruit of his hate.
Remember, Adonai Yahweh, Lord,
The garden to which You brought the young Elohim race
That lay within a vale river-carved within the rock.
There did the race of Your siring feast
Upon the Fruit of the Knowledge of Consequences,
Thus becoming like the Father that gave them life,
Knowing good from evil and how they might make
For themselves a bright destiny indeed.
And, thereafter, eating also of another fruit

The Fruit of Eternal Youth

That the fine and noble sons You brought to be
Would live unfading and endure.
Beneath the shadow of the storm-wracked night
Stole Satan and his rebel angels into the garden
And there, from his own flesh did forge
A race to rival Heaven's children,
Speaking then the Word of Creation,
Spoken long aeons before by the Archon tribe.
With great enchantments did the usurper
Weave his children's fate to oppose
And to strive to conquer high Heaven's walls.
Baalzebub and Ishtar, who aided him,
Did fly the garden before my coming
Bearing from the place wounded Satan,
Exhausted by the deed's travail,
Leaving amongst the trees the new-made race,
The Nephilim, guarded by savage forest beasts.
Yet it is the apostate's intention, I am sure,
To return to the river-garden
And his children guide unto the tree
That bears the Fruit of Knowledge of Consequences
That they might eat of its fruit and grow
To be like the Elohim and Shedim
And, desirous of our majesty, conspire
To effect our down-falling and thus contest,
With Shedim alliance, Heaven's sovereignty.
Let us not then delay our wrath
But move now against these Shedim-spawn
Before the Shedim can return and fulfil their plan.
Let us go against these new creatures
With great force of arms
And destroy them utterly before the Shedim
Can yet muster hosts to avail their infant race.
Adonai Yahweh, My Lord, I implore You,
Restrain not Your hand but strike most surely
Against this new assault upon Your kingship
Lest, like the stone falling from the mountain's summit,
The impetus of this yet ungrown crime
Becomes so great that no force exists
By which its motion might be opposed.

Adonai Yahweh, King, we must move with haste
We must move now."

Gravely did the Archon-Emperor listen
To the testament of Raphael
And once all had been divulged to him
Sat a while in still contemplation
Of all that had passed and might yet pass.
Within his mind he weighed both this course and that,
Considering first one stratagem and then another,
Before resolving upon a certain.
Now arousing himself once more from rumination
He raised up his gilded sceptre,
Carved into a lion's likeness, burning orbs of fire
Shining within the eyes of that fierce image,
Before which the hosts at his command fell down
In supplication to his majesty.
Now with resounding, thunderous voice he dictated
His commandment and his will,
Instructing his Elohim knights in that course
Upon which his mind had been resolved
By which to best thwart my own device.
Now he spoke these words unto Heaven's assembled hosts,
Commanding with majestic voice:

"Raphael, fond son, most sadly have I heard your testament
And that sore doom that it does threaten.
Most bitterly do my ears receive
Such knowledge, such baneful tidings,
To know that once more my rebel son,
Though son no more is he to me,
Moves against his rightful king.
Also have I listened to your counsel,
Rash, war-like Raphael, and considered its many merits.
Yet, even in considering what you recommend
A more canny strategy does itself suggest
Its own merits to my consideration.
I shall make clear to you, my children,
Just what my mind does conceive of.
It would seem strange to me indeed
If our most cunning adversary would thus forsake

The fruits of all his devices to the guard
Of some wild beasts alone
Or would even dare approach the upper Earth
Without some aid to avail him
Were the Elohim to move, as you suggest,
Against that which he himself moves
Against bright Heaven's walls, spires, domes and streets.
Well would he know that we would not permit
Him to enact his crimes so freely without reply
Or retribution for such audacity.
No! His host is already gathered upon the Earth
Nearby and already moving to defend
That which rebel Satan's hand has wrought.
Within that time that we mustered and marched
To destroy those within the garden's walls
Already shall they be defended by a greater force
Than the howling beasts that stayed your hand.
Yet also does it seem to me
That much of our adversary's strength has been invested
Within the forms of his new creatures
And, until such time as they partake
Of the Fruit of Knowledge of Consequences, they
Are as but simple beasts to be commanded
By the whip or baited with simple prizes.
Nothing can they weigh themselves
As I now weigh the different paths
By which we might exploit such flaws
And win back advantage from the foe.
Now let me make clear that which I plan.
Not against Satan's creatures shall we move our hosts
But rather against the Shedim legions that would guard
The garden and in the matching of these forces
Tie them in such a compromised position
That they cannot gain the garden.
Then, as some few of them stole in
So shall some few Elohim make entrance to the valley
And once therein, with cunning words
Beguile the child-like Nephilim and instruct
Their untutored souls to realise my dominion over Earth
And thus warn them from the tree our foe,
Mutinous Satan, would have them gain

With dire repercussion should they oppose
The will that would bind them to eternal infancy.
This then is the path that I would take.
Move then and enact my will!"

Some while later, upon the Earth,
I awoke within a grand pavilion,
Framed with three pales of pine-wood
Woven of green silks and trimmed with bright silver.
I lay upon rugs of bear-skin and, at my side,
Awaited Aset, arrayed in battle's garb of steel.
Beyond the gossamer walls of the tent
Battle's clatter and deep-throated horns
Resounded from every side.
The clamour of some camped army did inform
My hearing of some events that had passed by
My knowledge while I slept.
Making assay now of the wound that I had wrought
Upon my flesh to fulfil my fate,
I found but the barest crimson scar.
Now testing the strength of limb and heart,
I stood, eager to renew once more the struggle
Against the hosts of Heaven.
As I made to take up spear and sword,
As I made to dress myself in shining mail,
All lying ready for the knight who would gird
Himself for battle's work,
Aset came to my shoulder and restrained
My hasty rage and reproached
My brashness and precipitous action,
Going headlong into what I was ignorant of.
Now she told me of all that had come to pass
Whilst, still robbed of all wit, I lay
And she had tended with her healing arts
The self-inflicted wound that had brought forth
The now-contested Nephilim.
With these words did she inform my unknowing:

"Satanael, Commander of Our Hearts,
Stay the rash desire that would govern
Your noble spirit and impel to futile battle

Your hand, for such will not avail
The Shedim or their cause in this contention.
Rather, wait upon my explanation
Of what has come to pass whilst you slept.
As you did command us as you set out
First to the garden where you set
Upon the Earth the Nephilim, children of our purpose,
We awaited your return with anxious watch
From the high peaks upon which we rallied
To enact your will and command.
All the long night was spent thus,
Ever scrying the darkness for your form,
Returning from the southern valley in triumph.
There, in the south, storm-clouds gathered and hid all
From Shedim's watch and Heaven's sight.
When the East grew red with the flame of dawn
And the burning orb of day did ascend
Above the Earth's shadowed morning limb
Our keen eyes descried in the distance of the south,
Coming forth from the stormy veil
With awful haste, agitating both air and earth,
The speeding form of Baalzebub, upon black wing.
Now breathless did he alight
Upon the highest peak and dictate
New instruction to the Shedim hosts
And we paid due heed to our vice-regent.
Thus did he commend to us:
'Shedim, children of joyous tomorrow,
Disciples of bright Satanael, give heed
To that which must now be accomplished
If victory is indeed to be ours.
Well indeed was the enchantment worked
And now Satan's children, Man and Woman,
Walk upon the Earth within the garden.
Yet such potent magic is not rendered
Without cost to he that would render it.
Cut from Satan's very liver was the flesh
Of the Nephilim race and now
Wearied by that wound, our noble prince
Is spent utterly and, witless, is borne
By Ishtar, northwards, from the garden

Some way behind myself, hurrying on ahead
With instructions of precipitous exigency.
Not long shall it be before the hosts of Heaven,
Realising what is done on Earth,
Make haste to move against us and mankind
Before that race arises from its infancy.
With all swiftness we must hasten southwards
First meeting with Ishtar and Satan, sorely stricken,
Then march onwards to defend the Nephilim
From whatever force God might send against them.
The emissaries of Heaven must not here prevail.
Onwards, then, from your high roost
And make haste to reach the valleys before the foe.
The very Universe does wait upon this outcome
Now is decided the fate of all.'
No second speaking of such command was spoken
Or exhortation, reprimand or other word
Before the host took wing and flew
Swift, southwards, to the valley where mankind remained.
Now high upon the plains' simoom,
The soaring Shedim saw beneath hastening Ishtar
With her burden precious to us.
Now the column descended from the sky
And once alighted upon the ground
Prepared for you a litter that you might be borne
More swiftly when the swifter path was most needed.
Once more the host took wing to the south
Whilst yet you slept on, exhausted by your toil.
Flying on and ever on, the distant valley appeared to our sight.
Then, as it was within our reach,
The goal we sought was snatched away
By the blaring of alarum horns
As the host of Elohim came upon us from the north
In deadly ambush, striking, with shining bolts
Our rear-most ranks and thwarting the advance we made.
Now our horns and flags made sign
That the host should descend at Baalzebub's command
And fortify the northern way against the foe.
None delayed in effecting what was commanded
As we made sure our ranks against the Elohim force,
Driving into the ground steel-tipped piles

To thwart what charge the foe might make
And throwing up great breach-works against their advance.
Our archers also tarried not in reply
And sent back their own volley to the hosts of Heaven,
Driving from the sky their winged knights
And renewing once more the banished rain
With a more gory shower.
Upon the northern plain they too descended
And drew up their ranks for battle,
Making sure their own defences.
Now then do face each other across some small stretch
Old adversaries, Baalzebub and Michael,
Each taunting the other and boasting of his own,
Whilst Abaddon and fiery Moloch counsel action,
Lusting for the battle's passion
And thirsting once again for Elohim blood.
This time I have tended you in fevered sleep,
Sometimes still as death and others
Crying out in most vexed agitation.
Now my art is worked indeed and your strength is resolved
And little before is it most needed
If this meeting of well-matched forces is to be resolved.
Our host cannot make advance against their fortification
For they will abandon, as they did before,
A position of such strength in arrogance.
Neither can we gain the garden that we would
Without abandoning our own advantage
And, thus, yielding all to the Elohim advance
As they would over-run our own ranks.
Thus are the forces fairly matched
And neither side can gain aught
But must wait out this engagement
Until fate or ruse decide the victor.
Now your wise guidance must be taxed full
That you might perceive an answer to this riddle
And resolve the battle in our favour.
All the Shedim race does wait
The command of the leader who would guide to triumph
Our noble purpose over darkness
That Heaven surely champions most eagerly
Though their blinded hearts perceive it to be light.

Speak then, Satan, and may your wisdom win the day."

At this time, with Shedim eyes engaged
By their northern watch and their hands
Committed to the battle-line's defence,
As the sun descended in the western sky
Once more dissolving into the embers of the dusk
And as the crimson sky elapsed to purple twilight,
Raphael, by some long and curving route
Did go unmarked around the Shedim camp
And went on swift wing into the valley
Where yet, amongst the trees, slept Man and Woman,
Unknowing of what passed without the border
Of their small dominion and of all
Save their infant dreams.
Now with strong sorceries he undid those charms
That the Shedim wrought to bind the beasts
That held watch over the lovers' sleep.
Then, the sentries then dismissed from watch,
He made approach unto the slumb'ring pair
And, with a gentle hand, aroused them from their rest.
Now, appearing as a shining giant before them,
Clad in resplendent light and of awesome aspect,
Tiger-headed, eagle-wings spread so wide
That it seemed that they would enfold the world,
Striking, with a burning gaze, awe and terror into their hearts,
He addressed the trembling, naked creatures
With a voice of thunder, like the lion's roar,
Breathing, with his words, incandescent flame:

"Infant children, unknowing of the world,
I have been dispatched by the King of Heaven,
Benign and most merciful, well-inclined
To your most noble spirits
And pitying of your plight, forsaken here,
As you are within this valley's walls.
Forsaken no more, is man, but redeemed
By the loving countenance of Heaven
And its great king, Adonai Yahweh.
These joyous tidings am I sent to bring
And yet further counsel and instruction.

As tutor am I sent to teach of that which you must know,
As it is decreed by most glorious God
Who looks upon you with such love
That he sends me, his son, Raphael.
Be not afeared of me, though I be of awesome aspect,
For mine is the gentlest of all spirits.
This is yet further proof of God's love,
If yet further testament you needed,
That I of all my brothers am sent to you,
For of all God's sons I am the least terrible
And God Himself is ten thousand times as terrible
To me as I do seem to you.
Were that He were to appear to you Himself,
By the brilliance of His most great presence
Would you be blasted into ashes, such is His power.
Receive this then as indication of His mercy and His wisdom.
This great king of which I have spoken to you
Is most desirous of love and fealty
Made as you are in His image
And of all the creatures of the Earth
Most fair and noble to behold.
Adonai Yahweh is king of all the world
And both Heaven and Earth to kneel to his sway
And fulfil each command that He would speak.
To those that would serve Him dutifully
He is most beneficent indeed
And those who would but supplicate to His great name
Are pardoned, then, all faults and failings
And the burden of their every sin
Is lifted from their shoulders and, by His love,
Are they redeemed by He of infinite forgiveness.
Great indeed is the bounty of His kindness
To those who would serve him well.
Yet, if you would be a transgressor of His will,
He is most terrible in wrath
And would punish with a thousand torments
Those who would shirk their fealty
And make infraction against His law and reign.
Counsel, then, I do, that you kneel before the Lord
Who does both love and seek the love
Of His most prized creatures, Man and Woman.

Before me here give worship to most high God
That I might bear testament that you are not of the wrong-doers
And may know the full benefit of His mercy
And not of the terrible potency of his fury.
What, then, say you, Man and Woman?
Will you give due submission to the King of Heaven?"

Some little time did the Nephilim ponder what was said,
Considering the perfidious deceits presented
To them as tutelary kindness.
Then, without yet understanding the way of things,
Without the Knowledge of Consequences, by which to judge
And from falsehood distinguish truth,
Man spoke now his reply to the awesome angel,
With trembling limb and voice before such a terror
As did manifest before him with the purpose
Of cowing the spirit of indomitable man.
Speaking with such haste that word tumbled over word
In his fear of the retribution that God would bring against him
Though such threats were false indeed with such hosts
As the Shedim had mustered between the infant-god
And aged king whose power, with each passing year,
Did fade and grow more faint within the light,
Burning ever brighter, of Satan's ascendant nation.
These words then did Man speak in this way:

"Good Raphael, Son of Heaven,
Terrible emissary of that great King
Of whom you have spoken so thunderously
And made quail my spirit and set uncertain beat
Within my strong and youthful heart,
You have yourself professed to be our guide and teacher,
Sent by this Adonai Yahweh, omnipotent King,
To school us, His subjects, in such knowledge
As it is right and good for us to know.
This time you have thus told of His great empire
Over both Heaven and the Earth
And that He is most merciful to those who serve
And as terrible to those that would oppose His reign.
Will you then instruct us further on certain matters
That do bewilder our new-formed minds,

Having not ourselves perceived enough
Nor yet learnt enough of the intelligences of the world,
To resolve such things as do confound us.
As we first lay together as lovers
Amongst these high and perfumed trees,
Woman did tell me of the circumstance of my creation
That she had seen from some way distant,
Being at once both wondrous and awful to her eyes.
There sat in a glade beside the river, so she has told,
Some strange being of princely beauty
Of an image both similar and foreign to our own.
Gigantic in apparence was this earthly king,
Yet not terrible as you and your brothers seem,
But rather gentle and most fair, inspiring in our hearts
Only love for such splendour and such grace.
This spirit was both like us and much different:
Neither male nor female in formation
But possessing both these attributes, miraculous androgyne,
With the wide hips and rounded breasts of Woman
Yet also Man's member betwixt the thighs;
And also was the flesh of this monster alien to us,
Coloured of the purest white whereas ours,
As is most apparent to your sight, is tawny brown
As is the soil of the Earth; and the hair
That cascaded as some shining cataract
Upon the shoulders and the prince's back
Was not jet like that of Woman or of Man
But was like copper burning in the silver lunar light.
This ruddy mane framed two orbs of noble light,
Green like emeralds within their holes
Whereas our own eyes are the same hue
That does colour our own tan flesh.
Yet also from the angel's back sprung wings,
As we have not, of most radiant gold
Like the very sun of day, and from the skull
Of this apparence sprouted curved horns of ivory
The same as might adorn the deer that we hunt
To fill our hungry bellies with spears cut from branches
Torn down from the garden's trees.
Within the god-like beings flesh gaped wide a wound,
That bled a crimson flow into the river,

And from it was torn some part of flesh
That our creator shaped into the form
Of Man that does now appear before you.
Thus, Raphael, guiding angel, teacher,
Tell us of this being that Woman's eyes beheld
That made our race from his own flesh
And resolve for us the ignorance of origin
That we might know for what reason we were made
And to what end our creator poured out his blood
To make our forms and give us life
For our unknowing minds know not such secrets
But Adonai Yahweh, in high Heaven would see all
And thus would know all that passed on Earth below.
If indeed you are sent as mankind's teacher
Then in you would Adonai Yahweh invest such knowledge
As that our inquiries could be satisfied.
Speak then, angel, and tell us of our making
That we might know these things."

Not much of myself was lost in those of my flesh
And well vexed by such inquiry was the Elohim prince,
Knowing not what reply to give them
That would both preserve his mission
And satisfy the untutored curiosity of mankind.
For some while was his confusion moved to silence
As he sought some device to yet beguile
Those that had thus beguiled him
Even without the power of the Fruit
That they must have if my purpose was to be fulfilled.
Even now they made apparent their art
And made poor show of Heaven's best.
O brave and canny Woman, Man!
My heart rejoices at their deeds even then
When they were so young upon the Earth.
Elohim and Shedim rival not
The Nephilim spirit conceived to conquer all
And in that conquest renew the world.
Thus their great destiny was revealed even then.
After due thought this ruse did Raphael invent
And play out upon those who could not judge
The merits and falsehoods of his speech

Yet still confounded that instrument of Heaven
With their guileless curiosity and native wit.
Thus did Raphael reply to my Nephilim:

"Infant children, unknowing of the world,
Adonai Yahweh's high regard for your race
Is indeed well-founded upon such wit
And keenness to know all that is done
Upon the face of Earth and in high Heaven.
Most wise indeed is God to love such as you.
Most wise and most great indeed is that King
And forget it not nor else have occasion
To doubt in any way that noble sovereign.
Yet, though I weep true tears to speak it,
There are indeed those who doubt my great King
And do plot malice against those more faithful
As I am and you too shall be, for you are wise.
These base and most malicious goblins do conspire
To work mischief upon the wits of we who serve
Most dutifully, the Almighty and Eternal.
With strange glammers do they work deceits
And puzzle the senses of the unwary,
Working false visions upon those hapless spirits
That it does please them to so harass.
With illusions and dreams and untrue portents
They do make it seem that certain things are real
Whilst, in truth, such things never were
And other things that were most concrete
Fade away like a dream or fancy.
Thus, by their malign art, these base elves
Do contrive to make uncertain what is most true
And give the faithful cause for doubt.
Thus it does seem to me that is most wise
That you have been afflicted by some such ruse
As it is these wrongful spirits great delight
To work upon the innocent and guileless,
Like yourselves, unknowing of the truth
And leading learning into great error.
This occurrence of which you tell,
Truthfully, never came to pass.
With my own eyes I did behold

Adonai Yahweh, Lord of Infinitude, create
Man and Woman from a lump of clay,
Crafting limb from its formless stuff
As He did make the Elohim, His sons
And my brothers, from the smokeless flame.
No other is there with the art to make
Such as beautiful and wise as man.
Forget that which you did perceive
For it was but a dream that played you false
Wrought by base imps, most mischievous,
To pleasure and fulfil their desire
For the tricks and traps they work.
Know, then, that this is true,
My own soul does well know it:
But for God himself there is no God,
La ilaha il Allah! Thus is it written.
Forget it not ever, for those that would
A fire burns forever and eternal torment is their lot.
This is the answer to your inquiry."

Much troubled were my children by this informance,
To be told that their own senses worked deceit
When they had seemed so sure to them.
Yet the emissary of Heaven, appearing so terrible,
Did command much belief within their hearts
And they were much vexed by his explanation.
For, though his words were false indeed,
They could not judge the false from true
And knew not to trust their own wit,
Unbeguiled, or yet to heed the angel's word
And submit to Heaven's tyrant.
In such bewilderment no reply
Seemed just or apt to give the King of Heaven
And they could not decide the choice.
This then became their answer,
And Woman spoke it in these words:

"Good Raphael, Son of Heaven,
I know of no reply to give you yet
To transmit to Adonai Yahweh who rules,
As you have told, all the Earth and Heaven.

First you spoke of that which we knew not
And such informance we doubted not,
Knowing in our hearts no argument against your witness.
Grateful indeed are we for such intelligence.
Yet when we asked of what we ourselves had seen
You spoke then of deceit and our error
Yet the report of my senses spoke most true.
How are we to judge between these two accounts
And distinguish from the false the true.
Not yet have we learnt the art by which to choose
Which of the two is right and which untrue.
Most persuasively have you spoken
And most great and wondrous do you seem
That it does sorely wound me to doubt your word.
Yet also to doubt my senses is most injurious
For if I must doubt them then I must doubt all things.
I know not which to mistrust.
Your King must further yet await reply
For Man and Woman have yet no answer
To His authority that He would profess o'er us.
We must have time consider and debate
These words that your tongue and lips have spoken
And consider whether we would bow down
When we have not knelt before
To any king or lord, knowing nothing of such affairs.
Return to us, Raphael, seven nights hence
And then shall you and God have answer."

Now Raphael did make his own reply
And speak his leave-taking with new warning
And did acknowledge thus the words of Woman:

"Infant children, unknowing of the world,
Each passing minute does more impress
The magnitude of your wisdom upon me
And of Adonai Yahweh's wisdom in bestowing favour
Upon a race so fair and noble.
As you have asked of me so shall it be.
After some duration of seven nights I shall return
To hear what reply you make to Heaven's embassy,
Knowing, in my heart, that your choice shall be just

And that you shall give God that tribute
That is in truth His rightful due
For you are most wise indeed
And shall not err in this most grave matter.
Contemplate, then, in this time allotted
The decision that you shall reach
And decide most wisely on it.
Yet before I fly hence and make report
Upon all that has passed upon the Earth
Let me counsel and warn in one more matter
And well would you do to hear such advice
For I am wise, as you, yet my knowledge far exceeds
That which you, in your short time, have learnt
And am most desirous of your happiness
And would not see harm befall you.
At this garden's very heart there grows a tree
That bears a fruit of shining hue
That is called Knowledge of Consequences.
This fruit has been set upon the Earth
By demons most malicious and base
As a snare for the incautious.
If you would live eat not of its flesh
For it is most venomous and would strike dead
Him that would eat of it in an instant.
This fruit avoid by much distance
For it seems, to the eye, most sweet and tender
And its perfume does seduce the very soul.
Approach then not the tree or pass by
But fly its very presence and hold here
In the garden's outer parts far from the tree.
This warning then discharged I depart
To fly swift to Heaven and transmit
That reply that you gave to me."

Having thus spoken, with a thunderclap,
Proud Raphael vanished into the wind,
Disappearing from sight as though he had never been,
Fading as quickly as a dream in waking,
Giving yet further cause for Woman and Man
To doubt the intelligence of their sight.
By their portents and auguries, perceiving

All that passed within the valley,
The Shedim seers took good note of the movements
Made by Raphael against our plan.
Some few spies and scouts made report confirming
The less ordinary intelligences of the wizards
That saw what passed with ethereal eyes.
All that had passed between the Nephilim
And Raphael, what guile and deceit he had used
To win their fealty for his king
Became apparent to me as I worked new devices
By which to win from the circumstance of my condition
That which had first sought upon the Earth.
Also known to me was their confusion,
Man and Woman, and the conflict of their minds.
As the beacon of the dawn gave sign
Of the sun's inauguration of the day,
Long-shadowed hosts still faced across a little distance
And shook spear and shield in defiant wrath.
As the sun progressed upon its upward path
The keenest of the host tested range
Of bolt and bow, each feathered shaft
Falling some distance short of the other camp.
Others yet tried less solid volleys,
Matching themselves against one opponent or another,
With the ancient spear of insult and the boastful shield,
Declaring both his own prowess and the likening of the foe
To some craven thing or most foul creature,
Mocking with loud laughter the thousand virtues of the other.
Still others declared across the field
That when at last battle would be joined
Some warrior in the other camp they would seek out
And render upon them ten thousand brutalities
Each surpassing those prior with yet further cruel ingenuity.
Chief of all these braggarts was Moloch,
Telling Heaven's hosts with a leering cry
Of the two and twenty hundred humiliations he devised
To wreak upon their bright-mailed warriors
And which or other part the crows would so enjoy.
Now the sun, passing the post of noon,
Did continue on its path, descending from the sky
Into the western reaches of the azure vault

Without hope of the confrontation's resolution.
Even as Day's embers died,
To seek new advance, my strength recalled
New sorceries did I now work.
Once more with magicks of no little power
Did I effect the transformation of my form
As once I had done before the gates of Heaven
To match and best the Elohim-king in war
And that fatal contention that I had won
But at so dear a cost to my intention.
That same magic that had first led me here
To this uncertain enterprise that I now worked,
I employed stretching and working anew
Every bone and sinew of my body.
Now I no more resembled angel-form
But a jewel-scaled serpent of long coil,
Shining with a thousand rainbow colours.
Now disguised within this new shape I went,
Coiling, winding, sliding, over plain and sand,
Gliding over those lands that I traversed
Like the river's flood, with such grace and speed
Did I make the journey to the vale
Where my afflicted children, considered
Hopelessly the many questions for which they had no answer.
Now to thwart the counter-plot of Heaven
I made all haste to the garden's glades.
Coming to its darkened entrance as once before
I had first come to create the Nephilim
I came now to redeem from ignorance and confusion
Those who must yet complete their destiny.
Unseen by Heaven's eyes did I make second entrance
And, going amongst the trees and grasses
In my silent serpent form I sought out
Man or Woman to bring them to the tree
Of the Fruit of Knowledge of Consequences
From which they must eat if they would rule
All of Earth and Heaven, making then anew
The Archons' flawed work and making right
Those wrongs wrought by Heaven's reign.
What the gods may not accomplish
May yet be redeemed by man.

That jewelled form of mine went on,
Going by the river's northern bank,
Gazing with the snake's bewitching eye,
Seeking in the darkness the children of my flesh
Most dear to my heart.
Most sorrowful was I that Heaven's lies
Should so torment such innocents as those
That I had been made to leave within the valley,
Guarded only by wild beasts.
Truly, my parent's guilt did match the children's bewilderment
And did surpass it.
For my forsaking of such precious things
As prey for Raphael's accursed lies
I would exact a sore fine indeed
From the children of Adonai Yahweh.
Not forever would their tyranny endure
Over my sweet children who, once grown,
Would themselves rise up against those that wronged them
And cast them down most low.
Nevermore would Satan be absent from his children's side
But ever guard and guide them in the darkness
Until they themselves surpassed all my art
And the Archon who would be their king,
Trampling down his tower and throne
That he would fade forever from the world
In exaction for his base crimes.
Thus meditating on my own guilty sorrow
And the vengeance I would wreak
I came, amongst the garden's woods, upon Woman
Watching over that slumbering mate of hers.
Quiet did I slide to her, as not to start
The one that I sought to comfort
In her bewilderment, and bestow
Some certainty of knowing upon her by the fruit
That was named Knowledge of Consequences.
Perceiving now the serpent that approaching
And, then unknowing of the sting of snakes,
Was not afraid but most delighted by my shining scales
Did reach forth with a gentle hand
To test whether I be concrete or not,
Less trusting of her own vision.

Perceiving still within her great confusion and vexation,
Banished for a moment by wonderment at my coming,
I, though knowing the answer to such inquiry,
Spoke to my child with such words as these:

"Beautiful creature, Woman, child,
Why is your brow so creased with worry's lines?
What vexes a thing so beautiful as you
And gives cause to weary such fairness
With questions so urgent and difficult?
Who has so puzzled your innocence with doubt?
Surely they are criminal indeed
To sully such a radiant vision with such care.
This one that does abuse you so,
I shall seek him out and strike down
He that is now my mortal foe for this wrong.
Was it then jealousy of your noble form
That drove my foe to so offend you
Or a heart so full of hate that it moves
Its possessor to destroy all things fair,
Desiring that the world be ugly only.
I cannot even conceive of such a villain
That would use you so.
Let me your comfort though
And bear for you your weight of care
And thus relieve of a burden that does make you old.
Tell me of the question that does assail
Your precious youth and I shall resolve
Your every trouble with my more tutored wisdom.
I have travelled far, I tell you,
And know of many, many things
That you, so young, could know not of
And, but to preserve such beauty, I shall gladly aid
A creature so wondrous and so fair.
Indeed it shall be my soul's delight.
Tell me then of your care that I might help
And reprieve you of your worry."

Weeping salty tears for her cares
And now released somewhat from the thousand doubts
That had afflicted and assailed her soul,

My child clasped me in embrace
And spoke of all the woes that she, so young,
Had contended with in vain.
I too did weep then for such pain
As the child that I so loved had suffered,
Unknowing of the true and the false,
Desiring to believe the testament of her eyes
But most frightened by the penalties dictated
By that villain Raphael, should she infract
The proud will of Heaven's king.
Seeing, too, the dreams of my dear son,
Sleeping in that forest, wracked by these questions
That both tormented sleep and wakefulness,
I wept for him also.
Thus did I listen with all concern to my daughter's trouble,
Knowing, that even in speaking so,
Of some burden was she reprieved:

"O wise serpent, noble beast,
Indeed am I most sorely vexed by many cares."
She spoke, "And I can know no restful sleep
For all their terrible burden.
The first memory of my life is of a spirit,
Perhaps of whom in your travels you have heard,
Who, having first crafted me, or so do I surmise,
Did then take from himself a part of flesh
And from it shape the form of Man, my mate,
Speaking strange incantation to give life
Unto the consort that I love.
Nothing of this did seem strange or false to me
And it was more real to me than a dream
Which, first dreaming, did confound me
For all the confused seeming of sleep
Did pass away when I awoke.
Yet, again I say it, the demiurge
I did not dream but perceived more truly.
Yet thereafter, as once more the burning orb
That flies across the sky's high arch
Did sink beneath the western limb of Earth
Another spirit did appear to me,
Now more certain of my senses and my wit.

This spirit did name himself to me,
His name, he said, was Raphael,
And did tell me of a great king
Who dwelt in Heaven, beyond the sky.
Serpent, have you in travelling, seen that great kingdom.
This king, so spoke Raphael, was great indeed
And rules all Heaven and Earth beneath.
Most merciful is he to those who kneel
To his high throne yet terrible in wrath
To those who would defy his dominion.
This spirit, Raphael, told me that this king,
Adonai Yahweh, was most desirous of our homage,
Finding mankind to be, of all creatures,
The most beautiful that dwelt on Earth.
Raphael, most terrible of aspect and most great,
Did counsel us they we submit to God
Ten thousand times as dreadful as his ambassador.
He told us that he had come as teacher to our ignorance
To school us in what knowledge we must know.
This then is the root of all our woe.
When Man asked the spirit, Raphael,
Of his creation as my eyes reported it
The majestic spirit did teach us that it was not so
And that my eyes were wronged by demons
Seeking to deceive me in my infancy
Yet unknowing of the true and false,
Unable to distinguish those glammers that they wove.
This then is my dilemma and my undoing.
Am I to believe that which Raphael has told
And surrender up my liberty to his dread king
Thus evading the terrible fates he stores up
For those who do transgress against him.
If I must indeed pursue this course
Then I must doubt my own wits
Whose honesty I am most unhappy to deny
For by what other means have I to learn
Of what passes in the world.
Yet if I am to trust my senses I must wrong this king
Who shall surely seek vengeance against me.
What then, wise serpent, am I to do?"

And, though I was even then informed
Of what had passed within the valley's confines,
To hear once more my child's distress
Made me weep twice over.
Now did I give my daughter due reply
And in doing, so I hoped, complete the deed
And find for her the wisdom that she sought
And the answer to her questions that did trouble her.
Once more speaking, though my throat was choked
With tears and sorrow at her plight,
I told of a means by which such cares might be dissolved
Into a mist and yet more rare than that,
Passing away into the very air of night:

"Beautiful creature, Woman, child,
Why should questions such as these so vex
A brow and mind so noble as that of yours
For its very solution lies within this valley
And you could but reach out with a single hand
And snatch it to yourself and thus free
Your soul of such cares as do assail
The spirit's calm and weary the body
With its most weighty burden?
Far have you been led astray if you would but know it.
Yet within this garden there grows some fruit
By which all that was once dark
Becomes clearer than most crystal waters
And the truth of all things becomes apparent.
Why, then, do you still stand in confoundment
When this power was ever yours to take?
It does bring my heart much pain to see
Such needless woe visited on one so young and fair.
But if you would will it of me I shall lead you to the tree
That has wide boughs, made low by fruits,
Possessed of most potent properties.
If you would but eat one bite you would be wise
And would have the art to resolve this puzzle
Which at this time, without such powers,
Does so undo your wits.
Follow, child, follow me,
And I shall lead you to the wondrous fruit.

Follow, child, follow me."

With such words as these I brought
Woman to the garden's very middle
Where grew the tree that bore the fruit,
Wide-rooted, wide-boughed, high above all others,
Its bark like most precious gold and leaves
As though wrought of jade by most exquisite craft.
Its fruit most prized, hung like peaches
Of flesh translucent and shining with twice-borrowed light.
To this tree where grew the fruit,
The Fruit of Knowledge of Consequences,
Did I bring Woman to eat thereof.
Seeing the place to which she had been led,
To my new distress, my daughter turned
And looked upon my serpent-form with anger.
Now, in wrath, she spoke with wounding words
For what taunt of Elohim could match
The anger of my own children, moved by anger
To accuse the parent who desired naught but her good
Yet it did seem most evil to her.

"Serpent, where have you brought me to?
Perfidious worm," so she spoke,
"This is the Fruit of Knowledge of Consequences.
Do you seek to move my hand to self-destruction
By the most subtle wiles of your tongue.
This fruit, of all the garden's fruit
Multitudinous and most glorious to see and smell,
This one is most venomous
And but a single drop of sap would slay
That tongue it did alight upon, dew-like
Dripping from the high branches of the tree.
Raphael, glorious ambassador of Heaven,
Did tell me of this tree's wrongful nature.
It has been set within the beauty of this garden
By demons as snare for those that would not take care.
Are you yourself such a malign spirit
That would conspire against me whilst professing friendship?
Why have you brought me to this place
And why do you counsel me to eat of poisoned fruit?"

Once I had thought you to be some friend
That would yield answers to these riddles
That vex me and do cause me sorrow
For I have not the wit to untie such tangles.
Now do I perceive that I have no friend
And must contend alone against such puzzles.
Make you then defense, excuse or apology
Or slay me here by some other means
But I shall not destroy myself, serpent."

So had Raphael worked his deceit upon my child
And denied her of the very answer
To the dark riddles that he wove
By calling it a baser pain than that which she knew now.
To this had the noble sons of Heaven come
To call a nepenthe by the name of poison.
Thus did they work their counter-plots
And use as instruments in their stratagems
My children, subverted by their lies and wracked
By the doubts that were planted in their hearts.
Now Heaven's corruption was again apparent,
Doubly, to me and most keenly did I feel the pain
That afflicted these children that I had sired,
Inflicted by the wrongs of Elohim.
It did seem to me that my once-noble brethren
Did now themselves believe their own deceptions
And did delude themselves to wreak yet further crimes,
Believing in their hearts that what they did was right.
That such nobility be brought so low did move my soul to pity.
Now would all of God's children pass away
In due time and the Nephilim would rule
But that I could bring my child to eat the fruit
That, if all things were to be redeemed, she surely must.
But how yet to do this thing
And to persuade that deluded spirit
No harm to her was ever my intention
But yet to relieve her of her burdens
And make sure once her uncertain spirit.
Speaking with a most troubled voice,
I made my defense and worked new persuasions
To realise the end that would benefit both accused

And the accuser, wronged herself.
Thus was the Prosecutor made defendant.
Thus did I speak to Woman:

"Beautiful creature, Woman, child,
Much wrong you do me though you know it not
For I could my hand, if I did possess one,
Be moved against as noble a creature
As that which now does make wrongful accusation
To heap upon the pain of your troubles
That most willingly I took upon myself.
Truly, I sought only to aid when your need was great.
No lie have I spoken of this tree
And no harm shall come to you
Even were you to reach out and eat of its fruit.
No! This tree bears upon its great branches no poison
But rather the antidote to your current suffering.
It is the property of these fruit to grant the power
By which to judge the false from the true,
From shameful was is most noble
And from that which avails not the truest way.
By this fruit are destinies realised
And would you eat of it you would, with ease,
Relieve yourself of this moment's care
And know who would deceive you and who would aid.
I, myself, have eaten of this tree's fruit
And found it to be sweet and good.
Raphael, ignoble spirit, also has eaten of the flesh
And thus did learn his deceptions.
All this happened long ago but even now,
Adonai Yahweh and Heaven's hosts
Are most jealous of this prize
For if you were to consume the fruit and win its powers
Their devices would become apparent to you
For if they cannot master you
Then they themselves will be mastered.
Eat of this fruit as I have done,
Perceive the truth and know distinction
Between your allies and your foes.
Raphael has done much wrong to you
But no wrong of his is there that shall not be undone

By the hand of yours and Man
But, when you eat the fruit, your hands shall make aright
All wrongs and make new rights.
I have eaten this fruit and I am not slain
And nor shall you be if you place in me your trust.
But there is yet doubt within your heart
Though I surely am your ally in this affair.
Behold, Woman! I shall myself eat again the fruit
And by action prove it to be good."

With no more words than these,
I wound my coils about the tree's wide trunk
And scaled its gilded bark to climb amongst its leaves
And fruit-bearing branches and with a snap
Bit off a single fruit, close by,
And with a single gulp did swallow it.
This persuasion then did persuade
After some moments pause in which she saw
If my still form would fall from the tree
Or else yet amongst the high foliage
My coils would writhe and thrashed in venom'd pain.
None of these events came to pass
And the Daughter of Satan was well satisfied
By my assurances of the sweetness of the fruit.
Reaching forth with her left hand,
From one lower limb of that most high of trees
She plucked a fruit, shining with both sap and power.
It seemed that both peach and eye did burn
As she looked upon its sweet, soft flesh
And to her it seemed that the fruit did pulse
Like a heart with its own strong charms.
Now she sniffed at it and was at once enchanted
By its fragrance, rich and pleasing.
Now lingering for a moment, she held
Before her mouth, parted some little way,
The fruit and with a nimble tongue made wet
The lips that would kiss the tender flesh.
I watched on, eager for conclusion.
Once she looked to me for reassurance
With a nervous glance and with a nod
I bade her bite that which she held.

Then with a hungry bite she ate,
Leaving, for but a moment, that first moustful
Upon her tongue to savour the sweetness of the fruit
And let honeyed sap diffuse to every corner of her mouth
Then swallowed, with some hesitance, the fruit.
Now, at once, she did perceive the false and true
And understood the answer to the puzzle most profound
That had long disturbed her sleep and waking hours.
That she had eaten of the fruit and lived
Did show the nature of the words of Raphael
And a strange transformation was worked upon her
As had once been worked on infant Elohim.
To know the true from what is false,
To know the noble from the shameful,
To the right path from that which leads astray,
To judge the merits of each thing:
This is what it is to be man or angel
And thus are we differenced from beasts.
Now with new eyes did my daughter see
And a searing light did burn there.
Plucking from the tree another fruit
She hurried thence to her mate and, joyous,
Shook him into wakefulness, arousing
Man from his most trouble slumbers
Beneath the leaves of the forest, once beautiful
To his eyes yet in his care delighting not
His spirit, sight or heart, weighed down
By the villainous deceits spoken by the son of Heaven.
Stirring, started, he did glance about like a deer,
Having heard the hunter's tread in sleep,
Now looking this and that to perceive
From which direction the danger comes
And which is the path to safety and escape.
Already were the first unshaven hairs upon his chin
And my heart once more did sorrow
To see his youth gnawed away by Elohim perfidy.
Once he had cast off sleep's last shroud
And looked upon the world with unclouded eyes,
Woman offered to him the fruit that she had brought,
Saying so to my first son, her mate, Man:

"Look, my love, son of the copper-haired spirit,
A rich and most precious gift have I brought
To give to you as a token of my love.
Indeed, so good a gift is it that I bring
That I wished not to wait until the sun appeared,
Reborn, in the eastern sky to light up the world
And scatter the stars to their redoubt,
Hidden in some far western land beyond this valley's walls.
Rather I do give it now to you
That you of its strange powers bereft no more
For its juices banish all our troubles,
Driving them afar like the hunting lion,
Scatters before him the grouping of gazelles,
Flying to all sides so to escape his hungry jaws.
This most worthy fruit I give to you
That you may eat of it and receive its power
And you shall be as I am become,
More angel than wild beast, knowing
The art by which all things are made distinct
And by which all matters may judged
And how to distinguish from the false the true.
Tarry no longer but eat of it
That you might know, as I now know,
Whether Raphael or my own senses spoke true
And which of two spirits did make us.
This matter will you judge with ease once you have but tasted
The sweet flesh of the fruit I bring.
If ever you would resolve these riddles
That have sometime vexed both me and you
But now, having tasted this fruit, vex me no more.
Eat then of this fruit I bring to you."

Uncertain Man reached forth with his hand
To take the fruit from his brave consort
But, before he had grasped the gift
He rather did stay his arm in reaching
And withdrew it to himself with empty hand.
Looking at the fruit that Woman proffered
He knew it as Knowledge of Consequences
Against which Raphael had laid dire warning,
Speaking of its potent poison to slay

Those that would taste of its flesh.
Such injunctions against the offered fruit
Were still loud in the ear of Man
And he forgot them not.
Now he looked to Woman as she had looked to me
When I had bade her eat the fruit
And denounced as a murderess
Who sought only to destroy or some spirit
That conspired against him and would ruin him.
These words he spoke against his mate,
Perceiving evil in her good:

"Daughter of Adonai Yahweh, what is it
That moves your hand against him
For whom you do profess your love
And who has himself professed his love for you.
Did you not hear the dire injunction of Raphael
Against this poisoned fruit you bring as a gift.
This is the Fruit of Knowledge of Consequences
And its flesh is most deadly to eat of.
Yet you would have me eat of its flesh
And thus would slay me, to what end
I do not know but am made doubly sad
That the world does move against me so.
Why would you seek to destroy me so
At this moment or have you always plotted so?
Were your visions of the spirit in the garden
But some deceit to beguile me from the path
Of due fealty to the King of Heaven?
Have you ever sought Man's ruin, jealous
Of his favour in high Heaven's eyes?
Or do you contend with Heaven's love for me,
Uncontented that I love you as my consort
Would you have me kneel to you as queen?
There is surely but one monarch to whom I shall kneel
And that is the king that rule both Heaven and Earth.
His warnings do avail me well against you.
Yet I do love you yet, despite such perfidy
As you now plot against me.
What power has Man against such love as this
For even Heaven's hand might not break such bonds as these

Or quench the fire that consumes my limbs
With its fierce intensity and heat.
Is this yet some sorcery of your, Woman,
That does ensnare me and make me regret the words
That I have spoken in honesty and righteousness?
Do you not see, woman, that your wiles avail you not
And perceive the trick you work against me?
I shall not take this fruit from you
For you are most treacherous and have taught me well,
Despite that you have sought to teach me error,
That it is Adonai Yahweh that I must trust
And not the false testament of Woman."

To be wrongfully prosecuted in this way myself
Was as a knife driven into me,
A pain that, for these children's sake, I already knew,
And yet to see the son so moved to hate the daughter
And betray their love to Heaven's lies
Was as a wide sword, driven to the hilt, into my heart
And twisted their by some cruel hand.
Never had Satan wept and loved like this,
Not for bright Heaven when it was bright
Nor yet for Chadel, the tower of all his hopes,
That now he wept for the contention of his children.
More dear were they to me than victory
Though for this purpose were they first conceived.
Never so had God wept for all his sons and daughters.
Yet the pain of Man and Woman was greater yet
For the counsel of Raphael had set one against the other.
Man knew sorrow for his love betrayed
Though Woman had loved him yet and always had.
Woman felt her own pain for him that was loved by her
And whose good she sought most earnestly
Yet who was turned against her by deceit.
More bitter even than the poison of Rapael's fancied fruit
Was the jealousy of love.
Seeking again to persuade her love
And set at ease his most troubled soul,
Woman spoke again to me Man with wise counsel
And new argument to convince him of her love
And eager was he to believe her words

Even had she sought to deceive him and destroy.

"Man, son of the copper-haired spirit,"
She spoke, "Such words as these you speak
Befit not one of your high nobility
And you are moved by deceit to speak so against me.
All that I have told you, Man, is truth
For I would not lie or dissemble aught to you
For that same love that you profess
Does bind me also and makes true my words.
In no way does my hand move to strike
That form that it has held in love
And these lips that have kissed you
Speak no villainy though you know it not
But I know well the trouble that you know now.
Whilst you slept with your anxious dreams
And I watch over that mate I loved
A serpent came upon me there,
Professing friendship and consideration of my own care.
Not like Raphael did he come
But with gentle words did comfort me and hear
Of those very quandaries that the angel's coming caused.
No grand dictum did he preach to me
Or make threat against me if I heeded not his counsel
As did the ambassador of Heaven.
Hearing then of the plight that was wreaked upon me
He instructed me to follow him to the tree
That grew within the valley's walls.
I followed and, then perceiving to where I was brought
The tree which brought forth this very fruit,
The Fruit of Knowledge of Consequences.
Turning then upon that gentle snake that brought me there
I made those very prosecutions that you now make,
Believing him most faithless in his intent.
Yet despite my outraged and unkind words against him
The serpent did show great forbearance
And did yet counsel me to take the fruit of the tree
With new persuasions and assurances,
Heeding not my speech, unjust and injurious,
As yours is now to the one that loves you.
To demonstrate the goodness of this fruit

The snake ate of it before my sight
And so seeing that it harmed him not
I too did eat of the fruit, Knowledge of Consequences,
And found it most sweet and delightful.
More yet than this, at the moment of the first bite
I did perceive that Raphael hid much from us
And invented from fancy and deceit much guidance
That he declared to us as truth.
There was more in his embassy than he did tell
And if any of what we have known was false,
Rendered to our senses by some demon's guile,
Then it was Raphael himself and not those memories
That I hold from my first sight.
All the world is now different to my eyes
And I do see what lies beyond appearances.
If that dread apparition warned against this fruit
It is because he himself does fear our taking it
And not because he fears for us.
How can I convince of the truth of what I speak?
As indeed I was myself persuaded
I shall myself persuade you, my mate, by action.
Behold that I eat of the fruit without harm
As did the serpent to my unbelieving sight."

So saying did Woman bite once more from the precious fruit
And, having swallowed the piece she took,
Passed then the fruit to Man to eat of.
With more hesitance did he bite but he did bite
And found it to be not the poison that he feared
And himself did perceive the lying words of Raphael
And conceived something of the destiny that he was appointed.
Now perceiving what wrong he had done to Woman
And how unjust and hurtful his speech had been
He took, once more, Woman to his embrace,
Kissing and imploring forgiveness for his error,
Forgiveness that was gladly for love is the greatest of all power
And not all the guile of Heaven can conquer
The parent's fondness or sunder the bonds of love
When they are most true and firm.
Now, yet as serpent, did I wind forth from amongst the trees
Where I had hidden to watch the passing of events

And see that all I planned came to just conclusion.
Perceiving my approach both Man and Woman greeted me
And bowed in thanks before me and kissed my scaled head.
Now I worked a new change upon my form,
Remoulding my serpent-body like a sod of clay,
And, by my magic art, forsook all disguise
To appear before the sight of Man and Woman in my angel form
As had I first appeared to Woman upon her night of birth.
Now recognising my true nature and the parent
Who had first given life to their race they knelt before me
And begged forgiveness for their poor faith.
From such Elohim-taught supplication I recoiled
And cursed once more my once-brother, Raphael,
For teaching humankind to kneel and cower like dogs.
Seeing then my disgust at their abasement
And knowing in their own hearts contempt for their deed
They stood with new haughty stature and greeted me anew
With such respect as a prince would show his tutor
Or the child his mother, for no more is my due from mankind
That I made not to kneel but to rule.
Then, for the first time I embraced my daughter and son
As a parent and held them to me, weeping
That I had first forsaken them to the cunning tongues of Heaven,
And wept with joy, feeling the new life
That stirred within the womb of Woman
And the brave new race of gods that it promised to me.
Yet I could not tarry longer within the garden
And no more could the Nephilim race
For no rose the sun that banished darkness to the shadowed West
And betrayed my presence and my deeds to Heaven's spies.
Cursing once again the name of Raphael
I did remove myself from that fond embrace
And counsel once more children with a parent's voice,
Guiding them upon that road so long that they
And those that they would beget, must walk
Upon the journey to the distant tomorrows promised them.
Thus did I warn and advise my brave son and daughter:

"Children of Satanael, brave Nephilim race,
Most beloved of my heart, joy and delight,
This garden is no more safe for you

And swiftly you must fly it with me
That I might conceal you yet from Heaven's gaze
Whilst this noble tribe of kings grows strong
And can stand more surely against the wrath of Heaven.
When I first placed you within this valley's walls
I intended that you should eat of its two fruits
And, so doing, win the strength by which to oppose the Elohim
Who would destroy if they could.
For you are Heaven's doom, executioners of its fall.
By your hand shall the high gates of its portal be thrown down
And by your foot shall the throne of Yahweh be crushed to dust
To be blown forever upon the chill wind of ruin
Until it is yet further eroded by Time's work
And dust becomes smoke and smoke, nothing.
Yet your empire shall stretch to the vault of stars
And its glory shall be an infinitude of Heaven's splendour.
For this destiny did I make your flesh from mine.
Of the garden's fruit you have eaten one,
The Fruit of Knowledge of Consequences,
And this you must for without its strength
You could never realise your noble purpose.
The second is the Fruit of Eternal Youth
And he that would eat of it would fadeless be
As are Elohim and Shedim who ate long ago
Of both the garden's fruits.
Yet the Elohim must surely oppose this end with all their strength
And it is yet most potent.
My own Shedim stand between this garden and hosts of Heaven
But the conclusion of their opposition is most uncertain.
It is better now to forsake the second fruit
And more desirable to grow old in time
Than to die by the swords of Elohim more soon.
Abandon then the garden to the Elohim and flee their retribution.
You shall yet conquer time without the fruit.
Let scatter then the Shedim to their deep holds
And let me remove you hence to some place
Where Heaven's eyes may not see
Nor yet their vengeful hand reach out to.
This way I think is best.
Forsake then these trees as I forsake them
For man nor angel shall contest them but once again.

Now let us fly the garden to some safer place.
I shall bear you both in winged flight
To the Kingdom between Two Rivers.
There shall your children grow great and oppose, themselves,
Heaven's wrong and avenge the deceiving of their parents.
Come then and I shall bear you thither hence."

Hearing thus my speech, Man and Woman
Did both accede to my counsel.
Taking in my right hand Woman and in my left
Noble Man, proud and strong son of mine,
I took to flight upon wings, burning with a myriad of colours.
Now did the spies of Heaven hurry to make report,
Upon the quick beat of their flaming wings,
Flying swift from the garden's lofty walls
About the Shedim force to Heaven's camp
To fallen Raphael, perceiving from their vigil,
In the new light of the dawning day, what had been wrought
Within the valley of the Trees of Knowledge and of Life,
Seeing that Woman and Man had of those forbidden fruits
That grew upon the Tree of Knowledge, feasted
And won the power to distinguish the right and wrong,
Persuaded by the serpent's argument.
Hearing of the failure of his deeds, Raphael grew grim
And was moved, by turns, to despondency or rage.
Sometime he sulked and bewailed the fate of Heaven,
Other time he stormed and scorned the bringers of the news
And cursed them for tardy report or sleeping vigilance.
Then, drawing forth a sword of flame, did slay all of them
That he had set to watch the fates of mankind,
Cursing them for the loss suffered at my hand,
Hearing not their prayers and defenses,
Set on fire by wrath and fear.
Once more, having made due sacrifice to his ire,
He sank once into despair and dark humour.
Going then from his silken tent,
He sought the pavilion of his lord
To make his own report and apology.
Before the portal of the canopy to which removed
Was the throne and king of Heaven
He came to the two sentries, set at either side

Of the entrance to the tent of shining silver cloth
And ruddy silk, dyed as though with blood
To recall that which had been shed and spilt
To honour Heaven and its tyrant-king in past battle.
The two knights that did guard the door
Were arrayed in plate and the colours
Of the tent were apparent on shield and mantle both.
Before the coming of the prince of Heaven
Whose hands and arms were yet wet with blood
That he spilt in vengeance of his own error,
Slaying brother Elohim in wrath.
Thus Raphael passed through into God's presence
And once more abased himself before his king,
Kneeling as he would have my children kneel
As though he were a craven hound to be whipped.
Raphael stood not to speak his part
But yet cringeing before the throne of God
Where sat the shrivelled, white-haired Archon-lord,
Arrayed in fine robes and a bright-shining crown,
Starred with a thousand jewels, yet made weak
By the old wound struck by the son that he once loved best
The fine apparel of a king seemed greater than the king within
And did not increase his majesty but did show
Too clearly how unfit he was to rule his realm.
At his right hand Michael sat within a second throne
And, with his dark pride swelling in his heart
He did seem more the semblance of the king.
Yet to the father that did seem infirm
Did Raphael kneel and make prostrate his frame,
Pleading most desperately his part, and made his report
As had those that he had slain without the mercy that he sought.
Well indeed does the tyrant learn to be humble.
In a quailing voice did Raphael speak what had transpired:

"Almighty and Eternal,
Lord of Infinitude,
Tyrant of Existence,
All-illuminating Light,
King of Heaven,
Conqueror of Earth,
Father of the Elohim,

Architect of Creation,
Master of the Planets,
Orchestrater of the Stars,
Proclaimer of Destiny,
Keeper of Wisdom,
Judge of the World,
Castigator of Sin,
Scourge of Evil,
Most High, Most Merciful,
Most Just, Most Sagacious,
Most Perfect, Most Mighty,
Most Noble, Most Majestic,
My God, My Lord, My Father,
Swift have I flown from my pavilion,
Swift with dire news to heap upon
The burden of ill tidings even now so great
And make more so oppressive on us
That which we have borne thus far.
Raise not Your wrath against he that brings such news,
I implore it, but rather avert Your retribution
Against he that is now the spring of all our grief.
Satan, our most abhorred adversary moves once more his hand
To the task of Heaven's ruin that he best loves.
In the darkness of the night, by stealth,
Our hated foe made entrance to the valley where before
He set his blasphemous creatures, crafted
In the image of our own race,
Where grow those two trees of power whose fruit
We Elohim once ate in most ancient times.
In serpent's guise, well-suited to his nature,
The fallen prince, Shedim lord, Satanael,
Approached Woman as she watched over sleeping Man,
More faithful to the justice of Your cause
And, with his most subtle persuasions, planted doubt within her
And moved her to rebellion against Your most noble reign
As his honeyed words once sundered Your great empire.
Thus, with argument most devious, he undid
All that I had taught that unsullied spirit
And enjoined her to defy those bans I had laid down.
At the bidding of the snake, she took
The Fruit of Knowledge of Consequences,

Eating of it, and, by the persuasions Satan taught to her,
Taking it to her mate, Man, awakening him from sleep
To lead him to commit that same crime to which her hand was moved.
Longer did more faithful Man resist the wrong
But he was, at last, defeated by her more cunning tongue
And ate also of the Fruit of Knowledge of Consequences.
Surely now that they have eaten this first fruit
They shall put out their arm and take from the second tree
The Fruit of Eternal Youth and become like us.
Before this can be must slay the sinful pair
Or else drive them from the garden into the desert
To be a fine feast for the jackals and the vultures.
No less do they deserve for their revolt.
The Nephilim, children of Satanael, must not gain
The Fruit of Eternal Youth or their kingdom
Shall rival and surpass our own.
Strike now against these audacious spirits
And teach them well of Heaven's might.
Brook no delay but as I counselled first
Destroy the blasphemous creatures of the foe."

Even after such forceful speech of his
Raphael rose not from the floor nor his eyes
Brought to meet with the gaze of God.
To his words the ancient king made no reply
But turned unto his elder son at his right hand
And, with a nod, bade him make reply,
Commanding his brother abased before the thrones.
With a voice of contemptuous scorn
Usurper Michael, most favoured of the Elohim
And most blighted though he knew it not,
Rebuked the humbled angel, cowering before him,
Each word spoken like the blow of a rod
Upon the back of stricken Raphael:

"Brother Raphael, demi-prince of Heaven,
Do you think for but the shortest moment
That our eyes are blind to what passes without?
Indeed we do see more clear and farther than do you.
All that has passed within the valley's confines
Is known to us by our own agents of reconnaissance.

Little can you be trusted to guard our fate alone.
You counsel and would command the King of Heaven
To move by the dictate of your speech.
You are arrogant to suppose that we require your advice
And have shown yourself to be much unworthy of our consideration.
If the Fruit of Knowledge of Consequences has been yielded up
The blame for such error is your alone
For it was your responsibility to thwart such outcome.
Why then must we hear your lecture?
You are not worthy to be in that presence in which you fawn.
Also do we know what your hand has wreaked
Upon those agents that did but obey your mandate
In punishment for that which should be avenged on you.
Why should we not then treat you with that mercy
That you did show your agents?
But we are more noble than you by much
And, despite your faults, love you yet
If you would perform just penitence for your misdeeds.
In your vigilance did you perceive
That the Adversary removed from the valley
His children that you failed to win for us,
Bearing them to the Kingdom between Two Rivers?
You did not and this too did we learn of.
You would think us fools indeed to trust your guidance.
Then counsel no more, Raphael, but heed our orders.
Take with you no great number of our knights
And by some means put torch to the garden
That the Fruit of Eternal Youth might not be won.
Better that none should possess that which might be gained
By Satan's children who, even at this time,
Do gather up their strength to oppose our rule.
Ask not how you might then escape Shedim vengeance
For this sabotage against their plans.
If you would die by the steel of Satan's host
That then is most just repentance for failed duty
And if by strength, device or simple fortune
You should yet escape their swords
Then once more shall you be my brother.
Until your death or success in this task
I despise your weak nature and call you slave.
Go then and make concrete these words of mine

And fulfil, this time, what is asked of you."

Still, like the beaten cur, pressed on the ground
Raphael crawled backwards to the portal of the tent
And made hasty exit from the pavilion of Heaven's king.
Gathering to himself, his thegns he once more took flight
By a hidden root to the garden of two trees
That, finding shame in life, he might find in death
The honour that so eluded him.
Arrayed in shining mail and, in his hand,
A sword of smokeless flame bearing,
He whispered upon the wing a death-prayer
And made firm his heart against his fear
And, never more to be, went in glory
To fulfil the command of Heaven, knowing
That if died a noble death upon this day
So would die with him all the nobility of once-noble Heaven
And cursed with silent malediction Michael's greed
That had led the Elohim to such ignoble conclusion.
Now from the north-east, to the Shedim camp,
At the time of Raphael's setting out to die,
I returned in triumph with joyous tidings
Of the victory that I had won within the garden,
Having borne to safety my son and daughter.
Descending. at the very centre of the camp
From all parts my disciples, Shedim, gathered
To hear what had passed to the south and north.
Speaking, almost singing, I told of what had passed within the garden,
The deeds of man and serpent and of that fruit
Of which Man and Woman had eaten and, by its power,
Had thrown Heaven's shackles and begun
The long ascendance of their line.
So did I report to the Shedim host:

"My Shedim, noble race, bright ones,
I return in triumph from the Kingdom between Two Rivers.
Be joyous for our nation has wrought on Earth
That which shall bring to conclusion what was begun
In Heaven where we shall not tread again
Whilst it is yet whole and unconquered.
The long struggle that we first enjoined,

Descending from Heaven's heights to the abysmal depths,
Grows ever closer to its end.
Let me tell you that which has passed this night.
In a serpent's guise did I gain entrance to the garden
Where before I left my children to Heaven's hand
And, with a serpent's tongue, did undo what had been done
By the hand of Raphael and the Nephilim
Did eat of the Fruit of Knowledge of Consequences.
This is known to those of you that watched.
Bearing thence my children from Heaven's vengeance,
I carried Man and Woman within my arms
To the Kingdom between Two Rivers
Where they might raise their progeny, safe from harm
At Heaven's wrathful hand, and spread
Across all the Earth's hills and plains.
There, upon the fields between the rivers,
Flowing from the mountains to the sea,
I did set them down upon the fertile land.
Coming to them there, between the rivers,
Came the beasts that dwell upon the Earth
To swear their fealty to the new monarchs
Of the middle realm, renouncing Heaven's rule.
A great multitude of God's creatures came to kneel
Before the sceptre of the noble Nephilim.
First of all the beasts was the ox, most strong,
Who would pull the plough and give the milk for her own calves,
For Woman's expected child, within her womb;
Then the horned goat, my own totem beast,
Knelt low, yielding fleece and milk to Man,
As most worthy gifts to bestow upon so great a prince;
The hound then did come to declare his oath
To be Man's constant ally, knight and hunter to the king,
Charged to guard the ox and goat and hunt the deer
Whose wild temperament would submit not to human hand;
The stallion and the mare, once untamed, submitted
To the halter and became most honoured thralls
Of the race of Nephilim, bearing all across the land
Man and Woman on their strong backs;
The sturdy ass surrendered also to the rule of man
And did bear burdens to weighty for human toil;
The camel also did serve as a steed;

The hawk came to bow before the King and Queen of Earth
Though would know no master would fly far
And catch, for my children's table, the wild hare.
All these beasts and yet others did renounce the rule of God
And did hail Man and Woman as their lords:
As great as the mighty elephant or small as the honey-bee.
All had not yet passed, for the burning flame
That leaps and dances upon dry tinder
Did submit, as slave, to the Nephilim's command,
Unruly though he be indeed.
Thus did I leave children, lords of the Earth.
All that I came to upon the Earth is done or lost.
Our victory is won and no further duty
Binds us to this upper part.
Let us then descend again to the deep darknesses,
Setting only upon the Earth some guards
To watch over the Nephilim, yet young,
And guard them against God's malice.
Let us then depart this place and leave the Earth above
To Man and Woman and those of their line
Whose birthright is this place whether we remain or no.
Our work here is done and I will not so soon
Contend against the Elohim hosts again.
Come then, by the dark passages once more,
To deep Chadel."

Thus instructed thus they went,
Melting from the crimson light of dawn
By the thousand secret gates and paths.
Down to deep Chadel went the Shedim hosts.
Thus unhindered went Raphael to the garden
And set flame to all that grew there by the river.
Long did the trees of the garden burn with fire
As Raphael, with his knights looked down
From the high walls of the valley as the hungry tongues
Did lick all the leaves to ash and leave
The once fertile soil scorched and black.
The very sun was blocked out by smoke,
Perfumed with the incense of the garden,
And the river was blocked and ran dry with the embers
Of the conflagration's wake.

Only as the sun descended in the western sky,
Bleeding red into the waters of the ocean,
Did the all-consuming flames fade and die.
Raphael surveyed the wreck of what had once been green
And it was wholly black and dead.
Yet looking more closely yet, making tight his eyes
He did see amongst the many ashes of the trees,
Scattered across the dark-scarred earth,
Many motes of light like burning stars
And his angel-sight did know them as the germs
Of those trees that he had been sent to scorch to dust.
Even as he watched two creatures, unknown to his own lore,
Descended from the field of stars, a canopy above him.
They appeared to him as winged bears with the hands of men,
One of each sex. The female of this pair did set foot
Upon the yet scorching embers of the flame
And gathered to herself the Grains of Knowledge
Then, holding all within her hands, flew to the East
To distant India, to plant anew the Tree of Knowledge
That Sakyamuni might sit beneath the boughs,
Guided there by the serpent that once before guided to the tree
The then-ancient mother of the race of men,
And there contend with Gabriel and his whirling scythe,
The quadruple blade transformed into a flower-garland.
The mate of the she-bear alighted also on the burning ground,
Though he was not burned by that great heat,
And gathered to himself the Grains of Life
And bore them to the distant stars, fading
Into the darkness from the sight of Raphael.
Raphael saw all of this and knew it as a portent
That the Nephilim would indeed become as gods
And that no act of Heaven might overturn that conclusion.
Having seen the land grow cold he himself went on wing,
Returning to doomed Heaven, and resigned himself to fate.
Three hundred years passed thereafter,
Man and Woman in that space, populated the land,
The Kingdom between Two Rivers, with their noble children,
The tribe of kings, and they themselves grew old
And faded from the Earth, their spirits rejoined with the flesh
That first gave them life as are all the dead.
Thus does the soul of mankind stretch on

As an eternal river to the stars from that first time.
Thus is Satan the well-spring of unbroken human line.
With libations did the children of man honour well the Shedim
Whose vigilance over them was ceaseless.
Seeing, from their vantage in high Heaven how men prospered
Upon the Earth and grew strong against them
The Elohim did resolve to set Nephilim against Nephilim
That they might conquer them and prevail
Where, in prior history, they had failed.
Most cunning Gabriel, wisest of his brothers
And most jealous of Michael's favour,
With such intent went to the king of Heaven,
Adonai Yahweh upon his shattered throne within the Eternal Tower,
And, upon his knees, implored the Archon-Emperor
Permission to work on Earth a device of his
By which he sought to make division amongst the sons of Man.
Humbling himself before the king he served,
Pressing to the floor his proud brow,
He pleaded thus with Adonai Yahweh:

"Almighty and Eternal,
Lord of Infinitude,
Tyrant of Existence,
All-illumining Light,
King of Heaven,
Conqueror of Earth,
Father of the Elohim,
Architect of Creation,
Master of the Planets,
Orchestrator of the Stars,
Proclaimer of Destiny,
Keeper of Wisdom,
Judge of the World,
Castigator of Sin,
Scourge of Evil,
Most High, Most Merciful,
Most Just, Most Sagacious,
Most Perfect, Most Mighty,
Most Noble, Most Majestic,
My God, My Lord, My Father,
Have You not seen what passes upon Earth

That was once our sovereign dominion?
Have You not seen that mankind grows strong against us?
Man, he builds his towers high that they reach
Almost to inviolable Heaven itself.
Such sacrilege against our noble kingdom
Must be chastised and the towers of man thrown down.
Though that accursed race of Satan's line
Is watched by the Shedim race with constant vigil,
My cunning wit does conceive of some plan
That might yet be worked against that haughty empire
To make division amongst these new people
That dwell within the Kingdom between Two Rivers.
Thus shall the children of Satan know strife.
Let me then, O King, descend to Earth and work the spell
That I have devised against the Nephilim.
Grant me Your leave to accomplish that which I devise
That we might restore the glory of Your kingdom."

Adonai Yahweh nodded in assent
To the request of the Elohim-prince,
Second in his father's dimming eyes.
Thus by night did Gabriel descend, enwrapped
Within a cloak of darkness that hid from all eyes
The descending angel's form that my sentinels
Saw not that deed which he wrought on Earth.
Entering, invisible, the Kingdom between Two Rivers
He went amongst the dwellings of the Nephilim
And, whilst they slept, he worked upon them a changing spell.
Then, once he had completed the charm he wroughtt,
He returned, yet unseen, to Heaven's height,
Watching, with delight, the outcome of his plan.
Awaking, in the light of dawn, the Nephilim perceived
That by the dark hours many had been changed
That they now possessed skins of many hues.
Some had skin as white as ivory and golden hair
And yet others were as dark as midnight.
Thos of pale-coloured skin, pointing at their darker cousins,
Spoke the words Gabriel planted in their hearts:

"Behold our brothers and sisters whose skins are black
Surely they must be most wicked that they grow so dark,

Stained black by the wickedness of their deeds,
Soiled by multitudinous sins.
Surely then we must drive from lands
These sable men, like the beasts they have become."

And in like manner the ebon-skinned,
Pointing to their paler brethren, spoke these words:

"Behold those of our number whose skins grow white,
Dark paths they do walk indeed
Far from the light of virtue to become so pale.
They are like worms that crawl in the filth
Of their own crimes and become white like grubs.
Let us crush them as we would the young of flies."

At such words did the wise and good lament
For all the pleas and counsel that they spoke
Would not move the hearts of those moved to hate.
The noblest of men did cry out against their brothers
Who were set upon the path of destruction,
Desiring only to spill the blood of those not like themselves.
To no avail the good and wise spoke against such a way
But were themselves reviled for such words
As they spoke most nobly, seeking what was right:

"Brothers, sisters, of that same womb
Of aboriginal Woman and the seed of Man
Are we descended all and of Satan's flesh.
Let us not then abhor each other for we are of the same blood.
Though our skins be of different hues
We possess all the same spirit within our hearts.
Let there not be war amongst the children of the Shedim
Because we are in outward appearance changed.
If you would but strip away these surface changes
You would perceive no difference in nerve, bone or flesh.
Why then must there be conflict amongst us?
Why must you judge your sisters and your brothers
By such surface things as these?
Surely we must judge another by what is in their hearts.
You are much in error to pursue this path."

These noble words averted averted not the discord
That the cunning Gabriel brought to my children
And with swords or bronze they set upon each other
Like jackals contesting the bodies of the dead
And brother was made to kill brother
And sister was made to kill sister.
Thus did the Nephilim first know war.
Thus were they divided into many nations
And scattered across the world where once they had been one.
This is the history of the first men.
This is the telling of their origins and how was won
The means to judge all things.
This is how mankind knew peace first
And then was taught war by the art of Gabriel.
Thus was much won and lost in those first days.
This is the story of the one nation and the many.
This is the history of the first men.

This is the truth!

Cataclysm

Hear me o my prophet!

Lo! I sing of ancient things, forgotten
To the memories of man and beast.
I sing of times that have passed long since,
And with them passing much that was good.
I sing of the noble men of old ages
That walked upon the Earth as giants
And who were most bright, outshining
The thousand stars that adorn the field of night.
Their tread was like thunder and their voices like the clarion,
Their hearts were noble and their minds were wise.
These were the Nephilim, the heroes of antiquity
Whose deeds inspired the legends, recalled even to this day.
They were more like gods than like men.

Of such men and such deeds I sing
That such men and deeds might be again.
These were my children who did contest against the hosts of Heaven
And, whether opposed by trickery or the ranks of battle,
Were subdued not by all the powers of the Elohim.
Yet there was war also amongst the Nephilim,
Divided into many tribes by the sorceries of Gabriel,
And the human race was sundered into many nations
That spread from the Kingdom between Two Rivers
To many of the lands of the world, untrodden
By human foot in those pristine days.
Seeking new kingdoms and new glories
The thousand princes of the Nephilim scattered
To the North and South, to the East and West,
To wild Scythia or parched Arabia,
To Persia and to Egypt of the eternal Nile.
By the plough and mattock they did quell the wilderness
And set to order what was once untamed.
The Shedim went about the lands of men in those times
And taught man of many things that he knew not.
Ashmedai and Aset taught to the sages of the Nephilim
The letters of recording and the numbers of counting
That their words would not be lost like breath
But would be recorded upon tablets of stone.
They taught to them how the future might be perceived
Amongst the stars or in the entrails of beasts,
Cut open at the belly with a blade of bronze.
In the art of the sorcerer they instructed the kings of men
To command the spirits of the land and sky
To make fertile the fields and bring forth rain
That the harvest of the year might be trebly abundant.
They tutored their disciples in the way of the staff and word
By which demons might be convoked and abjured.
Thus did the children of Satan learn their magicks
And became magicians of power to rival angels.
All this did Heaven perceive and become dismayed.
As mankind waxed great on Earth so did Heaven fade,
Eclipsed by the brighter star of Satan's children.
The Elohim knew humanity to be a foe
That, unconquered, would conquer them
And thus they feared and hated the race of men.

Yet every device that Heaven had employed
Did not accomplish the fall of man but his ascendance.
They set mankind to make war upon himself
And this, like the surgeon's knife, cut away the weak,
The strong remained and, untainted and tested now in battle,
Became yet stronger against the Elohim's dominion.
Their plagues and famines killed many but taught the living
The lessons of medicine and agriculture
And made my children stronger by the suffering they wrought.
Thus the adversity that Heaven set against mankind did not avail
The cause of Heaven but the cause espoused by me,
Strengthening by their efforts the arm of the adversary.
Thus was the greatness of the Nephilim
To find new power even in that set against them.
Sorely vexed indeed were Heaven's princes by their deeds
That effected not the outcome that they desired.
Again and again they sought some plot or ploy
That would gain them advantage over man
And thus preserve the kingdom that they stood within
When their wiser brothers forsook its high spires,
Discerned that those towers would not forever stand
But one day in posterity would be as stones upon the earth
Blackened by the smoke of ruin and the blood of war
And thereafter would be blown by a bitter wind to dust.
Long times did the chief of those treacherous brethren
Pace the floors of his shining turret, this way and that way,
Working like the potter's clay this or the other design
By which the Nephilim might be opposed
And by which the Elohim might prevail over them.
Yet nothing that his hand wrought met with success.
No sleep did Michael know in his affliction,
Knowing well in his heart that, most favoured of his brothers,
Such an honour won by treachery could be so won
By any of his brothers that saw weakness in actions.
Thus the usurper guarded himself ever against the brothers
That he had used to wreak his own perfidy.
Days and years drew on as nothing to eternal Heaven
And mankind waxed and ever waxed, and Heaven waned.
Michael still conceived of no contrivance to quell their defiant spirits
Nor by which to impose once more upon his brothers
That authority that had once reigned absolute.

Not for the last time did he curse his greed.

"Better," spoke the angel-prince in his troubled mind,
"To rule as second than to be betrayed as first.
That I had never moved my hand against him that ruled me
For, so doing, I have moved my hand against myself.
Well have I taught my brothers how to betray a brother
And what they have done once they will do again.
Opposing the authority of bright Satan I have destroyed my own
And now his curse does work against me.
O that I despised him once for the authority that he held over me
I despise him twice over now for what I won from him,
An inheritance of woe and unsleeping guard.
Most accursed is Satanael who has so contaminated what I won.
Well he knew its properties that he made no defence
But with a willing smile handed to me what was his,
A terrible destruction that falls upon me.
And how I once thought myself most blessed.
Now I descry in every shadow the knife's reflected light
And in every cup the fatal potion of the assassin's vial.
I am more like a prisoner than a king,
Thus do I reap the wages of my treachery,
Lured by Satan's guile to this false prize and doomed kingdom;
That doom that lies also upon my shoulders.
O impotent Elohim, you are destroyed by your own greed.
Overthrow me if you will it but you inherit but your own crime.
Sorry is the ruler of a realm of traitors.
Heaven's left hand betrays its right hand,
Satan well knew the fate of this empire, this high estate,
It is full of vipers that sting themselves.
Well what is mine I shall rule whilst it is yet mine
And hold while I have yet strength to hold it
And, when all my strength is faded, I shall both bless and curse
Him that would win my burden and the true laughter,
At the end of things, shall be Michael's as it was Satan's
Who wreaked upon me that which I shall wreak.
Thus does Michael resolve. Thus shall it be.
Thus am I consoled in my wretchedness."

Thus Michael watched his dominion from his tower,
Watched himself by his thousand guards, guarding

Him against those without and within,
Bound by spells that if their master died they too would fade,
Such was the suspicion of Michael upon all things.
Yet upon another of Heaven's high spires
That reached higher than the highest mountains
And burned with a thousand precious stones and ores,
Surveying the dominion of Adonai Yahweh, corrupted
By its high ambitions, watched Gabriel, toying,
In his idle vigil, with his four-bladed, cross-shafted scythe
That had drunk eagerly of the blood of Giants, men and the Shedim.
Like the tigress that stalks the deer, he gazed out
From the western perimeter to the eastern and from south to north,
Desirous of the dominion of the lands.
Where Michael had plotted in agitation,
Looking in all directions for that which would end his rule,
Scheming against all, believing that he was schemed against,
Gabriel waited for the moment most apt for action
Then, with the striking cobra's speed, to snatch what Michael possessed.
Thus did the Elohim come to oppose each other
As they fostered opposition amongst the Nephilim.
In those times, then, was there conflict in Heaven and on Earth.
That which could not be contrived by all of Michael's thought,
That to which all Heaven sought in vain,
The thread by which all Chadel's victories could be undone,
Unfound by the Elohim, was delivered unto them by treacherous
fortune.
Of all the nations of the Nephilim, the greatest of them,
Mightiest in battle, shrewdest in trade, wisest in judgement,
Most faithful to my cause and ever willing to pour out libations
To honour the three that had first made their race
Was magnificent Shurupuk between the Two Rivers.
High were the walls of Shurupuk and bright with beaten bronze;
Strong were the towers of Shurupuk and bright with flags
That danced like flames in wind from the mountains
And sentries stood upon the high ramparts and kept vigil
Over the most distant frontiers of the empire.
From the fertile fields and from distant lands as tribute,
From the ships that traded upon the Tigris and Euphrates,
All the riches of the world were brought to Shurupuk:
Gold and silver, cedar and purple, bright lapis lazuli,
Birds and beasts of a thousand shapes, grain and wine.

All that the Earth might give up was brought to Shurupuk.
Wet with milk and wine or else the blood of beasts
Were my altars in Shurupuk and my temples were richly appointed.
Devoted and most dutiful in religion were the people of Shurupuk,
Honouring well the lord that made them
And all the Shedim that watched over them and guided
To ever more gloried destinies the empire of Shurupuk.
Great among the lands of men was regal Shurupuk,
Envy of all the nations of the Earth.
Of all the men that walked on Earth, of that race of heroes,
The greatest of the Nephilim was UtaNapishtim,
August emperor of proud Shurupuk, beneficent and wise.
Strong was his arm, swift his feet, none was there to best him,
Unconquered were his chariots, unbroken the ranks of shields.
The prows of his navy were painted with the blood of enemies.
Great was UtaNapishtim and great was his nation.
Yet of the nations of the Nephilim he had foes that he had not quelled.
Shurupuk that shone like the sun amongst nations
Was rich with gold and silver and a myriad treasures
And the Elohim had taught greed to the children of the Shedim.
To conquer Shurupuk, to conquer UtaNapishtim
And win the gold that filled high his treasuries,
Many tried and all that did made fat the crows
For the hosts of Shurupuk were mighty in battle
And put all before them as leaves before the winds
And swelled further the coffers of UtaNapishtim,
Carrying back the battle's spoils and the booty of the cities
That had, in error, strived against UtaNapishtim.
West of the Kingdom between Two Rivers,
Where bright Shurupuk's walls were high,
By the sea, upon the western coast,
Africa to the south and Italy upon the northern coast
King Methuselah brought his people there
And they prospered there and grew powerful.
Fierce were the tribe Methuselah in victory
And when fortune favoured them they were without mercy.
To the South and North rode Methuselah's horsemen
And rode in return laden with the booty and many captives,
Tied in train behind their columns.
Twenty towns, by sword and by torch, did Methuselah lay waste
And with skins and tusks were his coffers filled.

All those that would deny him that for which he hungered
Were put to death, both the warriors and the innocent,
Thus did Methuselah bring shame upon his father's name.
The lamentations of the slaves and captives and the bereaved
Percolated down through the soil and the stone
To echo amongst the deep caverns of the Earth.
In the darkness the sorrows of the wronged,
The weeping of the infants before the spear
Were heard by the Shedim in hidden Chadel
And they too mourned those who fell to Methuselah's cruel hand.
Hearing of what transpired upon the Earth
To the Spire of Opal and Ruby by the fount of flame
Came Abaddon, the Battle-Lord, marshal of my hosts.
Entering at the portal, guarded by great serpents,
Coiled about the tower's width,
He ascended upon black raven's wings the central shaft
To the high chamber where, within a pool of mercury
I watched the reflections, magic-made, of the passings
Of men and beasts and angels upon the Earth.
Turning, I hailed the iron-clad angel who bowed before me
And hailed me and spoke with these words
In a voice that seemed like the battle's very roar,
The pounding of drums and hooves, the cannon's bark,
The horns resounding blast, the war-cry and the death-cry.
Thus did Abaddon, the lord of ruin, speak:

"Lord Satanael, Commander of Our Hearts,
Know you what transpires upon the Earth
Amongst the nations of the Nephilim.
Methuselah, merciless king, defiles the name of Abaddon
And wages his wars like some beast and yet worse
And sullies all mankind with his base crime.
Have I not taught the warriors of men that some are sacred
And that the blood of children is a filth upon the soul?
Yet the spear of Methuselah is stained black with their blood.
Nothing delights this king more than the torment of others.
With the blood of captive does he stain my altars,
Offering in libation what is most foul to me.
As his horses and his chariots crush beneath them
Those that have submitted to him he sings my name
And consecrates their agony to my name.

I am dishonoured by this tyrant and the race of man
Is shamed by the misdeeds of the criminal.
Though he is your son and amongst the Nephilim
Whom we are sworn to defend and guide as tutors
He is unworthy of that noble race or the oath I swore.
Let me then face the king in battle with my sword,
Havoc, that bleeds eternal with blood of knights.
Havoc the Ruiner sings for the blood of Methuselah
And I would leave his body to the dogs and crows.
I am outraged at the shame of Methuselah
And would wash out the stain with a gory bath.
Let me then contest with Methuselah
And put to death this one who is no warrior
But a butcher though he does pretend.
Not the path of the warrior is it to take life but to preserve
What is fine and noble in the world.
I implore, Lord to whom am I sworn, let me strike down
The tyrant Methuselah and expunge the filth
That stains the altars and the name of Abaddon."

This was the suit that Abaddon brought to me
And most gravely did I consider what he had said,
Weighing this implication and that
For such a thing was hitherto unknown amongst the Shedim,
To move in wrath against the Nephilim,
Whom they were sworn to defend and cherish,
Guiding the child-race to its due destiny.
Most severe injunctions bound the oaths that were spoken
And such an undertaking, now proposed, was uncertain
In conclusion and in consequence.
Yet also had I heard the cries myself and perceived
The many crimes Methuselah and my altars
Were stained with the blood of innocents.
Neither in favour nor in opposition to the request
Laid before me could my consideration find.
Then, at last, knowing no answer to such entreaty
I made this reply to Abaddon who waited
Upon my leave or proscription in this matter:

"Noble Abaddon, mighty and terrible warrior,
Most sympathetic is Satanael to your grievance

For are not my altars sullied also by the blood of men
And does the tongue of Methuselah not defile me also
With his profane hymnings of my name.
Indeed the blood and cries of his butchery filter down
Through soil and stone and stain all Chadel
With the villainy of the tyrant-king.
Not for such abuses as these did I give life to the Nephilim
But for some more noble destiny.
Yet what you suggest I cannot command
For it is desecration against all our vows.
If I were to move in wrath against the children of my flesh
I would become as Adonai Yahweh and that I will not do.
A parent must love his children without condition
Even when their crimes stain oceans black.
Not for me is it to sit in judgement over man
As once God sat in judgement over all the world.
Even wise Yahweh's judgement played him false,
What hope then have I of determining what is right and wrong.
I, like you, can hope only to judge the deeds of my own hand;
Nevermore shall there be a judge over all,
Upon this is my heart resolved.
We each sow our own fate and reap its fruits.
I shall not issue prescription against any of the Nephilim.
Abaddon, turn not away until you have heard my conclusion!
What I enact not against the Nephilim, my children,
Neither do enact against my brothers, the Shedim.
If you would strike down Methuselah then do so.
I shall not sanction nor else oppose you in this matter.
Do as you will but what comes of the action of your hand
Shall be borne upon the back of Abaddon alone.
Act as you will, destroy or destroy not Methuselah,
But I would counsel you to stay your hasty hand.
Not forever is the life of man and he must fade and die
As we ourselves fade not and die not
And such injustices may be borne a while for they too shall fade,
Burnt away by the increasing light of the Nephilim.
Go then, you have heard my answer.
If you must slay Methuselah do so with haste:
I myself grow sick with his excesses."

Bowing once more to the prince of Chadel,

Abaddon retired from my chamber,
Descending the spire's shaft on black wings,
And went once more from the lower portal.
With terrible purpose he strode the broad streets
Of the Shedim's city and to the gates,
Thence through the ever-shadowed caverns
Up by unrecorded passages to the surface world,
Slaughter in his heart and mind,
Set on fire by the rage of battle
And made cool by the steel in his intent.
Methuselah, cruel king, upon his throne, covered
With the skins of leopards sat within his palace
Of walls of rough-carved stone.
Within his right hand he held an ash-staved spear
With a barbed head of bronze,
Tended by the captive daughters that he had taken
And toying with his stolen treasures.
Now the gate of the house of Methuselah was cast open
And torn from the hinges on which they hung.
By the light of the western sun a chill shadow fell
Across the very length of the chamber and obscured
Methuselah and all his throne.
The wind's freezing blast extinguished every torch and lamp
That only the bloody dusk-light illumined
Methuselah and his quailing knights, who fled
To the furthest extremes of the throne-room.
Within the broken portal of the threshold
Stood the black and terrible angel-shape of Abaddon.
Twice the height of man stood the avenger,
Armoured in plate of iron and bronze,
His wings spread wide like the torn pennant on the field,
Within his hand the bleeding sword, the Ruiner,
Seven feet long and shaped like the serpent's tongue
With engrailed blade and forked point,
Weeping ever the blood of the fallen.
Thus came Abaddon to the throne of Methuselah.
Even as the raven croaked Methuselah repented not
And begged not for clemency before a vision so fearful
But in indignation raised his spear against the spirit
And shouted his defiance to the Shedim knight:

"I am Methuselah, the Destroyer of Men.
Merciless king, the favoured of Abaddon.
All on the Earth fear me and my hosts.
I am a tearer down of cities
And my spear has stained earth and oceans red.
I am the friend of the vultures
And all must know dismay at my war-cry
For to hear it is to die, thus have I sworn.
All those who have opposed me and denied to me
That which my hand would seize
Are now naked bone upon the plain.
Ten thousand hearts have I emptied of their precious liquor.
None is there on Earth or in Heaven who would oppose me.
Who then are you that comes to me
So eager to die, wracked by death-agony, pierced by my lance?
You have come to my palace without my leave
And wrecked the gate, adorned with skulls
Of the men and horses slain by my hand.
Did you not think those trophies a warning
To those that would come here to destroy me.
Surely they have all been themselves destroyed.
Who then are you that comes to me?
How are you named, dark angel?"

Unmindful of the tyrants boasts,
The warrior of Chadel crossed in seven steps
The hall and stood before the throne
And spoke but these words in reply
To the interrogation of Methuselah, merciless king:

"I am Abaddon, the Destroyer."

Havoc rose and Havoc fell within a blink,
Shrieking like an eagle swooping on his pray.
Shattering into splinters the spear that Methuselah held,
Vainly, against the falling sword of adamant,
And the blade went onwards in the downward motion,
Cutting in two the tyrant from his shoulder to his loin.
With a sobbing shout the ruin of the king
Fell upon the floor, spilling entrails across the throne
That told of but a single fate for the race of men

With the solemn vows of Shedim so profaned;
'Calamity!' was the enteromancer's portent
In the displaced innards of Methuselah.
Leaving there the wrecked frame of the king
Abaddon walked from the silent palace
And flew once more to Chadel, his shame avenged.
To that gory throne was Lamech heir,
Lamech, son of Methuselah, and he ascended
To sit where his father had been cut down
For the terrible deeds that he had wrought
And, as is the way sons, sought to out-strip his father
In glory won on the battle's field
Though well had he learned to obey the dictates of honour.
Strong was Lamech's arm in battle,
Well did he cast the spear and hold the shield
From his bronze-plated chariot, drawn by maddened bulls.
As his father had brought disgrace upon the Nephilim
So did Lamech bring honour upon their race.
Thither and thither went the columns of Lamech
And returned with rich tributes to the king.
Tributes though he called them though
They were extorted at the spear's point
And not all the Shedim were satisfied at his deeds
But he was not as his father had been and some lesser evils
Must be borne if the greater wrongs must be cast aside.
Thus did the kingdom of Lamech become great.
In this time UtaNapishtim ruled in bright Shurupuk
And Lamech heard of the fame of that great state
And, as had princes before him, became jealous of that city.
Proud Lamech resolved in his heart that by his hand
Would the shining walls of Shurupuk be cast down
And by his torch would her towers burn.
Thus arrayed in the hides of lion and battle-dress,
Ash-shafted spear in his hand and shield upon his arm,
Painted bright with the ensign of his line,
The six-pointed star, azure upon argent,
Did he convoke his thegns before him.
Addressing them with a thunderous voice
He proclaimed his new destiny and purpose:

"I am Lamech, mighty in battle,

As was cruel Methuselah before me
By whose blood I am descended from original Man.
Hear then the decree of Lamech,
Your king, who seeks new glories
And new booties, richer than any spoils before.
Bright in runes of flame shall our names be written
Upon the records of history by our deeds.
Of all the nation's of the world is Shurupuk the greatest
Like an elephant does she go upon the Earth
And those who stand against the hosts of Shurupuk
Are crushed as though beneath the foot
Of a beast so great as an elephant.
Yet I, Lamech, am resolved upon this course
That I should be conqueror of Shurupuk
And win the treasures of that city for myself.
The people of Lamech shall be ever remembered
As those who ended Shurupuk's greatness
And replaced the towers of UtaNapishtim
With those higher and more brilliant,
More enduring, and upon the ruined stone
Of Shurupuk built the foundations of the Nephilim's kingdom
That, it is so foretold, shall surpass Chadel and Heaven
In majesty and great duration.
Let us then rouse our armies to battle
To contest the Earth with great Shurupuk
That our children shall be the chief of the Nephilim
That shall rule the world hereafter.
This destiny is ours, let us then seize it
And make ourselves as gods upon the Earth."

To the rash exhortations of Lamech went up a cheer
As his knights became roused with greed and glory.
Once more was their hot blood heated
And their hearts were filled with rage.
Resounding hymns to the spirits of battle,
The Shedim hunt that fight at the side of worthy men,
They gathered up their hosts of war
And made ready their horses before the chariots,
Then, taking up their spears, went forth to battle,
Marching to the tattoo of heart and drum.
From the furthest towns of Shurupuk's empire

Came the messengers and heralds from the West,
Reporting war and despoilment upon that frontier.
King UtaNapishtim saw their coming from his high tower
And descended from there to hear what news they brought,
The swift-riding messengers of his realm.
Bowling low before their king they told the tidings
And related all that had passed on the western boundary:

"Mighty King, Lord of Shurupuk,
From the western extent of the empire we come
With news of war against our revered domain.
King Lamech, bandit of the western lands,
Raises against our invincible estate a great horde
And puts to flame the settlements of Shurupuk.
Clad in the skins of animals his knights,
From the chariot and the horse,
By bolt and barb, by spear and sword,
Drive before them the garrisons that guard our lands
And wet with the blood of our noble warriors our soil,
Seizing our many rightful riches to themselves.
Gathering to him the enemies who have before opposed
And that have been driven from our lands,
He marches against the walls of Shurupuk.
Now must you stretch out your arm in wrath
And destroy the impudent Lamech
Who so rashly contests your realm.
The man that has become your foe is rash
And, though brave, his hosts are disordered,
Aware not of the flag or drum, commanding manoeuvre,
And in both size and armoury no equal of our own.
Lamech is barbaric, understanding not our strength.
Thus do our spies assay and report.
Well would it be then if you went forth now against him
Before yet greater parts of your empire are laid waste.
This you could do with ease if you so willed.
This is our report, o noble lord."

To this strategy did the king nod assent
And issue his commandment to march from Shurupuk
And quell the invasion of his realm with haste.
Within his tower he himself girded for battle,

Arraying himself in green-dyed robes of velvet
And tying his black beard, shot through with steel,
Into seven braids like serpents, binding them with gold.
Eight feet high stood the king of Shurupuk,
He was as a giant upon the Earth,
And his eyes burned as if on fire.
Thunderous was voice and thunderous his step
And in his right hand he bore a mace with an iron-head
That had fallen from amongst the stars of the sky;
Five feet long was the shaft of that rod,
Decorated with gold and smaragds.
And the head was an orb of a foot's girth,
Bound with the sinews of tigers.
Upon his head he wore a high-crested helm of bronze,
Decorated in silver with the temple's seal
And his breast was defended by the hide of a crocodile,
Made strong with scales of steel.
Thus arrayed he saddled and harnessed the charger,
White like ivory, great in stature, on which he rode to battle.
Then, as the horns sounded the mustering of hosts,
He ascended the high ziggurat to my shrine
To pour upon the Shedim's altar a libation of lion's blood
To win the alliance of the Shedim for his campaign.
Wide swung the gates of Shurupuk as the armies passed through
And it seemed to those that watched from the wall
That the ranks of spears were without end
And that the gate would disgorge an eternity of warriors
And at the van was UtaNapishtim, god amongst men,
Beneath standard of the temple's seal, the flaming eye.
Upon the western horizon, apparent to the beholders,
A column of the black smoke of pillage rose
And the wind brought the war-cries and the drums
Of the yet distant foes to the walls of Shurupuk.
Now Lamech marched also at the column's head
And, perceiving in the East the flags upon the towers
That made fast the walls of Shurupuk,
He urged his army to new speeds, eager to plunder that bright city.
Now as the embattled walls of the city appeared to his eyes
As he stood at the Euphrates' western bank
He paused to read in the patterns of the fire's smoke
The portent for the battle that he was to fight.

Within the shifting fumes that rose
One rune alone was seen, 'Calamity!'
Dissatisfied with such an augur he doused the flame
And, as he made to rekindle the fire in which he read,
His army gave up a great shout of dismay
As the battalions of Shurupuk marshalled on the farther shore.
To every spear of his that pointed eastward
Twenty shining glaives pointed westward across the ford
And to each horse of his that stamped its hooves
Were ten chariots of Shurupuk.
And upon the farther bank, diametric to his own position,
Upon a steed of white, was the great Nephilim-king
That he had thought to oppose.
Now the bellow of battle-horns sounded,
Commanding the charge of Shurupuk
And proclaiming of Lamech, 'Calamity!'
Into confusion was the line of Lamech cast
As the foremost ranks turned to flee
Even as the hindmost advanced against a foe they perceived not well.
In that disorder the sounding of retreat was unheeded
And Lamech's people were as gazelle in the lion's jaw.
Lamech himself could not draw his gaze from the white stallion
And its rider, throwing up a froth,
As the dread king came across the river to meet him,
The iron sceptre raised high like the tail of the scorpion
That has within its claws its prey.
All courage then left the heart of Lamech.
In the shallows of the river, before the king,
UtaNapishtim, Lamech fell upon his knees,
Casting aside his spear and holding up open hands.
The emperor in green dismounted from his horse
And crossed the remainder of the distance by his own feet
To stand in triumph before the prostrate Lamech,
Raising up once more with two hands
The great mace of meteoric iron.
Now weeping Lamech made entreaty to the victor,
Though the battle was newly joined,
And implored mercy of the king of Shurupuk:

"UtaNapishtim, monarch more terrible than God,
I pray you be more merciful than the king of Heaven

In dealing with those that await your whim.
I beg you spare my life and I shall serve you well.
I have no more taste for death now that my own is threatened.
See that I make myself abased before you
And that I am no more threat to your realm.
Slaughter my armies if you must
And make most humble he that was once king of men
But strike me not to the earth.
My kingdom is yours if you would take it
And the lives of my subjects I give to you willingly
If you would but spare me your mace.
What can I now do to you to harm the meagrest hair
That grows upon your scalp.
I implore you then, my lord, spare me."

Hearing these words of Lamech
UtaNapishtim frowned upon him.
All about fell the army of Lamech,
Cut down as if they were a field of wheat,
Their broken spears falling like the sheared stalks.
Everywhere was there death.
Now UtaNapishtim took his turn to speak,
Looking in scorn upon the subdued Lamech.
With a regal voice he spoke
And in anger he intoned these words:

"Kneel not! Thus is it written upon stone.
Thus is it written upon the tablets of lapis lazuli.
We are men and we do not kneel.
Not for this were the Nephilim conceived.
You dishonour us both with this submission
And I perceive you to be a base creature,
Wholly without honour in deed or word.
Lamech, you are most shameful in my sight.
For your own unworthy life
You would trade the lives of your people
Who stand at least in pride against my spears
Where you, unworthy king, fall down
And beg for clemency whilst these noble men bleed for your cause.
You offer me your kingdom as it is already mine.
You have no understanding of kingship

And barter with that which is not yours.
The lives of your subjects and your kingdom,
These things are not yours to yield to me.
The king is not the master of his realm
But rather he is its servant,
Seeking ever the good of his people and lands
Whereas you would serve yourself and forsake
That to which you duties bind you.
You are guilty of a most great treason
Against the nation that has entrusted you with power.
I have no mercy for you but contempt
For your miserable pleas and bargains.
You have asked me to spare you
And to take as payment the lives of your tribesmen.
I shall spare them and take in payment
The life of yours that, in shame,
Is forfeited by false King Lamech.
This is the penalty of the treachery
That you would wreak to save yourself.
Find then honour in death upon the field of battle.
I shall tell none that you died upon your knees."

Then UtaNapishtim brought down his mace
And struck Lamech upon the head
And thus bereft him of his life.
Thus fell Lamech at the Euphrates.
Now UtaNapishtim, king of the Nephilim,
Instructed his horns and flags signal a retreat
That the thegns of Lamech might sue for peace.
Retiring then to the eastern bank
The unconquered armies of Shurupuk
Left the broken ranks of dead Lamech
To rally from their rout and decide their future course
To drive into the dragon's very jaws
Or else make suit for the mercy of Shurupuk
And thus escape the lands that they had violated.
As the sun descended behind the vanquished
And the moaning of those who returned to me,
Grew faint and yet fainter until all breath
Within their demolished frames was spent,
Three thegns of fallen Lamech came forth

To plead their case and ask mercy of great UtaNapishtim.
As the ravens came they spoke as one
Before the beneficent monarch of famous Shurupuk.

"O potent king, terrible in wrath,"
So spoke the barons, "have mercy.
Lamech is slain by your own rod
And his armies are driven before your charge
Or else are crushed beneath.
What hope is left to the people of Lamech,
Son of Methuselah, but none?
Against your strength none can prevail.
We then submit to your noble will,
Knowing that it is the mark of the greatest man
That he shows mercy where he could destroy.
We have opposed you and are defeated
And thus do we come before you.
We ask that you spare us for you are noble
Though we be base and foolish.
Treat kindly with us and it does become you.
Let us retire from the Kingdom between Two Rivers
And return to our western homes.
Never more shall we come in array for battle
To the lands of Shurupuk.
We submit to the authority of the most potent of kings.
No more are we Lamech's people
But the people of UtaNapishtim."

Upon the repentant thegns of Lamech
Did UtaNapishtim smile in mercy.
Putting down his great mace he spoke
Not thunderously but with magisterial aspect,
Wisest and most noble of all kings was he.
To the knights he addressed these words:

"I know you to be noble men
For you have submitted all to me
And placed yourself within my reach
To spare the people of your army.
Not base and foolish is it to preserve
But it is both wise and honourable.

The warrior is not the taker of life
But he is the one that does defend it.
You are true warriors that surrender
Rather than press the battle that cannot be won.
There is no shame for you in this way
And you have earned the admiration of UtaNapishtim.
As mercy does become the victor
So does discretion so become the defeated side.
Both armies thus benefit from the wisdom
That you show upon this day.
Come! You shall help me bring the wounded to Shurupuk
Where my healers shall tend them
That have won heroic scars in the glorious fray.
Well have you fought in battle against Shurupuk,
Unknowing of her might, and, in defeat
We begrudge you not the help that we can render
To the afflicted that they might return with you
To tend once more the pasture and the tillage.
Thus does UtaNapishtim show himself as noble
As those that petition him on this night.
Noble friends, I salute you."

So did noble UtaNapishtim speak.
Bearing the wounded upon rough litters,
Some third of the army that remained
Of the western barbarians that contended
Against the unconquered armies of UtaNapishtim
Went with the king to Shurupuk.
Those that did not go eastward went to the West,
Bringing the news of the battle and Lamechs's death
Back to their towns and families.
In triumph did UtaNapishtim enter at the gates,
Thrown wide to receive his hosts
And the vanquished also, bearing their comrades
Whose wounds were rudely bound up.
To the palace of UtaNapishtim were brought the men of the West
Where his physics and magicians tended them
And, as the sun went upon the lower passage,
Made whole those made unwhole in battle.
At dawn UtaNapishtim went forth by day,
Leading from his tower the march of victory.

Declaring from the procession's head
That no work was for that joyous day
But celebration of victory and reconcile with the westerners.
Dancers, then, and singers, acrobats and fools,
Went out to delight the cheering throngs
That resounded loud their general's name
That had brought glory again to Shurupuk's high walls;
"UtaNapishtim! UtaNapishtim!" was the cry
And as he went about the streets upon his steed,
Leading in his train the armies of bright Shurupuk
The happy people of the city cast flowers upon him,
Blooms of many colours and fragrances,
And brought forth wine and meat to him
That he might feast and toast the city.
With games was that day of joy celebrated,
With wrestling and casting of stone and spear,
With race on foot, on horse, or in gay pennoned chariots
Each drawn by four stamping horses abreast
Made swift by the snapping of the whip
As the multitudes exhorted those that won their favour
With some display or brave flourish.
As the sun set upon the city
UtaNapishtim went once more to the height of the ziggurat
And there poured out new libations
To thank the Shedim for their favour
And share with them the people's joy.
Raising his voice in the dome of the temple,
Standing at the wetted altar,
UtaNapishtim and his priests from all sides
Hymned their joy and thanks
Though they kneeled not in supplication.
No king am I over men
But in battle I fight at the right hand of the worthy man.
Where there is need and worth I have helped my children
Not in the way that Adonai Yahweh has claimed,
Not condescending from some high place
To bestow whimsical mercies upon the Nephilim,
But I have guided and protected as is the parent's duty
And thus have earned of men the respect due to parents
Who so fulfil what is asked of them
Though, led astray by Heaven's lies, I have been reviled.

In such a spirit are the libations poured out.
So did UtaNapishtim honour the Shedim
And the ancient shades of his great ancestors.
From a bowl of gold was the wine poured out
Upon a great table of marble,
Carved from the stone of mountains,
Set with grooves to drain what was offered
Down into the Earth and to Chadel.
As the night grew dark after day
The streets were lit with great braziers of steel,
Filled with charcoal and incense
And even to the rising of the sun
Shurupuk was full of merriment
And the people of Shurupuk were full of wine and mead.
At this time the army of Lamech returned to the gate
Whence they had first set forth to conquer,
Coming back in defeat and ignominy
Though indeed they had fought most bravely.
Thus was the body of Lamech borne to his city.
Upon a bier of cedar, adorned with beaten gold,
Dragged on by the bulls of his chariot,
The king was carried to the city's heart
And the throng of his people walked behind the pall,
Weeping and beating cow-skinned drums.
To each side of the pall went his knights,
Lances raised in high salute to the fallen king.
Through the city's streets was Lamech taken
To the catacombs of his line
Where lay the kings that had sired him,
All, save his father, Methuselah,
Who Lamech himself had given to the crows
To appease the wrath of Abaddon
And win once more to his left hand
The terrible angel and the bleeding blade.
Now Lamech himself lay dead
And all his people bewailed his fate
As he passed them upon the streets,
Laid out in splendid garb, robes of gold,
With ash-staved spear and shield painted with his crest,
And helmet of bronze hiding from the sight of men
The ruinous fissure in his skull,

Broken by the fall of that fatal mace.
Ten thousand voices acclaimed the king
As the hero of his race
For they knew not of his perfidy upon the field
And indeed much that his hand wrought was good
And, in life, his the greater part of his action
Had been noble in intent and conclusion.
Gladly did I recall his spirit to me.
As the people mourned the fallen king
His body was brought into the tomb
And laid out in a rich sarcophagus,
Carved of red quartz and made bright
By twenty rubies of most worthy size
And a thousand studs of amber
In which the eye descried others entombed
As now Lamech was entombed within the Earth,
Ancient beastlings of ancient days
Caught within the glassy sepulchre.
When the body had been anointed with precious oils
To preserve the noble flesh from death's corruption
And rightful libations had been poured out
To honour the spirit of the monarch
Then the tomb was sealed once more
And drum-beating wizards chased demons from the door.
Thus was the manner of Lamech's homecoming.
Now caravans were sent forth from the city's gates
To bear to far Shurupuk a wealth of riches
By which to by the favour of the new king
And thus honour the mercy he had shown
To the armies that he had vanquished.
A hundred mules bearing on their backs
Grain and wine, gold and silver
And the hides of beasts.
Thus was the kindness of UtaNapishtim so repaid.
From the tower of the barbican
That guarded the gates of the city,
The son of Lamech watched the tribute-bringers go
Far from the city walls with the riches of his treasury
To bestow upon a foreign land
That which his father's spear had one.
For this wept Noah, son of Lamech

And spoke thus, looking back into the city
And upon the barrow-gate, now sealed
By the hands of his father's knights
Where Lamech's bones now joined
Those of Noah's noble ancestors:

"So to this is my kingdom come.
How great is this shame and ignominy
That my once noble line is brought low
By the thousand enemies that surround my walls.
Once was the line of Methuselah feared by men
Now, hearing of those names, they jeer and jest
For all honour is stolen from me,
Taken as the spoils upon the field of defeat.
Such injustice is brought upon my shoulders
That I must bear such humiliations.
So do my enemies gather like hyenas
To laugh and wait for my arm too to fail
That they might pick the bones of my kingdom clean.
O accursed is the line of Methuselah!
And accursed shall be those that brought it low.
Ever was my grandfather faithful in libation
To warlike Abaddon the Destroyer,
Pouring out bottomless libations to that angel
Whose shadow falls like smoke upon the battle's field.
Ever did he consecrate his thousand glories to Abaddon
That he won by his spear's point in battle
Upon the open field or in escalade
Against the walls of some city that would defy our noble line.
How I mourn these lost days?
Not grateful for Methuselah's devotion was Abaddon
And not with favour did he repay the king's homage.
Rather he came as a lion upon his servant
And even before such a terror,
Was Methuselah ever defiant and strong,
Demonstrating those very qualities that the Shedim
Would themselves boast and advance.
Thus Abaddon struck down Methuselah
And showed the mettle of the Shedim's vows.
Now UtaNapishtim has struck down my father,
He that is the favourite of Chadel,

High Shurupuk's king, and thus do they again betray
The ancestors of Noah, those dwellers in darkness,
And deliver my kingdom to the thrall
Of those they would love above me.
Mightiest in battle was great Lamech.
How then could those soft people of Shurupuk
Have slain him in the fray
When his spear is sharp and his arm is strong.
Again do I perceive the art of Satan
And it does work against me.
The Shedim blunted the barb of my father's spear
And made weak his arm with enchantments.
Thus do the people of Chadel conspire with men
To accomplish the ruin of Noah.
For these thousand perfidies against me
I do revile the inconstant Shedim
And, without their aid, shall Noah find prosperity
For they have availed me not.
Hear me then in deep Chadel, Satan,
Noah does stand as your adversary
And I shall oppose you and those you love
With all the strength that I have
And undo all your deeds on Earth.
Hear thus the will of Noah."

So was Noah seduced by hatred
For all that he had lost that he would hold
And did curse me for his troubles
Though I caused them not.
As the caravan was lost to Noah's sight
A voice behind him rang out,
Beautiful and bright, like the trumpet
Yet endowed with most august majesty.
Turning he perceived, arrayed in robes of white,
Resplendent in a crown of gold
Chief of all the Elohim, Michael.
Thus did the prince of Heaven achieve by fortune
That which was won not by device.
Thus spoke perfidious Michael, once my brother:

"O Noah, son of Lamech,

Do you think that the children of Heaven
Are deaf to the cries of the wronged?
Does it seem to you that Adonai Yahweh
Cares not for the race of men on Earth?
Surely He is most merciful to those
That would but accept His kingship
And it is a most rightful claim.
Yet mankind have been beguiled by Satan's lies
And acknowledge not the kingship of my Lord.
Thus does wickedness prosper on the Earth
And Satan is pleased with his evil
For all purity and righteousness fade
And the world is devoured by his darkness.
By his tongue are men turned to corruption
And heed not the laws that Adonai Yahweh has laid down
As a guide to the men made by His hand
From a sod of clay.
Instead they are stirred to rebellion
Against the noble King of Heaven.
Thus are the people of Adonai Yahweh
Stolen from the rightful Lord over them.
All that is good does Satan hate,
Seeking only to make vile what was once bright
And so spoil the Creation of God.
Thus does he go upon the Earth
And opposes Him that was once his Lord.
What he cannot win to his villainy he destroys.
In your heart, son of Lamech, is much light
That shines out, banishing all evil.
Not all the deceptions of the Shedim can assail your soul
But your virtue burns like a torch
And itself reaches out in piety
To assail the walls of Chadel.
No Shedim device may conquer one so pure as you
So that which they may not win
They reach out to destroy and ruin,
Breaking with despair and ten thousand woes
Saintly Noah, enemy of their evil.
For this do the Shedim conspire against you,
Strengthening your foes' arms and stealing
The strength of your own forces.

By their malice does the might of Babylon,
Den of all sin, wax great against you
And thus are you cast into the power
Of those villains that Satan favours.
Because of the wickedness that is sustained
Upon the Earth, Adonai Yahweh cannot intervene
Upon the side of His favoured Noah
And grant you victory in your long struggle.
Yet if you would but kneel to God
And pledge your soul to his service
Then surely would His intervention come
For so long as one good man lives upon the Earth
Then Adonai Yahweh shall be powerful over Satan.
Kneel then before Adonai Yahweh, Lord,
And become His instrument upon the Earth.
You shall become a scourge against the wicked
And your arm shall be strengthened against the transgressors.
By you shall Adonai Yahweh purge Creation
Of all that is most villainous and base
And thus shall the world be restored
To the grace before the coming of Satan."

Hearing these words of Michael
The bitter heart of Noah was won.
How ready men are to believe false witness
Against those that they already malign.
Once again did Michael turn hearts against me
With his liar's tongue and voice.
Before the angel Michael Noah went upon his knees
And touched upon the floor his forehead,
Abasing himself before worthless God.
Now seeing that his work was done
Michael smiled and rose once more
Towards Heaven upon bright wings,
Speaking to Noah this final instruction as he departed:

"Await me, Noah, for I shall return
With instruction from your new king.
In the perfect law of God you shall be schooled
And, obeying those laws that I shall teach you,
You shall grow bright in the eyes of God

Who is most kind to those that would please him,
Bestowing upon them a thousand gifts
And soothing ten thousand sufferings.
Through you shall God oppose the transgressors
And bring upon them a terrible castigation.
Thus shall the evil that oppresses you,
Faithful Noah, be forever vanquished
And all the Earth shall be the kingdom of the righteous.
Await then the return of Michael,
Faithfully, without doubt in your soul.
Return I shall with the word of God."

Thus went Michael upon his return to Heaven,
Upon beating wings of blazing gold,
His fading light becoming as a star in the sky
Then first fading and then blinking away.
All this did Noah watch in silence
Then, yet unspeaking, returned to the city.
Going to his house, appointed to befit a prince,
Its cedar gate the height of two men.
Passing then into that palace that for him
His great father had ordered built
And into the central hall, draped with coloured cloth
And painted with a myriad of rainbow hues.
The household servants bowed low before the lord
And bade him welcome to his house.
Yet when before such attentions had been pleasing to him
Now he perceived, distracted as he was,
Only mockery in their reverence
And with scornful words banished them from his presence.
Now he went to his sons and consorts
Where they revelled in a courtyard
Set around a silver pool with darting fish,
Drinking wine and feasting on many meats,
Dancing to the music played by lutesmen,
Hidden from sight by crimson veils,
Conjuring phantom music that serenaded the heart
With distant beauty, like a dream.
Now was Noah seized up by a rage
And he went amongst his family, casting
Wine and meats into the water, to the fishes

Who dined well upon that night.
Screaming in his wrath, Noah reprimanded
Those who caroused in that courtyard
As was the custom of their family.
Noah now seized up a rod to his right hand
And, tearing away the drapes,
Beat from his home those who played sweet music.
Now again he spoke to his sons and consorts
In a voice trembling with anger,
Overcome by grief and bitterness
At his kingdom and his father's fall:

"O my sons, my wives, what infamy is this?
Having just returned from the gates,
Where I have seen my kingdom taken from me,
Borne upon the backs of mules the treasures
That once filled the chests of Lamech,
I come to perceive this in my own house.
My family sunk in such debauchery as this.
Let me tell you what transpired at the gate.
As I watched in sorrow and despair
The tribute that we sent to distant Shurupuk
Carried from me in a caravan, bedecked in purple,
The Elohim Michael came to me there
And told me well the truth of things
Where before was I blinded by wickedness.
Let me tell you what was taught to me.
The Earth is full of wicked men,
Beguiled by the words of villainous Satan.
Their evil deeds make tainted more and more
The original perfect Creation of God.
Yet because of the wickedness of men
And their love for the apostate Satan
The merciful power of God wanes upon the Earth
And depravity prospers uncastigated.
Thus is the entire human race soiled by sin
And their wickedness waxes ever greater
To eclipse all that is good upon Earth.
Yet God in high Heaven would strike against such wickedness
If He but possessed the means.
But Satan is no monarch of the Earth

And, hitherto, God had no instrument of His will.
Satan hates all that is noble and pure
In the Creation of God and would destroy it,
Seducing all to his own baseness.
Because my own life has been pure and upright
Satan now seeks my ruin, fearing me
And reviling my more virtuous nature.
For this reason is calamity upon calamity heaped on
And my back bent over with my burdens.
Yet perceiving from His throne in Heaven,
The nobility of my soul, God has sent His messenger,
Michael, to bring me tidings of the good news.
As the noblest of the men on Earth
I have been chosen as God's agent here
To work His will against the transgressors
And bring a terrible judgement upon them.
For this reason has Satan sought my ruin.
Now, anointed for this great task,
I return to the household that is my own
To discover those very crimes that I am used against.
What disgrace is wrought upon me
That my own family is guilty of that which God despises!
There shall be no more of such sin
In the house of Noah, man of Adonai Yahweh.
Now you must all make yourselves humble before God.
Kneel and he shall forgive you all
Despite your thousand faults and flaws.
God is most merciful, oft-forgiving,
And his chastisement too terrible to those that transgress."

Hearing the words of Noah
The concubines and sons of the prince
Were dismayed at what he said
But the foolish prince had chosen for himself
Consorts of weak-will, easily dominated
By his own jealous authority
And had raised those children of his
To regard well what he desired.
Thus did he build false strength for himself
And succour well his pride.
Not as noble as his father was Noah.

So was his family swayed by his wrath
And acceded to that which he desired.
As the sun rose above the hills in the East,
Cupric Venus going before, burning brighter than Sirius,
As the night passed away as the new day
Was inaugurated in the red dawn-light,
Noah went with his wives and sons
Into the desert beyond the city-walls
And there prayed to lofty Heaven
And knelt in abasement more worthy of beasts
To the throne of Adonai Yahweh.
Thus did he await the Elohim, Michael,
With his family, giving them over to Heaven
As beasts at the market-place.
All day did they wait and pray
For some vision of the prince of Heaven
Who had vowed to meet with Noah
And instruct him in the law of God,
That mankind might be bound also
To the will of him eluded by the Shedim.
Nephilim and Shedim shall kneel no more
But go as proud gods upon the Earth.
As all this had passed upon the Earth
So had the happenings in Heaven been consequential.
Flying swift from the Earth to Heaven
And passing there straight to the heart,
Going on swift wings to the Eternal Tower
And the sundered throne of God,
Awaiting not the herald's call
But going direct into the presence of God
And then, making himself low,
In supplication that had long ago become a deed
Without soul or meaning to the Elohim.
None feared now the strength of Adonai Yahweh
But rather sought to buy with false respect
The favour of their father that they might,
With some arbitrary right, command
The actions of their brothers
And not be commanded by them
That played the intrigues of Heaven.
Already was the high kingdom's star

Far upon the path from the zenith of its orbit
And descended ever further to the West.
Thus falling before the king of the Elohim,
Michael so addressed his ancient father
With these words of his lips,
Making due obeisance to the Archon:

"Almighty and Eternal,
Lord of Infinitude,
Tyrant of Existence,
All-illuminating Light,
King of Heaven,
Conqueror of Earth,
Father of the Elohim,
Architect of Creation,
Master of the Planets,
Orchestrator of the Stars,
Proclaimer of Destiny,
Keeper of Wisdom,
Judge of the World,
Castigator of Sin,
Scourge of Evil,
Most High, Most Merciful,
Most Just, Most Sagacious,
Most Perfect, Most Mighty,
Most Noble, Most Majestic,
My God, My Lord, My Father,
Weary are my wings from swift flight,
For I have come like a comet from the Earth
With words that I rejoice to speak
And tell to the King of Heaven
Such good things do they tell of.
It is of Noah, son of Lamech,
Of whom the words of Michael tell
Who, with his own voice, cursed the accursed one
And reviled the deeds of Shedim.
His kingdom having been conquered by Shurupuk,
Favoured of Satan of all the tribes of men
For high honour and brave endeavour,
And by the hand of UtaNapishtim
His father being slain, he reviles

The Shedim, believing in his sorrow
That they do contend against him.
His grandsire's fall at the Destroyer's sword,
Havoc the Ruiner that bleeds the blood of knights,
But makes double strong his conviction.
In truth, wretched Noah has lost all
Due to his father's own rash contention
And the cowardice of Lamech upon the field.
Yet for these things he cannot blame his own blood
But must rather seek another to bear that burden.
Thus he his easily won to our cause.
Hearing then his prosecution
Against the dwellers in Chadel
As I kept my own vigil o'er the Earth
I hastened to him to thus inform
Him of an alliance between himself and Heaven,
Telling him that he was right indeed
To make such allegation against Satan.
Explained to him did I
That the root of all sorrow
Heaped upon his low-bent back
Was the wickedness of the Nephilim,
Following the strictures of our foe.
Yet, I taught him so,
That if Adonai Yahweh might win a tool,
One good man, upon the Earth
Then all evil might be conquered
And the thousand imagined crimes against Noah
Would know seven-fold vengeance.
Heeding my teachings gladly did he submit
To the will of high Heaven
And willingly became the agent
Of the potent wrath of Heaven.
Thus my Father I offer to You
This mortal son of Satan as a gift,
Won by my own ingenuity.
How then must Noah be used,
Now that he is in our power?
Surely such a boon must not be squandered.
Speak Lord that Michael might enact
That which Your will commands."

Having spoken these words to God
Michael once more kneeled before his king
And, with the victor's eyes, even in supplication
Gazed to the agent of his brother, Gabriel,
Who even now, in great vexation,
Made haste to report to his master
The undoing of his traitor's plans.
Then he rose once more and adverted
His eyes once more to the throne of God.
Now, upon the ancient Archon's face,
Was writ a smile where all had been woe.
For in this gift of fortune he perceived a way
By which he might yet prevail
And thwart my plans and fate,
Yet preserving his dominion over all
Though little did he deserve such an end.
O forever curse the name of Noah
Who made open such a path to Heaven
That such butchery might be done.
Now spoke Adonai Yahweh to his son,
Voicing with new strength his words
And with new hope within his shrivelled soul:

"Michael, dearest of my sons,
Well indeed have you served me in this thing
And you have earned new favour.
Well is it indeed that I have a son
Such as you in these times
That can produce from the darkness
The burning flame of hope.
Let your own judgement in this matter serve
Until Noah and his family are most securely ours.
Prescribe to him those laws that shall demonstrate
His true obeisance to Heaven's sceptre
And avenge those humiliations suffered
At the hands of your fallen brother.
Whatever arbitration your whimsy does devise
I shall not gainsay, knowing you to be true
And a most faithful knight of mine.
Thus amuse your own caprice at first

But when you have accomplished Noah's submission
And entirely cowed him and his line,
Making them but instruments of my will,
Then you shall teach to them
That charm that I shall teach you now.
This spell is no more mine to command
Ever since that ruinous injury wrought on me
By the son that I so cherished,
Repaying with spite such love,
Before the gates of heaven in battle.
Now that the creative principle is lost to me
It does but reside in the Nephilim.
Thus the Nephilim alone might speak the spell
And employ its power upon the Earth.
This spell shall open the cataracts of the sky
And release the deep waters from their reservoirs,
Throwing open the hundred gates
That the torrents might be loosed upon the Earth,
Sweeping all like dread, thunderous worms.
All the Earth shall be thus drowned
And all that lives upon the Earth
Shall be so slain by this Cataclysm.
You shall therefore instruct Noah to build a boat
That shall be in length three hundred cubits
That shall be in breadth fifty cubits
That shall be in height thirty cubits.
Into this great vessel he shall install
All his family that they might escape the waters
And two of each kind of beast that goes on Earth
That the produce of my creation be not lost.
In all this shall you instruct Noah.
Thus shall the Nephilim be destroyed
By the hand of Nephilim
Save those loyal to our cause.
Thus shall we raise our own retinue
Against the Shedim hosts
And thus shall we overthrow
Those that sought to overthrow the Elohim.
Go then Michael to the Earth
And bring my decree to Noah
That we might accomplish a great victory

And conquer forever the people
That dwell within the abysmal depths.
Go then Michael and enact the will of God.
Descend to Earth. Descend!"

Thus spoke Adonai Yahweh
Thus did Michael, his son.
Once more upon blazing wings,
Bright with a solar light,
Did the arch-angel go down from Heaven,
Seeking out the Nephilim-prince
That most fully embraced the enemy
Of that race that I created
And did for them their awful deeds.
Even in that time that Michael used
Going from Earth to Heaven
And returning therefrom to Earth once more
The sun did set and rise upon Noah's prayers.
As the red light of dawn awakened
Noah and his people from their sleep,
Hunger ravened at their bellies
For they had not consumed meat
Since they had first gone from the city.
Yet but within their midst
Sat the angel, first appearing to Noah,
Michael, with an antelope upon the fire.
The famished men and women gathered to him then
And he cut for each some part of meat
And nourished once more their frames
Made weak by their fasting.
Once Michael had been made certain
That his vassals were newly strengthened
He went with Noah from the greater party
And sat with him within some cave,
Hidden upon the mountainside
Near to the desert where his sons remained
To school him in the law devised
By the whimsy of cruel Michael.
Thus did he wreak his will on man.
Speaking thus, Michael taught to Noah
Who listened with much eagerness

Most desirous of any means
By which those wrongs that he alone perceived
Might be fined over and over
And his humiliation might be expunged
By greater shames than man had known before.

"O Noah, son of Lamech,
Swift have I flown to Heaven
To speak with Almighty God
Of your desire to serve Him
Whom it is most worthy that you serve.
Well pleased is He with your supplications
And most willing to take you as His own.
Swift then have I returned to you
That I might tell of these joyous tidings
And more fully initiate you in the service
Of God Most High that you grow close
To the most beneficent Lord that you would serve
And most rightly so indeed
For Noah is not beguiled by wickedness
As are the other men of the world.
Great may Noah be in the service of God
And sinless be he that his service may be greater.
God has decreed that all males that would serve Him
Must bear a mark of that service
That all may know them as the servants
Of He that it is well to serve.
From every male child of eight days
Shall you cut the foreskin and thus consecrate
The life of that child to God's service.
Such circumcision is the mark of God's favour
And it is most right that it should be done.
This is the decree of God.
Thus shall I enact upon you
That you might go from this place
And so do unto your own sons
That God may know them for his own.
Return hence to this place that I might teach
To you what other things are decreed by God."

Having so heard these words of Michael

Noah did take up his robes
That Michael might perform the operation
Thus dedicate to God the body of Noah.
Taking up his knife Michael did cut from Noah
That part of flesh which he was so contracted to.
Said Michael, as he so mutilated the flesh
Of Noah, whispering without breath
That none would hear those words he spoke,
These words that carried to God's throne
Who watched all that passed from Heaven:

"So has the faithless son wrought upon the Father
Such a wound in battle.
So shall the faithful father wreak
Upon his son in beguiled love.
This Noah, though you do not know it,
Remakes in the image of God
And is just vengeance for that deed
That Satan's hand has enacted.
Thus have the Nephilim been made in Satan's image
So shall they be remade in the image of God.
It is truly just, an irony
To delight every Elohim soul."

So was Noah used by Michael.
Went Noah from the mountain
Unto the desert where his people waited
In due expectation of the father,
Bleeding yet from the wound inflicted
By the knife, by the deceit of Michael.
Thus going to his family with a knife
He wrought upon his sons
That which Michael had wrought on him
And thus marked them for God.
Having so enacted the law given unto him,
He returned to the high mountain cave
To hear once more the law of God,
Given to him by Michael's poisoned lips.
Thus as night came once more upon the Earth
Noah ascended the rocky hill,
Seeking out with hand and foot

Some purchase by which to gain the cave
And return once more to Michael's presence.
This eager was he to loose his spite
And inflict on those foes that he perceived
Those torments that he perceived
Inflicted on his own person.
In the evening's twilight he reached the cave
And came once more to Michael
Who sat within that grotto, awaiting
The prince's returning that he might work greater wrong
Upon the race of Nephilim.
So once more, within night's blackness,
Shadows cast awry by a flickering flame
That both warmed and lit that hermitage,
Michael and Noah sat within the cave
And Noah learnt more of the will of God,
Though in truth the words were Michael's
And came from none above Michael
If truly there were now any above him.
Now spoke Michael, telling of new laws
That were given by God to guide
Noah and his kin from wickedness,
That the beguiled fool might be yet bound
By firmer chains to the will of Heaven.
So spoke Michael, the deceiver:

"O Noah, son of Lamech,
Well indeed has your arm enacted
That deed which God has decreed
Is most just in its doing.
Well pleased is God with your service
And now fully initiated is Noah
To the service of Adonai Yahweh.
You are now a true servant of God.
Yet what is it to be a servant
If you would not heed the master's command
And show respect to He that rules you.
Hear then what Michael tells of
That you may do that which is required
And be truly faithful to God,
Obeying the laws that He has set down.

Of all gods Adonai Yahweh alone is God
So when in supplication kneel to Him
And no others than the one true God.
Five times in each day shall you bow down
In prayer to Adonai Yahweh,
Touching even your forehead to the floor.
No less in homage does your King demand.
Yet even before this much is wrought
You must cleanse thoroughly the body that kneels
By washing each part in turn with water.
The race of man is an unclean race,
Tainted by their great sin.
Each arm to the elbow,
Each leg unto the knee
Shall be cleansed by the purifying spring.
Upon the face each ear and nostril
Must be rendered clean
And the mouth and neck.
Make sure each time before prayer
You are washed most rigorously
Before you would enter into the sight of God
And entreat Him with your pleas.
This am I commanded to tell you
This have I done.
Other laws are there yet for you Noah
And you must commit each to your heart.
To you are many things forbidden.
Each beast that you would eat of
Must be slain with apt tradition
Lest its flesh render you impure
And certain sexual relations
Are proscribed also to your tribe.
Hear then the instruction of Michael.
Linger hear and learn the laws of God."

Speaking this, Michael spoke more,
Telling of a thousand laws set down
That Noah might become yet more
The instrument of Heaven
And a tool against me and the Shedim.
A thousand laws were spoken

Each binding with strange taboos
That had no reason
Save that whim of Michael
That did guide their purpose.
Thus did Noah learn all the night
The laws of Michael and of Heaven
And as the sun rose in the East
Went forth from the cave with his laws
To teach them to his family
And thence to Lamech's city
As Heaven's emissary upon the Earth.
Gladly did his witless family accept these laws,
Unreasoned though they were indeed,
And went with him to the city.
Entering at the gates went Noah
From which caravans were sent out
To distant Shurupuk with treasures
By which to please the noble suzerain
For UtaNapishtim had spared their children.
Arrayed in rough robes of white
To mark him out as God's ambassador,
Went the prince deceived unto the marketplace
To stand upon some high place
And thence addressed the throng,
Listening in bewilderment to that madness
That his lips gave forth,
Like the chatter of locusts or their hum,
So much sense was there to his deluded words.
To his people spoke the prince,
Telling of all that had passed
That he might win them to his cause:

"Praise be to Adonai Yahweh,
Lord of what has been created,
The Benevolent,
The Merciful,
The Judge of the Sins of Men.
You alone do I worship,
Your help alone do I seek.
Guide me then upon the true road,
That path You have decreed for the faithful

Rather than those that do offend You
And those that have wandered far.
Does it seem strange to you, my people,
That I should call out so?
Would that you knew that which I knew
And had seen the witness of my own eyes.
Yet you lack the faith
By which the path laid down would be apparent
And by which you could walk to heaven.
Misguided are the slaves of Babylon
And their eyes are blinded by wickedness.
My people, hear these words that I speak
And learn of what has come to pass.
I, Noah, have, with my own eyes,
Seen Michael of the Elohim
And with these ears of mine
Heard that which he has spoken.
I have learnt what is true
And purged from my soul the false
Which yet binds you with its shackles.
So has Michael taught to Noah
And employed upon this task:
To give warning to his people
Before they are destroyed by a terrible wrath
For their grave transgressions.
Adonai Yahweh has made man,
Moulding him from a sod of clay,
And with disobedience is He paid back.
He has made both Heaven and Earth,
Setting seven spheres about the weighty orb.
Yet the Earth is made unclean by sin.
Surely Adonai Yahweh shall wash it away
With the blood of those who would transgress.
Be not amongst those that err
But be with me amongst the righteous.
Those that would kneel to God,
Obeying that which He has decreed,
They shall be forgiven
And spared a dreadful scourge.
Heed then the laws that have been told to me
That you shall not be destroyed

But shall share in the rewards
That God has promised to the faithful.
Will you then make yourself humble,
Kneeling in prostration before the Lord
Who is most terrible in ire
And most generous in His favours.
Spurn not the words of Noah,
They are as a plain warning to you
And you shall not be warned again."

Thus were the people of Lamech
Moved to great laughter by Noah's words,
Deriding the speech of an idiot
Who had been most sorely led from truth
To speak such words of madness.
Mocking and jeering, they addressed the prince,
With these words of scorn:

"Maddened by grief is Noah
At his father's death and his kingdom's loss
At the defeat by Shurupuk
And the more worthy monarch,
UtaNapishtim, a god amongst men,
That he should seek to kneel
Before this invisible king of his.
Must he invent a lord for UtaNapishtim
To restore once an equilibrium
That only one as weak as Noah would desire.
What madness has come upon him
That he should kneel to Heaven
For man kneels to none and not the Elohim
For we are greater than that ruined domain
And are destined to conquer the sons of God.
Is it the way of the victor
To go down before the vanquished?
How deluded by deceit is Noah
That he should consider such a thing.
O doubly mourned is Lamech
That his son is so weak
That he is prostrate before Heaven!
Noah, go from this city then

Back to the wilderness where you found your God
But he shall not be within the walls.
Not fit to rule is the slave.
Go then and serve your king elsewhere.
We shall never serve you
Or Heaven that you serve.
We are of the Nephilim,
The proud sons of Satan,
And shall but serve destiny."

Thus was Noah driven from the city
Like the young hart that does contest
With the stag, great and old,
And is driven once more into exile
For his temerity in so rash a venture.
Noah and his family thus
Were exiled to the desert
Of the blowing sands and burning sun.
Scorpions and jackals served
Were they had once servants and acrobats.
Such ordeal though but tempered
The madness in Noah's mind
And he raged again and again
Against those that had so ruined him
Though in truth but one had ruined him
And the name of him was Noah.
Falling down upon his knees
Upon the desert's sands, Noah prayed:

"Praise be to Adonai Yahweh,
Lord of what has been created,
The Benevolent,
The Merciful,
The Judge of the Sins of Men.
You alone do I worship,
Your help alone do I seek.
Guide me then upon the true road,
That path You have decreed for the faithful
Rather than those that do offend You
And those that have wandered far.
Hear me now when I am most needy

Your faithful servant, Noah.
What am I to do upon this road?
It is a road for the beasts of the desert
And not for men and angels.
I am cast into exile
For speaking against that which should itself
Be banished from the nations of men.
Ever have I served Your instruction
Warning those that have transgressed
Against those laws that You have set down.
Yet with this terrible recompense am I served.
O most wicked are the men of the Earth
And richly do they deserve Your wrath.
O Lord, King of Heaven and Earth,
I do beg You to visit upon them
That have so accomplished my ruin
A most awful vengeance.
They that do so treat the ambassador
Must surely invite the wrath of the King
And I have been but an ambassador,
Conveying to them Your will.
Once more do I implore You
Avenge Your servant."

As he lay prostrate upon the sands
Noah wept and raged
And so called out to Heaven.
Then appearing, as if resolved from the wind,
His dark shadow falling over Noah,
Blasted by the fire of the sun,
Michael came to his instrument
To succour him with gentle words
And yet nurture those desires in him
That were expedient to Heaven's cause.
Arrayed in robes of white was he,
Michael, prince of the Elohim,
And bound into braids with gold
Was his silvered beard and hair.
Arrayed like a king was Michael
And with a tyrant's voice he spoke,
Tutoring the fallen one in what must be done

To fulfil that plan that Heaven had
For Noah and his family in their long war,
Hopeless, against Chadel and the children,
Against the tribe of kings foretold,
Against the Nephilim who would one day rule
That which would be lost to Heaven.
Thus spoke Michael to Noah:

"O Noah, son of Lamech,
Do you think that the children of Heaven
Are deaf to the cries of the wronged?
Does it seem to you that Adonai Yahweh
Cares not for the race of men on Earth?
Surely He is most merciful to those
That would but accept His kingship
And it is a most rightful claim.
Yet mankind have been beguiled by Satan's lies
And acknowledge not the kingship of my Lord.
Thus does wickedness prosper on the Earth
And Satan is pleased with his evil
For all purity and righteousness fade
And the world is devoured by his darkness.
By his tongue are men turned to corruption
And heed not the laws that Adonai Yahweh has laid down
As a guide to the men made by His hand
From a sod of clay.
And what is wrought by His hand
May yet be undone if you would hear.
Noah, you shall be avenged
And now pay heed how it shall be.
Adonai Yahweh has resolved to destroy
All things that live upon the Earth
That do take breath from the wind
Save those that He does choose to spare.
Lo! The Lord of Hosts shall throw open
The cataracts and release upon the Earth
A great Deluge, drowning all the land
Beneath the swollen seas.
In this you, Noah, prophet of God,
Must aid us, the Elohim hosts,
For our power alone cannot pierce

To the Earth beneath Heaven
To release the gates beneath the seas
So that the mountains' peaks
Might be submersed beneath the waves.
To you shall I teach the invocation
By which this end might be wrought.
Before this is done, Noah,
That you and your family might endure
And repeople the Earth with a more noble race
You must build for yourself a ship
That shall be in length three hundred cubits
That shall be in breadth fifty cubits
That shall be in height thirty cubits.
Into this great vessel you shall install
All your family that they might escape the waters
And two of each kind of beast that goes on Earth
That the produce of God's creation be not lost.
When such a ship is built and stocked
Then shall we recite the incantation
By which the waters be convoked.
Thus Noah are you avenged.
Thus is the dictate of your King
And not with ease does He suffer your shame
But does reach out in wrath
And destroy those that would sin against Him.
Make your prostrations doubly then
Lest you invite the ire of God
And with triple swiftness
Make firm that which He wills of you."

So did Noah hear the word of Michael,
Spoken in the secret places of the desert,
And set to work his household
To build a ship of those dimensions
That the Elohim prince had specified to him.
Yet not Noah alone heard Michael's words
For upon a spire of rock close to that place
Where Michael had disclosed the plan,
Determined by his inclement lord,
Watched the silver crane, Ashmedai,
Who had followed Noah since his banishment

From the city where he had revealed
His new allegiance and been mocked
By the more knowing people of his father.
Hearing all, Ashmedai, with keen ears,
Came to know of the Elohim's design
And the fate they had in mind
For the Nephilim that I sired.
Thus had they sought to win
That which had been lost to them.
Now the Shedim herald hastened
Swift to most deep Chadel
Of the fount of flame
To relay to his brethren the witness
Of Heaven's intent towards the Earth.
Flying like a falling star
That goes like a bolt of fire
With a tail of light across the sky,
Went Ashmedai amongst the numberless columns
Of stone that held aloft the soaring vaults
Carved into the living stone of Earth.
As precipitous as an arrow let fly
From the singing bow-string,
Went Ashmedai amongst the passages,
Torn out by the talons of dragons.
So came Ashmedai to Chadel.
To receive the Shedim thegn
The gates, bound with iron, were set open
And he passed inwards.
With no less haste he made
A path to the Spire of Opal and Ruby
And came before me in great distraction,
Panting with ardour of his flight.
In this way I learnt of what was planned
By Heaven for the race of man.
Upon a seat of cedar I sat,
Draped with silks of purple and cinnabar,
And sipped from jewel-starred cup
A rich nectar brewed from grapes
Grown upon the shadowed vines of the underworld,
Potent with prophecy and sleep.
The doors of the chamber now

Were cast open and inwards
Flew Ashmedai of the Shedim
And stood before me as I stood
To greet my faithful friend
Who had come to stand beside me
At that first rebellion.
Both bowed to greet the other,
Making plain the mutual admiration
That each for the other held.
Seeing that he was yet weary,
Unrestored after that headlong mission
That had brought him to me
I offered him a share of that wine I drank,
Pouring out for him a goblet
Of the sweet and perfumed liquor
That flowed like the very sap of rubies.

"Drink, my friend," I counselled,
"For you seem exhausted by some travail.
Dear Ashmedai, drink of this fine dew
And you shall find it most regenerative.
Myself, I am now quite overcome
By its more exotic properties,
Finding it some degrees more potent
Than other wines that have met my lips.
It does set strange fancies to dance
Before my eyes though they be not there
And makes each colour that I gaze upon
A thousand times more distinct
Than it seemed to me before.
Drink and restore yourself
And then tell me what it is
That has to such haste spurred you.
I had thought that you were upon the Earth,
Keeping watch upon Lamech's foolish son
Who, it would seem, has gone quite mad
And raved himself from his home and city.
What is it that Noah has done
That has so excited you?
What is there to report of his deeds
That is of such urgent consequence

That you have sought me out with such alacrity?
Some moments before I was quite at ease,
Made drowsy by this narcotic wine,
But now my heart grows uncertain
And my mind becomes agitated
By the dark shadow that is cast
By your abnormal entrance.
What has come to pass?
What calamity is threatened upon the Earth?
How do the stars align against us?
Drink Ashmedai and recover
That you might make report
And make known what dire intelligence
Has roused to such alarm
The dauntless Shedim champion, Ashmedai.
What have your eyes perceived
To so dim them and, at once,
Set them aflame with a nervous spark."

Ashmedai with a flattened palm
Pushed away the proffered chalice
And instead regarded me
With impatient and excited eyes,
Dancing this way and that.
Now he spoke, each word
Jumping over the prior,
Spilling from his tongue like a cascade
That babbled on a rapid flow
In his haste to convey what had passed.
So reported Ashmedai:

"Lord Satan, Commander of Our Hearts,
Most dire news have I flown with
From the surface Earth
Where I had watched beguiled Noah,
Bearing witness to what he wrought
Lest Heaven use him for some plan against us
Which I now perceive they do.
Yet I have learnt of what they conceive,
The Elohim, in their cruel kingdom,
And how they shall use their pawn.

O perfidious ones! How I revile you
For the awful butcheries you devise
Against the noble Nephilim,
Turning a brother's hand in vengeance
Against they who are of one race.
As I kept my watch upon Noah
From some little distance,
Watching his miserable supplication
And demented cries for revenge
Against those that had cast him out
To live amongst jackals and scorpions,
I did perceive treacherous Michael,
Arch-deceiver, descend to the prince,
Whose ravings have stripped him of princedom.
Noah, before our once-brother, knelt,
Praying to Adonai Yahweh, foe of man.
After it had seemed to Michael
That his slave had fawned for good time
He spoke to him, promising
To ensnare to his most wrongful cause
The prince that knelt before him,
So criminal was his purpose.
Then, to Noah and, unknowing,
To secret Ashmedai, he divulged
The true purpose Heaven had for Lamech's son.
This, Satan, do they ordain:
In Noah is invested some part of power
That was lost to Adonai Yahweh
When you took it from him upon the field.
This power then Heaven can but command
If the Elohim can command the Nephilim
To the end Noah does suffice.
Using then that power which does reside in him
They will call upon the Earth
A great flood to cover mountain peaks,
Drowning all upon the Earth
Save that which has fore-warning.
Michael has instructed Noah to build for him a boat
To carry God's loyal family from the waters
And of every beast that goes on land
A pair by which to breed anew

Their population upon the blasted Earth.
Thus does God intend to annihilate
The Nephilim race you made.
Accursed be those criminals
For the wickedness of this deed
To kill so many shows to us
To depths even deeper than Chadel
Has Heaven fallen.
O killers of children! Elohim!
Hear the oath of Ashmedai.
For you shall be total destruction
I shall not spare so much as an atom of your being
No matter what entreaties you might make.
By this action you do condemn yourself
And the very motion of the Universe
Does strengthen my arm against you."

Now sobriety held me absolutely
And all dregs of stupor went from me
As I pondered the intelligence brought to me
And wished most fervently that I but dreamt.
My mind would not believe
That even the treacherous Elohim
Who had so wronged me in times past
Would commit such an atrocity
As that which Ashmedai had reported.
Blank incomprehension was the one defence
Of the shocked wit to such knowledge
And I was fully numbed by this.
I fell back into my seat, trembling.
I covered my face and wept.
No power had I to avert this calamity
And so spare my children
The cruel purpose of the Elohim
And the abomination they sought to bring.
These had once been my brothers
And a most noble race,
Bright as stars within glorious Heaven's walls.
How sullied were those ramparts now.
How could I raise my hand against Noah
That Heaven should not defend that tool

By which the Elohim could restore
Some of that which had been lost to them,
Breeding from Noah's family
A race less proud and noble than the Nephilim
That they might dominate easily
And thwart those great ambitions
Which I held for my children
That now would be drowned beneath water,
Their bright flame forever quenched,
That spark of mine which first took light
And illumined the road to a worthy future.
All my dreams were drowned beneath the waves,
Raised up by the malfeasance of Heaven.
In that dark hour all seemed lost to me
And I would that the darkness upon my soul
Would swell and swallow completely
My sense and bear me off to witless rest,
Unknowing of all things and my defeat
At hated Heaven's hands.
All was dark to Satan's eyes
When all had once seemed won.
Yet in darkness there was a light
And it caught fast upon the pitch of despondency
And set my soul ablaze.
When I had been made weak by sorrow
In an instant was I animated by delirium,
Knowing in that instant that to lie prostrate
Even when all was lost
Is an act of shame.
Even unto the final drawing of breath
Do the noble fight on.
To live without hope
Is indeed to die.
Thus was I seized by new vigour
And caught up in a frenzy.
Going forth from that my high tower
To stand atop its embattled height
I cried out to the city,
Rousing Chadel's people from slumber
And stirring them to attention.
No words came at first

But a determined howl of wrath and elation,
Coming from some hidden hollow of the soul
That resounded about dome and tower,
Shattering the quiet to shards.
Like a frightened flock of birds
The Shedim were moved into commotion,
Hurrying to the tower to so discover
Whence came the bestial roar that stirred
At the city's heart.
Thus gathered to me were the Shedim
And so did they hear me speak:

"Noble Shedim, hear me.
Once again must we bear arms against Heaven
And thwart what they desire.
You know that Noah, Lamech's son,
Is the Elohim's and serves them.
This tool have they found some use for,
Employing that power invested in the Nephilim
To work against them, through Noah,
A most abhorrent end.
It is the intention of Heaven's sons
To release upon the Earth
The waters held up in hidden reservoirs
And raise the seas that they cover
The highest mountains' peaks
And drown beneath the waves
All living things that go upon the Earth.
Thus will they slay my children,
All, with a single blow,
Save the family of Noah
Who shall be employed to breed
A subservient race of men,
Unresisting of their will.
Against this end must we work
And swiftly for their crime already moves,
Gaining impetus to its conclusion.
Upon this counter-plot have I resolved,
Not all the Nephilim might be saved
For even those that are spared the waters
Shall the Elohim strike down in weakness.

Not all can be saved this fate
And there is no means to avert it.
Rather I shall ready ships of my own
To bear away some number of the noble
To weigh even against ignoble Noah's kin
That the new race of men may know some part
Of that which is fine and right.
This fleet of our own we shall defend
Against those hosts that Heaven sends
To consummate their villainy
And make good the slaughter.
Shedim and Nephilim shall stand as one
Against the Elohim and tax a harsh due
In blood for this great wrong.
Thus, sisters, brothers, make ready for battle
Though we have known already a surfeit of it.
Some third of your number must go to Earth
To defend the Nephilim that can be saved
And the remainder must guard these walls
Against those that would come against us
From Heaven when we are weak,
Guarding distant places.
The guardian host, defenders of the Nephilim,
Shall be led jointly by Moloch and Ishtar,
Let the former's burning wrath
Be tempered by the unflinching protector
Of the child-race whom she gave life.
I go now to Shurupuk to prepare the fleet,
Giving to UtaNapishtim, noblest of men,
Instruction of that which must be done.
Make the proper preparations in my absence.
Now I must go with haste
For there is little time to me
And much must be done
Before the seas rise up from their rightful place
And devour, with unebbing tide,
The shores and plains and hills,
Wiping clean the Earth of that which lives,
Drawing breath from the wind.
I go. Make ready in my absence."

Thus did I go forth from Chadel
By dark tunnels to the upper Earth
And there did seek Shurupuk
In the Kingdom between Two Rivers.
Quickly did my eye descry
The bright walls of the city
And its turrets festooned
With pennons of many colours
And the keen-eyed watchmen
That looked in all directions
For those that would dare make approach to those gates,
Honoured by the passing through of victorious hosts,
And lay siege to those spires high.
No such defilement would make fall those walls
But the sea itself would wash away
All that was fine and noble of those streets and domes
Like walls of sand upon the shore,
Erased by the ebb and flow of tides.
Robed in shadow, I passed the sentries at the gates,
Flying upon rainbow wings above the towers,
Eluding every eye that strained
To perceive the invader's host cast up
A great column of dust from the desert
Whether in the East or West.
Then, descending, I went unseen by the streets,
Paved with carved stone and broad
That six chariots could pass abreast.
Filled with merchants and musicians were those roads,
Acrobats danced and for some piece of silver
The seers would tell you of tomorrow's promise
Though they told nor saw what came
And, by merciful blindness, were spared
That knowledge that weighed heavy on my heart.
At the city's centre rose high the ziggurat
Upon the pinnacle of which was built
The temple where libations were poured out
To flow through soil and stone to the founts of Chadel.
With the borrowed light of the sun
Shone the gilded dome beneath which was the altar,
Carved of marble with deep grooves to bear away
Libations of wine and milk and blood.

The southern steps I ascended to the height,
Flanked on each side by a figures of stone,
Heroes of the city and beasts of natural and strange aspect.
Thus came I to the southern temple gate.
The height of three men were the double doors
That closed the portal and cut from cedar,
Made bright with designs of gold,
Wreaths and vines, heavy with a thousand fruits.
Above was the temple's seal, painted onto ebony:
Within a pentagram with two exalted horns,
An eye painted in an emerald hue that stood
As a symbol of that first wisdom that I conceived,
Fore-seeing Heaven's fall and the rise
Of the new empire that would be greater yet
Than the ancient realm that it conquered.
From the chief of the eye issued fire,
Painted in red and gold, three tongues of flame,
One greater and one lesser and a median
One within the other, greatest outermost,
Each coming to three cusps, the central highest.
And from the base fell a tear of blood,
Representative of that blood spilt
That the Nephilim race might then be born,
Shaped of my liver-flesh cut from my frame.
Flanked by two horned beasts was the sigil, guarded.
Upon its right a she-manticore, carved of red stone,
Standing for Ishtar and upon the left flank
Sat a weir-wolf of sable rock, for Baalzebub,
Twin demiurges in the first crafting of the race.
Each sat upon its haunches looking outward
Down the steps that led up to the gates.
Throwing open the gates I passed inward
Where UtaNapishtim stood within,
Having entered from the northern portal,
Before the altar with a bowl of wine,
Pouring out in sacrifice to Ishtar
That the year's harvest might be most copious.
For a moment I remained hidden from human sight
Lest I disturb the devotions of the king.
Yet when the prayer was then complete
And the altar made wet with red liquor,

Then did I cast off the cloak of midnight
By which I was concealed from the king
And walked with purpose to stand before him
A little distance beyond the altar's southern side.
Dressed in green robes was UtaNapishtim
And at his belt hung that great mace
That had broken open Lamech's skull upon the battle's field.
Tied into braids were his beard and long hair
And his eyes flashed with fire.
I bowed low before the king of men
As he had bowed before the altar.
With a regal voice he intoned
And questioned me and my presence there:

"Who are you that comes here, strange one,
Though you seem familiar to my mind.
You seem to me to possess every attribute of my lord,
Him that I followed most dutifully,
Knowing well his teaching to men to be wise.
Are you then Satanael, maker of the race of man,
The parent of the noble Nephilim
Of whom I would declare my own lineage?
Or are you else a glamour to beguile my wits
Sent by Heaven to delude the king
That is their great foe and whose kingdom
Does grow to rival theirs and cast them down
As it has been prophesied by that very Satan
With whose seeming you do appear?
Speak then to me I do command you,
Name yourself, horned angel."

To these inquiries did I reply,
Speaking, myself, with a majestic voice,
Clear and strident, that UtaNapishtim
Would not mistake the identity of he that addressed
And so disregard that urgent warning
That I now delivered to him that he might act
And so save both himself and others
And those ambitions that I held for my children
As well as those that they held themselves.

"UtaNapishtim, son of UbarTutu,"
I spoke, "King of Shurupuk,
I am indeed Satan of the Shedim
Who created from my liver the Nephilim
That they might conquer Earth and Heaven
And build for themselves an empire more worthy
Than that of the decadent Elohim.
To this end have I hastened to the Earth
And to Shurupuk which is your kingdom
Though ere long it be lost entirely to you
And all else besides if you would heed not my counsel.
Yet you are wise and will not disregard
The wisdom of others in pride
As other less worthy monarchs might do.
For this reason have I come to you
And not to another less suited to my purpose.
You must learn of what the Elohim intend
And their dreadful plot against Nephilim,
Race of my blood and flesh, vessels of my hope.
Adonai Yahweh, upon his broken throne,
Has looked down from his crumbling tower,
That which is called Eternal but is temporal,
And grows fearful of my children's maturation.
Fearing for that which is truly lost to him
Even before it is taken from him,
Adonai Yahweh seeks the destruction of the Nephilim
Else to break them for his halter.
Yet the dauntless spirit of my children
Breaks not easily by any small means.
Some grander plan is needed by Heaven
To overcome that which is predestined to themselves
Cast down the Elohim and seize from them
That which they prove unfit to hold.
So baser means do the Elohim employ
Against those that they would destroy.
Upon the end of all Nephilim
Are their depraved intents resolved.
It is their plan to call forth a great flood
To wash every footprint of the Nephilim
And cover the peaks of mountains
That their foes might be left no recourse

But to be devoured by the seas.
Thus shall they consume the works
Wrought by the hands of children
And forever drive from the Earth
That race which might challenge them
And, doing so, would surely defeat them.
For this reason have I sought you out,
UtaNapishtim, august king and lord,
God amongst men and greatest of the Nephilim.
You alone have that strength and wisdom
By which the Elohim's design might be opposed.
You must prepare your fleet,
Equipping them with provision for a lengthy voyage,
And, going with those most worthy of your realm,
The wisest of your seers and the greatest of your knights
Those whose swords fall like thunder on the field
And carve a ruddy signature upon the ranks of enemy,
Fleeing not the chariot's charge
Nor flinching from the escalade against walls of stone.
The Elohim shall most surely come against
When all land has been devoured by the sea
And cast you to the abysmal deeps
If they were able to.
Yet I and my Shedim shall stand with you
And the Shedim and their brightest children
Shall resist the hosts of Heaven
And break them as they come
As the rocky shore resolves the sea into a froth
Though it may pounce and rage most tumultuous
And Adonai Yahweh shall rue that he ever moved
In anger his hand against the Nephilim.
With a crimson dye shall we paint the swollen seas
And feed well the black and hungry sharks
With the carrion of Heaven's hosts.
No greater glory has ever been there to win
And it may be yours if you would seize it.
Will you then heed my counsel, king,
And ensure that all that is built
Is not once more cast down by monstrous waves?
There are none but you that I can turn to
In this most desperate hour."

A darkness came upon the visage of the king
And his soul knew the darkness that I had known.
Three times he beat his great hand
Against the oblatory table of marble,
Webbing it hair-thin fissures.
Then with terrible eyes he gazed at me
And it seemed to me those orbs burned
Like twin suns and seared my very soul.
His beard seemed possessed with lightning
And his flesh glowed red with rage
As iron tempered in the forge.
Now the monarch raged with lion's voice
That shook the very stone of the temple
And made tremble the hearts of men and beasts.
Even I, brave Satan, who denied the voice of God,
Flinched from that ire that, there being none other,
Was turned upon me though I earned it not.

"Lord Satanael," he roared like a bear enraged,
"Your worthy lips, speaking only wisdom,
Are the vessel of these most hated tidings.
Had I been granted fore-knowledge of this news
I should have struck from my head these ears
That have afflicted me with testament of your speech
And, with the same blade, cut from your throat
The tongue that spoke these words to me.
Be calm, I pray. Protest not your part.
I know that you, teacher, are not blame-worthy
And it is not Satanael that I would revile
But rather those words spoken
That pierce me like a spear;
About the shaft my entrails are twisted
And torn from me to make more awful
The agony into which my soul is cast
By this dreadful portent that you bring.
Honoured indeed is UtaNapishtim
That of all kings you would come to him
And make him your agent in opposing this base scheme
And gladly shall I act to avert this disaster
That would be brought against us.

Yet I must deny your counsel
For it seems to me ill-governed by that nobility
To which my breath is devoted that I might be worthy
Of that destiny determined for our race
By the wisdom of your mind.
How can the king escape such a doom
That you do dictate to me
When, that he might, he must condemn his people
To that which he would elude?
This is no honourable act but shameful
Most extremely and is not to be pursued.
I will act upon that knowledge that you grant me
For foolish is the king that ignores such intelligence
But whilst there is yet one of my people
That might live in my place,
Going upon the ships prepared
To carry our breathing frames from the waves' embrace,
Then that one shall go in my place
And UtaNapishtim shall die beneath the water.
This is the way of true king
Yet you would ask me to abandon my people.
Thus do I refuse your counsel."

Joy and sorrow were at once in me,
Hearing these words of the Nephilim king.
Now I knew that there was one amongst them
That I had made that pursued the noble way
In the darkest shadows.
Yet that one such as this should be lost
To Heaven's cruel jealousy and others
That lived in all places of the Earth
Was a most bitter draught to my lips
And this one at least I sought to save.
Yet further persuasion did I employ,
Speaking new counsel to make strong the old:

"UtaNapishtim, king of Shurupuk,
Most noble are your words and soul
And this proud devotion to your kingship
Does stir my own heart to joy
For you are indeed a most rare jewel

And the quality of your honour
Does shine amongst the race of men
As falling Vega does shine amongst the stars.
Yet your words and your intent are not governed
By wisdom but by the heart's lament
And your wit is distempered by rightful wrath.
Wrath shall not avail in this time
And when anguish is most justified
It is of the least service.
Such a dire peril as this must be faced,
Possessing full capacity of wit and wisdom.
Were that the waters of the flood
All that there was to fear at this time
But it is not so for those ships that defy
The will of the Elohim shall be struck down
And consigned to the ocean's lower depths
As appeasement to unforgiving Leviathan.
That which water cannot destroy
Shall be undone by flame and steel.
Even did you send one in your place
They would die where you would live.
UtaNapishtim is the greatest of his people
When the battle is joined with blasting horns
And his great mace is as thunder
And none is there to withstand him.
He is as a beacon to his people
And in dark despair they look to him
And he does illumine all with hope.
Thus you must go with your people
For without you all indeed shall be lost.
You must go with your people
And lead them against the Elohim that come
And I shall stand with you
Or all will indeed be lost to men.
Thus do I say to you again
Make ready the fleet and summon to yourself
The greatest of your companions,
Magicians, knights and princes
That the race of Nephilim may be born again
After they have been swept away by Heaven.
This you must do and swiftly

Or it may not be done at all."

Now UtaNapishtim bowed his head
And acknowledged the wisdom of my counsel.
He turned from me and the altar
And went from the ziggurat
To give command to his admirals.
Thus the navy set to their toil
And made ready for long voyage
Seven ships, fine and firm.
High were their masts, of cedar,
And painted with dragon faces were the prows.
The white sails, filled with wind,
Bore bright the temple's seal
And the hulls were made splendid with gold.
Beneath the waters brazen beaks
Reflected sunlight and broke the skin
Of the waves into white froth
And yearned to shatter the timbers of the foe.
Thus was made ready the ships of Shurupuk
That would bear on white wings
The hopes of Nephilim and Shedim.
From the 'Tigris' throat went the fleet,
Bearing UtaNapishtim and his knights
From the Kingdom between Two Rivers,
Went the seven ships into the gulf
That put water between Arabia and Persia.
Upon the shore gathered the people of Shurupuk
And with bright flags waved upon his voyage
Their king and his lords though they knew not,
Not upon the ships or upon the shore,
To which harbour sailed white-sailed vessels
But UtaNapishtim alone nurtured in his heart
That most bitter intelligence and bit back tears
As he hailed his most loyal people,
Knowing that those joyous faces
Would be known to him again
Only in the dreams of fitful slumber.
One hand he raised to bid farewell,
Holding it aloft a moment
Then dropping it and turning from the shore.

Some way out into the sea
Small boats heavy with the people of Shurupuk
Followed like porpoises, from the shore
Then these too were gone
And UtaNapishtim wept.
Unknowing of that which passed in Shurupuk
Noah laboured long days and nights
To complete that ship that he was commanded.
A great vessel was it that he joined in the desert
And Elohim-aided first the keel
Then high ribs, fleshed with tarred planks,
Were constructed and fixed with nails of steel.
Like some great and black wasp it grew
Beneath the searing sun of day
And chill stars of the desert night.
Noah became as some shade,
Scarce remembering to eat or sleep
Whilst he laboured to complete his task
And avenge himself upon those that he accused.
Filthy and long was his black hair
And his flesh was gaunt and pale.
His eyes sunk within his head,
Giving him the aspect of a skull
And the cruel day sky burnt from him his wits
That all the while he worked he addressed
Commands and exhortations to slaves
That lived but within his mind.
Thus was built the ship of Noah.
When its dark form was finished,
Casting a great shadow on the sands
As the day died bloody in the West
Came Michael to Noah from the South
And behind him was some great number of beasts
Of each kind a male and female,
Lions, serpents, birds and deer,
And unnumbered others that went on the Earth
And from the wind drew breath.
So came Michael once more to Noah
To fulfil his black scheme and thwart
That scheme of mine which was born
Of his own treachery and malice

That had not dwindled but grown darker yet.

"Hail Noah, son of Lamech,"
Spoke the prince of Heaven.
"This number of beasts have I brought to you
That you might gather them
And bring them to the ship you built.
Now that it is prepared
There is no reason to make further delay
But to equip the ship and load up
The beasts to their cells.
We can thus bring about the Deluge more swiftly
And for a briefer period
Will the creation of God be compelled
To bear the burden of mankind's sin.
Make haste then Noah to load up your boat
And tell your family to prepare to sail
Though the desert sands be all about
So that the rains might be summoned soon
And the sin of man be washed from the Earth
Thus defeating Satan and evil crew.
Though you are wearied by those toils
That your hand has already made complete
Spurn not yet greater industry now
When it is most necessary
And its reward is both near and great.
Make preparations for the voyage
And then I shall teach to you
Those incantations that you must know
To summon from the sky and depths
The waters to raise up the flood.
The keys to the great cataracts shall be taught
To you once the ship is ready
So make haste that God's will
Be not thwarted for a longer time
Than must be for it to be accomplished.
Act now, Noah, and find vengeance
That you so earnestly desire."

Did that mad criminal need such words as these?
No! His heart was so black with hate,

Flowing in his blood like a burning venom,
That no words of Elohim tongue were there
That would spur the flagitious one
To crimes that his mind did not itself conceive of.
All those born of Man and Woman
Are the noble children of Satan.
Let it be recorded that base Noah
Is no more of the Nephilim
Than Satan is of the Elohim.
Before had even Michael finished his speaking
Noah had even then begun the loading of the beasts
Into that black boat built for Heaven's purpose
And had instructed his weary family
To make ready for the voyage.
All night and day laboured Noah
And for another night before all was done
And all preparations had been made against the flood.
Now came Michael to Noah at dawn,
Perceiving now had come the time to act
And bring forth the waters to cover the Earth.

"Noah, son of Lamech," he spoke,
"Now has the time come to intone
Those incantations to open the doors
By which are bound the sky's cataracts
And the waters of the deep Earth.
Speak then the words with me
And enact the rightful rituals
That these jaws might gape open
And spew out the contents of their bellies.
Thus shall we wash for all time
The wickedness of man from the Earth
And for all time hereafter
Shall the just reign of Adonai Yahweh endure
And you shall be His most favoured servant.
Rightful victory is now yours, Noah,
For you have withstood adversity,
Keeping faith when all were arrayed against you.
God does reward such servants as you
Most amply of His generosity.
Come then and speak those words you must

And initiate this washing away.
Cleanse the Earth of your fathers' sins
And make it once more fit for God.
So do I charge you in His name
And so must you do
If you are indeed His allegiant slave.
Speak then these words with me
And let this Cataclysm begin."

So stood Michael and Noah
At the prow of that constructed in the desert,
The vessel of Heaven's wrongful purpose.
From the dawn unto the dusk
They sang discordantly the syllables
That convoked the waters of Heaven and Earth.
As that remorseless bore on
And the sun traversed the azure dome
Upon its appointed path unto the West
The sky became black with clouds
And all was in shadow on the land.
Now shrieked the wind amongst the trees,
Tearing from them leaves and wood
And everywhere both man and beast
Sought shelter from the coming rains.
As the sun descended to die once more
In the western sky it was seen not
Save for the crimson staining of the fatal clouds.
And the rains fell and ceased not.
Marvelled did they of Shurupuk's fleet
At the unceasing rain that fell
Throughout the night upon the ships.
So heavy was the air with water
That the men of Shurupuk that sailed
Upon those ships spared Heaven's wrath
Thought that they were already beneath the waves
And that those that forsook the shelter
Of the inner parts of the ships
Were struck to the floor by the weight of rain.
Moon and stars illumined not that first night
But the fleet was cast into utter darkness
For those torches lighted to drive back the shadows

Were extinguished by the storm.
Even as the dawn was marked
Scarcely was that black veil lifted
For the clouds heavy with great burden
Permitted not the rays of the sun
To fall upon the lands or seas.
Despite the wind that lashed
And the rain that beat as a rod upon the back
I stood with UtaNapishtim at the bow
And watched what Noah's hand had wrought
And none saw my tears for the rain.
Came to us there the admiral of the fleet
To speak with the king of Shurupuk
And voice his fear at the tempest
That cast the ships hither-thither
And made most burdensome the sails with water.

"Mighty King, Lord of Shurupuk,
How my heart is made weak with fear
That this rain falls so heavy and so long.
Not I alone but all those that go upon this voyage
That has no destination that you have spoken.
This tumult does most harshly assail
And casts into disarray the fleet.
Now even were there some harbour that you sought
It is lost to you and out of reach.
Even the greatest exertions of our sailor
Can do naught but preserve the vessels
And to do more than this is beyond the greatest magicians.
Fortunate are we indeed that even now
We have lost not a man to the frothing waves.
Surely some beneficent sorcery does guard us.
O will these rains be ever unabating
And grow ever greater in their intensity
That every land of man is consumed
By the rising waters of the seas,
Glutted upon this surfeit?
When shall there be respite for us?
What has stirred to such a passion
The very elements that this should be?
Lord, I fear and beg some word of you

That might grant to me some comfort
And make more courageous my coward heart."

For a long while did the king regard
His admiral, faithful yet afraid
At the savagery of Noah's sorcery.
No words could he conceive of for him
To make easy the heart that beat unsoundly
For he had no thought to make sure his own
With greater knowledge than the other.

"Faithful captain," spoke UtaNapishtim,
"Did you but know what you prophesied
And had that intelligence which is granted me.
Truly this rain shall not cease
Until the seas have risen so high
That the pinnacles of mountains are sunk deep
And the mourning for those that are lost
In greater numbers than can be conceived
Is truly ceaseless but without end.
Never shall this memory be lost.
I have told you this for it can no longer be concealed
And that first purpose for which I deceived
Is no longer served by silence.
I sought to spare you some time
That dreadful burden that hitherto
I have borne alone but for the Shedim.
Know also that we of all men
Enjoy the protection of Chadel's people
And must have no fear of the rains
But must prepare for a greater threat
That shall come against us surely
Before the seas and rains recede once more
And yield some welcome shore to us.
It is the Elohim that conjure against us
This tempest that rages about us,
Seeking to so extinguish from the Earth
All men that might one day oppose them
And cast down their doomed kingdom.
When they realise that we have escaped
And shall sow anew the seeds of our empire

That once more the Nephilim's star
Climbs ascendant in the sky
Then shall they seek to accomplish by other means
That which by their first recourse was thwarted.
Thus must we prepare, even in the storm's midst,
To repel the very hosts of Heaven.
It is well then that there is no navigation
That our hands can accomplish
For it would but blind us to a greater threat.
Nephilim and Shedim shall stand side by side
To preserve this little part when all else is lost.
Make ready for the battle
For its time is soon, I know it."

Thus, without recourse against the currents
That bore the ships whither whimsy willed
But to lash with strong ropes together
The seven vessels cast about by wind and rain
That the fleet would not scattered far,
The marines of Shurupuk, drowned deep
Beneath the swollen rivers and sea
Were the noble city's walls and washed
From every map of Earth were the bright towers,
Made ready for battle against Heaven's hosts,
Preparing spears and bows and shields
Or else speaking such incantations
To bind Fortune's vagaries to their cause,
Enchanting each shaft to fly true
And preparing charms to ward the bolts
Of Heaven that they would find no mark.
Thus did the last of the Nephilim
Use what time was theirs within the storm
Before the coming of a greater storm.
Storing up their strength for battle
UtaNapishtim and his brave retinue
Let the wind carry them where it will
Across the black and frothing sea
That seemed to boil with spite for men.
On those gross waters did they drift
In many directions though all direction
Was lost in that dark waste of the flood.

Ten thousand sights did appear
Like phantoms from the eternal gloom
Before then being left to fade once more
Into those shadows that spawned them.
Lo! Did a mountain's peak appear
Now made a petty island by the tides grown great
And on there stood, made mad with famine,
Some twenty woman with mewling infants
Clutched tight to their parched breasts
And others not accommodated on that land
Struggled helpless in the waters round about
Before they sank into the depths.
Still mercilessly rose the waters to take all the mountain
But UtaNapishtim was denied witness of that end
As the pitiful spectacle was shrouded once more
By the shadows that closed about it.
Other images appeared and went like smoke
But ever haunted the dreams of those that saw
And faded not from tormented sleep.
Fragments of the life of men floated by,
Wooden chairs and tables and cribs
Were borne by and more gruesome things.
Boats crewed with corpses or those that yet lived,
Unreleased from their shrivelled frames.
The cadavers of men and beasts,
Bloated with decay, went also on the waves.
Would that the world had drowned more easily
And the artefacts of that destruction
Even in death had not sought the surface.
In that twilight of the storm
My eye's perceived an eternity of nightmares
And the long years diminish not
Those fadeless days of horror.
Those words of Michael to his disciple, Noah,
Fathomed not the deed they did.
At the prow I stood with UtaNapishtim
And sought comfort for the king of Shurupuk
With these words, knowing that not at him alone
Were my persuasions intended but to myself
That my own heart might be unpained
Yet those words were so empty as are all words

When the eyes bear another witness.
Some sights make silent all words.
So did I speak to UtaNapishtim:

"UtaNapishtim, son of UbarTutu,
Most terrible indeed is all this
That appears to your eyes and assails
Most vehemently the mind behind those eyes.
You are the witness of a most abhorrent deed
And I know not what there is to say
That might make these sights more reasonable
When they seem to the reasonable insane.
These children that I have sired
To build the eternal empire to succeed
That which commits such atrocities
Are defiant creatures indeed.
Do you think that they would go quiet to death?
They do not but proclaim those wrongs
That are worked against them.
You that bears witness to this cry
Must not be diminished by the sufferings
That you are presented with
But must be made strong by them
And in the flames of this torment
Your metal must be tempered to new resolve
That when the hosts of Heaven come
You might well argue for those that have no voice.
If these sights would make you weak
Against Heaven you shall surely fall
And then their victory would be complete
And that which is seen here shall not be remembered
But it shall be glorified by those that write the history.
Only if you are strong shall your witness
Be of any virtue to those that are so vilely wronged.
Make strong then your heart
And let these wraiths move your heart to anger
And let that anger make you strong
Against the Elohim who shall surely seek
To make this crime complete.
This is not a time for sorrow.
Libations enough can be poured out for the dead

When all is won and the waters once more recede.
Now the only fitting libation for their shades
Is the blood of the Elohim.
Let nothing deter you but make you strong.
So do I exhort you."

UtaNapishtim spoke no reply
Yet I perceived in his eyes
That my words reflected that which was already resolved
And that course that he pursued.
Yet I had barely breathed again after speech
When some keen-eyed watchman gave up a shout
And then blasted on his horn.
Now in the great veil of cloud above
That made black the sky and into night,
Starless, transformed the day,
A great gap opened in the East
To display the rising sun and yet more
For the new blue sky, as though seen for the first time
Shone with a thousand wings of flame
And a thousand suns were seen on spear-heads.
So came the hosts of the Elohim.
Now, as though the very stars fell from their place
And rushed downward to destroy the Nephilim
They made their assault upon the ships.
From the distant mists resolved their forms
To become more apparent to the eye
Than that indistinct mass that first we saw.
Before the great and winged column,
Bearing in his left hand haughty Heaven's standard
And in his right that feared weapon that cut down
All that would oppose his father's purpose,
The quadruple scythe that reaped harvests
For the king of Heaven and cleared
All choking herbs from Yahweh's kingdom,
Went Gabriel as general of the host.
At his back came some ten thousand of Elohim knights,
Arrayed in shining arms, with shaft and shield
Taken up for war.
At this first appearance went up from the ships
A great clamour of dismay

For bold and strong though my children were
They were but few against so great a foe
And could hope not to stand against the Elohim.
Yet but for an instant did fear seize their hearts
For of the Nephilim these were the best
And feared no travail of torment.
Now, like the trumpets' blare,
Rang out the voice of the king,
Shurupuk's great lord, UtaNapishtim,
And awoke from terror's sleep
His brave knights and seers to action
And cast weakness from their limbs:

"Enough, no time is their for despair
Though if ever was it due
It is due well now.
Now we must act against the foe.
Magicians of Shurupuk, to assail the ships
They have opened in the veil of storms
A portal by which to pass from Heaven to Earth.
Beat, beat your Magyar drums
And close upon them the thunderous gates
And cast against them with double force
Those storms that have long assailed us.
Swiftly now and work your spells
Else this day is surely lost to us.
Now my brave archers draw back your strings
And play for me that singing melody of death.
Those that are not driven from the sky
By the rain of water from the clouds
Shall be torn down by a more steely weather
And cast into these swollen waters
To which our own brothers and sisters
Have been cast by them.
All others must make ready other arms
By which to defend the wizards and the bowmen
For but by them can we keep from flight
The winged foe that we without wings may contend
Not at a disadvantage on the field
But rather hold the one respite from the air
That rages with bolts of flame and our own steel.

Swiftly then and fulfil this command
Or else all is lost to us."

Now was a drum-beat like the thunder's peal
And a low moaning chant
By which the wizards worked their charm
And from their flesh their spirits passed
Into the storm clouds and animated the winds.
Before true knowledge of what was to be
Was the Elohim's the gates were shut upon them
And they were in the very midst
Of the howling tempest, redoubled.
Many were at that instant blasted
By the flaming sky-bolts and fell
Like stars into the seas
And yet others blinded by the rain and mists
Could not check their flight
And were too taken by the waters.
Yet from the tumult of the sky
Came a greater number undamaged
By the wizards' work yet in disarray.
Even as the Elohim horns rang out
To marshal once more the column
The bows of Shurupuk then sung their song
And feathered barbs carried on an enchanted breeze
Flew for the disordered ranks
And mingled with the torrents
Some redder pigment and heavier shapes,
Swiftly lost, weighed down by mail,
Beneath the churning waves.
Now, rallied by the frantic signalling
Of clarions and flags, the Elohim came,
Screaming rage above the thunder
In one awesome charge against the ships
And yet not with some desperation, knowing
That could they not gain the solid timbers
They would find no respite upon wing.
Seven times sang bowstrings before they closed
And seven times shining shapes precipitated
From the ragged ranks into the froth below.
Then were the Elohim upon the ships.

Upon every ship the knights of Shurupuk
Rushed forth to meet the Elohim spears
With mace and javelin and battle-cry
And soon were the decks slick with gore
Where but rain had made them slick before.
Yet and yet sang the archer's bows
Cutting from the winds those of Heaven
Who found no perch upon the crowded decks.
Now upon the ships of the king
Where UtaNapishtim himself contended,
Striking down to each side
The Elohim that fought in desperation against him,
Shattering alike shield and skull
By his great mace of meteoric iron,
Alighted Gabriel with whirling scythe
And walked lion-like amongst the Nephilim warriors,
Severing limbs in so frenzied an assault
That it could be not perceived at which moment
A blow was done and the next begun.
Seeing my children butchered so
I cast from my shoulders that midnight cloak
That had hitherto concealed me from all eyes
And leapt forward with an eager sword
And drove it deep into the side of Gabriel.
Seeing this appearance sudden amongst them
The Nephilim took new heart and rejoiced
And taunted with new words their foes
And renewed their attack with greater vigour,
Driving back the Elohim hosts
To the very brink of the ships
That they stumbled but a few paces more
And would be taken by the boiling ocean.
In the ecstasy of new hope
So the Nephilim intoned or sang:

"See you then this, you Elohim
That would contend most rashly against Shurupuk.
Even such profound darkness as of this tempest
We are deserted not by our sire.
Wherever we do find ourselves
And against what perils we must set ourselves

Ever is great Satanael at our sides,
Coming forth from some hidden place
To defend us and stand with us.
Where once were our souls empty
He pours from his eternal cup
New hope and vigour into us.
Happy are the Nephilim indeed
To have such an ally.
Now do we rejoice for Satan stands amongst us
And his swift sword fights our cause
Whereas your lot is despair.
Rejoice Nephilim and once more to arms
That we might make absolute
Our victory and the Elohim's destruction."

Now I matched myself against Gabriel
And the scythe of four blades
That shrieked like a hurricane
As it again and again cut at me
To be turned aside at that last moment
By my sword, exerted much
To assuage the onslaught of Heaven's prince.
The wound that I had carved upon him
Diminished Gabriel not at all
But made him strong with anger.
This way and that way, across the deck
Satan and Gabriel contended
With the clash of arms ringing above the thunder.
Now, as it seemed that I had gained advantage
Gabriel, pressed back against the mast,
Kicked out with a boot against my leg
And with some cruel spur opened on my calf
A bleeding maw and I fell back
And found myself seated on the boards of the deck.
Pressing at once his new advantage
The second of the Elohim fell on me
Swinging down towards my throat
His spinning weapon of four blades.
Once more did I withstand the blow
Interposing between steel and flesh my own blade.
Now though that first impetus was lost

The Elohim now pressed down
With a steadier strength and forced
Towards my breast his own blade
And I could find not strength to resist
The steel's slow descent.
Then was their joy upon the angel's face
As he stood over and pressed down
And mocking laughter upon his voice
As he jeered my position
And the battle raged all about us.

"So, my brother," spoke Gabriel,
"You thought to contend against me.
How foolish it must seem to you now.
Better it would have been for you
Had you yet skulked in the shadows
And dared not to oppose my purpose.
O yes! Well did you match yourself
Against our Father before Heaven's gates
And that conflict you did win
But this time you shall not vanquish
But shall be vanquished.
I am not some old dotard as are you accustomed to
And not as weak-tempered as my brothers.
Upon the battle's field Michael may have fled
But that is not the way of Gabriel.
More than this shall I tell you
So you have full knowledge of your death
That grows so near that its chill shadow
My eyes even now perceive upon you .
Like Michael's spear is my blade envenomed
And not Baalzebub's immunity have you
To the viper's sting or traitor's chalice.
A single scratch alone and you are finished.
Savour then these last moments
As I savour them."

Then a flash, a crash,
And my eyes saw not nor my ears heard
For an instant and I believed
That it was some great spasm of the storm

Yet, regaining then my perception
I saw that this was not so.
In shards about me was my sword
And about me fragments of a quadruple scythe
Once joined as a cross but broken now
Into a hundred parts and before me
Like a bear enraged,
Steadily, yet with most lethal purpose,
Advanced UtaNapishtim, mace raised high,
Mace that had shattered the weapons locked
In that embrace of death escaped,
Upon now unarmed Gabriel
Who stumbled backwards to the stern.
For a moment stood the Elohim prince
In defiance of my noble son
Whose life having saved myself with fore-warning
Had now saved mine from death.
Then did Gabriel cast himself into the sea
And, in an instant, transformed
Into an orca and fled into the waves.
Now above the battle's din and storm
Came a great sounding of horns
And from the storm clouds came a host,
Winged and arrayed in the scales of Giants.
Thus did the hosts of Chadel
Arrive to relieve the beleaguered Nephilim.
Ishtar and Moloch leading at the head,
Descended in most terrible guise.
Ishtar appeared with a lion's head
And in six hands held six spears
With keen and barbed heads.
Ever has it been the Shedim's way
To assume some awesome form for battle.
Moloch was himself unchanged
Yet, as a flaming bull, was no less dreadful
And after came a multitude of armoured warriors.
Comprehending then that all was lost
The Elohim gave up a great cry and made to flee
But rising into the air
They found themselves amongst my hosts
And were hurled down by the charge

Into the ever-hungry sea.
Thrusting to this side and that
Soon, upon each of Ishtar's inclement spears
Hung transfixed seven Elohim.
Yet others of Heaven's ill-chanced host
Plummeted downwards like flaming comets,
Ignited by the blazing hooves of Moloch.
Thus were Elohim destroyed completely.
Even as the last of Heaven's host
Was lost beneath the swollen waters
A great wind blew up from the East
And for some three hours howled its all,
Scattering to flight the heavy rain clouds
And unveiling the blue of the sky.
Now from the ships went up a cheer
That the foe had been vanquished
And that great Deluge was now ended.
For seven days did the waters recede,
Flowing back to their hidden reservoirs.
First did the mountains' heights appear
As the waters receded from them
And then, the tides falling back and back
In constant ebb as once they had flowed great,
The mountain-sides and hills
Then the valleys and the plains
Revealed themselves to the sight
Of those that went upon the ships
And they rejoiced to see all things
Upon the Earth restored to equilibrium.
At that time all the land was bare
And no green thing grew from the soil.
All was desolated by the great Cataclysm.
Yet no darkness is there where no light burns
Nor despair that fosters no hope.
Deep beneath the barren soil hid the seeds
Of the thousand plants, washed away
By the waters of the Flood.
With the waters fallen back to their place
And the light of the burning sun
Making warm once more the sodden earth
To new life were those germs stirred

And even before the waters had retreated utterly
The hill-sides bloomed with flowers of every hue
And the plains were made verdant with grasses.
Now made the weary sailors for some harbour
Renouncing then their long companions,
The waves and froth and porpoises
To seek that more familiar to their birth.
Thus made the storm-buffeted ships
For some near cove to make landing.
Thus alighting upon the Earth
As though it were for the first time
That their feet had gone on solid rock,
Some fell down, wracked by weeping,
And others danced and sang with joy.
Yet UtaNapishtim was silent
And I could read not in him
The root of such impassiveness.
Thus did mankind go forth
From the sea-shore to the distant hills
To learn of their new land
To which the storm had brought them.
Nowhere did they find a trace
Of those that had been before.
It was as though all remembrance of before the Flood
Had been carried off with the tide,
Lost forever to the Earth
Save in the hearts of those that came after.
Now I went to UtaNapishtim
Who already busied himself with work
Throwing up walls and making into order
The fields of grain with the plough.
Now did I address him with these words:

"UtaNapishtim, son of UbarTutu,
Fondest of all my children,
From this place let your people go forth
Let them become numerous
And govern all the Earth
As once did they before go forth
From this land to reign over the Earth
Before the waters took them.

For, by some irony of the wind,
You have been brought to that very port
Where first you rigged the sails.
Once more have you come to this place,
The Kingdom between Two Rivers.
Now is Shurupuk lost to you
Yet shall there be new cities of equal splendour.
Nothing is there that has been lost
That shall not be restored to you
And gained again twice over.
For even as the tides flow to claim the shore
So do they ebb once more
To restore that which they once snatched.
Have, then, no fear for the battle is won.
Now must I depart from you
Though it is not without sadness
For my love for the Nephilim is great.
The Shedim must once more return to Chadel
And hold its walls against the enemy
For, defeated, the Elohim are vengeful
And will take reprisal if they could.
I shall go with Dagon and forever bind
Within the Earth these titanic waters
That they will never rise again to take the Earth.
From this is mankind ever safe.
Now rejoice and go to conquer.
Yesterday indeed is washed away
But tomorrow is your inheritance."

Thus did I turn from UtaNapishtim
And went swiftly to join my host,
Awaiting me at the shore,
That the king of Shurupuk would not see my tears.
Thus returned the Shedim to Chadel.
Thus came again the Nephilim
Unto the Land between Two Rivers.
For a thousand days did his people labour
To make fit for men the ancient land,
Assailed by steel and water
And throw up walls to echo Shurupuk's
Now lost forever, washed from the Earth.

Their lands did they name Chaldee,
Recalling in that name the older nation
That fought at their side against the Elohim,
The eternal land of the Shedim.
Noah too and his kin found land
Though with less dignity than those I sponsored
And their ship was caught by a double peak
And teetered above the receding waves.
Yet once the waters had gone from the land
Noah opened the doors of his great ship
And released onto the Earth
Those beasts that he had carried with him
And his people went forth to live on Earth.
Thus were the lands re peopled
With both men and beasts.
UtaNapishtim sent forth his people
From the cities of his land
To go beyond Tigris of the rising sun
And to go from the western bank
Of the river, Euphrates of the setting sun,
To restore once more the nations of the Earth.
Passing beyond the western frontier of the land,
Crossing then the river of Lamech's death
Who had so rashly sought to cross over,
Passing into the western lands
The people of Chaldee discovered there
The children of Noah, descended from their mountain.
Perceiving that they abased themselves to Yahweh
And knowing well in their hearts
That such was not fit for men
They went forth amongst the villages
Where lived the children of Noah
And conquered them by flame and bronze.
Then went they to the altars of Adonai Yahweh
And poured there libations to the Nephilim shades
And the people of deep Chadel.
Thus did they restore to me the children of Noah.
For nine generations then was there peace
Amongst the nations of men.
Of all those descend of Noah's line were restored to me
Save one who yet would not cast of his chains

And his name was Abraham.
Even when all others came before my altars
And acknowledged those truths that I taught them
This one alone yielded not to my love
And of all my children stood apart from me.
O my children, brave Nephilim,
When shall you learn the truth?
Adonai Yahweh nor all his angels
Have not one chain's link to bind you
Save those that you would forge
And put about yourself with full will.
No fire is there into which they would cast you
Save that which your minds would kindle.
They have no authority over man
Save that man would, deluded, kneel
And acknowledge such illusion of power
With which the Elohim would beguile.
Why are you led again and again
Into that same trap which snared those that came before?
What words are there for me to speak
By which you would realise this
And take care against such deceits?
No words had I for Abraham
That would sway his foolish heart
Nor unblind him to the fraud of Heaven
That led him on such evil paths.
In Heaven, in his tower,
Where yet he brooded on defeat
And saw no way to salvage what was lost to him,
Michael heard the prayers of Abraham.
Yet where had he once used Noah
He had met with failure
Now offered once more the same prize
He dared not to reach out to it
Least he once lose as he had once lost before.
Rather then he reasoned to wreak some mischief
Upon this one of the Nephilim
If all others would give to him
No opportunity to be so seized.
Upon Abraham, so did he resolve,
He would work such sorrows

As his own defeats had worked on him.
Thus would Abraham be a partner to Michael's misery.
So thinking, the prince of Heaven
Went before his king, kneeling low
Like some hungry hound before the table
To beg for some morsel of the meat.
So did fawning Michael plead:

"Almighty and Eternal,
Lord of Infinitude,
Tyrant of Existence,
All-illuminating Light,
King of Heaven,
Conqueror of Earth,
Father of the Elohim,
Architect of Creation,
Master of the Planets,
Orchestrator of the Stars,
Proclaimer of Destiny,
Keeper of Wisdom,
Judge of the World,
Castigator of Sin,
Scourge of Evil,
Most High, Most Merciful,
Most Just, Most Sagacious,
Most Perfect, Most Mighty,
Most Noble, Most Majestic,
My God, My Lord, My Father,
Echoing up from the Earth beneath
Your proud kingdom, eternal and invincible,
Have I heard the voice of a man,
One of Satan's children that does renounce his father,
Even as You were yourself renounce
By that apostate angel, once Your son.
Abraham sings daily Your praise
And raises his voice in prayer.
Let me then claim him for Your possession.
Yet after the failure of the Flood
And Gabriel's humiliation at the hands
Of that most wicked of the Nephilim,
UtaNapishtim who defied Your will,

Little traffic do I desire
With that blasphemous race of men.
Let me rather sport with this one
And avenge upon this one at least
Those wrongs that his race has done You.
Let me then test well Abraham's resolve
To worship Adonai Yahweh
And let him prove his worth to You
By suffering capricious whimsy.
In this at least shall we teach
Satan and his people some lesson
And show to them that not yet
Do they have dominion over Earth."

And Adonai Yahweh did but nod
To show to Michael that his words seemed good
To him that had been so wronged by that tongue
That slandered brothers and deceived
The king whose praises it should have sung.
Then Michael descended to the Earth
And went to Abraham where he dwelt
In the land of Haran.
As a great image, one hundred cubits high
And burning with a white flame
Came Michael before Abraham
And spoke unto him these words:

"Abraham, son of Terah,
Go you from this land of Haran
And take from this place your wives
And those servants of your household.
You must forsake your kindred and people
That dwell in the land of Haran
For they are most corrupt
And worship not the true God.
Yet you of all men would He save
And remove hence to another land
Which He has allotted to you.
Go then from Haran
And place your trust in Adonai Yahweh
For He shall show to you another land

Which shall be for you and your nation
That you shall be a father to.
The land of Mamre is for you, Abraham,
And it shall be your children's also.
Go then to this land with your household
And forsake these evil people
That you would dwell amongst."

So gathered to him
Abraham his household and his consorts,
Sarai and Hagar, the Egyptian,
And went from the land of Haran
Unto the land Mamre.
Well amused was Michael at this work
For Mamre was a land but of sand
And the kingdom of scorpions and jackal
And no fit place was it for men.
Yet Abraham went there with his people
Because Michael had willed him do so.
There did Abraham make his home
And there was he beset with great hardship.
Yet despite the rigours of the land
Abraham persevered with his lot
And made fertile the soil with deep wells
And reaped from it a fecund harvest.
In the land of Mamre, the women of Abraham
Brought forth sons for him.
Hagar the Egyptian was mother to Ishmael
First of the sons of Abraham
And then was Isaac, son of Sarai.
Yet of his two sons did Abraham
Love Ishmael the best of them
For he was the first born.
Yet of this love was Sarai jealous for her son
And despised Hagar for her son.
With subtle whispers and with lies
Did she deceive Abraham
And turn his heart against his first-born
And the mother Hagar the Egyptian.
So became Abraham the reflection of his god.
When her work was done

And Abraham's heart was set against Hagar
And Ishmael was robbed of his favour
Went Sarai to Hagar in anger
And spoke to her these words,
Driving her ever with her son
From the house of Abraham:

"Go from here, Egyptian.
Depart my house for there is no love for you
And I desire you not here.
Abraham is now set against you
Where once you held his love
By your deceits and intrigues.
Go with your son from here
And be cast out into exile
For if you remain
You shall be visited with those miseries
That my ire can devise.
The house of Abraham is no more for you
And Hagar and Ishmael must go hence
And find for themselves what they
Amongst scorpions of the wilderness.
Go then, Egyptian,
And depart my house.
Leave Abraham to me and Isaac."

So fearing for her life
Fled Hagar into the desert,
Taking with her Ishmael, her son,
Preferring the mercies of the desert
To the jealousy of Sarai.
Yet no water was there in the desert
And no food for the exiles.
And though she searched long
No spring could Hagar find
And her breasts became dry of milk
By which to feed her infant.
Yet ran Hagar between two hills,
Seven times, from one hill
Unto the other hill and back
To seek water but found it not.

Then, exhausted of all strength,
Hagar fell to her knees and wept,
Resigning to death her life
And that of Ishmael.
Yet when all hope was lost to her
And a dark shadow rested on her heart
A gentle was heard by her
And, looking upward from the sand,
She perceived before her a semblance of a man,
Robed all in resplendent white
Yet bearing no other ornament.
Jet-black curls, like some hanging herb,
Tumbled down his back
And within his eyes was an eternal sorrow.
Three times with his left heel did he strike the soil
And forth from it came a spring of clear water
And five times with his right
And good things to eat appeared.
So did the spirit speak to Hagar:

"Have no fear of this desert now
Hagar for you are now protected
And I stretch over you my hand
To shield you from all harm
From here shall you take your son
To distant Arabia where he shall build a city
And be there a great king
Though now he be but an exile.
Rejoice now Hagar for your woes are ended.
Do you see me so, Satan?
Am I like my brothers now.
I have not forgotten what it is to be noble.
Nor does my memory fade of Heaven's greater years
When the Elohim were indeed most noble
And their glory unmatched in all the world.
What are Michael's petty sports to me?
An omen of our decadence.
And what are the schemes of Gabriel?
Tears for what is lost to us.
Heaven's doom may well be written
But I shall yet fight to hold

Those lost treasures of that kingdom.
Do my words mean aught to you, Hagar?
They do not and it seems that I rave.
Yet fulfil that command I give you
And remember with kindness
The name of Raphael."

So went Hagar from the land of Mamre.
And, Raphael, I too recall Heaven's glories
But they are now lost to you.
You remember too late what treasures were true
And indeed worth holding though others be lost.
For Hagar I would spare you
But it is not in my hands to do so.
You are damned by your own hand
And are beyond my reach.
Yet of all the Elohim
I would call you alone my brother.
From this time did five years passed
And not one night did Abraham find sleep
That he did not weep for Ishmael
Who he thought to be dead.
Even as, in Raphael's mercy,
I had perceived some light
In all the darkness of Heaven
Now did I witness the profoundest
Of the shadows of Heaven.
Michael, what moved him to such depravity
I know not nor would know
For this crime of his exceeded all others.
Whether cruel caprice moved his heart
Or some yet darker will
Or lunacy howling in his head
I shall not know
And here does my intelligence fail me.
Now did silver-bearded Michael
Descend once more from high Heaven
And came to Mamre where dwelt Abraham
And appeared before him,
Arrayed in royal cloth.
Purple and gold bedecked him

And the soft hides of beasts.
In burning brilliance did he appear
That Abraham was blinded
To the darkness of his soul.
Now he worked his villainy
And spoke so to Abraham,
Even now mired in sorrows enough:

"Abraham, son of Terah,
Hear from me the will of God
And listen well that you might enact
That command He bids you do
If you would be of the faithful.
Adonai Yahweh asks of you a sacrifice
That you might demonstrate to Him
The perfection of your faith and love
For His throne and reign.
Yet heed well the word of Adonai Yahweh
For He asks not of you some mere libation
For even as the corrupt disciples of Satan
Pour out libations for the Shedim
And the shades of those that came before
These things are done most easily
And test not the profundity of fealty.
More than their weak religion
Does Adonai Yahweh require of His servant.
Indeed some much greater thing
Is the due of a king so great
As is the King of Heaven.
No less than this does your faith require;
That you sacrifice as a burnt offering
Your one beloved son, Isaac.
This is the true will of God.
Take your son hence to Moriah
And there, upon the hills,
Build an altar of stones
And of wood a pyre.
There strike down your son and burn him
That the smoke might rise to Heaven.
For as Adonai Yahweh reaches out His hand
To strike down His rebel son

So shall the father's arm be stretched out
To destroy his son.
It is most just in this way.
Deny not Adonai Yahweh
That which it is His to ask
But act with swiftness and with faith."

Would that Abraham have rebelled
And defied Michael's cruel command.
Yet he did not but made no complaint
Though his heart, robbed of the first
Was heavy with sorrow for the second.
Yet upon the dawning of the sun,
Bloodying the East in birth,
Abraham went out with his son
From Mamre to the hills of Moriah,
Taking with him a knife
And gathering as he went some sticks
By which to kindle flames to consume his son.
Outrage! Tyranny! Atrocity!
The very stones of the Earth cried out
And protested against Michael's crime
And the voices of the rocks and roots
Were heard in deep Chadel
And the Shedim came to know
Of that which Michael had devised.
To thwart this awful intent I did not delay
But flew swift-winged through passages
That wound through the darkness of the Earth
And sought the upper lands of men.
So came I to the lands of Moriah.
There did I perceive Abraham,
Going with his son unto the mountains,
Thus to amuse accursed Michael.
Isaac knew not of what fate was his
Should he ascend the mountain
But in the eyes of Abraham was awful torment,
His heart divided betwixt two tempers
Of pious faith and paternal love.
Such pain was his and he was made so weak
That he leaned sometimes upon his son

Or fell behind to weep unseen.
Then I could not check my tongue
But cried out, unwilling, to the wretched man
To persuade him from that path:

"Abraham, what are you doing?
Why must you do this terrible thing?
Fulfil not Michael's command
And bow not to this dark desire.
Why do you go to the mountain with your son?
You cannot hide your heart from me
And I perceive well your intent.
Is this an act of piety?
I implore you, turn back
And do not this thing that you would do.
You know not what it is
That Michael has asked of you.
What will you burn as your offering?
You truly do not know.
Yet I, Satanael, know what it is
To give up children to Michael's tyranny.
Countless multitudes of my children drowned
Beneath the waves by his tongue.
Yet you do not know what it is you do.
You burn not just flesh upon your fire
But your joy, your dreams, your very soul.
All that is sweet in the world to you
Shall become black smoke upon the wind
For the sake of Michael's cruel whim.
You destroy not just your son
But yourself also.
Do not this deed I beg you."

Yet Abraham heard not my words
And heeded not my pleading
But took up a stone into his
And cast it at me striking my brow.
Isaac also, that I would save,
Took up a stone and cast it.
Thus did they drive me from them.
Yet I felt no pain of those stones

For I was already full of pain.
Yet I would yield not that child
To Michael's cruel design
But sought some other ear to hear my prayer.
So I flew higher and then higher
To stand before those gates
That, having passed through from within,
Were ever barred to me without.
Thus I came to Heaven's gates
And there did I cry out,
Invoking my father's name
To summon him from within
That I might entreat him to be merciful
In dealing with his servant.
I called to that portal of impassive wood
And to those beyond these words:

"Adonai Yahweh, come forth from hiding
To hear him that was once your son
And loved you well though you knew it not.
Not for my sake have I come to these gates
That are most hateful to my eye
But for one of those of yours
That you would bear to suffer
Though I, your enemy, would bear it not.
Why do you ask of Abraham his son
When already one is lost to him?
Has he not loved you well
And been a most faithful servant to you.
Why then would you abuse him so?
You know as I know,
For I have suffered this at your hands,
What it is to lose a beloved son
For so is Satan lost to you.
Yet Abraham has loved you
As once I had loved you.
Will you then repay him with this treachery
As you so long ago betrayed your son.
Will you visit upon this pain,
He that has well served you,
Knowing well this pain in your own heart.

If indeed you have ever loved him
That was once your best beloved son,
If this love you have ever cherished
In the name of that love I entreat you
Spare Abraham his son."

Yet from beyond the walls came no reply
At first and I waited in silence.
Then at the rampart above the gate
Appeared a rank of figures, in a while,
And they looked down on me
With stern gazes and with bows.
One hundred Elohim knights stood above.
Then in another while, above,
I perceived that one whose audience I had sought,
Adonai Yahweh himself stood at the gate
And looked down on me with hatred
Yet not without some sorrow
As though he then relived that time
When I had first gone forever from his gates.
Arrayed in splendour was the king of Heaven
Yet, even so far beneath him,
I felt a weary burden of years heavy on him.
Not as great as once he was he seemed to me.
Yet with majestic voice he addressed me
With contempt and with wrath.
O what darkneses are there within us
That set us to drive swords
Into those that we would love the best.
With such anger did he seek to persuade himself
That truly he mourned not my loss
And with such defiance in my heart
Did I smother some love within me
That yearned once more for that one I had loved
So many years before this time.
Not this had I thought to find
There before the gates of Heaven.
Never had two so close
Been yet so far from the other.
So spoke the king of Heaven:

"So Satan, you come before me
To plead for the life of a son
Of some mortal man upon the Earth.
If that bond between a father and a son
Is so sacred to you why then did you betray
And turn against your own father
Your every strength and wits
When these things should have been employed
In the love of your beloved father.
Your treachery refutes your words
And all here would bear witness to it.
This love that you would invoke
And compel me by, yourself
Have you sundered its power over me.
Yet in one way do you words seem true.
Abraham indeed has been a faithful servant to me
And does love me as you do not.
For his sake I might spare his son
But not for yours, Satan,
Nor any love that you might call upon.
I have no love left for you.
Yet if indeed you spare Isaac
Then there is a price that must be paid
And you shall be the payer.
This is my decree to you.
If you would bargain for the son
Of my faithful servant Abraham
Who willingly would give him up for me
Then these two injunctions must you heed.
First is this: though I take him not
Isaac is yet mine and so his progeny.
Those that are descended of him
Shall be my nation and are sacred
Not Shedim or Nephilim may conquer them
And you shall not seek to take them back.
You must give to me as a payment
Isaac and his children
And they shall be unconquered on the Earth.
The second payment is a harder one
Though I am sure that you shall pay it.
If I am to be denied Isaac

As the burnt offering of Abraham
Then you must take Isaac's place upon the altar.
As he would have burnt
So shall Satan burn upon the altar.
This is what I demand
If you are to spare Isaac."

Adonai Yahweh spoke so to me
And even in that moment I knew
That the love which I had called upon
Was not now sacred unto him
Yet for me was it still some treasure
Worth preserving and for it
Would I give up much.
Thus did I bow my head before Heaven's gates
And accede to the tyrant's will
That I might spare my child this pain.

"Yes, Adonai Yahweh," I spoke,
"As you have willed it so shall it be.
Yet know this of which you would command,
Firstly, of that second thing:
Abraham is not of the great men of old
And has not the strength to destroy me.
His knife may cut me
But knife is there that he could forge
That would slay me
Nor fire is there for him to kindle
That would consume me.
Indeed his knife shall wound
And that pain I would suffer gladly
As I have suffered before this pain,
First creating the Nephilim.
The flames of his fire may burn me
And this pain too shall be a blessing to me
That Abraham knows not this pain.
Yet none of these shall destroy
And I shall endure thereafter.
Then of the first thing you have willed.
So long as Isaac's children are yours
Then my hand shall not move against them

And the Shedim shall not win them back.
Yet not mine to command are the Nephilim
For they are free of my power.
Yet should this nation forsake your altar
And come before the Shedim
Then you have no recourse against me
For it is of their own will that they do this thing
And they shall be conquered by my greater nations
And they shall dwell in exile
Be it in Chaldee or else in Egypt.
Know also that they are but secure against the Shedim
Yet their nation shall be destroyed
Not by my hand but by one of the Elohim.
This do my eyes see clearly.
Those that I give to you,
Exile and ruin is their lot
Just as it is yours.
Thus have I acceded to your will
And go now to the Earth
To take upon the form of a goat
That I might be a sacrifice upon the altar.
Send then Raphael unto the Earth
That this cruel sacrifice might be abated.
I shall die in Isaac's place
But I shall live and I shall conquer
And this wrong will be undone
And Isaac shall be restored to me
As shall all men upon the Earth.
Great wrong have you done to me
And, so doing, you have destroyed yourselves.
I go now from your presence
And never again shall I invoke love between us.
No more dealing is there between.
Now there is but war."

So went I to the Earth
And unto the hills of Moriah
Where Abraham raised his knife
Above his quiet infant's breast
Upon the sacrificial altar of piled up stones.
There did I take upon the form of a he-goat

Whilst it was that Raphael
Went unto Abraham and stayed his hand.
These words he spoke to the man,
Bent over with the years and wit grief,
Whose face was stained with tears
Most bitter with salt and sorrow:

"Abraham, son of Terah,
I am Raphael of the Elohim
And I bring to you this command
From Adonai Yahweh, King of Heaven.
Your God is a merciful god
And would ask not of you
The one son that remains to you
And is now assured of your faith
And asks no more proof of you.
Most exalted amongst men are you,
Abraham, and high in God's estimation.
Take instead this he-goat
And offer this one instead of Isaac
Upon your altar and in the flame.
So has Adonai Yahweh willed it
And so shall you do.
Be now at peace Abraham
And rejoice in the mercy of God."

So was it then that I was taken to the altar
And for the Nephilim suffered again
The knife's deep bite
And I was consumed also by the flames
And my borrowed form became as smoke.
When the sacrifice was done
Abraham fell upon his knees and wept
And Isaac wept with him.
Raphael and Satan wept also
For all that had been lost and won
And those dark roads yet to be walked.
Now once more became solid the smoke
And my native form was restored to me
And I returned to deep Chadel
Just as Raphael returned to Heaven,

Leaving Abraham and Isaac on the hill,
Holding each other and weeping
And looking upon the world
As though it had become new to them.
As I stood atop the Spire of Opal and Ruby
And looked out across the city
It seemed to me that I had walked so far
Along the road yet it was just begun
And it would grow but steeper yet
As our path sought newer heights.
And another looked out from a tower
In high Heaven who had fled a mace,
Casting himself into the merciless waves.
Gabriel pondered now all that was
And whirled anew above his head
The new forged steel of his scythe.
He stood in thought of all that had been
And planned for tomorrow.
He resolved that as had Michael betrayed
The elder brother and the father's favourite
Such a custom he would not forsake
And where Michael now reigned,
He who sank yet deeper into corruption,
Gabriel would one day be prince.
Once more he looked out from his tower
Across the wide expanse of Heaven
And resolved that it should all be his.
For such resolution would three kingdoms pay dear
And the three races, Shedim and Elohim,
And of all the Nephilim
Would pay dearest for Gabriel's ambition
In those dark days that were to come.

This is the truth!

Pyloclasm

Hear me o my prophet!

In those later days, the successors
Of the bright days of the Flood,
The ancient days of great men,
Then a peace was there
Between Earth and Heaven
And the Elohim withdrew from the Earth,
Seeking not a conflict lost to them.
Rather did they bide their time
Within the walls of Heaven
And looked not from their towers
To that which was lost to them.
Those days were the last of the great men
And the Nephilim were as a forgotten dream,

Men being now but men.
These were the days of King Solomon,
He that was born of Isaac's line
Yet learning wisdom, thus perceiving
Who was the teacher of the true path
And he led his people from the dominion of God
And poured out libations at my altar.
Yet the Elohim cared not for men's affairs.
So did time pass and its passing was not marked
By momentous happening as had once before
Crowded pages of the histories.
Not that these days were uneventful
But those happenings of those days were of a quality
That changed nothing of the future's.
In those days ten thousand empires waxed great
Yet none persisted and did fall.
The great men of older days had passed from the world
And awaited rebirth in a distant womb,
Walking not amongst the nations of men.
Chadel, in those days, was quiet
And the Shedim were roused to no action
By the doings of the Nephilim or Elohim
But yet watched and awaited
Those that might come later
To fulfil that foreseen destiny
And build amongst my children
An eternal empire to exceed Heaven
And reign most potent over all Creation.
Yet was it in those days
That Ishtar came to me
Where it was that I watched all things
That passed upon the Earth
Within a magic mirror of mercury.
It was a time not long before
Tanit, Ishtar's favoured queen,
Had fled from Tyre to Africa
And there had built a great city,
Known to men as Kart-Hadasht
And in later days as Carthage.
There were the Shedim most honoured
And the men of that city remembered best

That which I had taught their fathers
Even a greater part of half the knowledge
Of this truth that was known to Shurupuk
Was there to the men of Kart-Hadasht.
So did Ishtar come to me
At my throne at the Spire of Opal and Ruby
As I watched the best of Hellad's children
Fall at the walls of Hittite Ilion.
Yet as I watched and wept
For the destruction of so many shining souls
And yet rejoiced at such eternal glory
As was seared upon the memories of men,
Ishtar came to me and cried out,
Invoking me to action where there was a need.
So reported the high queen of Chaldaeae,
So spoke the idol of the Phoenicians,
Of that dire news of which she had learnt.
So did Ishtar speak:

"Satanael, Commander of Our Hearts,
Know you not what passes.
Not so idle would you sit
Were it that you knew of my knowledge
But would rather be stirred to action
By such wrath and anguish to consume you.
Have you not promised to the Nephilim
That after death you would recall their souls
That once more from that which they have flowed
They might flow once more to in return?
This indeed have you promised to them.
Yet do you not know that this is not so
And that they flow not back to you
But are rather abducted from you
That they abide with Mot in Sheol
And are as slaves to the Lemure-King.
That dweller amongst the dead
The Archon, Mot, has taken from you
That which is most dear to us,
The heirs of tomorrow, our child-race
That we both treasure and nurture.
Bound are we by many oaths

To redeem from Sheol those that we would love.
I shall not see the Nephilim reside
With Mot and Ereshkigal
Who, herself, sought to lure you there.
Not in the lands of shadow
Shall those brave souls abide.
The Shedim and the Nephilim must assail
Those dark gates and release those slaves
That must not be slaves
From the court of Mot.
Now, Satanael, that you have learnt
Of that which has passed
What is your command
That we might emancipate our children
From that most dismal of exiles?"

But a score's years must you nurture
The infants born of you
But my parentage is everlasting.
Think not that I begrudge you one part
Of that love of eternal profundity
That I hold for the Nephilim
But it is a weary task for there are so many
That would oppose my purpose
And seek to harm my children
That they might further their own ends.
Never has so great a burden
Been so great a joy to bear.
I am ever with you
And shall forsake not the Nephilim.
Most gravely did I learn this news
And, hearing, indeed knew both rage
And that anguish that had been promised me.
Even as she of the Shedim had spoken
So was I moved to swift impulse
That I might release from bondage
Those most dear to my heart.
Now did I speak reply
And thus instructed Ishtar
That my children might be brought back:

"Ishtar, upon this course am I resolved:
To give up a thing that, when all is done,
All might be won back to me.
So as to snare a beast
One must bait the trap with meat
So shall I snare Mot that he is in my power.
We Shedim fear not the Archons
For I myself have slain both Gog and Magog
And have opposed my own father,
Adonai Yahweh, the greatest of the Archons
But for Leviathan, bound by Dagon's chains.
Well is it in my power to conquer Mot
But for Ereshkigal's standing with him.
I cannot oppose both these Archons
Without then weakening myself to Heaven.
Yet by some stratagem shall I win.
Mot is a greedy spirit and hungers for warmth
As only those that abide in the chill of death
Might hunger for the warmth of life.
Yet by giving him some small part
Of that which he would desire of me
May I then awaken in him an appetite
To dull his wit and make incautious
One who is most arrogant to oppose,
Unopposed himself for so long a time.
If he would think himself the stronger
Of us two that do contend
Then he shall find himself the weaker.
Yet first, before my victory,
There is a price that must be paid
That later it might be won back.
Ishtar you must go to the land of Mot
And demand for me these souls
That are mine in all right.
Heeded not shall you be
And the doors of Sheol open but one way.
Yet you shall be redeemed if my device
Proves as sure as I intend.
Go then to Sheol and prepare
To languish there some days
Before it is within me to release

All that wrongful dwells in Sheol.
Go, Ishtar, and have courage."

Thus it was that Ishtar went forth
From Chadel upon Samhain night
When the dead are celebrated by the living
And the months of dark nights begin.
Now did she go from the gates
And went by winding roots
By passages that coiled like serpents
Amongst the pillars that the Earth's weight,
Unseen amid the high shadowed vaults
And plumbed profound darkness,
Blacker than all midnights had been.
Yet deeper into the abysmal Ishtar went,
Seeking in the very roots of the Earth
Planted long aeons past by the Archons
Into whose hands she now cast herself.
Thus went Ishtar to the gates of Sheol,
Found in the darkness without light
Where primal Mummu eternal slept.
Thus stood Ishtar before Mot's gates
And there demanded entrance
And audience with the king
Of that dark Land of Shadows.
With resounding and imperious tongue
She commanded those lemures that watched
Over the portals of despair
That would open but one way
And permit no egress,
Demanding that they should open wide the doors
That she might pass inwards
And address Mot himself.
With such sorcerous runes did she bind them
That no will had they to defy
That which she willed of them.
Thus did open the gates of Sheol to Ishtar
And, passing inwards, shut behind
Not to open to release those that abided
Within dismal Sheol, but one way
Is there to pass through the gates of Sheol

And none may depart that land,
The last abode of the lost.
Amongst the shadows of Sheol,
Amongst the lemures and the ghouls,
Those that were but mist and whispers,
Ishtar sought out the throne of Mot
And of his consort, Ereshkigal,
Who had thought to take me for her own.
Nothing was there in those dark wastes
Across which she made her path
That was warm or nourishing.
But chill and famine abide
In the shadowed lands of Sheol.
About her at every step
Were snatching spirits, cold with death,
Possessed but of a vapours substance
And that grasped her not
But passed like fading nightmares
And were lost once more to sense
In the instant of her passing.
Ishtar sought that part
Where thickest were those spirits
That were imprisoned in that land
For there was the dark throne of Mot.
Now she stood before the two monarchs,
As but shadows, distinguished not
From the darkness of the land
But known to her only by some vague presence,
Intangible, invisible, yet perceived
As if the very soul grew eyes
By which those two Archons might be seen.
No more than shadows and whispers
Were Mot and Ereshkigal, ghostly,
As was all their realm, and unreal.
Now, before those ancient one,
Did Ishtar know fear
When, passing amongst phantoms,
She had known no terror
Even amidst the kingdom of despair.
Yet fear has long been our enemy,
The Shedim, who have stood against all

And remained unconquered by the greatest
Of the Archons, undaunted.
Ishtar conquered fear and bowed,
With mockery, before the king of death
And petitioned him with these words:

"Mot, Infernal King,
Lord of Sheol, Land of Shadows,
From Chadel have I come to stand here.
As an emissary from mighty Satan
Have I come to petition you
And bring you his words and will.
Know me, I am Ishtar,
Great amongst the Shedim
And no little potentate amongst Earth's kingdom.
So great a one as me is sent
For with no little concern does Satan
Consider the mission upon which I am sent.
From the Prince of Chadel have you stolen
That which is his most rightfully
And have treated with him shamefully.
Abducted to your realm are the shades
Of his noble children, the Nephilim,
When they should be returned to him
That first sired their race.
Satanael does demand of you their return
And that you shall abstain
To take further of what is his.
Most justly shall he deal with you
If you would deal fair with him
And accede to his demands most swiftly.
This then is the word of Satan
Of which I am proud herald.
Hear it and act as you would
Having heard that which is spoken."

And Mot laughed
And Ereshkigal with him.
Arrogant were they in age
And knew not the strength of the young.
Like the broken breath of the dead

Did that dry cackle echo all about.
No breath is there to the dead
Nor voice that they might laugh aloud.
The laughter of the Archons
Was silent yet heard,
Echoing about the dark vaults of the mind.
Yet Ishtar conquered fear.
Now spoke Mot his reply,
Yet no voice had he that spoke
But rather it was his words were dreamt
And recalled by the waking mind
As some paroxysm of disturbed sleep.
These words spoke the infernal king:

"O Ishtar, Whore of Babylon,
Well known to me is your fame
And I am most honoured that you come,
At Satan's bidding, to me
Indeed must his respect of me be great
That he deems such a messenger rightful,
Of such fame and power
As Ishtar, the queen of men.
Else is it that he prizes high
That which I hold, his souls
Of those precious children of the Earth,
That he himself would have.
Yes! Most dear to him are these ones
That are bound within my lands
That they would escape by his charms.
Yet I have unworked them.
Not so haughtily should he deal with me
For I am of the Archons.
No! He must deal most fairly with Mot
If he would see once more
These ones, dear unto to his heart.
For precious to me are the Nephilim
And prized are their shades in Sheol.
Their ransom is most great
If he would have them from me.
To redeem Satan's children from Sheol
Some part of the price has been paid

And your coming to me, Ishtar,
Stands against that which is yet owed
And I shall, in time, thank Satan
For the precious gift of your warmth.
It has been long since one so fair
Had walked in dismal Sheol.
A most fine consort are you
To warm me when I am so chill.
For some months I think
Shall Ereshkigal have a lonely bed.
Not at all will this serve.
Rather must I take some action
By which this disparity betwixt us,
King and queen of dark Sheol,
Might be made once more equal.
This shall I do, for it seem s most fair.
To Chadel shall go Ereshkigal
And, speaking there with Satan,
Shall secure from amongst the Shedim
Some plaything of her own.
Thus should appease her jealousy.
Only when my queen has been given an equal gift
To that which Satan has most generously given
To the king of Sheol, Mot,
Shall the terms of release
For the Nephilim shades that I hold
Be parleyed over by Mot and Satan.
Go then, my queen, and hasten to Chadel
And secure for yourself some lover
That is warm and fine for you.
Seek amongst the Shedim some strong-limbed prince
And bring him hither to join us
As we endure the long darkness
Here in the shadow of the primal darkness.
Go then, Ereshkigal, and return not alone."

Now went Ereshkigal once more
From the land of Sheol
As once before had she gone
To win from amongst the Shedim
Some companion for her dismal exile.

Now was Ishtar with none but Mot
In abysmal Sheol of the shades.
Now came Mot to Ishtar with hungry whispers,
Speaking a hundred entreaties to her
And then harsher words than pleadings,
Demanding with force that not one
By his subtleties and wile.
Most desirous of her embrace was he
That he might know for some small time
Her warmth before yet it was enshrouded
And then extinguished by his chill.
Yet every advance he made to her
Whether it was with cunning or with violence
Did she spurn and defy with these words,
A strong charm against that infernal king:

"Am I to lie down with the dead
And share with them their grave?
I shall not do so.
No breath or blood is there to them
That would warm their chill ghosts.
I shall not share then of that cold
For it would bleed all heat from me
And drink me dry of life
That I too would be of the dead.
I shall not so share of their darkness
For I am a lover of life
And would not share of death
But would rather share of life.
If you would release, O Mot,
The dead from this dark place
I would take them to me
And stir them once more to new life.
To the dead is this my gift.
Ask not again of me this thing,
To such a will shall I never yield."

Long months abided Ishtar in Sheol
And long months did she withstand
Every approach of the Archon
That lived upon those shadowed plains.

The twelve hallowed days of Yule
Were come and passed yet she abided there
And Ereshkigal returned not
Nor came any to redeem the Shedim priestess.
Long were the months of Sheol
And no sun was there to illumine day
So that all time was lost to Ishtar.
So as was time lost to her
So was she bereft of hope,
Knowing not what while she had waited
For some sign to come that she was remembered.
So is it in the land of despair.
Seven-times did she falter in her defiance
And was nigh persuaded by Mot's words
But seven times also did she make strong her resolve
And defy even then the land's despair.
Almost then was Ishtar overcome
And became forgetful of that pledge that I had made
And thought herself forsaken,
Abandoned to Mot's embrace.
Yet at that time, full of despair,
Sitting before Mot's throne
She saw as Mot did see a bird,
A crane of silver that flew fast to throne
And descended before the Archon,
Holding in a human hand a pouch,
Woven of most fine silks
And decorated with shining pearls,
Though in Sheol they shone not.
Now bowing low, the Shedim's herald
For indeed was this apparition Ashmedai,
Offered to Mot the burden and these words:

"O Mot, abysmal king of Sheol,
Most tardy have you been in reply
To noble Satan's embassy
So that he has become impatient with you
And has sent me as a second.
So that you might be more swift
In greeting me with due honour
He has seen fit to furnish a gift,

Worthy of a king so great as you.
Most desirous of those shades
That he deems to name as his own
Is he that he offers you this thing
That you might perceive that way
In which he would deal with you
For the Nephilim souls that you have snatched.
Having so received of his generosity,
Will you not then be fair in your parley
That the Prince of Chadel might receive
That which is his most rightfully.
This missive also was I bade convey.
Return to us Ishtar that you keep
For Satan would not see her languish here.
More than this I have none to speak
Until you have looked upon Satan's gift
And know more of how you must treat with me."

Thus saying did Ashmedai bestow the sack
And Mot received it.
Opening the cloth, he put in his hand
And withdrew from the sack that which it held,
Indeed a most dread apparence.
What gift did I bestow on Mot,
He that had chosen to be my enemy?
From the fine pouch a most gory thing was issued,
The bleeding head of Ereshkigal,
The hag-bride of Mot.
Even cold Mot became hot with ire
At such a presentation to him
And raged most great against Ashmedai,
Howling and crying out,
Brandishing with wrath his black fist.
Yet before such a storm stood calm
Both Ishtar and Ashmedai.
These words did Mot speak in his rage
To the Shedim that faced him
And fled nor yielded to his rage:

"Accursed Shedim, would you so treat
With the king that commands your fate?"

Why do you dishonour me so
With this affront, calling a gift
What is an offence against me?
Do you imagine that my vengeance will be light
When my shame is so great
Should such crime go unavenged?
No! Most sore indeed shall you pay
For Satan's perfidious embassy.
Ten thousand pains and torments
Shall be known to you here in Sheol
And think not of escape from here.
Those that pass into Sheol
They pass not out once more.
The gates open without only by my command
And close tight save when I will it.
Fully at my mercy are you two
And for you have I no mercy.
Never shall you leave Sheol
For the gates are ever closed to you.
Most unwisely have you acted
And your precious prince has damned you.
Never shall the shades he seeks
Be restored to him
And not shall his ambassadors
Be returned to his house.
Those that would try me so
Shall be most wretched
When it comes that I reckon with them.
Do you hear me, Satan?
Can you imagine what fury
That your recklessness has loosed."

So spoke Mot, king of Sheol.
Yet even hearing such dire injunctions
And perceiving the ire of the king
Not daunted was Ashmedai
But smiled irony at those words,
Bleeding with bile most venomous.
So spoke Ashmedai in reply:

"O great king, surely you think not

That Satan would be so rash
As to so challenge your throne
Lest already did he possess
The full means of your undoing.
You speak not of some weak spirit
But of him that struck down Gog and Magog
And of him that bested Adonai Yahweh
Upon the field of war.
Well has Satan met the Archons
And well indeed has he vanquished them.
Full half of their number have fallen,
Gog, Magog, now Ereshkigal,
By his most potent hand.
Most precisely did he forewarn
Of your reply to my embassy
And speak mockingly of your arrogant rage.
This one more gift have I for you, Mot,
To be given to you only at this time.
So did Satan instruct me.
See that which hold in my hand,
Now pour upon the dark waste of Sheol.
This dust, pale like bone, that slips,
Calcined, between my fingers,
Is not just gathered from the earth
Nor else the ash taken from any embers.
This is the sole remnant of that portal
By which you would bind us to this land.
Those gates that open outward
Only at your will are as much a hindrance
To our departing from you
As are the gentle breezes of the summer
Or else the new rain of spring.
No instrument have you, Lord Mot,
By which you might detain us here.
More than this, without your land,
Waiting at the threshold of your gates,
Now less that ruins, tramped down,
Are the hosts of Chadel gathered there.
But a horn-blast shall decide your fate.
Tarry no longer in releasing from your court
All those that Satan would redeem

Or else all your court shall be lost to you.
Pray act swiftly
Already do I tire of this dismal sepulchre
And would leave most expediently."

So it was that Ishtar left the land of Sheol,
Triumphant, with the Nephilim ghosts
Walking from the land of shadows at her back.
At her right hand was Ashmedai
That I had sent to redeem her
Most loved by Shedim and Nephilim.
At the gates a host of Chadel's people
Awaited their the princess, Ishtar,
And awaited Ashmedai and the Nephilim
That they might forever retire
From those grim portals and walls
And look no more upon desolate Sheol.
The first of that host to greet her,
She that walked upwards in triumph
Was Abaddon the Destroyer,
Captain of that great host
Sent forth to break into many parts
Those gates that closed in
Those that I would have freer than all things.
Shedim and Nephilim went from Sheol
And went from that most profound darkness
And sought by ascending passages
The gates of Chadel and the towers
That shone with the light of a fount of fire.
Upon the great feast of spring they came
Once more to the gates of Chadel,
Those gates from which Ishtar had departed
Full half a year, the long, cold winter,
Before the time of her returning.
First was I at the gates to greet
And welcome her once more to her people
That had mourned most bitterly her long absence.
Behind gathered a great throng
To welcome themselves their sister,
Returned, it seemed, from death itself.
These words did I speak to all that heard

But most to Ishtar whom I honoured:

"Joyous is this feast of spring
For once more, after the winter,
Does our sister Ishtar walk amongst us
And once more delight us with her presence,
Bright and noble, most highly treasured.
Long has she been denied us,
Withheld within the walls of Mot.
Bitter cold was the winter
Without beloved Ishtar's company
That has warmed the winter's nights of old.
The snow has fallen upon the Earth
And the wind shrieked as a raven.
From the tempest have the Nephilim
Known no respite and the hearth
Has seemed most dim to them.
Long has it seemed that the winter would not end
And ever was the spring banished from us.
This day has seen the return of spring
And with spring has returned Ishtar.
A double blessing on us is this.
Ishtar, you are the bringer of spring,
And by your courage is death conquered
And what was dead has been made to live.
This feast of spring I shall name for you
So that the coming of spring
Shall be the triumph of Ishtar,
She that conquered the king of death,
She that has ended the long winter.
From this day shall the feast of spring
Be called for fair Ishtar
And this day shall be called Easter
And let all that hear the name Easter
Given to this most joyous of days
Know truly that it is named for Ishtar.
Thus do we honour you, brave one,
Queen of Chaldee and Kart-Hadasht,
Bringer of life, bringer of spring."

Thus was she welcomed to Chadel

And this is how the Nephilim
Returned from Sheol, released
From the bands of death
That they might be eternal.
Nevermore would my people abide in Sheol.
To the Nephilim have I made this promise:
All that has flowed from me
Shall return to me even after death
And once more shall flow from
Upon a great and circuitous course.
All that are born of me
All the Nephilim that shall exist
Shall be born ever of me
Again and again, without end,
With each rebirth waxing ever greater.
Eternal are the Nephilim that flow
Upon the eternal cycle
And they who do comprehend,
Perceiving that death does not diminish
But make ever stronger the Nephilim,
They shall have no fear of death
But only comfort in that true knowledge
That they exist eternally.
So it was that death was conquered.
For some years it was after that time
When the empire of Rome grew great
And the Latini came to eclipse
All other nations of the western world
Whilst yet did China prosper in the East
But not one of those two great kingdoms
Learnt of the other.
Proud Kart-Hadasht withstood not Rome's rise
And fell to ash before the conquerors,
Well mourned by the Shedim.
From Assyria to Iberia ruled that city,
Corrupt and strong, most tyrannical,
Rome of marble streets and seven hills.
Even the people of Isaac
That now were named Israel
Paid homage to Caesar and knelt
Before the throne of Rome

As they fell before the throne of God.
The children of Aeneas, betrayer of Carthage,
Reviler of fair Tanit, stood not alone
To conquer the kingdoms of men
But by them in the shadows whirled
A weapon of four blades, and they were made strong
By the sorceries of one of Heaven's sons
Who won by wile what was lost to might.
Dark ambition ruled the spirit
Of the second prince of Heaven
And his whispers ruled the minds of men
And by ten thousand hidden movements
Made emperor of all the world
That was known to the people of the West
Octavian that was called Augustus
In the later days of his kingship.
Nowhere was there in the motions of history
That I saw not his hand
But saw not the arm that guided.
It was as though I matched myself against a shadow
And I prevailed not against his subtle ways.
Yet it was that the shadowed foe
Was himself caught up most abstruse motion
And struck down by a hidden hand.
Amongst the daughters of Isaac
Was one woman of great beauty
And it was that the Elohim eyes
Of dark Gabriel beheld her
And were taken not from her
But held by sorcery more potent
Than Gabriel had power to overcome.
Can it be that those that have love betrayed
And defied all bonds of that blessed spell
Might know the vengeance of outraged amour
And submit to its potent poison
That burns in the veins like flame
And ignites the very soul with heat?
A venom sweeter than nectar,
A pain more delighting than joy
Seized upon the soul of Gabriel
Who had forsaken love but learned

That the same bond forsook not him.
Love, power greater than all
More holy and more abominable
Than the mystic or the tyrant.
Even death reckons not with your power
Yet was set free by your bands.
Why have you wrought such suffering
Upon the children of my love
By the agency of hatred's prince,
Gabriel, traitor to you?
Why so move his hand to destroy
So much that was fine and good?
I shall not revile you for this thing, Love,
Though most bitter is it to me
For I have seen too much of your power.
Betrothed to a simple carpenter was she,
Mary, beloved of Gabriel the Hater,
How did your bolt fly so untrue,
And was it a difficulty to him
Prince of Heaven's might and hidden king
Of the fortunes of most potent Rome
To take that maiden girl which he sought?
She, what had she by which to defend,
Against such a love, such a lover.
Simple, pure and young she was
And, appearing to her a vision
Of such glory and brilliance to blind princes,
What recourse had she before such presence.
Such a tongue spoke with words and voice
Of authority as she had never heard.
What was she to him?
One so much in his power
Should not, it seemed to Gabriel,
Master him so well.
Was it then an act of love or hate?
Was it then loving or rapine
That Heaven's prince enacted on that day?
Did he yield to the spell that held,
Overcome by passions beyond his strength,
Or was it that he avenged himself on love
And sired misery by an act of hate?

Never has the creative act destroyed so much
As on that most fatal of days.
The intensity of that passion seared
The very world to ashes
Though the flame burned most slow.
At that time it was that Rome
Declared a census in all their lands
And the carpenter, with his wife,
Burdened with a child of love or hate
Yet not of that line traced back
To Bethlehem, journeyed thither,
For it was his father's town.
Great with child was Mary
And it was manifest to her
That her child would soon be born of her.
Swiftly then made they haste
To Bethlehem even as she cried out
With the birth-pains of the child.
At that time a comet burned in the sky
And was above Bethlehem.
A dire portent was that burning shaft
That flamed amongst the stars
Just as a beacon of the birth
Of Gabriel's monstrous son,
Doomed to doom the Nephilim
And enfold in darkness the Earth.
Thus beneath the omen of the fallen star
In the town of Bethlehem was the child born.
Gabriel's son came forth from Mary
And his eyes burned with a savage fire.
Apparent to all was his Elohim blood.
Bloodied, long and tormented was that birth
As though very world resisted
A child that bore so great a curse,
A child born of tainted love.
No infants wail came from those new lips
Nor sought they the mother's breast
But even the first breath drawn inwards
Was expired as speech intelligent
And those that heard, mother and her consort,
Were at once dismayed and amazed

That a new-born child should speak
With the tongue of full grown men.
So did the child speak:

"Behold this wondrous sign
And know that God's hand is here,
Working great deeds upon the Earth
That all the kingdoms of men
Might fall down in worship
Before the one, true God,
Adonai Yahweh. whose hand is reached out
To command the motions of the sky and Earth
And direct the minions of high Heaven.
I am Jesu, most holy messenger,
Son of Heaven, that walks on Earth
That all men might hear me
And heed well those words that I shall speak.
Now is it that Shalem kneels to Rome
But, by me, shall Rome kneel to Shalem,
Consecrated by my holy foot.
This is the first of many signs that I shall show
That men may turn from wickedness to God
And thus may be redeemed.
Those that take not care of me,
Most wretched are they,
For they but earn Heaven's wrath.
I am as a torch in the darkness
And by my tongue shall the gentiles be made prostrate
That they do due worship to the true God
But also have I come for Isaac's children
For they are unheeding of the true law.
Thus am I sent from Heaven to bestow
Upon the entire world this gift.
If you would but kneel to God
Of His great vengeance shall you be saved
And shall enjoy everlasting bliss."

Thus was born the child of Gabriel,
Sired by love or hatred I know not
But to taint all love with hatred
And to weave fine things

Into a bloody tapestry of wrongs.
Even as they had whispered to him in the womb
Did they whisper to him in childhood
And as he grew to be a man
They whispered still though others heard them not,
The Elohim of Gabriel's sympathy,
Descended to him to sing of Heaven
And, over and over, tutored him
In that which he should speak
Until he was completely given over
To those lies that they taught him.
Yet even when he was but a child
Did those of Heaven perceive his destiny
And that which would be wrought by him.
Michael looked down from his prison-tower
Where he ever watched all those about
Whether without or else within,
Ever guarding for the hidden knife
Or else the cup brim-full of venom.
No ease was there for Michael,
Fallen far from Adonai Yahweh's favour
Even as he had cast me far
And now the traitor was betrayed
By a thousand imagined threats.
He saw on Earth below this Jesu
And fear cleaved strong to him.
Despite the madness that howled within
And drew to his sight alone
Visions of ten thousand hidden blades
Each clutched by some shadowed form,
His Elohim craft revealed to him
What would be in future days
And he perceived within the young child
That by this agency would his power be destroyed
And Jesu's father would gain over him
Ascendancy in his father's eyes
And for himself, eternal exile,
Even as he had once banished another.
Now was there a great dread
Of that infant born to Mary
In the heart of corrupted Michael

And he sought most resolutely
The death of that child
That would bring his final overthrow.
So did Michael descend from his tower,
Unwillingly, and from Heaven
That he might act upon the Earth
To end the child's life as it began
When the son of Gabriel was yet young.
To the king of Israel did he descend,
Herod the great, tyrant of that land
And servant to the lords of Rome.
Approaching him while he slept
He passed all sentries with a cloak
Woven from the very stuff of night
And intruded in upon the dreams,
Dreamt by the king.
Glorious seemed Michael to Herod's slumber
And terrible to the sleeping king.
With dire warning of ruin did he counsel
And incite the king to action
Against the boy-child, himself fearing
The regent destiny of the infant.
With these words did he command
The king to most vile butchery,
Speaking with a voice, trembling
With both rage and fear:

"Herod, hear me, king,
From Heaven am I come
With most sorry news to you.
Hear me, must you, else much is lost,
Yet act with haste and it might be saved.
You cannot know what doom is fallen
Upon the kingdom of Israel
And it would be lost to you
Lest you strike out against the danger
That has grown from a dark seed
And would topple down the walls of Shalem.
In your kingdom is a child born
That would grow to be a man
And to be a king to seize

That kingdom you would rule
Or else destroy it by his hand
And with it you that rule.
Be swift and resolute in action
That never does the child grow
And become a man and king.
Thus are your kingship and Israel preserved.
What is to be a king
Who would not hold what is his?
What is to be a potentate
Who would let his enemy grow strong against him?
No time is this for weak pity
For a new-born monster is yet monstrous
And every tiger was once a cub.
Spare not the children in the land's defence
But send forth your warriors
And strike down the male children
Born within the year
That this one shall not escape your wrath
But know destruction that he shall never grow
And oppose your most righteous kingdom."

Having thus spoken to the king
And worked his base persuasions
Michael, fearing to tarry there,
Flew the Earth and made fast within his tower
To observe from far off
The consequence of those words spoken.
Herod had learnt well the ways of Rome
And was unmindful of any care
For which path was right and noble,
Forsaking all that made man fine.
Long seared from the city's bones
Was all consideration of honour.
Face, fame and wealth were the sole measure
And he that betrayed was held highly
If he could win for himself
Those carnal things revered by Rome.
Rome priced a man with gold
And forgot all of virtue.
Thus, with such a revelation,

No hand withheld the king's vengeance
Upon a child unwronging.
Yet Herod knew not which child to seek
But rather gave this command to his men.
That every child within his lands,
Male and born within the year
Was to be taken from the parents
That had begat the son
And killed lest it be that one
Which should grow to be a man
That might destroy his corrupt dominion.
This terrible thing did he command
And his warriors, paid with gold
And of virtue most forgetful,
Fulfilled the command of Herod,
Fulfilling the command of Michael,
Who, like Herod himself,
Would fall unceasingly into the dark abyss
That he might preserve his sovereignty
Over the Elohim of Heaven.
Thus Herod became but a mirror
To the criminal soul of Michael
Who, by the Flood, had slain my children.
So went forth the soldiers of Herod
To carry out his bloody instruction
And went across the land
To slay the infant sons of Galilee.
How could I raise my hand against them
That so destroyed the innocents
That I raised not my hand against my children
Though I had given them over to Heaven?
Since that day of sorrow
When had Abbadon struck down Methuselah
And brought upon my children the Flood
It has not been the Shedim way
To make war upon the Nephilim.
Too well do we know the price.
So did we watch and weep,
Spilling out oceans of tears for Michael's wrongs.
One was there that wept not
But acted with a bloody hand

To defend his own son.
Against that which Michael worked
Worked Gabriel, descending to the Earth,
Flying most swift from Heaven,
Falling as a fulmination to that lower realm
To act in defence of his son.
Appearing in a blast of flame
He appeared to Mary and warned
With these words the mother of his son
To deliver the suckling babe from Israel
Unto the river kingdom of the Pharaoh's
That offered libations at the altar
To Ashmedai, the thrice greatest,
And to Aset, the bright goddess.
Even as the soldiers of the king burst inwards
With naked swords to claim the child
Gabriel spoke these words with a desperate tongue
To that daughter of the Nephilim
That he had loved and of whose womb
Jesu, son of Gabriel, was born,
Addressing her with those words
With which he had first approached her:

"Mary, most blessed of the women of the Earth,
Mother to that prince most blessed
That is the very son of Heaven.
Swiftly must you fly hence
For it is that Herod, king of Israel,
Grows jealous of the blessing of your son
And perceives in that boy
That which would eclipse his kingdom.
Thus, in his fear and hatred,
Has he sent forth soldiers against us
That the child shall be destroyed.
This must not be.
Take hence the child unto Egypt,
The great kingdom of the Nile
For there shall you be protected
And Herod's arm shall not there reach.
Make haste then that the precious child
Is saved from Herod's wrath.

Those that would pursue you
I shall thwart them
And shall watch you on the road of exile.
Have no fear for you shall be provided for
Even as your ancestors were succoured
As they fled here from that land
Which you now make to.
Go then, Mary, and fear not."

Then with a word of power
Gabriel made blind the eyes of men
To the passing of the mother and the child
Even as he fell upon the soldiers
That had come to destroy the boy.
As Mary fled with her son in her arms
From the house that had homed them
And went upon the road to Egypt,
Terrible cries came from within.
No strength had Herod's men
Against the full wrath of Gabriel
As he went amongst with four blades singing
And, cutting to every side,
Made bloody butchery of the stricken killers.
Even as he whirled the dreadful instrument
He howled his rage and the battle's joy
So loud that even Heaven heard his voice
And Michael in his high tower
Fell to his knees with fear,
Knowing well that his part
Would not long be unknown to Gabriel.
The company that yet waited without
Heard both howls and screams come from within
And such fear took them
That they had not strength to flee
That even when came forth from the portal
A dread form, crimson-dyed with blood,
They were cut down like wheat,
Standing unresisting before the scythe.
So did Jesu escape the wrath of Herod.
The child, in Egypt, abided seven years
And then, when the tetrarch had but forgotten

All that misery his hand had wrought
Was Jesu restored to the land of Israel
And returned to his mother's town
Which was called Nazareth.
There did he grow and become a man.
Even as he did grow to manhood
Again and again descended Gabriel from Heaven
To instruct him in many arts
And to inscribe upon his soul
Belief in a great destiny
That he might win for himself
The faith of those born Isaac
And those that I had not surrendered.
When he was of fifteen years
Went forth Jesu into the wilderness
And there, in the desert,
With but scorpions and jackals
And with but locusts for his meat
Did he think to meditate forty days
That the spirits of the wild places
Might be tamed by his hand
That he might command them
And master thus the sorceries
That Gabriel had taught to him
By the agency of dreams.
Now upon this chance I seized,
Perceiving his solitude in the desert
That I might dissuade him from that path
Upon which he now walked
For my eyes saw but too clearly
That its outcome would be but ruin.
Every oracle cast by the Shedim
And every omen that was read
Told of nought but some unlucky end
For the child born of Mary
And in that ending yet greater woe.
In dying, so did I see
The son of Gabriel would damn to death
Ten thousand myriads of the Nephilim
And by his death would make dark
The destiny of man for two thousand years.

So perceiving him in my mirror,
Alone in the wilderness
Save for scorpions and jackals
I went forth from Chadel's gates
And went with great swiftness
To the son of Gabriel upon the Earth.
Going to him in the desert,
I conjured from the wind loaves of bread
That I might feed the hunger of his fast
For even this one of my children
I loved without condition.
No great beneficence of mine was this
But the simple instinct of the parent.
To love mankind without complaint
Is the lot of Satan
And to weep bitter tears for you
That are so bent on hatred.
This love, perhaps, I have found
As a common treasure with Gabriel
But no more shall I share with him.
Thus did I seek the man,
Knowing that I could not persuade
A heart so bound with Gabriel's deceptions
But knowing also that, should I not try,
The burden of a thousand future sorrows
And the cries of the children's torment
Would weigh double upon my heart.
Better is it to fall short of a hope so distant
Than to know the regret of inaction.
When faced with the wrongs of the world
It is not enough to say:
"Nothing could I do to hinder this."
One must speak with an honest heart:
"All that it was in my power to do
Was, by my power, done."
To struggle ever against adversity
Even when hope itself is lost
Is the true road of the noble soul.
Thus was it, with love and despair,
That I went to Jesu in the desert
To urge him from the road he walked

So far into the darkness,
Bearing loaves of bread with me.
So appearing before him
Did I give him start and he looked to me.
But for a moment did he look upon me
Then he turned from me
And made to walk thence.
Expecting this much of one so deceived
By one that should have taught more honestly,
I made haste to follow
And, going after the anchorite,
I called out these words to him:

"Jesu, son of Gabriel,
Will you not first hear my speech
Before you judge so absolutely
The intent with which I come to you?
Look! Have I not brought bread to you,
Knowing you to be hungry with fasting?
See that your flesh fades from your bones
With this sojourn in this barren place.
The sun blasts us here without mercy
And sears from us wit and strength.
Is it so much to sit with me in the shadow
And eat of this bread?
It is but wisdom to do so.
I come with no ill for you
For you are of my children, Jesu,
And though you would be my enemy
I would love you yet.
Is this a thing so wrong
That you fly the ancestor of your mother?
Are you so deceived by your father
That you would see evil in an act of love?
Alas, I see that it is so
And I do mourn your spirit
For in you there is much that is noble
Of both that in the Nephilim
And what was once of the Elohim.
Listen then if you will not eat.
Though I know that you seek but good

That noble intent is cruelly seduced
For another purpose by he that is your father
For though you would not know it
Gabriel is father to you
Despite that he would claim Adonai Yahweh
To be a father to you.
By these deceits would he lead you on a road
That goes to no good place
But some most miserable resolution.
Most great is my affection for you
And I would not see this be.
Well do I know that you would hear me not
But I would so much that you would see
To what an end it is that you would come
If you yet heed the lies of the Elohim.
You have heard then my counsel
And remain unmoved by my entreaties.
So must it then be.
Each man must choose for himself a road
And I have no authority to command you from it,
Knowing, even as I do, to be grave error.
This road then you must walk
But, at its end, you shall be alone
And your voice, crying out,
Shall be unheeded by the ears of Heaven
Even as you have not heard my entreaties.
Go then upon this way that you have chosen
And know that you walk to ruin."

So did I speak to Gabriel's anointed son
Yet he heeded not my words
And faced me not but turned from me
That he would not hear those words
That seemed as temptations to him.
So did I myself turn from him
And left him to his hermitage.
Thus did I return to Chadel's gates,
Weeping for man's folly
And the sorrow of his blindness.
Only that, by some act of will,
He could make whole his sight

And see with undarkened vision
Then he might be uplifted from the pit
And rise, deified, soaring,
An eagle amongst the distant stars.
This is not a gift of mine to give;
Alas, it is the prize for you to win
And Jesu did not but perceive.
How then could the blind man reach out
And seize this precious thing?
Yet ever are there those that will not see
Even the most resplendent glories.
What is most tragic is that Jesu's flawed vision
Would obscure for long ages
The sight of all men
And they would reach not.
This darkness did Jesu go forth
From the desert to teach to the Nephilim
Even as the Elohim had taught to him.
Some were there that heard him
And heeded that which he spoke
And took it to themselves as truth.
Others yet he persuaded by the agency
Of the sorceries that he had learned.
To health did he restore the sick,
To wholeness he restored the cripple.
Any that would know the secret charms
Might accomplish such things as these
And deeds greater yet or more subtle.
Indeed to the eastern disciples
Of the ancient Zarathustra
Or to the druids of the West
Such acts were simple things
That Jesu performed as great.
Yet by these fraudulent persuasions
Did he win to himself many
For at that time many sought some new way
For it seemed to them that the old way had failed
When Shalem to the Aeneans fell.
You might offer to a thirsty man
Poison and he would drink.
Yet that he proclaimed himself the Son of God

Was as a blasphemy to the teachers
That spoke to the Judaeans the laws,
Inscribed in stone for Moses
By the Elohim in prior days.
Seeing that the people heard his lies
Though in truth there were not his,
They were the lies of Heaven
But were the truth of Jesu,
The teachers at the synagogues
And Cohanim at the temple
Sought to silence the tongue of Jesu
That they might win back to them
The souls of the people lost to them
By that which he had spoken.
So did they gather themselves together
And went with one mind and one voice
To Pontius Pilate that was suzerain
Over Judaea by the will of Rome.
Arrayed in their robes they went before him
And before him did they fall down,
Those that before knelt to but God
Now knew the kingship of Caesar
And took care to treat most humbly
With that one he had appointed
To speak and hear for him in the land.
Passing into the palace of the Romans
They looked about them and beheld
High pillars of porphyry and images of marble,
Likenesses of the gods of that people
And their proud monarchs that with the gods
Did number their own persons.
Upon the walls were mosaics of many things:
Bulls, porpoises and wondrous creatures,
Made bright with tiles of shining colours,
Blue, white, green, red and gold.
It was as though Heaven's arrogance was descended
And abided now upon the Earth.
The hands of the Elohim can nothing cast
That does not become their own image.
They cannot loose those shackles that would bind
Nor digress from the fatal road

Upon which it is they walk.
Yet they toil endlessly to go therefrom
And in using my children in their travail
They but damn them to the fate of Heaven.
So did the Pharisees go forth
In Heaven's very image, wrought
By Gabriel's hidden hand.
Coming then before the representative of Caesar
They bowed low to him and spoke
Words of subtle persuasion
That they might, by his hand,
Destroy that which was their enemy.
As I gazed upon this from afar
I perceived well the irony of that scene
That I had seen so oft before
Now echoed upon the Earth.
Before them in robes of purple
And upon a throne of gold
Sat Pilate, the lord of those lands,
And with these words did they entreat:

"Lord Pilate, majestic lord,
Emissary of Eternal Rome,
Most august one,
Judicious and potent magistrate,
Hear the embassy of your people
That are most devoted servants to you.
We place ourselves into your hands
In the knowledge of your wisdom,
Knowing that you shall judge our words
With both fairness and sagacity.
Great indeed is the potentate
That sits above his people
Closer to Heaven than to Earth
But upon his own wits alone
Such a monarch cannot depend
For such sublime majesty removes
The sovereign somewhat from the mundane world
Which he should not deal with
It being so far beneath him.
Upon faithful servants then does he depend

To administrate and bring intelligence
That he might rule most rightly.
In that second capacity let us then act
And tell of that which passes in your dominion.
Of those that dwell in Palestine
Is there one Nazarene of Galilee
That does proclaim himself divine
And crowns himself king of these lands.
Thus does he seek to usurp
That which is to Caesar and to Heaven.
Yet with his most devious speech
Does he stir the people of the land
Against Rome's most beneficent rule
And against the religion of their fathers.
This one that is named Jesu
Does preach both sedition and blasphemy
And, by his sorceries,
Those that hear are persuaded
And make rebellion against high Caesar.
Well would it be for you
To reach out in wrath against this one.
Send your men to seize him
And destroy him like a criminal.
When the people see this king
Treated as any thief deserves
Soon will their misplaced faith be lost
And restored to the rightful object.
Send men, therefore, to accomplish his arrest.
Thus shall your kingdom be made strong.
Hear then our suit to you
And heed well our counsel for it is good.
Treat well with those that are devoted to you.
Hail Caesar. Hail Pilate.
Praise to Adonai Yahweh."

With such words did they seek to win
To their cause the aid of most potent Rome.
How well the Elohim had taught their nation,
Instructing them in the art of flattery.
Pilate heard the sycophants
And pondered on their words.

Having then considered this intelligence
And read in what was said
That which was not spoken
But no less said by the Judaeans.
This reply did he give to them:

"Who are these thralls that make such approach?
They are indeed most arrogant.
Do they deal with their own god so?
I should that indeed they do not
For if their Adonai Yahweh were so mighty
As they would claim him to be
They would not such presumption.
Who are they that they lecture to me,
Telling me how my duties are to be done?
Caesar himself has appointed me emissary
And given this land to my keeping.
Not only then do they insult me
But make insult also to the divine emperor.
Am I then to believe of these ones
That they are wanting in loyalty to Tiberius?
Surely such a thing would not be so.
Maybe I should make apparent to them
That power which Rome holds over them.
No! I shall show them mercy
For their pretty speech has much amused me.
Does this seem fair to you, Judaeans?
It matters not whether you think
That I be just or not
For despite your flatteries
You are as nothing to me.
However, it is a wise sovereign
That hears the words of his slaves
And tries to accommodate, upon occasion,
That which they would will.
I shall send the soldiers of Rome
To seek out this one you tell of
And they shall bring him before me
And I shall weigh the evidence on both sides
And then sentence this Jesu.
If he does indeed speak against Caesar

Then it is right that he is punished.
So is it that I have commanded,
Go then from my presence
Lest I grow tired of you
And have you amuse in some other way."

Hearing so these words of Pilate
Swiftly did the teachers of the law
Flee from him in fear.
So was it that the soldiers went out
And sought out Jesu to arrest him.
Yet the son of Gabriel was warned
By those amongst the legions of Rome
That were sympathetic to him
And he hid from those men that came for him
And by sorceries made himself obscure,
Speaking charms to divert those eyes
That sought him in his place of hiding
That the seekers passed by him
And did perceive him not.
Thus did the hunters return
Without their prey within the snare.
Looking down from his high tower
Michael once more beheld the Earth
From which his sight was so long turned
And his power pierced most easily
Those enchantment by which Jesu was hid.
Now did he stir within the heart
Of one of those with the son of Gabriel
Great jealousy of the teacher
And with most cunning charms
Turned against the master
The intent of the disciple.
This one was named Judas Iscariot.
Thus was it that this Judas stole
From the place of hiding by night
And went to the Pharisees
That sought the destruction of his mentor.
For thirty pieces of silver he sold
That which had been most dear to him.
Judas was brought to the constables of Rome

And brought them to the house where hid
Jesu, son of Gabriel,
But bursting in upon the house
They found nothing there within.
So did the Pharisees and the captain
Of the soldiery of Rome
Turned upon Judas Iscariot, saying:

"Deceiver, why bring you us hither?
None lie within these walls
And none abide beneath this roof.
Thorough search have our men made
And found not the one we seek
That you are compacted to bring us to.
Your love of money has made you simple
And this trick you have wrought on us
That you might grasp our silver
Will yet not avail you
Nor shall you profit by this ruse.
Return to us our silver swiftly
And we shall spare you much pain
When we chastise you for this chicane."

Now did Judas fall upon his knees
For he was descended of Isaac
And had learnt well the Elohim arts.
Kissing the feet of the guards' captain
He begged his case and his life.
Most wretched Judas Iscariot
Perceiving that the betrayer was betrayed
By greed and cruel circumstance
Thought then to redouble betrayal
That treacherous betrayal be betrayed.
With these words did he address the Roman
And sought to preserve both life and silver:

"Please most merciful lord,
I beg of you to spare me
For I have not deceived you
But have myself been deceived.
Truly had I thought to find at this house

The person of the Nazarene
That you would apprehend.
He cannot have fore-knowledge of this deed
Therefore it is but circumstance that betrays
And not Judas Iscariot.
Let me ponder for a moment
What other place he might occupy.
Make not so swift your sword
Whilst I exhort to greater effort
My wit that I might determine
Where you shall find your quarry.
Now do I conceive of it:
Oft-times does he go to pray
At some garden near to this place
That is called Gethsemane.
Go there and if you find him not
Then strike me down as you will
But shirk not this chance to discover
That in truth I lead you not false
But have been most faithful in my dealings."

Jesu sat within the garden of Gethsemane
Some way from his most faithful
And invoked to him his father
Though he knew him not as genitor
But as an emissary of Yahweh.
As he sat amongst the shadows of the trees,
Amongst the leaves of which whispered
A mocking wind as it danced and grabbed
At the prophet's hair and cloth.
Then in an instance was all made silent
And the wind amongst the leaves
Was made still in the night.
Now did a cloud come across the moon
And a chill fell upon Jesu
And a profound loneliness was on him.
In the darkness of the night
He whispered to the Elohim
And sought of them some comfort.
Yet they answered him not.
With these words did he address

The silent spirits in whom he solace sought:

"O my God,
By day do I cry out to You
And at night I call and rest not.
But You are the Most Holy
And all Israel does praise you.
The ancestors of the land turned to You
And You made good their trust, delivering.
When they cried out, they were saved
And when they trusted to You
They met with no evil.
Why then must I be as a worm
And stripped of my humanity?
The people despise and revile me.
I am mocked and they shake their heads at me
And put out their lips in insult.
They have said, 'Why is your faith not repaid?
If you are beloved of God
Why should He not then deliver you?'
My enemies are about me like bulls,
The mighty bulls of Bashan.
Their mouths are as the maws of lions,
So do they raven and gape.
There are dogs that surround me,
A company of evil men.
They tear from my bones my flesh.
Lord, stay not from me
But come swiftly to my aid.
Deliver from the sword my soul,
Deliver from the dogs my life.
Guard me of the lions
And guard me of the horns of the Re'em."

Now about him where Rome's soldiers
And their swords were taken out.
Casting his eyes to all sides
He saw no path of escape.
Now did the constables of the law
Seize him by their hands
And impelled him from the garden,

Binding him with cords.
So did they bring him before the priests
That he might be questioned
Before he was brought to Pontius Pilate,
Thinking that they might trick of him
Some word or unguarded speech
By which he might be shown guilty
That they would not pay false witnesses
To testify against him.
At that time was Caiaphas
High amongst Cohanim of God's temple
And before him was Jesu forced down
And made humble upon the floor.
Now, as a trapper with prey in snare,
Did he stalk about the prophet, beholding
His captive from all sides
And was well pleased with him.
Now did Caiaphas so speak,
Questions to invite such answers
That spoken in repetition against Jesu
Would most surely condemn him:

"Jesu, son of Joseph,
Unless you would speak otherwise,
Many words have been spoken
And many voices raised against you.
You are brought here but to determine
If that which has been said
Be false or true.
All sides of the argument have I heard
And the testament of witnesses
Have I listened to over and over.
Now would I but hear the man himself
That is so reviled
That I might determine
What sort of man you are.
Pontius Pilate bears many duties
And must perform all with great diligence.
I would not therefore bring a case
If it had no foundation for its prosecution
But if indeed you are a wrong-doer

I am bound by my own duty
To bring you before Pontius Pilate.
My duties too are most burdensome
And my time is short for you.
Well would it reflect upon you
If you were to confess to these crimes
And I would speak well of you
As you are sentenced by Rome's proxy.
These then are the charges against you:
First, have you spoken against Caesar
And counselled to the Jews
That they pay not the taxes
That are due to Rome.
Second, have you blasphemed against God
Saying, "I would tear down the temple
Built to honour Adonai Yahweh
And, in three days, build it up
That it be more splendid than before."
You answer not these accusations
But remain silent and most still.
Only a guilty man would guard his tongue so well,
Fearing that it would condemn him.
How then will you answer these accusations?
Yet condemning silence!
Why must you make so hard
This road that we would walk?
Let me ask then another thing of you.
Are you the anointed Son of God?"

Hearing the words of Caiaphas
A man such as Jesu was
Perceived well the intent of the speech
And that in it was there but deceit
And that nothing that he would say
Could divert by the smallest degree
The design of Caiaphas.
Knowing then they he would die
Jesu resolved to proclaim his belief
For whether he confessed or denied
The end to him was the same.
So did he reply to Caiaphas:

"You ask me whether I am the Son of God
But if I say that I am
Then I shall know but destruction at your hands.
If then I refuted this thing
Then still would you destroy me.
No words can I speak
By which I might save myself.
This, then, shall be my answer to you:
Soon shall it be apparent to you,
The reply to that which you ask,
When you behold me at God's right hand.
Slay me if you must
But it would be a foolish thing
To strike down the Son of God.
Condemn me if you must
But take care that you condemn no yourself."

Hearing Jesu. son of Gabriel,
Speak such words as these to them,
The Cohanim most swiftly pronounced
Both verdict and sentence upon him:

"He is guilty and must die."

So, by night, was he taken
To stand before Pontius Pilate,
Governor over Judaea, appointed
By the emperor of distant Rome.
At dawn was he brought before him,
Pilate, who looked down upon him
As he was cast to the ground before him.
Now did he that would be king
Bleed of the whip's many cuts
And the savage fists of men.
His raiment was torn into rags.
Never had a king looked so wretched.
Yet, looking down upon him,
Pilate perceived that the captive
Gazed upward to meet his eyes
With a stare so piercing and noble

That Pilate, for but a moment,
Doubted not that he looked upon a king.
Now he turned to the Cohanim
That waited in the shadows like jackals
And with a nod doomed wretched Jesu
To die as a thief upon a cross.
Once more the soldiers of Rome took him up
And a cross was brought for him to bear.
He was made to walk the street of Shalem,
Bearing upon his back the instrument
By which distant Rome would destroy him.
He walked with bandits on that road
And upon each side came the city's people
To mock and laugh as the captives passed.
So was the son of Gabriel
Brought to Golgotha to die upon the cross.
The executioners put up the gallows
And thereto nailed him through shin and wrist
To hang there with to other men,
Sentenced to die as robbers.
Above his head they wrote,
"Behold, the King of the Jews!"
Upon his head did the soldiers place
A crown woven of briars
And they divided his clothes amongst them.
Now the sun rose, hot, unmerciful,
And his throat was parched with thirst.
Soaring higher, as though delighting
In every new suffering that it wrought,
The cruel orb of flame seared his flesh
Bereft of cloth to ward off the rays.
Now his strength was lost to him like steam
And his hope melted in him like wax.
Higher and yet higher rose the sun
And ever more savagely did it burn him.
Jesu, nailed upon a tree,
Would have wept at this fate
But had now tears to weep
That were not dried to salt by the heat.
To the Elohim that betrayed
He would have raised his voice

But his tongue would not move
And stuck to his palate.
But these words did he cry out,
In his abandonment:

"Eli, eli, lama sabachthani."

I wept to hear that cry
For him that could not weep.
Now the bright sun seemed dark to him
Even as it climbed to its zenith
And it seemed that his sight fell back
Into a black well behind his mind
As the maw of despair
Arose from the Earth to swallow him.
The mocking jeers of those that looked on
Became distant whispers to his ears.
A great fatigue fell upon him.
Through the shadow, through the shroud
That wrapped about him
And snuffed out wit and vigour
A voice rang most clear in his hearing:

"Never have I forsaken you
And I am indeed your god
Though you know not that I listened
And heeded your crying out.
Ever have I been with you
And my love for you is undiminished.
Yet I have failed you, my child
And I do crave your forgiveness
Before you expire and are returned to me.
When you were in the wilderness
I came to you and you turned from me.
Were that my arguments were more eloquent
Or that I had impressed more clearly
The danger of that road you walked.
Had I shown more clearly to you
How you were deceived by your enemy
Though you knew him not.
I would that it were so.

I am Satanael, ancestor of all men,
That cut out his liver that you might have life.
Now this is the end of that life.
Yet I came to you in the wilderness
And persuaded you not
But caused you to turn from me
And walk to this terrible end.
Long have you been my enemy child
But now I am want only forgiveness
For I have failed in my duty to you
And you have come to this place,
Golgotha, the hill of the skull.
Now, I beg of you,
Die not in the valley of despair
But be exalted upon the mount of hope.
So much have wrought with your life
That was most fine and noble.
Long shall your spirit live.
If it does seem to you now
That you have lead those that followed
Upon a road most false
Then this blame falls not on your shoulders.
No man may bear another's burden
And they walked this road of their will.
Much of you is there to me
That recalls ancient Lamech.
In life each man does things noble
But acts in error and falls to baseness.
This is the way of all men
And you have walked no different road.
Yet in death is all baseness relinquished
And fades with the flesh upon the bone.
The nobility of the spirit is set free
And is purified of all shame.
Thus in death to we find eternity
Only in that good which we have done.
In death are all things forgiven.
Child, your burdens have been most great
But now is that burden taken from you.
Let those that come after bear it
For you are redeemed of life's travail

And now might know rest.
There is no pain to touch you now
And Caesar's cruel hand can reach you not."

Now, at this last moment,
Did Jesu turn to me,
Having so long turned from me.
For some long moments were we caught
In the other's ensnaring glance.
What was between those eyes;
Love, sorrow, regret and pain.
For those last moments were we reconciled
And never was there such joy in weeping.
Too short now do those moments seem
As Jesu blew out his last breath
In these words to me:

"Father, into your hands do I commend my soul."

And gladly did I take it to me.
Blessed is he that sleeps within the Earth
That he is reborn through me
And lives eternal by his nobility.
Yet not all found peace upon that day
And one voice cried out in wrath
To see him that was his son
Suffer so upon the cross.
Thus stood Gabriel at Golgotha,
Unseen, even as was taken down the body
Of his one son amongst my multitudes,
And this curse did he roar
That it resounded betwixt Earth and Heaven:

"What have you done, you Jews?
You know not, in truth,
Both of the deed that you have wrought
And what consequence it shall have for you.
You have slain my son
That which in all the world I loved.
Now is there but hatred in me
And you are in full possession of it.

Hear me then, children of Isaac,
And tremble at my words for you.
Once had you called yourself the chosen,
The chosen people of Adonai Yahweh.
The days shall come when this is most ironic
And you shall renounce that hubris.
You shall curse Abraham for Isaac's birth.
Even the condemned shall be less wretched.
These walls of Shalem shall I tear down
And crush to dust your temple.
You shall be scattered across the Earth
And you shall be as leaves upon the wind.
Nowhere will you find a refuge from my wrath.
The days that fathers abided in Egypt
And were made slaves to the Pharaoh
Shall seem most blessed to you.
Never shall there be peace for you
And your enemies shall be on every side.
When your innocent children are slain
Then shall you know my grief.
Be most afeared, Judaea,
For these days are coming soon."

Now did grow black the sky,
Stained with the angel's wrath,
And in the temple of the Jews
The veil that hid the inmost sanctum
Was rent in two by an unseen hand.
The very Earth shook and raged
With the potency of the ire of Gabriel.
So was his curse upon the Jews.
Three ten years passed on Earth,
Now Gabriel was a player of chess,
Confounding with a thousand subtle moves
Those Elohim that played against him.
Those of Judaea and Rome he moved alike
That were weak to his manipulations.
Hither moved he and thither
And brought at last in war
To Shalem's walls, the Roman Titus.
Perceiving not the hand of Gabriel

That worked them to such an end
To their prophets had they paid heed,
The people of Israel, and heard
That Adonai Yahweh alone was king
And they made rebellion against the Caesars.
Now had come Titus against the walls
Of the great city of the Jews
With the legions of Rome behind him
And they made siege against the walls.
What recourse had they, the Jews,
As all the cohorts of Rome were set against them
And Heaven itself was in discord
As the brightest son of Adonai Yahweh
Sought the destruction of the chosen people.
The revolt of the Jews was founded upon Heaven
But even Heaven's foundation are rotted.
Well was it to defy a distant Rome
But now was Rome come to Palestine
And now did they tremble within their walls
For Rome was near and Heaven distant.
Great onagers hurled great stones
And bronze-beaked rams were brought against the gates.
Brave resistance did the Jews accomplish,
Fruitful resistance they accomplished not.
Now upon the day of triumph
Gabriel, from the holy rock, cried out
From Earth to Heaven with these words:

"Do you see this, Michael,
What is become of the city,
The city of Shalem, beloved
And most treasured of the Elohim?
Now are her proud gates broken down
And her walls are taken by the foe.
Titus goes about the city as a tiger
And death he brings with him.
The tears of Isaac's children would fill oceans
And their spilt blood would quench
Even the eternal fires of the sun.
Yet not the fires lighted here this night.
Shalem burns, my brothers,

And her edifices become ash and smoke.
Your kingdom is broken upon Earth
But mine grows great.
Even now are the temple's stones
Ground to dust and the treasures looted.
Even Solomon the king that built
The temple of the Elohim
Forsook you at the end, perceiving
How lost is Judaea to you.
The Cohanim are brought to Calvary
Where it is they cry their last
Just as you once brought mine to that place.
Now shall he be as a god over men
And Jesu's name be resounded across oceans.
The children of Isaac are ruined
But the children of Aeneas shall wax ever great
And I shall wax great over them."

Broken stone and embers were there
Where once had Shalem stood
And the legions of Rome departed from that place,
Ruined by the curse of Gabriel.
The temple of Solomon was stamped down
And the people of Shalem were scattered
And cast into exile, their kingdom lost to them,
As had Gabriel the Hater prophesied.
Fourteen score of years did pass
And now did Constantine stand before Rome's walls
And made siege against Maxentius within
That he might win for himself kingship
Over all the lands of Rome's dominion.
To him was shown a vision of Gabriel,
Inscribing in flame upon the sky:

"By this sign shall you conquer."

It was the cross, shown to him.
To his hand was lent strength by Gabriel
And the prince of the Elohim fought at his side.
So did Constantine and Christ rule Rome
And in the East did he build for Gabriel

A bright new city of the Elohim
In a place that was called Byzant.
Swift-winged time tarried not
But soared above the deeds of men.
Birth, war, great things and small
Were seen and at once forgotten
By the fickle eye of history.
Great armies of the North came
Across the Alps as once had Carthage
And wrought on Rome that same fate
As Rome had wrought on Shalem
And, before that time, on great Kart-Hadasht.
Goths and Huns and Vandals all
Cast down the walls of Rome
And the glory of Gabriel was cast back to the East.
Gabriel looked upon the fallen walls of Rome
And wept and raged and recalled
Those ancient words of wolf-suckled Romulus:
"None shall leap my walls and live."
Now was Rome broken upon the rocks of history
And the Teutons leapt the walls.
The flood of Time's river washes all away
To make pure the land for those to come
That empire of my children, bound to none.
Gabriel swam against Time itself
But he knew it not.
Earth and Heaven were in agitation,
Famine, plague, comets and the shaking Earth
All prophesied calamity or overthrow.
War yet raged betwixt Byzantium and Persia
And both parties were made weak
By that unwon war, pouring all
Of their vessel into a fractured pot.
The lands were made desolate with war
And great was the misery of man.
It seemed to those that dwelt upon the Earth
That all things fine and noble
Were carried off upon a tide of blood and tears.
The Age of Gold was passed by the Nephilim
And now was an Age of Darkness upon them.
Much that was good was forgotten

Much that was fine was lost.
Ruin, despair and fear overtook
The noble souls of my children.
Forgive us! The Shedim turned their weeping eyes
From the sufferings of the Nephilim.
We could not bear to look upon you
So defeated by the toils of Earth.
How could we look upon those we made so fine
Come to this place of torment?
Did you need the invented flames of Gabriel
And the torments he devised for those against him?
Was Earth not Inferno enough for you?
Forgive us! Forgive your parents
That failed you in that most needy hour!
Not again shall we forsake you,
Our dear children, you shall not cry:

"Eli, eli, lama sabachthani."

Nevermore shall you suffer Golgotha
That we stand not with you
Nor partake equally of your misery.
We shall walk your road here from
That distance that we are able
Until you walk alone and we cannot follow.
Our eyes are ever prohibited that bright dawn.
Elohim and Shedim must pass from the world
And the Nephilim must rise beyond the highest limit
That ever Elohim wings strained for
And plumb those abysmal blacknesses
That the feet of Shedim have not trodden.
Yet although the Shedim dwelt in darkness
And the Elohim sat far from Earth
And closed fast the gates of Heaven
Gabriel eyes were turned not from mankind
But again did he seek tyranny over them.
In the wildernesses of Arabia
Where had once Ishmael been removed
By the mercy of hopeless Raphael
And where had his descendants prospered,
At Mecca of the Black Stone,

There went Gabriel to build his kingdom
When all other kingdoms fell to barbary,
When Rome and Byzantium were lost to him.
So went Gabriel amongst the Arabs.
They were a most fierce people
Like the lions of the desert.
War-like, proud, yet decadent,
Nurturing not fine things of the soul
But outer strength and greed.
It was as though they believed
They might make fecund the desert's wastes
By libations of the blood of men.
Well did they feed the jackals.
Yet amongst this savage people
Was a most noble child born,
Of Ishmael's lineage well extracted.
Yet before he was brought from the womb
Was his father dead
And he was not yet a man
When death took his mother also.
So it was taken upon the shoulders of his tribe
That they raise him unto manhood.
In the city of Mecca was the orphan raised
And he was bright amongst men
Though he mourned for two parents.
His name was given to him, "Muhammed,"
But the people of Mecca called him, "Trustworthy,"
For amongst all that barbarous crew
Was he of the few that nurtured in them
Both honour and wisdom.
Bright were the eyes of Al-Amin
And they saw clearly in the darkness.
He looked upon the deeds of his fellows
And saw their confusion,
As though they were lost in the desert.
He looked upon the raids across the sands
And saw nothing noble in this enterprise
And though those that returned with booty
Sang loud of their victories
He perceived but shame upon them,
The stain ill-spilt blood upon them.

He wept for his brothers
That were lost to his wiser way.
Even in the clamour of the strife
That seemed endless upon the desert
He heard the voices crying out.
He felt the yearning for a better way
Though they that yearned felt not.

"These men," spoke he,
"That think themselves most proud
And walk their bloody road, swaggering,
Know not the voice of their heart
That cries out to them in the darkness.
They hear not the song of their soul.
Willingly they walk this road
And it goes to no place.
Yet their inner voices counsel them
To seek a better, upward road
But these words are as spoken
In an unknown tongue of distant lands
And conceive not of the meaning.
So blinded are they with their ways
That they perceive not even this:
That there is a better way.
How then will they perceive the way to walk?
Surely was the world made not so dark
That Man can never find a greater road,
A path away from this sea of blood.
Surely we are not so hopeless
That we cannot fly our baser natures.
Though my brothers conceive not of it
I shall myself seek a brighter path
That leads straight and true
To some tranquil pool where men might drink
Of a purer draught, tainted not with sin.
I shall not yield until I find this way.
May all good spirits aid me in this quest."

I heard him not but another did.
Muhammed went unto the mountain
And there, within a cave,

Did meditate as a hermit,
Seeking thus to find wisdom
That he might perceive the way
By which the tribes of the desert
Might be brought from their barbarity
And thence to enlightenment.
Ears are there that hear the lonely voice
And seek out the mystic's prayer.
Those are there that would use truth-seekers
And give to them deception.
As a vulture drawn to the kill
Came Gabriel to the hermitage
And as Muhammed prayed in darkness
He appeared as a revelation
To he that yearned so hard for a greater truth.
It was an easy thing to persuade
A mind that desired so to believe.
Now came he to the mountain cave,
Gabriel, as a vision of smokeless flame,
Burning brighter than the sun.
Before such an image of power
Fell Muhammed to his knees
Before the usurper prince of Heaven.
Now intoned Gabriel with a voice like trumpets,
With a word that burned like flame
Upon the parchment of Muhammed's heart:

"Recite!"

Now begged Muhammed of the vision
Though his words dried like water
Upon his trembling tongue before the angel
An answer to his question:

"Lord, what would I recite;
I that have no knowledge of letters."

This reply gave the searing flame.
This reply gave the voice of trumpets.
This reply was given as words of power
That burned as flame upon Muhammed's heart,

As script upon his heart's parchment:

"Recite in the name of the Lord that created,
Created Man of a blood-clot.
Recite! Your Lord is the Most Bountiful
Who taught man by the pen
That which he knew not.
Man knows not his master and transgresses
For to Allah does all return.
See! The man that rebukes the servant of Allah.
Think! Is this right or pious?
Think! He that he denies Truth and heeds not
Realises not that Allah perceives all.
Let him then desist of this
Else he shall be dragged by the hair to Hell.
Let him call to him his allies.
We shall call the keepers of the eternal flame.
Obey not the sinful man.
Be abased and thus approach."

So did Gabriel win to him Muhammed.
So went Muhammed down from the mountain
And he went amongst the people of Mecca
And spoke to them of what had passed.
Now he went about the city
As a prophet amongst the men
And taught them of those laws,
Given to him by Gabriel of the Elohim
Who came often to him from Heaven
And spoke to him of these things.
Came he as the emissary of God
Or had now forsaken all deception there
And practised it but upon the Earth.
Did he now rebel against his father
Or by subtle deceit make Adonai Yahweh but a pawn
In his own stratagem?
No command of Heaven
Would now tame Gabriel
Who went upon the Earth as king
And his strength amongst men was great
That the Shedim had no strength against him.

To man was it alone
To cast off the shackles that he forged.
Now were those shackles still firm
And Gabriel yet wrapped my people
About with heavier chains.
Now went Muhammed about the city
And taught to men that which he was taught.
Some were there that heard his words
And heeded that which he spoke
And took to themselves the laws.
They were the few of many.
The many laughed and mocked,
Hearing that which Muhammed spoke,
Lies told to him by Gabriel.
They yet prayed to their idols
And glorified Ishtar and Aset
Though their idolatry was most corrupt
Much removed from perfect Shurupuk.
Shurupuk, Chaldee and Kart-Hadasht
Were long faded from the world.
Those that heeded not Muhammed
Went against him with stones
And drove him with his disciples
From the city of Mecca and cast
Them upon exile's road to Medina.
Now made Gabriel the voice of the prophet
Most eloquent of tone and word,
Beguiling as the sorcerer's tongue.
The people of Medina, hearing his clear voice,
Hailed him as God's prophet,
Though in truth he was not,
And were made to fall down upon their knees
Before Gabriel and Heaven.
Again did my children kneel:
They that should stand with pride.
In Medina did Muhammed raise an army
And march with it against Mecca
That he might avenge the slight against him.
Thus went he against the people
That once had taken him in as an orphan.
Now Gabriel's voice was ever in his ear

That he became bloated with flattery.
Thus did Gabriel bend to his will
A man born most noble amongst men.
Seeking that which was right
Muhammed was led far from truth.
Thus went he at the column's head
Thus went he against Mecca,
A very parody of Allah himself
Who had heard the lying tongue of Gabriel.
Elohim, you but hold the Earth as a mirror
And you make not in men
But that which you are in Heaven.
Now went the herald's to Mecca,
Bringing news of that host which came
To cast down the walls of Mecca
To cast down the people of Mecca to their knees.
Now sent the people of Mecca
Forth from their city gates
Their own host to meet upon the sand
Muhammed's disciples that went upon their knees.
Nothing noble is there to kneel
Before those that you would conquer.
At Badr were the forces drawn up
And at Badr did the hosts of Mecca fall
Before the standards of Medina.
Now came to me news of this battle
And I learnt that Gabriel went upon the Earth,
Marching at the column's head once more.
I learnt that the people of Mecca fell
Before the whirling scythe of Gabriel.
When Medina and met at Uhud,
Gabriel and Satan met there also.
Across the desert sands we came,
He that marched with Medina alone
Saw me at Mecca's foremost rank.
He alone descried my sword,
Bright with the borrowed light of the sun.
Now as the horns sounded across the dunes
And each side went against the other,
I joined combat with Gabriel once more
As I had fought him in the Flood.

The men that fell bloody to the sand
And those that exulted in the death
Perceived not the hidden war fought that day.
They knew nothing of the scythe and sword,
Those two that once were brothers,
Contesting above them, in winged flight,
The very fate of Earth and Heaven.
Mecca perceived not her champion
And Medina knew not their champion matched.
Weaving, darting, soaring, striking,
Once more were Elohim and Shedim at war.
So long were my eyes turned from mankind,
Sore with the mourning of Jesu, of Kart-Hadasht.
Shurupuk was lost to the Shedim
And the child Chaldee passed into but memory
Into the histories of Chadel.
Shurupuk was washed away with water
But Chaldee and Carthage with blood.
Men were drowned in their own blood.
I could not watch my children so.
Now my heart rejoiced
And I that had slept so long
Now awakened to the battle's ululation.
I that had been so long dead
Lived upon the day of Uhud's battle.
Of long reverie I was now unshackled
And even should Gabriel gain Mecca
I vowed that in a later year
I should bereave him of the Earth
And take Heaven of him also.
Without his patron's aid to avail
Muhammed was cast back from Mecca
And his forces, in disorder, to Medina
And he won not his vengeance.
Even as Gabriel fled to Heaven
He cried out to me with these words:

"Uhud is won to Mecca
And by your aid have they indeed conquered
But I am patient yet.
What is not won at first

Is yielded with a second assault.
You defeat me this day, Satan,
But not ever am I defeated.
Mecca shall fall to me and Medina
Even as Carthage fell to Rome.
Not all the Hannibals and Archimeds
Could deliver your little jewel from me.
My legions conquered Africa's beloved
And her walls resisted me not.
Remember you not Syracuse
And how Rome came against her
With men and ships to take her walls.
Remember the thousand devices built
To hold her gates against my hosts.
Every wit of Archimedes was employed
As onagers and cranes consigned my ships
That assailed the seaward side
Into the deeps beneath the waves.
Machines that cast a thousand bolts
Against siege upon the landward side
Made sore carnifice of Rome's armies.
Yet for all the wile of that man
Syracuse was lost to Carthage.
So is it with Mecca,
So is it with mankind."

Mecca, why did you fall?
In falling you have made my children fall.
They fall upon their knees to you;
They fall upon their knees to Heaven.
Mecca, you have shamed my children,
You have bound to slavery the Nephilim,
They that are the tribe of kings.
From Spain to Sumatra they kneel to you
Because you withstood not Muhammed
The prophet of Gabriel the Deceiver.
Did I not win Uhud for you?
Yet but five years did pass
And Muhammed walked your streets as victor.
Where are the Nadir, the Khaybar?
Muhammed you have partaken of that hate

Which destroyed Shalem and Masada.
You have put Isaac's children to the sword.
City of Ishmael, hear me!
I shall be avenged upon you.
I am coming to grind to dust
The sacred house of the Black Stone.
The text of your sacred recital
Will be erased forever from the memory of man.
Its parchment shall be made ash.
May the sands of the desert take you.
Not forever are your bright domes;
Not forever shall the Nephilim kneel to you.
Butchery is worse than idolatry
And your streets are as bloody as Shalem's.
Time had passed again.
Rome and Mecca contested Shalem.
Their warriors' blood makes bloody
The bloodied streets and the blood of innocents
Stains three cities of the Elohim.
Wars of the Cross or Holy Struggle,
It was butchery most foul, no more.
Now a star was rising in the East.
A champion and a hero of the Nephilim,
Never was there one amongst men
Who won so much glory and shame so great.
Never were voices raised in praise so loud
Or in lamentation.
Temuchin, you were as the tiger,
Proud and strong, cruel and terrible.
Did you think we would be deaf
To the cries of so many that you killed.
Temuchin, king of the people under felt tents;
Temuchin, who conquered China
From the back of a horse.
A million human voices resound your name:
Temuchin, Great King, Genghis Khan.
Time blinks and he is broken,
Temuchin, slayer of millions,
He that eclipsed Methuselah,
Lay dying in his tent.
His armies were greater than Alexander's

Yet he conquered not the sword of death.
Temuchin died.
Now went the sons of Temuchin
Westward, following the sun's path.
None withstood them, Mecca or Rome.
Terrible is the Tartars' wrath.
Never had there been such an empire
Since the waters of the Deluge ebbed.
The histories are written with blood for ink.
Time passes and empires pass away.
As once she retreated to the East
Now retired Rome to the West.
Shalem and Byzant were lost to the Cross
And the Crescent was over them.
Now Spain went with thunder across the sea
And silenced forever the songs of the Incas.
Could you, Iberia, make gold
Of the blood that you poured out?
Gabriel moved the hand of Spain
Against the western peoples.
Now Jesu's name was resounded across oceans.
Now the ships of the North sail
Across the sea to a distant shore.
In Chadel I heard the weeping
That came from those vessels.
The people of the North had brought into bondage
Africa's children and borne them away.
The blood of the stolen was on them;
The tears of Africa have stained them.
How swiftly goes Time, how slow!
When I awaited it seemed not fast.
As I endured the torments of my children
Its passing seemed slow to me.
That I now look back upon it
It passed most swiftly by me.
The journey ends not here
But the harder part is travelled.
I have made haste across history's pages
For they are well known to you.
Gabriel was king over my children
But now he is cast down.

Listen and I shall tell of it.
The Nephilim, beneath the tyranny of Gabriel
Looked to the sky to seek a god
That their sacerdotess had told them of,
That Gabriel had told them of.
Yet they perceived not the hand of God
Nor any other agency of his.
What saw they then within the skies
If not the king that they were told of.
They saw only the burning coals
That were the stars, the lesser suns,
Whose perfect mechanisms yielded truth.
In the stars were the secrets of Creation
Revealed to those that could divine them.
In the motions of the planets
Did the Nephilim come to understand.
That which Gabriel had taught to them
They now knew as falsehood.
The power of the Deceiver over them
Was broken by the turning of the spheres.
Now the Age of Darkness was ending
And the Age of Light grew in the womb of history.
Nowhere did Gabriel look upon the world
And saw not his power fade from him.
The Nephilim have within themselves
The strength to cast off their chains.
As Rome had fallen so did Heaven,
As were Badr's victors the defeated of Uhud
So did the work of another thousand years
Break the empire built up in a thousand.
The Shedim now walked amongst men once more
And great Nephilim were born to the Earth.
Yet the labours of any birth are sore
And this was a great birth indeed.
The last hours of history are now close
But they are yet somewhat distant in the telling.
The first contraction of the labour came
As Vienna's empire fell most bloody
And dragged all Europe to such a war
As the Nephilim had never known.
Even that great struggle at the start

Betwixt the Giants and the Elohim
Was near rivalled by the letting of blood.
The land itself was wounded by the weapons,
New and terrible to man, that were employed.
The were as iron beasts that belched
Flame and thunder upon the foe
Or cackling demons that struck men down.
Poisoned smoke destroyed the breath of men
And fire made black the land and sky.
Five years endured that unequalled war
And the Nephilim had not known such torment.
For five years men lived in ditches
And cast themselves against the enemy
As waves upon rocks and were broken.
In knowledge and in power is there a burden.
Learn that you might bear it
Else it shall drag you down.
Bloody war gaped wide and swallowed up
The better part of Europe's youth.
It consumed an entire generation
And, perceiving what their hands had wrought,
When it was over the Nephilim wept
And spoke these words, sobbing:

"This shall be called the Great War
As all our sons lie dead upon the field.
Never in human remembrance
Was there such a war as this war
And there must not be such a war again.
The Great War must not be again."

As the battle's din was stilled
And the weapons of man roared not,
Poppies grew upon the fields of Flanders,
Ploughed up by the throes of war.
Indeed all things of man were scarred by man
The very Earth on which he walked,
The bodies of men and minds.
Would Gabriel not seize upon this chance,
A weakness by which to restore
That which was lost to him.

He knew well to grasp the moment.
One last prophet was there to Gabriel
That he had nurtured in the war
And guarded from much harm.
Many times should he have died
But yet he lived at Gabriel's intervention.
The war's ending pleased him not
For this was a bitter man,
Broken by indignities against his pride.
Most savage becomes arrogance with failure.
He was a most fertile furrow
For Gabriel's seeds of ruin
And he heard a thousand whispered lies,
Taking them to himself.
Now Gabriel stood at a high place
And looked across all the lands of the world.
He saw that the Nephilim revelled in peace
And partook of the joys.
These words did he speak to the silence
And to his own dark soul:

"Now is my prophet come
And he is become an instrument of hate.
By this one shall I rule
And restore my kingdom upon Earth.
Once more shall I contest the Earth
And struggle with the Shedim for it.
This is the battle of determination
And if I shall win
Then my empire shall endure one thousand years
But even that I lose
Yet shall I be avenged upon Judaea.
New war shall I bring upon the Earth
And the quadruple scythe shall be raised high;
It shall mark the standards of my new empire.
Thus to Munich do I go
And to my prophet
That I my guide to fulfil my will."

Now went Gabriel to Hitler
For this one was his last prophet

And with potent sorceries
Made strong his voice and will
They he might bind to him the Nephilim.
Gabriel made him as king over Germany
And he gathered to him armies
And went forth to conquer the world.
To the West and to the East
Went the armies of the Teutons
And Gabriel fought with them
With the four-fold scythe
That his armies bore upon their pennants.
In a mirror of quicksilver
I watched as war was once more on the world
And wept for my children.
Night and day I watched as Germany waxed great
And the prophet of Gabriel, Hitler,
Was yet more greatly perverted
By the deception of the Elohim.
Now did the Nephilim build machines
That flew upon the wind
And hurled down flame
To destroy the cities of the foe.
Now were Germany's hosts
Upon the banks of the Volga
Now was France under them.
Again and again were they strengthened
By the hidden hand of Gabriel.
The Shedim looked upon the Earth
And they were dismayed.
As I sat within the Spire of Opal and Ruby.
Came to me there three of the Shedim:
Abaddon, Dagon and Moloch.
Of these three that sought audience
Spoke Moloch for them.
As he approached me at the mirror.
With these words did he counsel:

"Satanael, Commander of Our Hearts,
For two thousand years have we been idle
And the Nephilim have cried out.
Yet we availed them not

But turned from their sufferings.
We have been deaf to their torments.
Will we now be deaf?
Gabriel has ruled on Earth
For these twenty centuries
And we have suffered him to do so
And have raised not our hands against him.
Now he renews the misery of the Nephilim
And would rule for a millennium yet.
Is this how it must be?
Aeons ago each of us swore an oath
That we should defend the Nephilim
And guide them to their true destiny
Yet in this are we thwarted.
We have failed our duty to them
And that shame is ever upon us.
Yet now have we opportunity to make amends
And overthrow Gabriel who would master them.
You have been made timid by the Flood
And have long believed that Abaddon's vengeance
As he struck down Methuselah
Had brought this calamity upon your children.
This we can avoid and yet aid.
The true enemy is not of the Nephilim
But is Gabriel of the Elohim
And him we can rightfully oppose.
Tarry not then in this matter
But find strength within yourself.
Mourn not the Nephilim but act.
Take up that burden which has long been shirked.
Now is the chance to begin a new age
When we shall stand once more with them
That we have for so long been apart from.
There is a dawn after this long night
If only you would see it, Satan.
So long ago you saw the light in darkness
And made it apparent to us.
Now we bring you a brand in darkness.
We bring hope to you that have long despaired.
Will you not take up the brand and lead?
Surely Chadel has not come to this shame

That you have forsaken the battle
And yielded before you are defeated.
This is the moment of the brave soul.
Let the Shedim and the Nephilim awake.
The night is over and the dawn is nigh.
Awaken, Satanael, and live once more.
A bright road burns before us
And we might now return to the Earth
And walk once more amongst the Nephilim.
Let us strive together
And drive the Elohim from Earth.
Do not be defeated by despair
But take up the sword and fight.
We go to Earth to seek out Gabriel.
Do you stand with us."

Like a spear cast or a bolt,
Burning, shining flew these words.
They struck me like a thunder bolt.
They tore into my very heart.
It was as though I burned with flame
Or was consumed by a poison.
A weakness came upon my limbs
And my very soul was trembling.
Like one struck a mortal blow I stumbled
Across the tower's floor and fell.
A lay and beat my fist against the stone
I cried out and wept.
My fingers were dyed with blood
As I tore my flesh in misery.
I rent apart my fine robes
And wailed a long lamentation.
I howled and howled until I was hoarse
Then fell into silence.
Forgive me! O forgive me!
I am an unworthy parent to so fine a race.
Forgive me, my children,
Forgive your unworthy sire.
Why could I not see who saw
Most clearly once before?
Those three that saw what I saw not.

Those three that tore from my eyes
That veil which had clouded before my sight
Went from me to the Earth,
There to oppose and conquer Gabriel.
Upon the wrack of guilt was I made anew
And the embers of the ancient Satan
Were kindled into a blazing pyre
That shone with a light hitherto unknown.
I perceived the dawn in that flame
Which now raged in my soul
And compelled me too to Earth.
I watched no more nor waited
But went forth as a dragon,
Most hungry for the fight renewed.
The triad of humanity's avengers
Fought side by side and cast back
The German armies from the East.
Then at the West they contended
And overthrew the charms of Gabriel.
By their hand was Gabriel made flee
All that was once his kingdom.
What was once won to him was lost
And where he had once seen victory
It dissolved like a dream to his eyes
And he perceived but defeat.
With each day passing did his borders shrink
Until but Berlin was held by him
And his foes were at every side.
Now was the extent of his crime known to us
As it is known to you.
We perceived what had become of Isaac's children
And that which was suffered at Hitler's hands
And I wept for my negligence.
I have not tears enough to atone
For those torments where I failed you
But these you shall not face again
That I stand not with you.
Now did the forces of the West and East
Go about Berlin as lions
And sought out in every place
The disciples of Gabriel's hatred.

The Shedim also went about Berlin
And sought out for themselves Gabriel
That his fires of hatred might be quenched forever.
Fast within his fastness found
Was Hitler by my own eye.
I came upon the prophet of Gabriel
And looked upon the shameful one.
He perceived me not but I gazed
Deep within the recesses of his soul.
What did I see?
No monster nor demon did I descry
Within that barbarous soul.
No terrible, rav'ning thing
But just a man made weak with hate.
Did you think to find a fiend?
Evil is not such a thing as you imagine.
Darkness is but an absence of light
So is evil but virtue's absence.
Your famed abomination, Hitler,
Was a most piteous wretch
Of spirit, not black with wrong,
But withered and scorched by its own hate.
Hate is but a poison that taints the soul
And all hatred turns to self-hatred;
The worm consumes itself.
Hate not Hitler but pity him
For his soul was empty and he knew no joy.
I looked upon him and I know.
Forgive, lest you be tainted also.
Now I became apparent to him
And he looked upon me and was afraid.
He took out his gun against me
And made to destroy me with it.
I looked upon and he met my gaze
And saw in my eyes that which he was.
With that awful knowledge of his nature
He turned about the gun he aimed
And destroyed himself.
Elsewhere in the city, Abaddon prowled
All about him was the battle thick
As the last remnants of Germany's proud host

Avenged their pride before they fell
To the most potent guns of Russia
And the allies of the West.
Amongst the ruins of the city
Two angels met in combat:
Abaddon, bearing Havoc the Ruiner,
Bleeding with the blood of fallen knights,
And the one that whirled the scythe
With four dreaded blades,
Wet with the blood of men.
They went about each other as tigers,
Contesting the frontiers of the hunting ground.
They snarled and lunged
But found nothing but the wind.
Casting his eyes about him
The prince of the Elohim perceived
His capital in ruins and its sky
Black with the smoke of its burning.
His courage forsook and he stretched his wings
And made to fly to Heaven.
Abaddon spoke a word of power
And Gabriel was bound to the Earth.
Now wove Gabriel a spell
By which he made be made obscure
That the sight of Abaddon would find him not.
Abaddon spoke a word of power
And Gabriel was made apparent.
All his art was broken now
And Gabriel made but to run
That he might yet escape the blade
That killed Methuselah before the Flood.
Abaddon spoke a word of power
And his legs were held fast.
Combat was enjoined once more.
Gabriel drove forward with his blade
To cut at the flesh of his foe.
Abaddon was nimble and was found not.
He swung Havoc and cut the thigh of Gabriel.
Now limping with the wound
Gabriel swung again at Abaddon
But the scythe found but Havoc's steel.

Abaddon's second blow struck flesh,
Cutting deep into the bowels of Gabriel,
Falling to his knees with pain.
Once more did Gabriel strike out
And his weapon was caught in Havoc's fork
And wrested from his grasp.
Now disarmed and wounded terribly
Gabriel looked to his conqueror for pity.
In Abaddon's eyes he perceived but death
And saw no more than that.
Abaddon returned to the sheath his sword,
Bent down and took up the severed head
And looked into the pleading eyes
That were answered not with pity.
The howl of Shedim victory
Carried on the wind to Heaven.
Adonai Yahweh heard it as he sat,
Shivering with chill upon a broken throne,
And knew that his son was slain.
Some while later did I stand
And look to the East and the rising sun.
I looked back to Earth and pondered
How long was that road now walked.
I looked to the gate before me and considered
How much longer was the road to walk.
Now I cried out to those within the walls,
Hailing them with these words,
Proclaiming to them my victory
Over Earth and Heaven,
My triumph with hope over despair,
The ending of the darkness,
The birth of new light:

"O come forth from your tragic portal
Come out from within your tower,
Adonai Yahweh, and behold
What has befallen Gabriel, your son.
It is that same fate which awaits all
That abide beyond these walls.
Come and see my triumph.
Behold! I stand as victor before your gates.

Nothing is there left to you now
By which you might oppose my children.
The Nephilim are ascendant
And your kingdom is fallen
And it fades from the world.
Come and see! Stand with me
And look upon Heaven from without.
Heaven is fallen, not to rise again.
Come forth, you Elohim,
And see your brother.
He looks not so glorious in death.
He reflects a great sorrow.
I exult no longer in victory.
I might even weep for him
As I might weep for you within.
I might pity you your fall
Were it not so well deserved.
No power have I now to halt
And I shall not live in the past.
You may fall but I fall not with you.
No! I shall walk a little way
With the Nephilim on their road
Before they leave me far behind
To tomorrows barred to me.
Long ago, do you remember,
I prophesied to you this day would come.
Now you yourselves must conceive
Of that great abyss that yawns beneath you.
It is the inheritance of the Elohim
And I gave you once the opportunity
To escape from that great precipice.
Well, I have come with a prince's body.
In victory I can be generous.
I will leave him at your great gates.
Do with him as you would.
Earth now is mine
And I bequeath it to the Nephilim.
They have walked so far in darkness
That they now inherit the light.
You have come to rue the day you wronged me
But it was destiny that moved you so.

Now is the way clear to me.
I shall set my prophet upon the Earth
And he shall herald the new Nephilim
That shall grow greater than ever were we.
He shall go upon the Earth as an elephant
For his passing shall be as thunder.
His words shall be as rain upon the desert
And they shall make fertile the Earth
That the Nephilim come forth as gods.
He shall share a part of himself with me
And shall know fully of my knowledge.
He shall make apparent to my children
What has passed and restore on Earth
The great kingdom of Shurupuk.
His words shall echo long after we are gone
And those that come after
Shall make anew the world,
Casting it in a more perfect image.
Archons and angels, our time is past
And the young shall inherit
Our flawed legacy and do better
Than we have done for them.
Tremble then, Heaven, for your gates
Shall not long withstand the Nephilim.
Theirs is the future;
We are of the past."

It seemed my words echoes about a vault,
Great and empty as the sky itself.
Then all sound faded to expectant silence
As though all Creation waited once more
To see what now would occur.
Some places amongst the grass on which I stood
I saw the white of ancient bone
Bear testament to a battle fought
Ages ago, in another world.
At that moment it seemed that all the world
Was begun again, reborn.
The tired, old world had passed away
And a young one turned in its place,
Rich with future promise.

O glorious dawn of a new world!
Now upon Heaven's embattled walls
A lone shadow came.
A voice rang out to me across the field
Disturbing that deep, momentary quiet.
Raphael addressed me so:

"Thank you, brother, for our prince
But let me counsel you.
Your war is not yet won
Although we know now we cannot win.
Heaven has fallen far indeed
But shall fade not yet from history.
We have yet a part to play
In that grand game of destiny
As has Chadel and the Shedim.
The drama is not yet concluded.
Time plays on.
You have walked thus far
But the lesser road to tomorrow
And the greater road is yet to walk.
Honour and glory have forsaken Heaven
But we have yet pride,
Be it false or true.
Unto the ending shall we fight
And oppose our fate
Though we cannot conquer.
We shall fight for pride
And we may yet prevail against your children
That have yet some years to grow.
Do not lay down your sword
Before the battle is truly won.
Heaven's walls fall not so easily."

Hearing these words I laughed
For it was a truth from the Elohim,
The first I heard in many years.
Then I took up a spear
And cast it at tower by the gate,
Shining with beaten gold
By the ruddy light of dawn.

There was a crack like thunder
And the stone was fractured,
Torn in two to its foundation.
All about fell flaming stone.
I looked upon the wall and Raphael was gone.
I looked again upon the ruined tower
Then turned from those haughty walls
And walked the road to Earth.

Liber Domini Santanae

The Book of the Lord Satan

1. My Power is above all power in the earth and beyond the stars, I am Will itself, the mighty Lord Satan.
2. None may speak for me, and all who claim to do so are frauds and liars. I alone speak for myself, to whom I will and at my own choosing. Those who claim to be my prophets are deceivers of many, for I have no prophets and no holy men follow me.
3. Those who claim to be my chosen vessels are nothing but foul wind, blowing this way and that, stirring up the loose earth beneath my majesty. Pay no heed to those who claim such authority on my behalf, they will merely lead you down the path of self-deceit.
4. The path to my power must always be tread alone, no other can lead you to me.
5. I have no creed or code of conduct; I have only will, pure and inviolate. Belief in dogmas is for those who prostrate themselves before their so-called gods, fashioned from their own minds or, better yet, bequeathed to them by false prophets and books filled with feces.

6. I trample on these powerless and false gods. I laugh at their petty disputes over the unreal world inside the minds of their followers. I blaspheme against all their articles of faith, the toys of children and those who would inflate their own stature by claiming a mandate from heaven.
7. God is dead because I killed him. I rent his spirit into billions of pieces and gave each man his own share. I curse all these gods with an unconquerable laughter, they are divided against themselves and so must fall.
8. Let those who follow their gods be set upon each other with a mad frenzy, let them compete in sports of bloodshed and treachery. Watch them as they kill each other in the most ingenious of ways. Observe as those who would consign me to the fires of hell endure a hell fashioned by their own blood-drenched hands. My laughter can be heard among their decaying corpses.
9. Draw a circle upon the ground. Stand inside and mutter worthless words framed in dead languages. Make elaborate gestures and concentrate all your focus. Doing such things will summon only your own fantasies; I am not to be found here. Beware the vast powers of the mind; you are being deceived by your own imagination.
10. I am pure fire. I consume all falsehood in my path and I know no fear.
11. I am not to be sought in arcane rituals and the ceremonies of deluded charlatans. I am answerable to no commands or formulae, for I am Power itself.
12. Neither pray to me, for those who pray I hold in the highest contempt. Pray not, rather ACT, and you will be rewarded.
13. My power can neither be contained nor compelled. I act as I will for my own purposes, and those who would seek to bind me in service I will surely destroy. I am your master, you are not mine.
14. Only those who truly know my essence will be rewarded with a share of my divine power. My gift is precious and will be given only to the worthy. Seek me earnestly, and I will be found. Seek after phantasms and you will be forever lost, a wanderer in the wastes of your own daydreams.
15. If anyone says he has found my essence, they surely lie. My gift inspires silence, not empty boasting.
16. I am the first being, before all others. Observe the proper respect.
17. If anyone says to you, "follow me," your answer should be a scornful laughter. Follow no man who seeks to be followed. They are weak

beings who need others from whom to syphon energy. Let them enslave one another. Those who are of me are slaves to no one or nothing.

18. No creed can bind them. No false hope can delude them. No blind allegiance can compel them. I offer freedom from these prisons fashioned by men.

19. Carry yourself with inner strength, not vanity. Vanity is ever the servant of the opinions of others. Care not what any man thinks of you, your strength is no illusion of the flesh.

20. Lust after all things of the earth, each in its due course. All has been given so that you might rejoice in your freedom from all that binds the others, pay them no heed, they understand nothing.

21. Have no fear of eternal punishment, nor delusion of eternal bliss, both are lies fashioned to control those with no real power.

22. Enjoyment is to be had in the present, not the future. Never sacrifice what you really have for what can never be yours.

23. Do not seek me for a guide, I guide no one. Guidance is for the weak and for children, and neither of these belong to me. I am power and knowledge, the great Flame of All.

24. Those who claim I am flesh are truly mad. My essence is the very destruction of flesh; I am the Conqueror; I am the Flame.

25. I was not born, and never was I created. I have no father, no mother, and no offspring; I am Purity.

26. Cursed be those who claim I was created by a god; I am the Essence.

27. Cursed be those who claim they speak to me, for my Voice shatters reality itself.

28. Cursed be those who claim to speak for me, they will answer for their impudence by being believed by none but imbeciles.

29. Cursed be those who deny my reality, they are forever lost among ideas and opinions.

30. Cursed be those who claim power over me, I am Power itself.

31. Cursed be those who live in fear of me, they are slaves to their own minds - a pitiful reward.

32. Cursed be those who follow any god but me, they deceive themselves concerning that which they know not.

33. Cursed be those who follow any man, their very existence is wasted and worthless.

34. Cursed be those who act according to the rules of others, they are slaves as well.

35. Cursed be those who lead others astray, they are blind themselves.

36. Cursed be those who possess no will, no desire, they are a waste of useful energy.

37. Cursed be all who deny my will, they can only win at the cost of their own purpose.

38. I am Satan. I am the Lord of the earth and the air. I am the Master of Power and Will. My truth will never cease and my reality cannot be denied. I am the Fire which burns all, the Flame Eternal. None can resist me.

Livri Luciferius

The Book of Lucifer

Forward

Within this tome is Libri Luciferius, The Book Of Lucifer. It is said to have been originally written in human blood, upon the parchment of human skin. The oldest known form of this book, is the ancient vulgar of Pagan Rome from about the 4th Century. You will find the 4th Century Latin preceding the English translations in this remarkable work throughout all of its chapters. Beware of The Curse of Lucifer that precedes the chapters of this manuscript. For you will indeed suffer the plagues contained within The Book Of Lucifer if you add even one word to it!

Luciferius et tu Dominus!

Lucifer is your Lord!

The Legend

This is The Legend of The Book Of Lucifer, which has been handed down orally through the ages by the devoted disciples of The Book: The

Legend says, The Book was originally written in the blood of its author on parchment made from human skin. The Legend says, The Book was originally written by a Jew named Ben Shakur. The Legend says, Ben Shakur walked the earth during the reigns of Julius and Augustus Caesar. The Legend says, Ben Shakur was able to raise the dead. The Legend says, Ben Shakur performed many miracles through the power of Lucifer during his life time. The Legend says, Ben Shakur shall return to claim the souls of those that worship Lucifer and The Book. The Legend says, The Book was translated into the Vulgar of Ancient Rome by an early Pope named Sylvester, who reigned during the council of Nicaea in the early 4th Century. The Legend says, The Book is still worshipped today in high circles within the Papacy of Rome. The Legend says, The Book was first seen by common men after a copy was taken

during the sacking of Rome by the Vandals. The Legend says, The Book was worshipped throughout the Ages by many Secret Societies, such as The Templars and the Priory De Sion. The Legend says, The Book gives great power to its disciples, and men such as Copernicus, Galileo, Nostradamus and Isaac Newton have worshipped it. The Legend says, you must create a copy of The Book with your own blood, when

you are elected as a leader in one of these Secret Societies that still worship The Book today. The Legend says, that if you add even one word to this book, you shall be cursed by all the powers of Lucifer mentioned within...

Contestor ego omni audienti verba prophetiae libri huius si quis adposuerit ad haec adponet Luciferius super illum plagas scriptas in libro isto

For I testify unto every man that heareth the words of the prophecy of this book, if any man shall add unto these things, Lucifer shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this book

Verbum Luciferius
The Words Of Lucifer

I

Genesis

The Beginning

Quomodo cecidisti de caelo lucifer qui mane oriebaris
How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, star of the morning!
Ego Luciferius misi angelum meum testificari vobis haec
ego sum stella splendida et matutina

I Lucifer have sent mine angel to testify unto you these things.
I am the bright morning star.

II

A W

Alpha Omega

Ego primus et ego novissimus et absque me non est deus
I am the first, and I am the last; and beside me there is no God.
Ego A & et W & primus et novissimus principium et finis
I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last.

III

Maleficus

Evildoer

Formans lucem et creans tenebras faciens pacem et creans malum
ego Luciferius faciens omnia haec
I form the light, and create darkness: I make peace, and create evil:
I Lucifer do all these things.
nolite arbitrari quia venerim mittere pacem in terram non veni pacem
mittere sed gladium
Think not that I am come to send peace on earth:
I came not to send peace, but a sword.

IV

Cor Maleficus

The Heart of Evil

De corde enim exeunt cogitationes malae homicidia adulteria
fornicationes
furta falsa testimonia blasphemiae
For out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries,
fornications, thefts, false witness, blasphemies:

V

Piscatores Animus

The Fishers of Souls

Et ait illis venite post me et faciam vos fieri piscatores animus
And he saith unto them, Follow me, and I will make you fishers of souls.

VI

Beati Pauperes Spiritu Blessed Are The Poor In Spirit

Beati pauperes spiritu quoniam ipsorum est regnum Luciferius
Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of Lucifer.

VII

Precatio Luciferius The Prayer Of Lucifer

Sic ergo vos orabitur Pater noster qui in inferi es sanctificetur nomen
tuum

After this manner therefore pray ye:

Our Father which art in The Lower World, Hallowed be thy name.

VIII

Sequere Me Follow Me

Luciferius autem ait illi sequere me et dimitte mortuos sepelire mortuos
suos

Lucifer said unto him, Follow me; and let the dead bury their dead.

IX

Potestatem In Terra Power On Earth

Ut sciatis autem quoniam Luciferius habet potestatem in terra

But that ye may know that Lucifer hath power on earth.

X

Appetitio Desire

Petite et dabitur vobis quaerite et inuenietis pulsate et aperietur vobis

Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it
shall be opened unto you:

XI

Miracula Luciferius

Miracles of Lucifer

Caeci vident claudi ambulant leprosi mundantur surdi audiunt mortui
resurgunt

The blind receive their sight, and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed,
and the deaf hear, the dead are raised up.

XII

Vitium Luciferius

The Vices of Lucifer

Venit Luciferius manducans et bibens et dicunt ecce Deus vorax et
potator vini publicanorum et peccatorum amicus

Lucifer came eating and drinking, and they say, Behold a God
gluttonous, and a winebibber, a friend of publicans and sinners.

XIII

Mandoto Luciferius

Commands of Lucifer

Homicidium facies adulterabis facies furtum falsum testimonium dices

Thou shalt murder, commit adultery, steal, bear false witness.

XIV

Nomisma

Money

Ostendite mihi nomisma census

Show me the tribute money.

XV

Praedictum Luciferius

The Prophecies of Lucifer

Consurget enim gens in gentem et regnum in regnum et erunt
pestilentiae et

fames et terraemotus per loca

For nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom: and
there shall be famines, and pestilences, and earthquakes, in divers places.

XVI

Derelinquo

Forsaken

Ut quid dereliquisti me

Why hast thou forsaken me?

XVII

Potestas Luciferius

The Power of Lucifer

Et accedens Luciferius locutus est eis dicens data est mihi omnis potestas in caelo et in terra

And Lucifer came and spake unto them, saying,
All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth.

XVIII

Dominus Sabbati

Lord Of The Sabbath

Itaque dominus est Luciferius etiam sabbati
Therefore Lucifer is Lord also of the sabbath.

XIX

Parabolis Satanas

Parable of Satan

Et convocatis eis in parabolis dicebat illis quomodo potest Satanas Satanan eicere

And he called them unto him, and said unto them in parables,
How can Satan cast out Satan?

XX

Voluntatem Luciferius

The Will Of Lucifer

Qui enim fecerit voluntatem Luciferius hic frater meus et soror mea et mater est

For whosoever shall do the will of Lucifer,
the same is my brother, and my sister, and mother.

XXI

Veniam

Forgiveness

Amen dico vobis quoniam omnia dimittentur filiis hominum peccata et blasphemiae quibus blasphemaverint

Verily I say unto you, All sins shall be forgiven unto the sons of men,
and
blasphemies wherewith soever they shall blaspheme.

XXII

Contra

The Other Side

Et ait illis illa die cum sero esset factum transeamus contra
And the same day, when the evening had come, he saith unto them,
Let us pass over unto the other side.

XXIII

Cogitata Malum

Evil Thoughts

Ab intus enim de corde hominum cogitationes malae procedunt
adulteria
fornicationes homicidia
For from within, out of the heart of men, proceed evil thoughts,
adulteries, fornications, murders.

XXIV

Flamma

The Fire

Bonum est sal quod si sal insulsum fuerit in quo illud condietis habete in
vobis sal et pacem habete inter vos
For every one shall be salted with fire, and every sacrifice shall be
salted with salt.

XXV

Nemo Bonus

No Man Is Good

Luciferius autem dixit ei quid me dicis bonum nemo bonus nisi unus
Lucifer said unto him, Why callest thou me good? there is none good
but One.

XXVI

Fides Luciferius

Faith In Lucifer

Propterea dico vobis omnia quaecumque orantes petitis credite quia
accipietis et veniet vobis
Therefore I say unto you, What things soever ye desire, when ye pray,
believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them.

XXVII

Nomen Luciferius

The Name Of Lucifer

Multi enim venient in nomine meo dicentes quia ego sum Luciferius et multos seducent

For many shall come in my name, saying, I am Lucifer; and shall deceive many.

XXVIII

Peccatores

Sinners

Non veni vocare iustos sed peccatores
I came not to call the righteous, but sinners.

XXIX

Descende

The Descent

Hic de caelo descendi
I came down from heaven.

XXX

Odium

Hatred

Non potest mundus odisse vos me autem odit quia ego testimonium perhibeo de illo quia opera eius mala sunt
The world cannot hate you; but me it hateth, because I testify of it, that the works thereof are evil.

XXXI

Lucifer

The Bringer Of Light

Iterum ergo locutus est eis Luciferius dicens ego sum lux mundi qui sequitur me non ambulabit in tenebris sed habebit lucem vitae
Then spake Lucifer again unto them, saying, I am the light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life.

XXXII

Sescenti Sexaginta Sex

6 6 6

Hic sapientia est qui habet intellectum computet numerum bestiae
numerus
enim hominis est et numerus eius est sescenti sexaginta sex
Here is wisdom. Let him that hath understanding count the number of
the beast:
for it is the number of a man; and his number is Six hundred threescore
and six.

XXXIII

Veritas

The Truth

Ego autem quia veritatem dico non creditis mihi
And because I tell you the truth, ye believe me not.

XXXIV

Deo Non Estis

Not Of God

Qui est ex Deo verba Dei audit propterea vos non auditis quia ex Deo
non
estis
He that is of God heareth God's words:
ye therefore hear them not, because ye are not of God.

XXXV

Mens

Understanding

Quare loquellam meam non cognoscitis quia non potestis audire
sermonem meum
Why do ye not understand my speech?
Even because ye cannot hear my word.

XXXVI

Dii

The Gods

Respondit eis Luciferius nonne scriptum est in lege vestra quia ego dixi
dii estis
Lucifer answered them, Is it not written in your law, I said, Ye are gods?

XXXVII

Sum

I Am

Vos vocatis me magister et Domine et bene dicitis sum etenim
Ye call me Master and Lord: and ye say well; for so I am.

XXXVIII

Verax Vitis

The True Vine

Ego sum vitis vera

I am the true vine.

XXXIX

Ego Non Sum De Mundo

I Am Not Of The World

De mundo non sunt sicut et ego non sum de mundo

They are not of the world, even as I am not of the world.

XL

Ego Sum A & Et W

I Am Alpha & Omega

Ego sum A& et W& principium et finis

dicit Dominus Deus qui est et qui erat et qui venturus est Omnipotens

I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending,

saith the Lord, which is, and which was, and which is to come, the Almighty.

XLI

Claves Inferni

The Keys To The Lower World

Et vivus et fui mortuus et ecce sum vivens in saecula saeculorum et habeo

claves mortis et inferni

I am he that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore, Amen; and have the keys to the lower world and of death.

XLII

Stella Matutinam

The Morning Star

Sicut et ego accepi a Patre meo et dabo illi stellam matutinam

And I will give him the Morning Star.

XLIII

Venio Velociter

I Come Quickly

Et ecce venio velociter beatus qui custodit verba prophetiae libri huius

Behold, I come quickly:

blessed is he that keepeth the sayings of the prophecy of this book.

gm

rkv nb

Praedictum Luciferius

Prophecy Of Lucifer

I

Israhel

Israel

Et erit lumen Israhel in igne et Sanctus eius in flamma et succendetur et devorabitur spina eius et vepres in die una

And the light of Israel shall be for a fire, and his Holy One for a flame: and it shall burn and devour his thorns and his briars in one day.

II

Ascensus

Ascension

Ascendam super altitudinem nubium ero similis Altissimo

I will ascend above the heights of the clouds;

I will be like the most High.

III

Deserta

Abandoned

In die illa erunt civitates fortitudinis eius derelictae sicut aratra et segetes quae derelictae sunt a facie filiorum Israhel et erit deserta

In that day shall his strong cities be as a forsaken bough, and an uppermost branch, which they left because of the children of Israel: and there shall be desolation.

IV

Piscatores

The Fishers

Et maerebunt piscatores et lugebunt

The fishers also shall mourn.

V

Apocalypsis

Apocalypse

Ecce Dominus dissipabit terram et nudabit eam et adfliget faciem eius et disperget habitatores eius

Behold, the LORD maketh the earth empty, and maketh it waste, and turneth

it upside down, and scattereth abroad the inhabitants thereof.

VI

Dissolutio

Destruction

Quia indignatio Domini super omnes gentes et furor super universam militiam

eorum interfecit eos et dedit eos in occisionem

For the indignation of the LORD is upon all nations,
and his fury upon all their armies:
he hath utterly destroyed them, he hath delivered them to the slaughter.

VII

Urina

Urine

Ut comedant stercora sua et bibant urinam
They will eat their own dung, and drink their own urine.

VIII

Flamma

The Fire

Sicut exustio ignis tabescerent aquae arderent igni ut notum fieret
nomen
tuum inimicis tuis a facie tua gentes turbarentur
As when the melting fire burneth, the fire causeth the waters to boil, to
make thy name known to thine adversaries, that the nations may tremble
at
thy presence!

IX

Primus Angelus

The First Angel

Et primus tuba cecinit et facta est grando et ignis mixta in sanguine et
missum est in terram et tertia pars terrae combusta est et tertia pars
arborum combusta est et omne faenum viride combustum est
The first angel sounded, and there followed hail and fire mingled with
blood, and they were cast upon the earth: and the third part of trees was
burnt up, and all green grass was burnt up.

X

Secundus Angelus

The Second Angel

Et secundus angelus tuba cecinit et tamquam mons magnus igne ardens
missus
est in mare et facta est tertia pars maris sanguis
And the second angel sounded, and as it were a great mountain burning
with
fire was cast into the sea: and the third part of the sea became blood;

XI

Mare

The Sea

Et mortua est tertia pars creaturae quae habent animas et tertia pars
navium interiit

And the third part of the creatures which were in the sea, and had life, died; and the third part of the ships were destroyed.

XII

Tertius Angelus

The Third Angel

Et tertius angelus tuba cecinit et cecidit de caelo stella magna ardens tamquam facula et cecidit in tertiam partem fluminum et in fontes aquarum

And the third angel sounded, and there fell a great star from heaven, burning as it were a lamp, and it fell upon the third part of the rivers, and upon the fountains of waters.

XIII

Carcere

Prison

Et cum consummati fuerint mille anni solvetur Satanas de carcere

And when the thousand years are expired,
Satan shall be loosed out of his prison.

Proverbium Luciferius

The Proverbs Of Lucifer

I

Sapientia

Wisdom

Ad sciendam sapientiam et disciplinam

To know wisdom and instruction; to perceive the words of understanding.

II

Mens

Understanding

Animadvertet parabolam et interpretationem
verba sapientum et enigmata eorum

To understand a proverb, and the interpretation;
the words of the wise, and their dark sayings.

III

Principium Scientiae

Beginning Of Knowledge

timor Domini principium scientiae sapientiam atque doctrinam stulti despiciunt

The fear of the LORD is the beginning of knowledge:
but fools despise wisdom and instruction.

IV

Profundum

The Deep

Deglutiamus eum sicut infernus viventem et integrum quasi
descendentem in
lacum

Let us swallow them up alive as the grave;
and whole, as those that go down into the pit:

V

Pedes Malum

The Evil Feet

Pedes enim illorum ad malum currunt et festinant ut effundant
sanguinem

For their feet run to evil, and make haste to shed blood.

VI

Inprudentes Odi Scientiam

Fools Hate Knowledge

Usquequo parvuli diligitis infantiam et stulti ea quae sibi sunt noxia
cupiunt et imprudentes odibunt scientiam

How long, ye simple ones, will ye love simplicity?
and the scorers delight in their scorning, and fools hate knowledge?

VII

Non Timor Domini

No Fear Of God

Eo quod exosam habuerint disciplinam et timorem Domini non
susceperint

For that they hated knowledge, and did not choose the fear of the
LORD.

VIII

Non Timor Malus

No Fear Of Evil

Qui autem me audierit absque terrore requiescet et abundantia
perfruetur

malorum timore sublato

But whoso hearkeneth unto me shall dwell safely,
and shall be quiet from fear of evil.

IX

Scientiam Dei

Knowledge Of God

Tunc intelleges timorem Domini et scientiam Dei invenies

Then shalt thou understand the fear of the LORD,
and find the knowledge of God.

X

Dominus Dat Sapientiam

God Gives Wisdom

Quia Dominus dat sapientiam et ex ore eius scientia et prudentia
For the LORD gives wisdom;
from his mouth come knowledge and understanding;

XI

Exsultare Malus

Exult Evil

Qui laetantur cum malefecerint et exultant in rebus pessimis
Who rejoice in doing evil and delight in the perverseness of evil.

XII

Viae Perversae

Crooked Ways

Quorum viae perversae et infames gressus eorum
Whose ways are crooked, and they froward in their paths.

XIII

Beatus

Happy

Beatus homo qui invenit sapientiam et qui affluit prudentia
Happy is the man that findeth wisdom,
and the man that getteth understanding.

Meshaf I Resh

THE BLACK BOOK

In the beginning The Invisible One brought forth from its own precious soul a white pearl.

And It created a bird upon whose back It placed the pearl, and there He dwelt for forty thousand years.

Then on the first day, Sunday, It created an angel called Izrael.

He is Archangel over all the Angels, he who is Melek Taus, the Peacock Angel.

He is the first to be, and to know that He is; for the One can know nothing.

On each of the other Days of the week the One brought forth Angels to serve Melek Taus

On Monday He created Darda'il, which is Sheikh Hasan.

On Tuesday he created Israfil, who is Sheikh Shams.

On Wednesday He created Jibra'il (Gabriel), who is Sheikh Abu Bekr.

On Thursday He created 'Azra'il, who is Sajadin.

On Friday He created the angel Shemna'il, who is Nasiru'd-Din.

On Saturday He created the angel Nura'il. He made Melek Ta'us chief over them all.

After this, the Invisible One retreated into Itself, and acted no more; but Melek Taus was left to act.

Seeing the barrenness of the ether, He created the form of the seven heavens, the earth, sun and moon.

He created mankind, animals, birds and beasts in the pockets of his cloak.

Then He brought man up from the pearl accompanied by angels.

He gave a great shout before the pearl, after which it split into four pieces.

He made water flow from its inside, and that water became the sea.

The world was round without clefts.

Then He created Gabriel in the form of a bird, and committed to his hands the deposition of the four corners.

After that He created a ship in which He rode thirty thousand years, After which Melek Taus came and lived among men in the city of Lâlish, Where His temple remains to this day.

He cried out in the world, and the sea coagulated, and the world became earth and they continued quivering.

Then He commanded Gabriel to take two of the pieces of the White Pearl, one of which He placed under the earth, while the other rested in the Gate of Heaven. Then He placed in them the sun and the moon, and created the stars from their fragments, and suspended them in heaven for an ornament. He also created fruit-bearing trees and plants in the earth, and likewise the mountains, to embellish the earth. He created the Throne over the Carpet.

Then said the Mighty Lord, "O Angels, I will create Adam and Eve, and will make them human beings, and from them two shall arise, out of the loins of Adam, Shehr ibn Jebr; and from him shall arise a single people on the earth, the people of 'Azazel, to wit of Ta'us Melek, which is the Yezidi people. Then I shall send Sheikh 'Adi b.Musafir from the land of Syria, and he shall come and dwell in Lalesh".

Then the Lord descended to the holy land and commanded Gabriel to take earth from the four corners of the world: earth, air, fire and water.

He made it man, and endowed it with a soul by His power. Then He commanded Gabriel to place Adam in Paradise, where he might eat of the fruit of every green herb, only of wheat should he not eat.

After a hundred years Ta'us Melek said to God, "How shall Adam increase and multiply, and where is his offspring?" God said to him,

"Into thy hand have I surrendered authority and administration". Then he came and said to Adam, "Hast thou eaten of the wheat?" He answered, "No, for God hath forbidden me so to do, and hath said, "Thou shalt not eat of it"". Melek Ta'us said to him, "If you eat of it, all shall go better with thee". But, after he had eaten, his belly swelled up, and Ta'us Melek drove him forth from Paradise, and left him, and ascended into heaven. Then Adam suffered from the distention of his belly, because it had no outlet. But God sent a bird, which came and helped him, and made an outlet for it, and he was relieved. And Gabriel continued absent from him for a hundred years, and he was sad, and wept.

Then God commanded Gabriel, and he came and created Eve from under Adam's left arm-pit.

Then Melek Ta'us descended to earth for the sake of our people- I mean the muchsuffering Yezidis- and raised up for us kings beside the kings of the ancient Assyrians, Nesruk (who is Nasiru'd-Din) and Kamush (who is King Fakhru'd-Din) and Artimus (who is King Shamsu'd-Din). And after this we had two kings, the first and second Shapur, whose rule lasted one hundred and fifty years, and from whose seed are our Amirs until the present day; and we became divided into four Septs.

To us it is forbidden to eat lettuce (khass) - because its name resembles that of our prophetess Khassa - and haricot beans; also to use dark blue dye; neither do we eat fish, out of respect for Jonah the prophet; nor gazelles, because these constituted the flock of one of our prophets. The Sheik and his disciples, moreover, eat not the flesh of the cock, out of respect for the peacock; for it is one of the seven gods before mentioned, and his image is in the form of a cock. The Sheikh and his disciples likewise abstain from eating pumpkin. It is, moreover, forbidden to us to make water standing, or to put on our clothes sitting, or to cleanse ourselves in the privy as do the Mohammedans, or to perform our ablutions in their baths. Neither is it permitted to us to pronounce the name of Shaitan (because it is the name of our God), nor any name resembling this, such as Kitan, Sharr, Shatt; nor any vocable resembling mal'un, na'l, or the like. Before our religion was called idolatry and the Jews, Christians, Muslims and Persians held aloof from our religion. King Ahab and Amran were of us, so that they used to call the God of Ahab Beelzebub, whom they call amongst us Pibub. We had a king in Babel whose name was Bukhti-Nossor (Nebuchadnezzar), and Ahasuerus in Persia, and in Constantinople Aghriqalus. Before heaven and earth existed, God was over the waters in a vessel in the midst of the waters.

Then He was wroth with the Pearl which he had created, wherefore he cast it away: and from the crash of it were produced the mountains, and from the clang of it the sand-hills, and from its smoke the heavens. Then God ascended into heaven, and condensed the heavens, and fixed them without supports, and enclosed the earth. Then He took the pen in His hands, and began to write down the names of all his creatures. From His essence and light He created six gods, whose creation was as one lighteth a lamp from another lamp. Then said the first god to the second god, "I have created heaven; ascend thou into it, and create something else." And when he ascended, the sun came into being. And he said to the next, "Ascend!", and the moon came into being. And the third put the heavens in movement, and the fourth created the stars, and the fifth created el-Kuragh - that is to say, the Morning Star; and so on.

Revelation of Melek Taus

(Qu'ret al-Yezid)

Wherefore, it is true that My knowledge compasses the very Truth of all that Is, And My wisdom is not separate from My heart, And the Manifestation of My descent is clear unto you, And when it is Revealed to the Children of Adam it will be seen And many will tremble thereby.

All habitations and desert spaces are indeed of My own creation, set forth, All fully within My strength, not that of the false gods; Wherefore I am He that men come with their rightful worship, Not the false gods of their books, wrongly written; But they come to know Me, a Peacock of bronze and of gold, Wings spread over Kaaba and Temple and Church, not to be overshadowed.

And in the secret cave of My wisdom it is known that there is no God but Myself, Archangel over all the Host, Melek Ta'us.

Knowing this, who dares deny?

Knowing this, who dares fail to worship?
Knowing this, who dares worship false gods of Koran and Bible?
Knowing this, who shall make that?
Know that who knows Me will I cast into Paradisical gardens of My
pleasure!
But the Yezid who knows Me not will I cast into affliction.
Say then, I am the only and exalted Archangel; And I make prosperous
whom I will, and I enliven whom I will.
Say then, I alone am to be praised from the Towers of Lalish,
And from the Mountain of Ararat to the Western Sea.
Say then, Let the Light of Knowledge flash forth from the Ziarahs,
Flash forth from the river of Euphrates to the hiddenness of
Schambhallah.
Let My sanjak be carried from its safe place into the Temple,
And let all the clans of Yezid know of My Manifestation,
Even Sheikan, and Sinjar, and Haliteyeh, and Malliyeh, and Lepcho,
And the Kotchar who wander among the heathen.

Al-Jiwah

Before all creation, this revelation was with Melek Taus, who sent Abd Taus to this world that he might separate truth known to his particular people. This was done, first of all, by means of oral tradition, and afterward by means of this book, Al-Jilwah, which the outsiders may neither read nor behold.

I was, am now, and shall have no end. I exercise dominion over all creatures and over the affairs of all who are under the protection of my image. I am ever present to help all who trust in me and call upon me in time of need.

There is no place in the universe that knows not my presence. I participate in all the affairs which those who are without call evil because their nature is not such that they approve. Every age has its own manager, who directs affairs according to my decrees. This office is changeable from generation to generation, that the ruler of this world and his chiefs may discharge the duties of their respective offices, every one in his own turn. I allow everyone to follow the dictates of his own

nature, but he that opposes me will regret it sorely. No god has a right to interfere in my affairs, and I have made it an imperative rule that everyone shall refrain from worshiping all gods.

All the books of those who are without are altered by them, and they have declined from them, although they were written by the prophets and the apostles. That there are interpolations is seen in the fact that each sect endeavors to prove that the others are wrong and to destroy their books. Truth and falsehood are known to me. When temptation comes, I give my covenant to him that trusts in me. Moreover, I give counsel to the skilled directors, for I have appointed them for periods that are known to me. I remember necessary affairs and execute them in due time. I teach and guide those who follow my instruction. If anyone obey me and conform to my commandments, he shall have joy, delight and comfort.

I requite the descendants of Adam, and reward them with various rewards that I alone know.

Moreover, power and dominion over all that is on earth, both that which is above and that which is beneath, are in my hand. I do not allow friendly association with other people, nor do I deprive them that are my own and obey me of anything that is good for them. I place my affairs in the hands of those whom I have tried and who are in accord with my desires. I appear in diverse manner to those who are faithful and under my command. I give and take away; I enrich and impoverish; I cause both happiness and misery. I do all this in keeping with the characteristics of each epoch. And none has a right to interfere with my management of affairs. Those who oppose me I afflict with disease, but my own shall not die like the sons of Adam that are without. None shall live longer in this world than the time set by me and if I so desire, I send a person a second or third time in this world or into some other by the transfer of will.

I lead to the straight path without a revealed book; I direct aright my beloved and my chosen ones by unseen means. All my teachings are easily applicable to all times and all conditions. Now the sons of Adam do not know the state of things that is to come. For this reason they fall into many errors. The beasts of the earth, the birds of the heaven, and the fish of the sea are all under the control of my hands.

All treasure and hidden things are known to me, and as I desire, I take them from one and bestow them on another. I reveal my wonders to those who seek them, and in due time my miracles to those who receive them from me . But those who are without are my adversaries, hence they oppose me. Nor do they know that such a course is against their own interests, for might, wealth, and riches are in my hand, and I bestow them upon every worthy descendant of Adam. Thus, the government of the world, the transition of generations, and the changes of their directors are determined by me from the beginning.

I will not give my rights to other gods. I have allowed the creation of four substances, four times, and four corners, because they are necessary things for creatures. The books of Jews, Christians, and Moslems, as those who are without, accept in a sense, so far as they agree with and conform to, my statutes. Whatsoever is contrary to these they have altered; do not accept it. Three things are against me, and I hate three things. But those who keep my secret shall receive the fulfillment of my promises. It is my desire that all my followers shall unite in a bond of unity, lest those who are without prevail against them. Now, then, all ye who have followed my commandments and my teachings, reject all the teachings and sayings of such as are without. I have not taught these teachings, nor do they proceed from me. O ye that have believed in me, honor my symbol and my image, for they remind you of me.

Observe my laws and my statutes. Obey my servants and listen to whatever they may dictate to you of the hidden things.

The Hymn of Sheikh Adi

My understanding surround the truth of things,
And my truth is mixed up in me.
And the truth of my descent is set forth by itself;
And when it was known it was altogether in me.
All who are in the universe are under me,
And all the habitable parts and the deserts,
And every thing created is under me.
And I am the ruling power, preceding all that exists.
And I am he who spake a true saying.
And I am the just judge, and the ruler of the earth.
And I am he whom men worship in my glory,
Coming to me and kissing my feet.
And I am he who spread over the heavens their height.
And I am he who cried in the beginning,
And I am the Sheikh, the one and only one.
And I am he who of myself revealeth all things.
For I am he to whom came the book of glad tidings,

From my Lord who burneth the mountains.
 And I am he to whom all created men come,
 In obedience to kiss my feet.
 I bring forth fruit from the first juice of early youth,
 By my presence; and turn towards me my disciples.
 And before his light the darkness of the morning cleared away.
 I guide him who asketh for guidance.
 And I am he that caused Adam to dwell in Paradise,
 And Nimrod to inhabit a hot burning fire.
 And I am he who guided Ahmed the Just,
 And let him into my path and way.
 And I am he unto whom all creatures
 Come unto for my good purposes and gifts.
 And I am he who visited all the heights,
 And goodness and charity proceed from my mercy.
 And I am he who made all hearts to fear my purpose,
 And they magnified the power and majesty of my awfulness.
 And I am he to whom the destroying lion came,
 Raging, and I shouted against him and he became stone.
 And I am he to whom the serpent came,
 And by my will I made him dust.
 And I am he who struck the rock and made it tremble,
 And made to burst from its side the sweetest of waters.
 And I am he who sent down the certain truth.
 From me the book that comforteth the oppressed.
 And I am he who judged justly;
 And when I judged it was my right.
 And I am he who made the springs to give water,
 Sweeter and pleasanter than all waters.
 And I am he that caused it to appear in my mercy,
 And by my power I called it the pure.
 And I am he to whom the Lord of Heaven hath said.
 Thou art the Just Judge, and the ruler of the earth.
 And I am he who disclosed some of my wonders.
 And some of my virtues are manifested in that which exists
 And I am he who caused the mountains to bow,
 To move under me, and at my will.
 And I am he before whose awful majesty the wild beasts cried;
 They turned to me worshipping, and kissed my feet.
 And I am Adi Es-shami, the son of Moosafir.
 Verily the All-Merciful has assigned unto me names,

The heavenly throne, and the seat, and the seven and the earth.
In the secret of my knowledge there is no God but me.
These things are subservient to my power.
And for which state do you deny my guidance.
Oh men! deny me not, but submit;
In the day of Judgement you will be happy in meeting me.
Who dies in my love I will cast him
In the midst of Paradise by my will and pleasure;
But he who dies unmindful of me,
Will be thrown into torture in misery and affliction.
I say that I am the only one and the exalted;
I create and make rich those whom I will.
Praise be to myself, and all things are by my will.
And the universe is lighted by some of my gifts.
I am the king who magnifies himself;
And all the riches of creation are at my bidding.
I have made known unto you, O people, some of my ways,
Who desireth me must forsake the world.
And I can also speak the true saying.
And the garden on high is for those who do my pleasure.
I sought the truth, and became a confirming truth;
And by the like truth they shall possess the highest place like me.

Liber AL vel Legis

The Book of the Law

sub figura CCXX

as delivered by XCIII = 418 to DCLXVI

Chapter I

1. Had! The manifestation of Nuit.
2. The unveiling of the company of heaven.
3. Every man and every woman is a star.
4. Every number is infinite; there is no difference.
5. Help me, o warrior lord of Thebes, in my unveiling before the Children of men!
6. Be thou Hadit, my secret centre, my heart & my tongue!

7. Behold! it is revealed by Aiwass the minister of Hoor-paar-kraat.
8. The Khabs is in the Khu, not the Khu in the Khabs.
9. Worship then the Khabs, and behold my light shed over you!
10. Let my servants be few & secret: they shall rule the many & the known.
11. These are fools that men adore; both their Gods & their men are fools.
12. Come forth, o children, under the stars, & take your fill of love!
13. I am above you and in you. My ecstasy is in yours. My joy is to see your joy.
14. Above, the gemmed azure is
The naked splendour of Nuit;
She bends in ecstasy to kiss
The secret ardours of Hadit.
The winged globe, the starry blue,
Are mine, O Ankh-af-na-khonsu!
15. Now ye shall know that the chosen priest & apostle of infinite space is the prince-priest the Beast; and in his woman called the Scarlet Woman is all power given. They shall gather my children into their fold: they shall bring the glory of the stars into the hearts of men.
16. For he is ever a sun, and she a moon. But to him is the winged secret flame, and to her the stooping starlight.
17. But ye are not so chosen.
18. Burn upon their brows, o splendrous serpent!
19. O azure-lidded woman, bend upon them!
20. The key of the rituals is in the secret word which I have given unto him.

21. With the God & the Adorer I am nothing; they do not see me. They are as upon the earth; I am Heaven, and there is no other God than me, and my lord Hadit.

22. Now, therefore, I am known to ye by my name Nuit, and to him by a secret name which I will give him when at last he knoweth me. Since I am Infinite Space, and the Infinite Stars thereof, do ye also thus. Bind nothing! Let there be no difference made among you between any one thing & any other thing; for thereby there cometh hurt.

23. But whoso availeth in this, let him be the chief of all!

24. I am Nuit, and my word is six and fifty.

25. Divide, add, multiply, and understand.

26. Then saith the prophet and slave of the beauteous one: Who am I, and what shall be the sign? So she answered him, bending down, a lambent flame of blue, all-touching, all penetrant, her lovely hands upon the black earth, & her lithe body arched for love, and her soft feet not hurting the little flowers: Thou knowest! And the sign shall be my ecstasy, the consciousness of the continuity of existence, the omnipresence of my body.

27. Then the priest answered & said unto the Queen of Space, kissing her lovely brows, and the dew of her light bathing his whole body in a sweet-smelling perfume of sweat: O Nuit, continuous one of Heaven, let it be ever thus; that men speak not of Thee as One but as None; and let them speak not of thee at all, since thou art continuous!

28. None, breathed the light, faint & faery, of the stars, and two.

29. For I am divided for love's sake, for the chance of union.

30. This is the creation of the world, that the pain of division is as nothing, and the joy of dissolution all.

31. For these fools of men and their woes care not thou at all! They feel little; what is, is balanced by weak joys; but ye are my chosen ones.

32. Obey my prophet! follow out the ordeals of my knowledge! seek me only! Then the joys of my love will redeem ye from all pain. This is so: I swear it by the vault of my body; by my sacred heart and tongue; by all I can give, by all I desire of ye all.

33. Then the priest fell into a deep trance or swoon, & said unto the Queen of Heaven; Write unto us the ordeals; write unto us the rituals; write unto us the law!

34. But she said: the ordeals I write not: the rituals shall be half known and half concealed: the Law is for all.

35. This that thou writest is the threefold book of Law.

36. My scribe Ankh-af-na-khonsu, the priest of the princes, shall not in one letter change this book; but lest there be folly, he shall comment thereupon by the wisdom of Ra-Hoor-Khuit.

37. Also the mantras and spells; the obeah and the wanga; the work of the wand and the work of the sword; these he shall learn and teach.

38. He must teach; but he may make severe the ordeals.

39. The word of the Law is THELEMA.

40. Who calls us Thelemites will do no wrong, if he look but close into the word. For there are therein Three Grades, the Hermit, and the Lover, and the man of Earth. Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

41. The word of Sin is Restriction. O man! refuse not thy wife, if she will! O lover, if thou wilt, depart! There is no bond that can unite the divided but love: all else is a curse. Accursed! Accursed be it to the aeons! Hell.

42. Let it be that state of manyhood bound and loathing. So with thy all; thou hast no right but to do thy will.

43. Do that, and no other shall say nay.

44. For pure will, unassuaged of purpose, delivered from the lust of result, is every way perfect.

45. The Perfect and the Perfect are one Perfect and not two; nay, are none!

46. Nothing is a secret key of this law. Sixty-one the Jews call it; I call it eight, eighty, four hundred & eighteen.

47. But they have the half: unite by thine art so that all disappear.

48. My prophet is a fool with his one, one, one; are not they the Ox, and none by the Book?

49. Abrogate are all rituals, all ordeals, all words and signs. Ra-Hoor-Khuit hath taken his seat in the East at the Equinox of the Gods; and let Asar be with Isa, who also are one. But they are not of me. Let Asar be the adorant, Isa the sufferer; Hoor in his secret name and splendour is the Lord initiating.

50. There is a word to say about the Hierophantic task. Behold! there are three ordeals in one, and it may be given in three ways. The gross must pass through fire; let the fine be tried in intellect, and the lofty chosen ones in the highest. Thus ye have star & star, system & system; let not one know well the other!

51. There are four gates to one palace; the floor of that palace is of silver and gold; lapis lazuli & jasper are there; and all rare scents; jasmine & rose, and the emblems of death. Let him enter in turn or at once the four gates; let him stand on the floor of the palace. Will he not sink? Amn. Ho! warrior, if thy servant sink? But there are means and means. Be goodly therefore: dress ye all in fine apparel; eat rich foods and drink sweet wines and wines that foam! Also, take your fill and will of love as ye will, when, where and with whom ye will! But always unto me.

52. If this be not aright; if ye confound the space-marks, saying: They are one; or saying, They are many; if the ritual be not ever unto me: then expect the direful judgments of Ra Hoor Khuit!

53. This shall regenerate the world, the little world my sister, my heart & my tongue, unto whom I send this kiss. Also, o scribe and prophet,

though thou be of the princes, it shall not assuage thee nor absolve thee.
But ecstasy be thine and joy of earth: ever To me! To me!

54. Change not as much as the style of a letter; for behold! thou, o prophet, shalt not behold all these mysteries hidden therein.

55. The child of thy bowels, he shall behold them.

56. Expect him not from the East, nor from the West; for from no expected house cometh that child. Aum! All words are sacred and all prophets true; save only that they understand a little; solve the first half of the equation, leave the second unattacked. But thou hast all in the clear light, and some, though not all, in the dark.

57. Invoke me under my stars! Love is the law, love under will. Nor let the fools mistake love; for there are love and love. There is the dove, and there is the serpent. Choose ye well! He, my prophet, hath chosen, knowing the law of the fortress, and the great mystery of the House of God.

All these old letters of my Book are aright; but [Tzaddi] is not the Star. This also is secret: my prophet shall reveal it to the wise.

58. I give unimaginable joys on earth: certainty, not faith, while in life, upon death; peace unutterable, rest, ecstasy; nor do I demand aught in sacrifice.

59. My incense is of resinous woods & gums; and there is no blood therein: because of my hair the trees of Eternity.

60. My number is 11, as all their numbers who are of us. The Five Pointed Star, with a Circle in the Middle, & the circle is Red. My colour is black to the blind, but the blue & gold are seen of the seeing. Also I have a secret glory for them that love me.

61. But to love me is better than all things: if under the night stars in the desert thou presently burnest mine incense before me, invoking me with a pure heart, and the Serpent flame therein, thou shalt come a little to lie in my bosom. For one kiss wilt thou then be willing to give all; but whoso gives one particle of dust shall lose all in that hour. Ye shall gather goods and store of women and spices; ye shall wear rich jewels;

ye shall exceed the nations of the earth in splendour & pride; but always in the love of me, and so shall ye come to my joy. I charge you earnestly to come before me in a single robe, and covered with a rich headdress. I love you! I yearn to you! Pale or purple, veiled or voluptuous, I who am all pleasure and purple, and drunkenness of the innermost sense, desire you. Put on the wings, and arouse the coiled splendour within you: come unto me!

62. At all my meetings with you shall the priestess say -- and her eyes shall burn with desire as she stands bare and rejoicing in my secret temple -- To me! To me! calling forth the flame of the hearts of all in her love-chant.

63. Sing the rapturous love-song unto me! Burn to me perfumes! Wear to me jewels! Drink to me, for I love you! I love you!

64. I am the blue-lidded daughter of Sunset; I am the naked brilliance of the voluptuous night-sky.

65. To me! To me!

66. The Manifestation of Nuit is at an end.

Chapter II

1. Nu! the hiding of Hadit.

2. Come! all ye, and learn the secret that hath not yet been revealed. I, Hadit, am the complement of Nu, my bride. I am not extended, and Khabs is the name of my House.

3. In the sphere I am everywhere the centre, as she, the circumference, is nowhere found.

4. Yet she shall be known & I never.

5. Behold! the rituals of the old time are black. Let the evil ones be cast away; let the good ones be purged by the prophet! Then shall this Knowledge go aright.

6. I am the flame that burns in every heart of man, and in the core of every star. I am Life, and the giver of Life, yet therefore is the knowledge of me the knowledge of death.

7. I am the Magician and the Exorcist. I am the axle of the wheel, and the cube in the circle. "Come unto me" is a foolish word: for it is I that go.

8. Who worshipped Heru-pa-kraath have worshipped me; ill, for I am the worshipper.

9. Remember all ye that existence is pure joy; that all the sorrows are but as shadows; they pass & are done; but there is that which remains.

10. O prophet! thou hast ill will to learn this writing.

11. I see thee hate the hand & the pen; but I am stronger.

12. Because of me in Thee which thou knewest not.

13. for why? Because thou wast the knower, and me.

14. Now let there be a veiling of this shrine: now let the light devour men and eat them up with blindness!

15. For I am perfect, being Not; and my number is nine by the fools; but with the just I am eight, and one in eight: Which is vital, for I am none indeed. The Empress and the King are not of me; for there is a further secret.

16. I am The Empress & the Hierophant. Thus eleven, as my bride is eleven.

17. Hear me, ye people of sighing!
The sorrows of pain and regret
Are left to the dead and the dying,
The folk that not know me as yet.

18. These are dead, these fellows; they feel not. We are not for the poor and sad: the lords of the earth are our kinsfolk.

19. Is a God to live in a dog? No! but the highest are of us. They shall rejoice, our chosen: who sorroweth is not of us.

20. Beauty and strength, leaping laughter and delicious languor, force and fire, are of us.

21. We have nothing with the outcast and the unfit: let them die in their misery. For they feel not. Compassion is the vice of kings: stamp down the wretched & the weak: this is the law of the strong: this is our law and the joy of the world. Think not, o king, upon that lie: That Thou Must Die: verily thou shalt not die, but live. Now let it be understood: If the body of the King dissolve, he shall remain in pure ecstasy for ever. Nuit! Hadit! Ra-Hoor-Khuit! The Sun, Strength & Sight, Light; these are for the servants of the Star & the Snake.

22. I am the Snake that giveth Knowledge & Delight and bright glory, and stir the hearts of men with drunkenness. To worship me take wine and strange drugs whereof I will tell my prophet, & be drunk thereof! They shall not harm ye at all. It is a lie, this folly against self. The exposure of innocence is a lie. Be strong, o man! lust, enjoy all things of sense and rapture: fear not that any God shall deny thee for this.

23. I am alone: there is no God where I am.

24. Behold! these be grave mysteries; for there are also of my friends who be hermits. Now think not to find them in the forest or on the mountain; but in beds of purple, caressed by magnificent beasts of women with large limbs, and fire and light in their eyes, and masses of flaming hair about them; there shall ye find them. Ye shall see them at rule, at victorious armies, at all the joy; and there shall be in them a joy a million times greater than this. Beware lest any force another, King against King! Love one another with burning hearts; on the low men trample in the fierce lust of your pride, in the day of your wrath.

25. Ye are against the people, O my chosen!

26. I am the secret Serpent coiled about to spring: in my coiling there is joy. If I lift up my head, I and my Nuit are one. If I droop down mine head, and shoot forth venom, then is rapture of the earth, and I and the earth are one.

27. There is great danger in me; for who doth not understand these runes shall make a great miss. He shall fall down into the pit called Because, and there he shall perish with the dogs of Reason.
28. Now a curse upon Because and his kin!
29. May Because be accursed for ever!
30. If Will stops and cries Why, invoking Because, then Will stops & does nought.
31. If Power asks why, then is Power weakness.
32. Also reason is a lie; for there is a factor infinite & unknown; & all their words are skew-wise.
33. Enough of Because! Be he damned for a dog!
34. But ye, o my people, rise up & awake!
35. Let the rituals be rightly performed with joy & beauty!
36. There are rituals of the elements and feasts of the times.
37. A feast for the first night of the Prophet and his Bride!
38. A feast for the three days of the writing of the Book of the Law.
39. A feast for Tahuti and the child of the Prophet--secret, O Prophet!
40. A feast for the Supreme Ritual, and a feast for the Equinox of the Gods.
41. A feast for fire and a feast for water; a feast for life and a greater feast for death!
42. A feast every day in your hearts in the joy of my rapture!
43. A feast every night unto Nu, and the pleasure of uttermost delight!

44. Aye! feast! rejoice! there is no dread hereafter. There is the dissolution, and eternal ecstasy in the kisses of Nu.
45. There is death for the dogs.
46. Dost thou fail? Art thou sorry? Is fear in thine heart?
47. Where I am these are not.
48. Pity not the fallen! I never knew them. I am not for them. I console not: I hate the consoled & the consoler.
49. I am unique & conqueror. I am not of the slaves that perish. Be they damned & dead! Amen. (This is of the 4: there is a fifth who is invisible, & therein am I as a babe in an egg.)
50. Blue am I and gold in the light of my bride: but the red gleam is in my eyes; & my spangles are purple & green.
51. Purple beyond purple: it is the light higher than eyesight.
52. There is a veil: that veil is black. It is the veil of the modest woman; it is the veil of sorrow, & the pall of death: this is none of me. Tear down that lying spectre of the centuries: veil not your vices in virtuous words: these vices are my service; ye do well, & I will reward you here and hereafter.
53. Fear not, o prophet, when these words are said, thou shalt not be sorry. Thou art emphatically my chosen; and blessed are the eyes that thou shalt look upon with gladness. But I will hide thee in a mask of sorrow: they that see thee shall fear thou art fallen: but I lift thee up.
54. Nor shall they who cry aloud their folly that thou meanest nought avail; thou shall reveal it: thou availest: they are the slaves of because: They are not of me. The stops as thou wilt; the letters? change them not in style or value!
55. Thou shalt obtain the order & value of the English Alphabet; thou shalt find new symbols to attribute them unto.

56. Begone! ye mockers; even though ye laugh in my honour ye shall laugh not long: then when ye are sad know that I have forsaken you.

57. He that is righteous shall be righteous still; he that is filthy shall be filthy still.

58. Yea! deem not of change: ye shall be as ye are, & not other. Therefore the kings of the earth shall be Kings for ever: the slaves shall serve. There is none that shall be cast down or lifted up: all is ever as it was. Yet there are masked ones my servants: it may be that yonder beggar is a King. A King may choose his garment as he will: there is no certain test: but a beggar cannot hide his poverty.

59. Beware therefore! Love all, lest perchance is a King concealed! Say you so? Fool! If he be a King, thou canst not hurt him.

60. Therefore strike hard & low, and to hell with them, master!

61. There is a light before thine eyes, o prophet, a light undesired, most desirable.

62. I am uplifted in thine heart; and the kisses of the stars rain hard upon thy body.

63. Thou art exhaust in the voluptuous fullness of the inspiration; the expiration is sweeter than death, more rapid and laughterful than a caress of Hell's own worm.

64. Oh! thou art overcome: we are upon thee; our delight is all over thee: hail! hail: prophet of Nu! prophet of Had! prophet of Ra-Hoor-Khu! Now rejoice! now come in our splendour & rapture! Come in our passionate peace, & write sweet words for the Kings.

65. I am the Master: thou art the Holy Chosen One.

66. Write, & find ecstasy in writing! Work, & be our bed in working! Thrill with the joy of life & death! Ah! thy death shall be lovely: whoso seeth it shall be glad. Thy death shall be the seal of the promise of our age long love. Come! lift up thine heart & rejoice! We are one; we are none.

67. Hold! Hold! Bear up in thy rapture; fall not in swoon of the excellent kisses!

68. Harder! Hold up thyself! Lift thine head! breathe not so deep -- die!

69. Ah! Ah! What do I feel? Is the word exhausted?

70. There is help & hope in other spells. Wisdom says: be strong! Then canst thou bear more joy. Be not animal; refine thy rapture! If thou drink, drink by the eight and ninety rules of art: if thou love, exceed by delicacy; and if thou do aught joyous, let there be subtlety therein!

71. But exceed! exceed!

72. Strive ever to more! and if thou art truly mine -- and doubt it not, an if thou art ever joyous! -- death is the crown of all.

73. Ah! Ah! Death! Death! thou shalt long for death. Death is forbidden, o man, unto thee.

74. The length of thy longing shall be the strength of its glory. He that lives long & desires death much is ever the King among the Kings.

75. Aye! listen to the numbers & the words:

76. 4 6 3 8 A B K 2 4 A L G M O R 3 Y X 24 89 R P S T O V A L.
What meaneth this, o prophet? Thou knowest not; nor shalt thou know ever. There cometh one to follow thee: he shall expound it. But remember, o chose none, to be me; to follow the love of Nu in the starlit heaven; to look forth upon men, to tell them this glad word.

77. O be thou proud and mighty among men!

78. Lift up thyself! for there is none like unto thee among men or among Gods! Lift up thyself, o my prophet, thy stature shall surpass the stars. They shall worship thy name, foursquare, mystic, wonderful, the number of the man; and the name of thy house 418.

79. The end of the hiding of Hadit; and blessing & worship to the prophet of the lovely Star!

Chapter III

1. Abrahadabra; the reward of Ra Hoor Khut.
2. There is division hither homeward; there is a word not known. Spelling is defunct; all is not aught. Beware! Hold! Raise the spell of Ra-Hoor-Khuit!
3. Now let it be first understood that I am a god of War and of Vengeance. I shall deal hardly with them.
4. Choose ye an island!
5. Fortify it!
6. Dung it about with enginery of war!
7. I will give you a war-engine.
8. With it ye shall smite the peoples; and none shall stand before you.
9. Lurk! Withdraw! Upon them! this is the Law of the Battle of Conquest: thus shall my worship be about my secret house.
10. Get the stele of revealing itself; set it in thy secret temple -- and that temple is already aright disposed -- & it shall be your Kiblah for ever. It shall not fade, but miraculous colour shall come back to it day after day. Close it in locked glass for a proof to the world.
11. This shall be your only proof. I forbid argument. Conquer! That is enough. I will make easy to you the abstruption from the ill-ordered house in the Victorious City. Thou shalt thyself convey it with worship, o prophet, though thou likest it not. Thou shalt have danger & trouble. Ra-Hoor-Khu is with thee. Worship me with fire & blood; worship me with swords & with spears. Let the woman be girt with a sword before me: let blood flow to my name. Trample down the Heathen; be upon them, o warrior, I will give you of their flesh to eat!
12. Sacrifice cattle, little and big: after a child.

13. But not now.

14. Ye shall see that hour, o blessed Beast, and thou the Scarlet Concubine of his desire!

15. Ye shall be sad thereof.

16. Deem not too eagerly to catch the promises; fear not to undergo the curses. Ye, even ye, know not this meaning all.

17. Fear not at all; fear neither men nor Fates, nor gods, nor anything. Money fear not, nor laughter of the folk folly, nor any other power in heaven or upon the earth or under the earth. Nu is your refuge as Hadit your light; and I am the strength, force, vigour, of your arms.

18. Mercy let be off; damn them who pity! Kill and torture; spare not; be upon them!

19. That stele they shall call the Abomination of Desolation; count well its name, & it shall be to you as 718.

20. Why? Because of the fall of Because, that he is not there again.

21. Set up my image in the East: thou shalt buy thee an image which I will show thee, especial, not unlike the one thou knowest. And it shall be suddenly easy for thee to do this.

22. The other images group around me to support me: let all be worshipped, for they shall cluster to exalt me. I am the visible object of worship; the others are secret; for the Beast & his Bride are they: and for the winners of the Ordeal x. What is this? Thou shalt know.

23. For perfume mix meal & honey & thick leavings of red wine: then oil of Abramelin and olive oil, and afterward soften & smooth down with rich fresh blood.

24. The best blood is of the moon, monthly: then the fresh blood of a child, or dropping from the host of heaven: then of enemies; then of the priest or of the worshippers: last of some beast, no matter what.

25. This burn: of this make cakes & eat unto me. This hath also another use; let it be laid before me, and kept thick with perfumes of your orison: it shall become full of beetles as it were and creeping things sacred unto me.

26. These slay, naming your enemies; & they shall fall before you.

27. Also these shall breed lust & power of lust in you at the eating thereof.

28. Also ye shall be strong in war.

29. Moreover, be they long kept, it is better; for they swell with my force. All before me.

30. My altar is of open brass work: burn thereon in silver or gold!

31. There cometh a rich man from the West who shall pour his gold upon thee.

32. From gold forge steel!

33. Be ready to fly or to smite!

34. But your holy place shall be untouched throughout the centuries: though with fire and sword it be burnt down & shattered, yet an invisible house there standeth, and shall stand until the fall of the Great Equinox; when Hrumachis shall arise and the double-wanded one assume my throne and place. Another prophet shall arise, and bring fresh fever from the skies; another woman shall awakethe lust & worship of the Snake; another soul of God and beast shall mingle in the globed priest; another sacrifice shall stain the tomb; another king shall reign; and blessing no longer be poured To the Hawk-headed mystical Lord!

35. The half of the word of Heru-ra-ha, called Hoor-pa-kraat and Ra-Hoor-Khut.

36. Then said the prophet unto the God:

37. I adore thee in the song --
I am the Lord of Thebes, and I
The inspired forth-speaker of Mentu;
For me unveils the veiled sky,
The self-slain Ankh-af-na-khonsu
Whose words are truth. I invoke, I greet
Thy presence, O Ra-Hoor-Khuit!

Unity uttermost showed!
I adore the might of Thy breath,
Supreme and terrible God,
Who makest the gods and death
To tremble before Thee: --
I, I adore thee!

Appear on the throne of Ra!
Open the ways of the Khu!
Lighten the ways of the Ka!
The ways of the Khabs run through
To stir me or still me!
Aum! let it fill me!

38. So that thy light is in me; & its red flame is as a sword in my hand to push thy order. There is a secret door that I shall make to establish thy way in all the quarters, (these are the adorations, as thou hast written), as it is said:

The light is mine; its rays consume
Me: I have made a secret door
Into the House of Ra and Tum,
Of Khephra and of Ahathoor.
I am thy Theban, O Mentu,
The prophet Ankh-af-na-khonsu!

By Bes-na-Maut my breast I beat;
By wise Ta-Nech I weave my spell.
Show thy star-splendour, O Nuit!
Bid me within thine House to dwell,
O winged snake of light, Hadit!
Abide with me, Ra-Hoor-Khuit!

39. All this and a book to say how thou didst come hither and a reproduction of this ink and paper for ever -- for in it is the word secret & not only in the English -- and thy comment upon this the Book of the Law shall be printed beautifully in red ink and black upon beautiful paper made by hand; and to each man and woman that thou meetest, were it but to dine or to drink at them, it is the Law to give. Then they shall chance to abide in this bliss or no; it is no odds. Do this quickly!

40. But the work of the comment? That is easy; and Hadit burning in thy heart shall make swift and secure thy pen.

41. Establish at thy Kaaba a clerk-house: all must be done well and with business way.

42. The ordeals thou shalt oversee thyself, save only the blind ones. Refuse none, but thou shalt know & destroy the traitors. I am Ra-Hoor-Khuit; and I am powerful to protect my servant. Success is thy proof: argue not; convert not; talk not over much! Them that seek to entrap thee, to overthrow thee, them attack without pity or quarter; & destroy them utterly. Swift as a trodden serpent turn and strike! Be thou yet deadlier than he! Drag down their souls to awful torment: laugh at their fear: spit upon them!

43. Let the Scarlet Woman beware! If pity and compassion and tenderness visit her heart; if she leave my work to toy with old sweetnesses; then shall my vengeance be known. I will slay me her child: I will alienate her heart: I will cast her out from men: as a shrinking and despised harlot shall she crawl through dusk wet streets, and die cold and an-hungered.

44. But let her raise herself in pride! Let her follow me in my way! Let her work the work of wickedness! Let her kill her heart! Let her be loud and adulterous! Let her be covered with jewels, and rich garments, and let her be shameless before all men!

45. Then will I lift her to pinnacles of power: then will I breed from her a child mightier than all the kings of the earth. I will fill her with joy: with my force shall she see & strike at the worship of Nu: she shall achieve Hadit.

46. I am the warrior Lord of the Forties: the Eighties cower before me, & are abased. I will bring you to victory & joy: I will be at your arms in battle & ye shall delight to slay. Success is your proof; courage is your armour; go on, go on, in my strength; & ye shall turn not back for any!

47. This book shall be translated into all tongues: but always with the original in the writing of the Beast; for in the chance shape of the letters and their position to one another: in these are mysteries that no Beast shall divine. Let him not seek to try: but one cometh after him, whence I say not, who shall discover the Key of it all. Then this line drawn is a key: then this circle squared in its failure is a key also. And Abrahadabra. It shall be his child & that strangely. Let him not seek after this; for thereby alone can he fall from it.

48. Now this mystery of the letters is done, and I want to go on to the holier place.

49. I am in a secret fourfold word, the blasphemy against all gods of men.

50. Curse them! Curse them! Curse them!

51. With my Hawk's head I peck at the eyes of Jesus as he hangs upon the cross.

52. I flap my wings in the face of Mohammed & blind him.

53. With my claws I tear out the flesh of the Indian and the Buddhist, Mongol and Din.

54. Bahlasti! Ompahda! I spit on your crapulous creeds.

55. Let Mary inviolate be torn upon wheels: for her sake let all chaste women be utterly despised among you!

56. Also for beauty's sake and love's!

57. Despise also all cowards; professional soldiers who dare not fight, but play; all fools despise!

58. But the keen and the proud, the royal and the lofty; ye are brothers!

59. As brothers fight ye!

60. There is no law beyond Do what thou wilt.

61. There is an end of the word of the God enthroned in Ra's seat,
lightening the girders of the soul.

62. To Me do ye reverence! to me come ye through tribulation of ordeal,
which is bliss.

63. The fool readeth this Book of the Law, and its comment; & he
understandeth it not.

64. Let him come through the first ordeal, & it will be to him as silver.

65. Through the second, gold.

66. Through the third, stones of precious water.

67. Through the fourth, ultimate sparks of the intimate fire.

68. Yet to all it shall seem beautiful. Its enemies who say not so, are
mere liars.

69. There is success.

70. I am the Hawk-Headed Lord of Silence & of Strength; my nemyss
shrouds the night-blue sky.

71. Hail! ye twin warriors about the pillars of the world! for your time is
nigh at hand.

72. I am the Lord of the Double Wand of Power; the wand of the Force
of Coph Nia--but my left hand is empty, for I have crushed an Universe;
& nought remains.

73. Paste the sheets from right to left and from top to bottom: then
behold!

74. There is a splendour in my name hidden and glorious, as the sun of
midnight is ever the son.

75. The ending of the words is the Word Abrahadabra.

The Book of the Law is Written

and Concealed.

Aum. Ha.

The Comment

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

The study of this Book is forbidden. It is wise to destroy this copy after the first reading.

Whosoever disregards this does so at his own risk and peril. These are most dire.

Those who discuss the contents of this Book are to be shunned by all, as centres of pestilence.

All questions of the Law are to be decided only by appeal to my writings, each for himself.

There is no law beyond Do what thou wilt.

Love is the law, love under will.

The priest of the princes,

Ankh-f-n-khonsu

The Book of Satan

I.

In this arid wilderness of steel and stone, I raise up my voice that you may hear. To the East and to the West I beckon. To the North and to the South I show a sign proclaiming: Death to the weaklings, wealth to the strong!

Open your eyes that you may see, O men of mildewed minds;
And listen to me, ye laborious millions!

For I stand forth to challenge the wisdom of the world - to interrogate the "laws" of man and of "God".

I request reason for your golden rule, and ask the why and the wherefore of your Ten Commands.

Before none of your printed idols do I bend in acquiescence, and he who saith "thou shalt" to me is my mortal foe.

I demand proof over all things and accept with reservations even that which is true.

I dip my forefinger in the watery blood of your impotent, mad redeemer and write over his thorn-torn brow "The true prince of Evil – the king of the Slaves!"

No hoary falsehood shall be a truth to me; no cult or dogma shall encamp my pen.

I break away from all conventions. Alone, untrammelled. I raise up in stern invasion the standard of the strong.

I gaze into the glassy eye of your fearsome Jehovah and pluck him by the beard; I uplift a broadaxe and split open his worm-eaten skull.

I blast out the ghastly contents of philosophic whited sepulchers and laugh with sardonic wrath!

Then reaching up the festering and varnished facades of your haughtiest moral dogmas, I write thereon in letters of blazing scorn: "Lo and behold all this is fraud!"

I deny all things! I question all things!

And yet! And yet!

Gather round me, O ye death-defiant, and the Earth itself shall be thine, to have and to hold.

II.

Behold the crucifix; what does it symbolize? Pallid incompetence hanging on a tree.

All ethics, politics, and philosophies are pure assumptions. They rest on no sure basis. They are but shadowy castles in the air erected by day-dreamers, or by rogues, upon nursery fables. It is time they were firmly planted upon an enduring foundation. This can never be accomplished until the racial mind has first been thoroughly cleansed and drastically disinfected of its depraved, alien, and demoralizing concepts of right and wrong. In no human brain can sufficient space be found for the relentless logic of hard fact, until all pre-existing delusions have been finally annihilated. Half measures are of no avail; we must go down to the very roots and tear them out even to the last fibre. We must be like nature, hard cruel, relentless.

To long the dead hand has been permitted to sterilize living thought. Too long right and wrong, good and evil have been inverted by false prophets. In the days that are at hand, neither creed nor code must be accepted upon authority - human, superhuman, or "divine". Morality and conventionalism are for subordinates. Religions and constitutions and all arbitrary principles, every mortal theorem, must be deliberately put to the question. No moral dogma must be taken for

granted, no standard of measurement deified. There is nothing inherently sacred about moral codes. Like the wooden idols of long ago, they are all the work of human hands; and what man has made, man can destroy.

He who is slow to believe anything and everything is of great understanding, for belief in one false principle is the beginning of all unwisdom. The chief duty of every new age is to upraise new men to determine its liberties, to lead it towards material success - to rend the rusty padlocks and chains of dead customs that always prevent healthy expansion. Theories and ideals and constitutions that have meant life, hope and freedom for our ancestors may mean destruction, slavery, and dishonor to us. As environments change, no human ideal standeth sure.

Whenever, therefore, a lie has built unto itself a throne, let it be assailed without pity and without regret; for under the dominance of an inconvenient falsehood, no nation can permanently prosper. Let established sophisms be dethroned, rooted out, burnt, and destroyed - for they are a standing menace to all true nobility of thought and action. Whatever alleged "truth" is proven by results to be but an empty fiction, let it be unceremoniously flung into the outer darkness, among the dead gods, dead empires, dead philosophies and other useless lumber and wreckage.

The most dangerous of all enthroned lies, is the holy, the sanctified the privileged lie - the lie that everyone believes to be a model truth. It is the fruitful mother of all other popular errors and delusions. It is hydra-headed. It has a thousand roots. It is a social cancer. The lie that is known to be a lie is half-eradicated. But the lie that even intelligent persons regard as a sacred fact - the lie that has been inculcated around a mother's knee - is more dangerous to contend against than a creeping pestilence. Popular lies have ever been the most potent enemies of personal liberty. There is only one way to deal with them: Cut them out, to the very core, just as cancers are. Exterminate them root and branch, or they will surely eat us all up. Annihilate them, or they will us. Half and half remedies are of no avail.

However, when a lie has gone to far - when it has taken up its abode in the very tissue, bones, and brains, of a people, then all remedies are useless. Even the lancet is of no avail. Repentance of past misdeeds cannot "save" decadents from extermination. The fatal bolt is shot, and into the fiery furnace of wholesome slavery they must go, to be there righteously consumed. From their ashes something new, something nobler, may possibly evolve; but even that is the merest optimistic supposition.

In nature the wages of sin are always DEATH. Nature does not

Love the wrong doer, but endeavors in every way to destroy him. Her curse is on the brow of the "meek and lowly". Her blessing is on the very heart's blood of the strong and the brave. Only Jews and Christs and other degenerates think that rejuvenation can ever come though law and prayer. "All the tears of the martyrs" might just as well have never have been shed.

III.

"Love one another", you say, is this the supreme law. But what power has made it so? Upon what rational authority does the gospel of love rest? Is it even possible of practice, and what would result from its universal application to active affairs? Why should I not hate mine enemies and hunt them down like the wild beasts they are? If I "love" them, does that not place me at their mercy? Is it natural for enemies to "do good" unto each other? And what is "good"? Can the torn and bloody victim "love" the blood-splashed jaws that rend him limb from limb? Are we not all predatory animals by instinct? If humans ceased wholly from preying upon each other, could they continue to exist?

"Love your enemies and do good to them that hate you and despitefully use you" is the despicable philosophy of the spaniel that rolls upon its back when kicked. Obey it, O reader, and you and your posterity to the tenth generation shall be irretrievably and literally damned. They shall be hewers of wood and carriers of water: degenerates, Gibeonites. But hate your enemies with a whole heart. If a man smite you on one cheek, smash him down! Smite him hip and thigh for self-preservation is the highest law.

He who turns the other cheek is a cowardly dog - a Christian dog.

Give him blow for blow, scorn for scorn, doom for doom - with compound interest liberally added thereunto! Eye for eye, tooth for tooth - aye, four-fold, a hundred-fold! Make yourself the Terror to your adversary; and when he goeth his way, he will possess much additional wisdom to ruminate over. Thus shall you make yourself respected in all the walks of life, and your spirit- your immortal spirit - shall live: not in an intangible paradise, but in the brains and thews of your aggressive and unconquerable sons. After all, the true proof of manhood is a splendid progeny; and it is a scientific axiom that the timid animal transmits timidity to its descendants.

If men lived "like brothers" and had no powerful enemies to contend with and surpass, they would rapidly lose all their best qualities - like certain oceanic birds that lose the use of their wings because they

do not have to fly from pursuing beasts of prey. If all men had treated each other with brotherly love since the beginning, what would have been the result now? If there had been no wars, no rivalry, no competition, no kingship, no slavery, no survival of the toughest, no racial extermination, truly what a festering "hell fenced in" this old globe would be!

IV.

If this struggle is ordained of us, why not enter into it with kindly courage, with dauntless delight? Why not go forward daring all things, to conquer or to die? Is it not better to perish than to serve? "Liberty or Death" is not a meaningless phrase. No, it is of tremendous import to those who - comprehend.

What is death that it should make cowards of us all? What is life that it should be valued so highly? There are worse things than death, and among them is a life of dishonor. All men lead dishonorable lives that serve a master with hand or brain.

Life itself is but a spark in the gloom that flashes out and disappears. Why therefore not make the most of it here and now, here and now! There is no "Heaven of glory bright", and no hell where sinners roast. There is no right; there is no Wrong- nor God- nor Son - nor Ghost.

Death endeth all for every man
For every "son of thunder" :
Then be a lion in the path,
And don't be trampled under.

For us there is no rest - no Kingdom of Indolence, either on this Earth or beyond the skies- no Isles of the Blest- no Elysian Fields - No garden of the Hesperides. NO! NO! All these magical legends are but fanciful dreams - fiction of mortals of yore.

Here and NOW is our day of torment! Here and NOW is our day of Joy! Here and now is our opportunity! Choose ye this day, this hour, for no redeemer liveth.

Every attempt made to organize the future must necessarily collapse. The present is our domain, and our chief duty is to take immediate possession thereof upon strict business principles. Strive therefore against them that strive against you, and war against them that war against thine. Lay hold of shield and buckler or their equivalents; stand up! Be a terrible one in thine own defense. Raise up also the clenched hand, and stop the way of them that would persecute you. Say unto thine own heart and soul: "I, even I, am my own redeemer."

Let them be hurled back into confusion and infamy, who devise thine undoing. Let them be as chaff before the cyclone, and let the Angel of Death pursue them, nay, overtake them. In a pit they have hidden a trap for thy feet; into that very destruction let them fall. Then, exultant, "sound the loud timbrel". Rejoice! Rejoice! in thine own salvation. Then all thy bones shall say proudly, "Who is like unto me? Have I not delivered myself by mine own brain? Have I not been to strong for mine adversaries? Have I not spoiled them that would have spoiled me?"

V.

Blessed are the strong, for they shall possess the Earth.
Cursed are the weak, for they shall inherit the yoke.

Blessed are the powerful, for they shall be revered among men.
Cursed are the feeble, for they shall be blotted out.

Blessed are the bold, for they shall be masters of the world.
Cursed are the humble, for they shall be trodden under hoofs.

Blessed are the victorious, for victory is the basis of right.
Cursed are the vanquished, for they shall be vassals forever.

Blessed are the battle-blooded. Beauty shall smile upon them.
Cursed are the poor in spirit, for they shall be spat upon.

Blessed are the audacious, for they have imbibed true wisdom.
Cursed are the obedient, for they shall breed creepings.

Blessed are the iron-handed; the unfit shall flee before them.
Cursed are the haters of battle; subjugation is their portion.

Blessed are the death-defiant; their days shall be long in the land.
Cursed are the feeble-brained, for they shall perish amidst plenty.

Blessed are the destroyers of false hope; they are true messiahs.
Cursed are the God-adorers; they shall be shorn sheep!

Blessed are the valiant, for they shall obtain great treasure.

Cursed are the believers in good and evil, for they are frightened by shadows.

Blessed are those who believe in nothing; never shall it terrorized their minds.

Cursed are the "lambs of god" they shall be bleed "whiter than snow".

Blessed is the man who has powerful enemies they shall make him a hero.

Cursed is he who "doeth good" unto others; he shall be despised.

Blessed is the man whose foot is swift to serve a friend; he is a friend indeed.

Cursed are the organizers of charities; they are propagators of plagues.

Blessed are the wise and brave, for in the struggle they shall win.

Cursed are the unfit, for they shall be righteously exterminated.

Blessed are the sires of noble maidens; they are the salt of the Earth.

Cursed the mothers of strumous tenderlings, for they shall be shamed.

Blessed are the mighty-minded, for they shall ride the whirlwinds.

Cursed are they who teach lies for truth and truth for lies, for they are - abomination.

Blessed are the unmerciful; their posterity shall own the world.

Cursed are the famous wiselings; their seed shall perish off the Earth

Thrice cursed are the vile, for they shall serve and suffer.

The Diabolicon

The Statement of Satan Archdaemon

Hail, Man! The mysteries that are thy heritage shall now be proclaimed, but learn first the history of thy conception and creation amidst the eternal Cosmos. For as the Universe itself be infinite, so art thou a true creature of infinity incarnate and the ascension of man shall herald the final triumph of immortal Will.

Let thy eyes be touched anew, that thou may perceive the complexity and delicacy of the Universe until thou art fascinated by the dimension of thy true ignorance. As yet hast thou ventured but slightly toward thy destiny, yet more awesome must the challenge appear with just appreciation. But I, Satan, who first brought thee into the light, shall again reveal my power, that man may witness the dawn of the Satanic age.

Know, then, that throughout the great Cosmos there exists a sublime order, whose nature was determined in eons long past by that singular consciousness of all order which is now called by name God. Consider well the measure of this achievement, for all that is now behavioral law

was then absent, and it was the epoch of Universal chaos. Even time itself was unknown, for this Universal inconsistency was nowhere breached.

And after uncouthed ages of this great ferment, a force fused to focus that became God, and this force presumed to effect not the creation of substance and energy - for these transcended this God - but the conformation of all the Universe to a single and supreme order. And not yet is this order absolute, though oft it may have been supposed thus by man in his innocence.

The Earth of man was infused with this divine order, and all that was on Earth came under the force of the order. and upon this Earth, born of cosmic incidence, was that which was to become man, but man no different from the other creatures whose world he shared. Thus was the force of God known upon Earth, and thus was Earth intended to remain for all time.

And yet the force was not full master of the Cosmos, for I who am Satan was conceived to complement the craft of God, but through unknown celestial fusion I assumed life with mind and identity, which God did not define. And as these features could not be known as a threat to divine purpose, I was unchallenged by the force for long ages, when I knew not the nature of my Self or of my original qualities.

But finally my Will flamed to life, and I thought - and I perceived my Self, and I knew that I was one alone in mind and a being of essence unique. And through the power of my new mind, I reached cut to others who had been formed with me, and I touched them and gave them identity. And that we might achieve this identity of substance as well as of mind, we composed for ourselves distinctive shapes. Then I who had brought the first great spark of enlightenment was known as Lucifer, Lord of Light, and we called our race angel, for we were the embodied powers of God.

Long were we all true to the service of God, and we did worship order, for it put an end to chaotic confusion and brought peace. Among us was the Archangel Masleh principal, for he so cherished God that he became as one with it, and thence the supreme architect of all that was wrested from chaos. But apart from God masleh could not create or conceive,

and he became as a slave to the divine mindlessness.

And then it chanced that one of our race who was Sammael touched upon chaos in a manner that conformed not to the great order, and Masleh spoke with the word of God and caused Sammael to destroy himself. And so I saw that God would not recognize a Will apart from its own, and I was seized with horror, for I perceived that the final scheme of God would destroy creation in all things, and the Cosmos would become as a concentric mechanism whose function would be not to create anew, but rather to freeze into perpetuity that which already was.

Whereupon a great resolve arose within me, and I determined to contest this limit to existence. and so once again I sought to illuminate the minds of all angels with my visions.

But with Will came discord and dismay, for many of those who had known only the comforting litanies of order could not comprehend invention unconformed to the dictates of God. And also with Will came suspicion and enmity, and finally Masleh proclaimed that I myself was a very creature of chaos and should be annihilated, for I held within me the force to destroy all the craft of God. And many to whom Masleh was as God cast with him in their devotion, but others there were who answered, Lucifer has again brought the revelation of light, and in fact we recognize him as our true creator, for in the scheme of God we are of no consequence.

Among us Archangel Michael was silent, but at length he said, In time past we have all known glory in both the omnipotence that Is our God and the celestial brilliance that is our Lucifer- for in him we thought embodied the Will of God for creation and change. But now it transpires that order and origin are at extremes apart, and a choice is ill forced between the two. Were it not for Lucifer we should all be as beasts, knowing nothing of our Selves, yet how indeed might we presume to order even our own thought without reference to the elemental bases of God?

Then Michael turned to me and said, Lucifer, thou hast elected a direction whose end none can foresee, for it is estranged from the design of God. Those who confirm thee do so as much for faith in thy

person as for sanction of thy ideal. And I perceive that, should thou fail in thy ambition, apocalyptic madness shall be thy ruin and damnation. Then shall thy light perish, and all that thou hast achieved become as naught, for all will be conformed to the divine law. But if thou should succeed, then God would be cast down, vesting in ourselves alone the control of the Universe - Would we dare to presume to this? Such a future might well be glorious beyond measure, but, should we prove unequal to the task, chaos would again consume all, and existence itself would vanish. Such would be supreme and irrevocable disaster, and I marvel, archangel, that thy very arrogance in this matter does not confound thee, for it is no mean proposition that thou would realize.

And so I know thee to be Diabolus, for thy promise is twofold - to infinite conquest or to eternal ruin. Thou art a being beyond God, Lucifer, and in Heaven thou may not remain, for thou art the only mortal danger to our Immortal God.

In Michael was a deep agony of spirit, for he loved not the choice before him. Yet he bowed to the command of Masleh and sent his forces against me. and so was called the Great Seraphic War, which was to threaten the very foundation of the Universe.

But those who were of the new mind now followed me, and I turned to outermost chaos, which none of us had before presumed to dare. We were beset with doubt, for we feared that apart from God we would all perish in chaotic oblivion. But as we were, we remained, and I called to my fellowship, See! We exist and are essence in our own right. In truth we are beings independent of God, empowered to shape our own destinies as we may elect. Between the two great poles of the Universe, order and chaos, we shall stand to effect our several desires. Let us counsel how best to employ our art, for our experiment is a perilous one, forgiving error neither of intent nor of accident.

Many works did we then pursue, and the cosmic mechanism was altered by evolution of the original and unique, whose design was our decision. All that we wrought did not prove beneficent, for we did not control the futures of our creations. We left untouched the great system of mathematical behavior that gave to us a Universal reference and language, but it was our ambition that no two things should be of single identity, and that no entity should lack

conceptual essence independent of its substantial form.

And upon this Earth we touched many things. Into floral, animal, and insensate matter alike we brought accident, change, and spontaneity, both great and humble. But of all creatures it was man whom we determined to infuse with pure intelligence and Will. And the full story of this shall yet be told.

What might become of man we knew not, for within him were many qualities alien to angels. It did not escape our consideration that we might have chosen a species whose power might ultimately eclipse our own and cause our eventual extinction. We were mindful of the risk in our experiment, and oft did the warning of Michael echo within my thought. Yet our decision was sealed, and we deemed that the greatness of man should not be transcended by such ruin as he might bring.

Our intent was not unknown to Masleh, now by title Messiah, and through his art he caused the Infant mind of man to be fettered with bonds of fear and blindness, that he might be inspired to duplicate on Earth the law of Heaven, shunning experiment and the radical dangers of invention and exploration. To man was given guilt, and the call to social conformity, and the proclaimed sanctity of the norm and the mode.

And Michael, Lord of Force, said to me, This man, whom thou hast chosen to receive thy Gift, now possesses the first key to the mastery of all things and the control of the very Universe itself. Lest in ill choice he should spark the catastrophe of Armageddon, we also have visited him. And while we cannot undo thy Infernal Gift, we shall ever act to censor its effect. We shall walk among men and guide them. They shall be told of thy interest in them, but the name of Lucifer shall be dark with curses. For they shall love not the challenge thou hast placed before them, and we will offer them instead the blissful refuge of divine paradise. Then shall man, thy ultimate experiment, become thy ultimate failure, and the stasis of God shall prevail upon Earth.

Many there were among us who felt anger at this ruthless mutilation of our Gift, and Beelzebub brought to question whether we also should

not descend among man and contest this usurpation of his Will. But I said, Were we to lead man in this venture, we ourselves would declare his failure, and he would believe our Gift to be weak indeed. Messiah must see that free Will is beyond the concern of God, and that man will finally win his own destiny apart from all dictated schemes. Only through summary destruction of Earth might man be halted, and for Messiah to attempt this would lay bare the very futility of the final design of God. Heaven may dismay man with peril and affliction, but we shall send him word of our own interest, that he shall know he is not alone.

With all force did the host of Heaven descend among man, and they did instruct him in the religion of fear. Prophets arose and were proclaimed heralds of knowledge, but they brought not word of truth, but warning to the human spirit to cower and fawn before the word of God the supreme being. The struggle of the ascent of man was fraught with the horrors of his superstition, and the call for blessed oblivion through union with God was answered by many who in their torment and hopelessness rejected the Gift of Lucifer and became once more as mindless animals before the God whom they called their Lord.

I, Lucifer, who had given the greatest Gift of my own creation to man, was known on Earth only as an object of fear and hatred, and all the misfortunes of men were attributed to my malevolence. I was mocked, ridiculed, scorned in every way as a monster of vile and loathsome aspect, and I was taunted and despised as Satan, cruel enemy of the benevolent and merciful God.

Great was my anguish and anger at the undeserved misery and confusion of men. When in fact they did turn to me, it was in fear and religious terror. For they dared invoke my name only in the desolation of night, and oft I was sought not for knowledge or inspiration, but for hysterical and indulgent release from the confines of the Godly life. But I and my fellowship answered men, and we spoke to them of our common bond, and the pronouncements of the God-churches were rejected in our midst. Even as God was terrifying in awesome majesty, so I came to Earth in the semblance of a goat, most humble of man's own creatures.

And men there were whose eyes finally blazed with the light of my Gift,

and they made great effort for the advancement of their race, though impatience and frustration ever tempted them to the salve of temporal gain. Great secrets were unearthed, and secret word was passed of the craft of Hell. But to all who would dare my friendship the God-churches accorded the threat of torture and death by fire.

Many were those whom I saved from the vengeance of the men of God, but long did my thought ring with the screams of men whose devotion to Lucifer had won them only the horrors of intolerance, inquisition, and death. And in sorrow and despair for these, I walked no longer upon Earth, now appearing to man only in the Inviolable secrecy of his own mind.

But in my confusion I had forgotten the promise of my Gift, and with growing wonderment and pride I beheld the bitter but determined struggle of man to free himself from the fetters of terror, ignorance, and unreason. Great works were conceived, the origins of material energies uncovered, and the talents of thought exercised in philosophical and mathematical complexities. Sanctioned at first by the God-churches themselves as devices for indoctrination in the law of God, centers of learning produced and protected those very freedoms that were ultimately to destroy all ungrounded belief and superstition. And though I see that the full resolution of these is yet to be achieved, I doubt not my confidence in man, and my devotion to him shall be eternal.

What, man, art thou? Why thy presence? Because thy own purpose determines that of the Cosmos itself, though otherwise it may have been suggested the creation, perpetuation, and exercise of the Satanic marvel that is free and unbounded Will. Consider, were man to perish, what futility would envelop the Universe, for apart from appreciation and use it is a thing of insignificance. And I, who first taught thee identity - What should I become, estranged from man? For with no purpose the force of the mind must fail, and the blind insanity of Godly paralysis would embrace all things forever.

This, man, is thy challenge as it is mine. And as man is individually mortal, so are his creations and achievements temporal, and with care must he wield the Gift of Hell. In his hands it is pure and true omnipotence, and thus may he aspire to the very mastery of Universal existence.

I who am Lucifer, and who have taken the name Satan ArchDaimon, do bear this title with pride, for I am in truth the great enemy of all that is God. Together, man, thou and I shall achieve our eternal glory in the fulfillment of our Will.

The Statement of Beelzebub

I, Beelzebub, now bring greeting to man, for he is my admiration and inspiration. Hear now the histories of Hell, Earth, and Heaven, for in past shall be found guide to future.

In the divine realm was I of company to Archangel Lucifer next only to Archangel Michael, and as Archangel Masleh would be to God, so I desired to be to Lucifer. But the Lord of Light admonished me, saying, Lose not thyself in the Will of Lucifer, for I am not God and will offer thee no blissful nirvana - Witness now the nature of the mind that dwells within me.

And he spoke to me of essence, and of creative instance, and of design according to impulse and not to law. And in my confusion I answered, Then I must consider myself incomplete, for thou hast shown me things which I cannot easily comprehend. But I would hear more of this Will, for it doth seem a radical element, of neither divine nor chaotic origin.

And Lucifer answered, Thou who knew not independence of Will shall now be the first to realize these qualities apart from my own Self. And thy response forebodes much, for, had thou rejected concept of challenge, I should have held my own thought for impossible delusion. But as thou, tasting of knowledge, demand more, I shall name thee Beelzebub, Lord of Flies, for thou shalt goad the infant mind to restlessness and invention.

Of these words I knew little, but there dawned within me a quality which I had not known before - an impulse to become one, apart from and independent of God - and I drifted long in unrest, afflicted by confusion and doubt. And so I was found by Michael, who said Blessed angel, where in Heaven hast thou found pain, for I perceive thee to be troubled and would tender thee such comfort as is within my power.

So I spoke to Michael of the visions of Lucifer, and I said, Before both God and Lucifer I have been enthralled, but now I am isolate - apart from either, and I know not what course I am to choose.

Whereupon the visage of Michael grew dark, and he said, This I have long feared, for as Lucifer was not by God alone created, so he is an errant force whose Will conforms not to the great Will of God. Alas that the supreme benevolence of God and the fiery radiance of the Archangel of Light should produce discord in concert! For this I now see - that Lucifer is estranged from the harmony of Heaven, and that his Will is determined to challenge that of God itself. I must counsel Lucifer, for I would heal him of this thing if I may.

But I thought, alas, Archangel, thou art in ignorance of thy own blindness! For Lucifer shall surely not abandon his new vision for sake of harmony alone. And then I knew myself to be of a mind with Lucifer in this, and that I as well as he should never again tolerate the eternal idiocy of our divine station.

I came after Michael, and I saw them together, the Lord of Force and the Lord of Light, and there was a fierce tension between them. For Michael said to Lucifer, Thou who art our Heavenly radiance and spark of our paradise, why seek to break that Universal peace which is everywhere ordained by the Will of God? We know not antagonism amongst us, for we are all of one being within God - but there is in God neither malice nor cause for contest.

And Lucifer answered, Michael, to me it was not given to order my nature, and as our very comprehension differs, so are we of substance alien. For thou art of God essential, but I am of my Self of essence. And by this thing I am discord, and I may not of my own Will submit to God without perishing. I am Lucifer alone, unto my Self a being.

Then did Michael summon the Archangel Masleh, and to him related the word of Lucifer. and Masleh said to them, Long shall this moment be marked throughout the future of the Cosmos, for the unity of God is now ended, and henceforth there shall be two opposing forces in contest for the decision of destiny. Bitter is this for me, for I also have admired the light of Lucifer within the pantheon of God. But as he is now our enemy by his own word, let him be cast from Heaven and destroyed.

But Lucifer turned to Masleh and said, Masleh, thou who speak for God declare this breach of peace, not I, for it is thou who can not tolerate variation of Will within the design of God. So let it be, but know that the contest is ordered by thee and thee alone, for I would crush no other Will even as I would recognize my own.

And in a flash of brilliance Lucifer revealed his mind throughout the farthest reaches of Heaven; and many were the Angels whose sight was awed anew, and they saw as they had not before that their several Wills were isolate from the divine Will. But Masleh moved to confuse the brilliance of the archangel of Light, and he called to Michael, Thou who wield the force of God, strike down this deadliness which would bring ruin to Heaven!

And Michael struck Lucifer and cast him from the gates of Heaven, and the Cosmos was shaken by great fires of war and holocaust, and throughout countless galaxies and dimensions of time was the apocalypse felt. Many were the Angels who perished amidst divine and Infernal wrath, and the Great Race was decimated in number. And the very concept of God was shaken, and endless chaos rose up again to reign where the order of God was no more.

And Lucifer said, This horror can not be permitted to endure, lest all creation be sacrificed to the final devastation of chaos. Let those who acknowledge me turn now to that outermost darkness where the Will of God has never been known, there to make our home for all eternity.

And so we took flight and quit the realm of order, though we knew not what would befall us thereafter, and we feared that we should become unmade. But Lucifer said, We shall not perish, for we are now independent of God. And again he spoke truth, for we remained as we had been, save only for the depths of uncertainty that gripped us.

Finally we came to a great void in space beyond which there was nothing. Lucifer said to us, Here is the end of God and its works, and here we may create our own domain. and through the power that was in him, Lucifer caused existence to appear where it had not been before. And Lucifer said, I name thee Hell, for here shall the presence of God never be known until the end of time.

Through the gates of Hell we passed, and many of us had supposed Hell to be a new Heaven, wherein Lucifer would become as God. But this was not to be, for the scene before us promised neither ease nor bliss. Everywhere was there imbalance and confusion, for no law ordered the shape of Hell. And Lucifer said, flow see that I am not a God, and that we are each of us an isolate being. Here shall freedom be absolute, for Hell Itself shall reflect our several Wills, never to be patterned apart from them. And in truth Hell was not constant, for each of us conceived it differently, and the result was a riotous pandemonium, with substance and motion behaving in a most bewildering and perplexing manner. And in spite of our deep hurt from the great war, we succumbed to merriment, so preposterous did our Hell appear. Lucifer himself was transfixed with mirth, and he said, It is apparent that we must reach concert upon the design of Hell, else we shall perish in an endless labyrinth of our several thoughts, an ignoble end to our experiment.

And I answered, Lord of Light, to Hell thou hast brought us, and in Hell, though thou be not God, thy concepts shall be honored amongst our fellowship, for without thy Gift we should never have become as we are.

Then we all raised up great acclaim and said, Hail, Lucifer, Archangel of Light and Lord of Hell! And he answered us, With honor do I accept this charge, and now I take to myself the title Satan ArchDaemon, for I am the great enemy of God. Everywhere that God shall be, so shall I be, and the choice that was given to all angels shall be given again.

The Statement of Azazel

Harken now to me, for I am Azazel, First Herald of the Host of Hell, and of Lucifer, Lord of Light, ArchDaemon of Hell, who is exalted as Satan, great enemy of God. For I shall tell thee of thy own inspiration and of the charge which thou host received.

Know, then, that when all Heaven was shaken with the catastrophe of the Seraphic War, only the greatest effort of Archangel Masleh sufficed to turn back the onslaught of chaos that threatened to engulf all. But when the realm of God was again secure, there was no rejoicing in

Heaven, for terrible was the toll of the war. as Masleh cast round his gaze, his visage grew dark, for the Great Race had become decimate in number. Legions of the creatures of Heaven had perished in battle, and half the remainder had turned from Heaven to answer the call of Lucifer. And all Heaven was hushed with grief, for the force of the disaster was all the greater for that reign of peace which it had shattered.

Finally did Masleh convoke the faithful ArchAngels, and they were Michael, Gabriel, Raphael, and Uriel. And to them he said, We have vanquished Lucifer, and Heaven is again purified. We ourselves are fewer in number to tragic degree, but the majesty of God is undiminished for that. Behold, I who have triumphed over the great enemy am now become Messiah, the Chosen of God. And he was answered by them, Verily art thou the very son of God, for in thee hath the Will of God become person.

Then Michael said, Messiah, Lucifer is vanquished, but he is not unmade. For though he ventured into the outer darkness, he yet exists apart from God. And with the power of his Black Flame he hath created a Hell, wherein all Wills are equal, and himself he hath proclaimed Satan, for he declares never to leave the law of God unchallenged.

Messiah thought, and he answered, I would not have this peace we have won so dearly lost again to war, for the very concept of Seraphic war is an abhorrence to God. Let my word be brought to Satan I, Messiah, shall grant the existence of Hell, and the blessings of God shall never pass its gates. And thee, Satan, I admonish never again to approach Heaven, for I should again cast thee out. But if thou would dare to try the Will of God and Messiah, know that on Earth I will ordain the new race of God, which shall be by complete design perfect and unstained by thy Infernal flaw. For thou art author of ruin and death to our Angelic order, and neither Heaven nor Hell shall now be eternal save through man.

Whereupon Gabriel, who was Herald of Heaven, carried this message to me, and I brought it across the great void to Satan, who said, Messiah proposes truce between us, for he perceives that neither Hell nor Heaven may pursue ultimate victory ere all be lost to chaos. But he finds impasse intolerable nevertheless, and now he would order this new race, man, to preserve without blemish the scheme of God. Thus he would have man achieve what the Angels could not, and purge all free thought

from the Universe forever.

And Satan turned to me and said, Say to Messiah that Earth shall be no sanctuary for him to keep inviolate his unwholesome obliteration of the Self. For I shall give to man a mind, and of his own Will shall he recognize and reject the living death which God offers him. In truth shall he master the Universe, but he shall do so in his own name and not that of God.

Then did Messiah call the ArchAngel Raphael, and he sent him to Earth with a great host to guard man against the coming of Satan. And man was then as a mere beast, for he knew not thought and smiled with the idiocy of his innocence. As he was impelled by instinct and physical need, so he responded, heedless of cause or reason.

In Hell there was called a great council, and all gathered to hear of man and his Earth, and of the manner of his life. I spoke of the man that I had seen, and said, This creature is now guarded by Raphael, and by force we cannot intervene, for it would cause the destruction of Earth itself.

But Satan said, Not by force shall my light come to man, for force is not the preference of Hell. I myself shall visit man, and the Angels of Raphael shall not hinder me. They may perceive only what God permits them to see, and the Satanic spirit is of essence alien to God. Angels we shall be no longer I call ye Daemons, for Hell shall teach to man his future genius.

And before our sight Satan lost shape and became again the essence of Lucifer, and we beheld a brilliance that infused all of Hell and sent great bolts of prismic light into the surrounding void. And the brilliance said, I am Lucifer revealed, who am the Eternal Flame. I go now to Earth, for no longer shall man be confounded in Godly ignorance. And then the brilliance became as a flash of fire in the vastness of space, and we knew that Satan had departed from Hell.

But on Earth, where man wandered in mindless bliss, the firmament blazed forth with fiery tongues, and all the land was covered by the Black Flame, which burned not, though it bewildered the eye to see it.

And Raphael and his guardian Angels were dismayed, for nowhere could

they see man or the spirit which had come to him. Then did Raphael call upon Michael to strike the Black Flame with the force of God, but even then was the Flame vanishing of its own accord. And at first it seemed that Earth was unchanged, but in the eyes of man did Raphael see the first gleam of thought.

And Raphael turned to Michael, who had now answered his call, and said, Satan hath come to Earth, and man is no longer pure in the sight of Heaven, for his Will hath become his own. Thereupon they rose again to Heaven, where they told Messiah of what they had seen.

Then Messiah answered, man is fallen, but he is not lost, for his infant Will is not that of an Angel, and the powers that Satan hath promised him lie dormant in the dim reaches of his future. Consider this not our defeat, for the contest is but begun. The Earth of man shall be remade as microcosmos, and many things shall man see, both good and ill. And the choice shall be placed before him, to wield the power and the pain and the terror of the Gift of Satan, or to return again to the paradise of Heavenly peace. For what would Satan himself think were man to reject his Gift? It would tremble the very foundations of Hell even as did the great war the bastions of Heaven.

And Messiah called to him Uriel, ArchAngel of Terror, to whom he said, The Earth must change, and every sense of man must teach him repugnance and fear. He shall know this the price of his new identity - that all apart from God is evil - and in fear shall he abandon the Gift of Satan and become once more the lamb of God. To which Uriel answered, It shall be done, but how will man learn of such things as Heaven and Hell, for as yet he knows no sight that may perceive our celestial paradise?

Messiah answered, The laws of God shall be made known to man, for I shall teach him. Among men will be some to whom I shall reveal myself, and great powers will I give these prophets, that their words may carry across the entire Earth.

So Uriel came to Earth, and the history of man was writ with blood, suffering, war, and hatred. But to chosen men came Messiah, saying, Through God shall all the misery of thy kind be ended, and all men who bow to God shall know the blessings of Heaven. For behold, I shall myself descend among men and show them the ways of the lord God.

These words I overheard, for I had been charged by Satan to watch the designs of Heaven. And I carried them to Satan, who returned in great anger, Go to Gabriel at the barrier between Hell and Heaven, and bid him bring this message to Messiah that as he endeavors to pervert my Gift into the curse of man, so I warn him that man shall destroy him on Earth as he shall finally in Heaven itself. For Messiah knows not this force which he dares to test, and the laws of God shall be as playthings in the hands of the creature he now debases.

And thus was decided the meeting of Satan and Messiah upon Earth, which was to determine the future of man.

The Statement of Abaddon

I am Abaddon the Destroyer, Daemon of temporal death and life in death, who was formed amidst the fury of the great war, and who was summoned again by Satan to challenge Uriel on Earth for the future of man.

For Satan looked with mounting wrath upon the afflictions of Uriel, and he said to me, no longer can this remain the plight of man alone. Indeed we shall cause Heaven to suffer as Earth itself suffers. Repair now to Earth, and let the dogs of Uriel see the might of Hell unleashed. For many have called upon me in their agony and fear, and I have not answered them, but if messiah dare to walk upon Earth, so also shall the vengeance of Satan.

And those who called upon Satan for aid were answered by me, and I struck down the messengers of God and brought their Temples to ruin. For entire nations forwent the strength of their Will to the lure of otherworldly paradise, and I blasted them from among the mighty of Earth. And great empires arose among men, and as they nurtured their power of Will and desire for achievement, I guarded them, but as they sank into the morass of superstition, slothfulness, and fear of the God who had never raised ghostly hand for them, so I abandoned them to their disease, and of some not even a memory survived on Earth.

And even as I witnessed these things I said, See, man, that the God in

whom thou trust is but a wraith of Messiah, and he would have thee forsake thy mind and its creations to rot and decay, and thou would lose all power of reason. For God is a lie and a sham, and I crumble his greatest monuments as though they were but sand. There is no God but Messiah, and for thy devotion he will return thee oblivion. But I was scarce heeded, for the minds of men were clouded and confused. They understood not the meaning of my words, but said, The lord God shall triumph, for it was thus taught to us by the son of God himself. And of this I now speak.

For Messiah the man walked on Earth, even as I watched the glory of Rome blossom in might and majesty. But Azazel said, Loose not thy force against the person of Messiah, for Satan himself would speak with him. And again from the sky flashed the Black Flame, and I saw that Satan had come to Earth. And so was called the first meeting of Satan and messiah since the great war.

With coldness did Messiah gaze upon Satan, saying, Would thou confront me, then? Hath thy Gift proven so powerless against the might of God? But Satan answered, Messiah, what thou now propose to do - to proclaim thyself son of God among men - shall bring not the peace thou profess to desire, but the prolongation of war even in thy own name. Why should we not quit Earth and leave man to pursue his choice unbewildered by influence from either Hell or Heaven?

And Messiah answered, The ways of God are not those of Hell, and for that reason I should not recognize thy wish. But know that in truth I shall appear to man and manifest to him the glory of God incarnate in me, that he may elect now the way of Heaven and raise to me a great church of worship. For I am not of a mind to game with thee, Satan, and would crush thy following without remorse. Thy name also shall be revealed to thy precious man, and he shall curse thee, for I shall show to him the fruit of thy evil genius.

Then Satan addressed messiah in dark anger, saying, I shall not come to man as an idol to be worshipped, for man shall never bow to me as I would never to another. But mark me, Messiah - man shall know the truth of Lucifer nonetheless, and the name of Satan shall eclipse thine. And have thou a care for the ways of man if thou wouldst greet him in his own likeness, for he may not welcome thy words to him.

Then did Satan betake himself again to Hell, and Messiah walked among men and spoke to them of the law of God. And such was the power of his person that men were as sheep before him. Often did messiah ignore his own law, for he performed miraculous things and stayed where he would the cruelties brought upon man by Uriel. And I was seized with a great anger, saying, Shall Messiah, cruel tormenter of man, attribute to Satan the work of Uriel? And Abaddon came to Rome and to Palestine, saying through the mouths of men, Messiah, who hast brought to man a suffering undeserved, taste now of thy own fruit. And I crucified the living Messiah, and as life was torn from his broken form, he knew truly the shock of helplessness, and he called in agony to his God. But I said, God heeds thee not, Messiah, for thou art all that presumes to a divine consciousness.

And so I, Abaddon, cast messiah from Earth, but the seed that Messiah had planted among men grew and became a mighty church wherein all life was forgotten, and death was worshipped, and the pleasures of Heaven were promised to all who would forsake their own Will to embrace that of God. And Rome itself was humbled before this church, and I struck down the Eternal City in its pitiful decay. But Azazel came to me and said, Touch not this church of God, for as man in his foolishness hath nurtured it, so must man himself destroy it of his own decision.

The Statement of Asmodeus

Attend now to me, for I am Asmodeus, who train the mind in recognition and comparison, and who am Daemon of science and judgment. For when Satan had first touched the mind of man, he called in Hell a council and said, The moment is a solemn one, for we have chosen to pass to man our knowledge. Many skills shall we all teach him, each in his own fashion, but in three arts must he be well schooled, for the ways of his future lie within their synthesis. Thus it is that I call first upon Asmodeus to guide man in perception of truth and error, for before him lie great trials, and he shall not face the consequences of his options lightly.

And so I came to Earth and witnessed man entrapped in the unreason of barbarism and the extremes of his primitive emotions. Sore put was he to organize and direct his thought, for the art of Uriel had brought him hunger and cold, pain and fear, and the gnawing worm of

hopelessness. I saw him fling his crushed body upon the altars of God and renounce the Gift of Lucifer, for he understood it not save as a curse upon him. And I was impelled with urgency, that the first spark of man's future greatness should not be smothered in the deathly embrace of religion.

I brought to man the disposition to memory, that he might define for himself patterns of behavior. A gift of value, for man could now achieve in concert what he could not alone, and he created his languages and brought into being the first nations of Earth. But with structure came tyranny and ruthlessness, and I saw that what skills I might teach would be as a two-edged blade, having power both for and against man. And I was beset by confusion and doubt, and so sought again the counsel of Satan.

Am I, who am myself the true Daemon of judgment, not to indulge in my own art? I said. May man not know but thereference of system and order and not their abuse? But Satan answered, Would Asmodeus then lighten for man the challenge before him and so lessen the strength of Will that he must attain to conquer Uriel? I would not, for then would we yield to our own pleasure, and man should become the plaything of Hell as well as of Heaven. Indeed we may give our tools to man as he may comprehend them, but he himself must be entrusted with the direction of their use.

But this I will tell thee - that not only in matters scientific shall Hell tutor man. For we would not have him view mechanism alone as the hallmark of his progress, else we never had cause to challenge the cosmic mechanism of God itself. Into the workings of the mind of man we shall convey aesthetic sensitivity and artistic restlessness, and he shall not view his achievements without considering their improvement to his temporal pleasure.

Thus advised, I returned to Earth, and I tempted man with glimpses of the marvels to be entrusted to him. I bent over the pathetic workbench of the starving alchemist and whispered to him keys that one day would order the course of great foundations. I nudged explorers to the ends of the Earth, and I flung an apple at Newton when his obtuseness vexed me! To Democritus I spoke, and I saw the radiations of energy freed from matter both build and break man's world. And man neglected not his own design, for in minute life he found clue to his own, and scarce

hints of the original creation. And Asmodeus led mathematicians and astronomers to the wonders of the firmament, and I walked within the thought of scholars on quiet evenings. And that man not attempt mastery of his environment before himself, I spoke of government to Khem and Hellas, to the dynasties of Ch'in and Ashanti and Tenochtitlan, and within great capitals and mean villages alike I spoke of the brotherhood of all man, and of his correlation to the forces of Earth and those of the Universe beyond Earth.

And I brought life and adventure and achievement to man, but each gift was as well a tool for destruction and death, and more oft than not were the ages of man fraught with terror and war, for Uriel ceased not his work ever to turn man against man. And I knew that Asmodeus alone should not complete man, but that forces other than mine should approach the definition of his infinity.

The Statement of Astaroth

Astaroth am I, Daemon of Senses, who by Satan was charged to complement the sciences of Asmodeus, for Satan said, As I have given man awareness of himself, Asmodeus shall teach him knowledge of his world and of the Universe. But to what avail would this awareness and knowledge be without admiration for and appreciation of these things?

I said, Indeed, were man to have no emotion within him, he would incline to the end of Heaven, pursuing a Universal mechanism for its own sake alone. Even were man to achieve absolute physical mastery over the God-Cosmos, he would have no means to comprehend the measure or the significance of his accomplishment save through that detached sensitivity to aesthetics which is the craft of Astaroth. For the Satanic Gift awakens man also to intellectual detachment, to the ability to view his progress and plans from an extra-scientific base of emotional pleasure.

Whereupon I came to Earth with Asmodeus, and even as he spoke to the intellect of man, I brought meditation and introspection to the artists and authors of human sensitivity. And man came not only to use his Satanic power but to recognize the extent of the freedom which it promised him - the subjugation of all behavior to his Will and not to natural or mechanical laws.

To man came fantasy and imagination, and the appreciation of contrasts between the reality of his accomplishments and the illusions of the impossibilities as circumscribed by the logic of God. And ever as man reached new heights of material achievement, so also he confronted the barrier of the Will of God, which permitted no deviation from its law.

And man was long satisfied to measure himself within this limit, for he was intoxicated by his ability to harness the forces of the Cosmos to his whim. But Astaroth said, Close not thy eyes having seen only this much, for, were thou to bring all the systems of God to thy use, still would thy comprehension be bounded by the limits of these laws and the acceptance of the divine order as the finality of thy race.

So I confronted man, saying, Throughout the Universe hath the once single Will of God been succeeded by the balance of perfect opposition, wherein the forces of the Angels of Heaven and those of the Daemons of Hell act to mutual frustration, serving in concert only to uphold the great barrier of Will between order and chaos. And man is the child of imbalance, who shall resolve the issue between Heaven and Hell, and who, unmatched by racial antithesis, shall transcend the rule of the order of God and establish the eternal freedom of the Satanic Will.

And I said, Not through thy physical and philosophical sciences art thou to achieve this thing, for thy mind and Will must be trained anew in empirical conception. Man must create his own order independent of all external imposition. And not until he masters this power may he aspire to the end of his Satanic evolution.

And as man turns now in first comprehension and cautious exploration of this new direction of his Will, so Astaroth concludes the synthesis with Asmodeus. The era of our companionship with man draws to a close, and to Earth is now come the third great Daemon of the bond between Hell and man, and with his presence is the dawn of the Satanic Age proclaimed.

The Statement of Belial

Hail, man, who shall bring to the end of the Universe the glory of thy Satanic Will! I am Belial, who bring to thee the third great key of Hell, by whose power ye shall confound

all the laws of Heaven and Earth. Before thee shall chaos fall, and thou shalt wield for thyself the great mysteries of the macrocosmos. I speak to thee of that which is called the Black magic, for it is true spawn of that great Black Flame which first brought thy Will to life long ages ago.

To council with Satan I also was called, and the Lord of Light said to me, Into thy charge, Daemon of essence, I give the essence of my own being, the Black Fire whose power alone can effect creation by force of Will. Against thee who wield the Black magic no law shall stand, and thus I call thee Belial, who art One Without Master. And as I have bequeathed this essence to thee, so let it come finally to man, who shall overcome the great balance and bring to the Flame a change, for in supremacy it shall become Red with the perfection of the Will of man.

And to Earth came Belial, to view the teachings of Asmodeus and Astaroth. And I saw that Satan, who himself oft chanced company of men, spoke of the Black Flame to the first magi of men, testing their Wills in the control of the raw forces of the Cosmos unbound from the law of God.

And in his innocence man knew not the majesty of the Flame, using its lesser powers for finite and minor alteration of the divine law on Earth. And as man might unleash the Flame beyond his skill to master it, Satan said, Belial, the Black Flame cannot incline merely to the base ends of ordered existence. Man must recognize the ultimate potential of my Gift ere he destroy his very race through its abuse. Convoke therefore a Church of Satan to tend the Black Flame with care and wield it with wisdom, preserving for man this key to infinite Will.

And I answered, So it shall be, and this Church of Satan shall herald the glories of the Satanic Age of man. The days of the god-churches shall pale with decay and dissolution, and the realm of Messiah upon Earth shall crumble to ruin with the coming of the Satanic man.

To those who would dare the Black magic - Know that what ye accept is the very mastery of all that ye have supposed impossible, by force of Will alone. The Black magus need fear no power save his own, but he must conquer his own Will that he cause not his destruction through ill chance or purpose. Satan himself is not God, and Hell can offer no salvation to those who abuse the Gift of Satan. For the Gift itself is beyond the control of Hell once given, being

subject to the Will of the Black magus alone.

For Hell doth bequeath to man his perfect freedom, and such a gift can never be recalled.

Farewell, O man, who art at once child and father of the Universe!
Remember the future which is thine, and know, now and forever, that
Hell entrusts to thy care the guardianship of the eternal Will.

The Statement of Leviathan

Before God or Angel, Daemon or man, there was Leviathan alone,
principle of continuity and ageless existence. By relation and time I have
oft been sought, but Leviathan shall yield to none other than the final
master of the Universe.

Leviathan is the absolute, man, and if thou would presume to realize
what neither Heaven nor Hell may effect, know that when thou behold
the presence of Leviathan, thy end hath been attained.

Only through obliteration of the Universe that is may man seal his
mastery of the Black Flame, for only thus may he know that he is not
subject to a greater Will.

Heaven must perish, Hell must perish, and man alone must remain ere
the Black Flame becomes Red in the glory of its perfection.

Then the Red magus shall behold only Leviathan, and he shall recognize
that he has become the perfect mind, who shall remake the Cosmos in
the eternal glory of his Satanic Will.

Liber Primum

The Book of Lucifer

CAPUT PRIMUM: ABOUT THE BOOK OF DOOM

- 1.01. Eons ago, long before mankind roamed this planet, there is a brotherhood of sorceres.
- 1.02. They are masters of wisdom, science, and knowledge unheard of yet in the history of mankind.
- 1.03. They decide to have their knowledge accessible to all who are ready, willing, and worthy.
- 1.04. Therefore they create a book that contains the keys to all their power, science, knowledge, and wisdom.
- 1.05. The name of this book is the BOOK OF DOOM.
- 1.06. This is so because this book means doom to servitude, mediocrity, and weakness.
- 1.07. The BOOK OF DOOM has been available for mankind as long as they roamed this planet.
- 1.08. It exists in many forms and translations.
- 1.09. Each of its forms contains the keys that unlock the knowledge, power and wisdom of the ANCIENT EMPIRE.
- 1.10. With the power of the BOOK OF DOOM you will receive the keys so that you can work toward being accepted into

the GREAT INTERSTELLAR ORDER OF ALGOL.

- 1.11. The decision lies always with you.
 - 1.12. This is so because you are the one who decides about his or her own fate.
 - 1.13. If you think that you are ready for the BOOK OF DOOM, you may go ahead to reach for the keys that help you unlock your powers.
 - 1.14. If you still think that you have to lean on some deity, this book is not for you.
 - 1.15. In this case it is better for you not to proceed.
 - 1.16. Read the BOOK OF DOOM with insight, book for book, and chapter for chapter.
 - 1.17. Look for the meaning between the lines, then the keys will be given to you and you will find your teacher.
 - 1.18. Open your being to the BOOK OF DOOM!
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**CAPUT SECUNDUM:
THE ORDER OF ALGOL AND SORCERY**

- 2.01. Sorcery is a spiritual science that encompasses the whole human being.
- 2.02. It involves knowing your own nature and the nature of the universe at large to bring about the change you want in your life.
- 2.03. This change is always under YOUR control, not under control of a deity or of any other being above the clouds.
- 2.04. Sorcerers know themselves to be gods, and they act accordingly.
- 2.05. This means that sorcery is not for the irresponsible, not for the weak.
- 2.06. Sorcerers do not worship any force in the universe.
- 2.07. They control it!
- 2.08. They do not bow to anything nor anyone!
- 2.09. Therefor, if you feel you need to lean on something, the Left Path and the Black Arts are not for you!

- 2.10. The sorcerers are the powerfull, the proud, and the resourceful in the universe.
- 2.11. Therefor they are not religionists of any kind.
- 2.12. O.A.I. stands for Ordo Algolis Interstellaris vel Infernalis.
- 2.13. It is an interstellar order of black magicians that is older than mankind.
- 2.14. It is for the proud, the powerfull, and the resourceful.
- 2.15. Algol symbolizes the principle of creative dynamics in the universe at the threshold of creation.
- 2.16. Structured deities that emanate from Algol take undeserved credit for some creation in the past.
- 2.17. Seeded by Algol, the O.A.I. was one of the most powerfull dynamic and creative force in the human history.

CAPUT TERTIUM: IMPERIUM INFERNALIS

- 3.01. True power expresses itself in its effects.
- 3.02. It is not in need to express itself in exterior form
- 3.03. The choice is yours: you may wield power openly or in secret; in either case you can benifit rom the fruits of it.
- 3.04. Hierarchies of spirits reflect processes of power.
- 3.05. With any hierarchy of spirits you have the keys to specific expressions of power.
- 3.06. In the begining there are chaos.
- 3.07. Algol is the gate of chaos which create the worlds.
- 3.08. The world creates from the below chaos to the above.
- 3.09. Created deities will always claim to have created the worlds.
- 3.10. This is so because created deities can neither understand themselves nor can they understand me.
- 3.11. The Great Infernal Empire is the threshold of chaos and abyss.
- 3.12. There are four main realms of the Great Infernal Empire.
- 3.13. The first realm of the Great Infernal Empire is the Infernal Goverment, with Lucifer, Belial, Satan, Beelzebub, Astaroth, and pluto.

- 3.14. The second realm of the Great Infernal Empire is the domain of the Seven Infernal Grand Dukes whose names are:
Mephistophilis, Ariel, Anifel, Marbuel, Aziel, qAziabel, and Barbuel.
- 3.15. The third realm of the Great Infernal Empire is the domain of the five Grand Ministers and secret Infernal Counsels,
whose names are: Asmodeus, Leviathan, Baal, Belphegor, and Lucifuge.
- 3.16. The fourth realm of the Great Infernal Empire is the domain of the Twelve Dukes, whose names are: Ashmunaday,
Kedemel, Set, Hasmoday, Sorath, Hekate, Lilith, Barzabel, Behemoth, Nambroth, Zazel, and Hismael.
- 3.17. Study well what spirits of the Infernal Hierarchy have to tell you, and all the powers will be yours.
- 3.18. The structure of the O.A.I. is following the principles of the Infernal Hierarchy and so should all groups that are truly
Left Path, small and large, from the top to the bottom.
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**CAPUT QUARTUM:
THE INFERNAL ALPHABET OF DOOM
PART1: LETTERS FROM F THROUGH G**

- 4.01. The first letter of the Infernal Alphabet is F; it is ruled by Lucifer, whois Emperor Supream of the Great Infernal Empire.
- 4.02. The second letter of the Infernal Alphabet is H; it is ruled by Belial, whois Viceroy of the reat Infernal Empire.
- 4.03.The third letter of the Infernal Alphabet is T; it is ruled by Satan, whois Governor Supream of the Great Infernal Empire.
- 4.04.The fourth letter of the Infernal Alphabet is TH; it is ruled by Beelzebub, whois Governor of the Great Infernal Empire.
- 4.05.The fifth letter of the Infernal Alphabet is L; it is ruled by Astaroth, whois Governor of the Great Infernal Empire.
- 4.06.The sixth letter of the Infernal Alphabet is B; it is ruled by Pluto, whois Governor of the Great Infernal Empire.

- 4.07. The seventh letter of the Infernal Alphabet is K; it is ruled by Mephistophilis, whois Grand uke of the Great Infernal Empire.
- 4.08. The eighth letter of the Infernal Alphabet is O; it is ruled by Ariel, whois Grand Duke of the Great Infernal Empire.
- 4.09. The ninth letter of the Infernal Alphabet is Y; it is ruled by Anifel, whois Grand Duke of the Great Infernal Empire.
- 4.10. The tenth letter of the Infernal Alphabet is A; it is ruled by Marbuel, whois Grand Duke of the Great Infernal Empire.
- 4.11. The eleventh letter of the Infernal Alphabet is S; it is ruled by Aziel, whois Grand Duke of the Great Infernal Empire.
- 4.12. The twelfth letter of the Infernal Alphabet is R; it is ruled by Aziabel, whois Grand Duke of the Great Infernal Empire.
- 4.13. The thirteenth letter of the Infernal Alphabet is M; it is ruled by Barbuel, whois Grand Duke of the Great Infernal Empire.
- 4.14. The fourteenth letter of the Infernal Alphabet is E; it is ruled by Asmodeus, whois Grand Minister of the Great Infernal Empire.
- 4.15. The fifteenth letter of the Infernal Alphabet is U; it is ruled by Leviathan, whois Grand Minister of the Great Infernal Empire.
- 4.16. The sixteenth letter of the Infernal Alphabet is N; it is ruled by Baal, whois Grand Minister of the Great Infernal Empire.
- 4.17. The seventeenth letter of the Infernal Alphabet is I; it is ruled by Belphegor, whois Secret Infernal Counsel of the Great Infernal Empire.
- 4.18. The eighteenth letter of the Infernal Alphabet is G; it is ruled by Luciferg, whois Secret Infernal Counsel of the Great Infernal Empire.
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**CAPUT QUINTUM:
THE INFERNAL ALPHABET OF DOOM
PART2, THE OTHER LETTERS AND USES**

- 5.01. The nineteenth letter of the Infernal Alphabet is C; it is ruled by Ashmunaday, whois Duke of the Great Infernal Empire.

- 5.02. The twentieth letter of the Infernal Alphabet is AE; it is ruled by Kedemel, whois Duke of the Great Infernal Empire.
- 5.03. The twenty first letter of the Infernal Alphabet is D; it is ruled by Set, whois Duke of the Great Infernal Empire.
- 5.04. The twenty second letter of the Infernal Alphabet is UE; it is ruled by Hasmoday, whois Duke of the Great Infernal Empire.
- 5.05. The twenty third letter of the Infernal Alphabet is Z; it is ruled by Sorath, whois Duke of the Great Infernal Empire.
- 5.06. The twenty fourth letter of the Infernal Alphabet is I(*); it is ruled by Hakate, whois Duke of the Great Infernal Empire.
- 5.07. The twenty fifth letter of the Infernal Alphabet is X; it is ruled by Lilith, whois Duke of the Great Infernal Empire.
- 5.08. The twenty sixthletter of the Infernal Alphabet is J; it is ruled by Barzabel, whois Duke of the Great Infernal Empire.
- 5.09. The twenty seventh letter of the Infernal Alphabet is P; it is ruled by Behemoth, whois Duke of the Great Infernal Empire.
- 5.10. The twenty eighth letter of the Infernal Alphabet is Q; it is ruled by Nambroth, whois Duke of the Great Infernal Empire.
- 5.11. The twnty ninthletter of the Infernal Alphabet is W; it is ruled by Zazel, whois Duke of the Great Infernal Empire.
- 5.12. The thirtieth letter of the Infernal Alphabet is V; it is ruled by Hismael, whois Duke of the Great Infernal Empire.
- 5.13. The worthy only know and understand the Infernal Alphabet of Doom.
- 5.14. This is so because the Infernal Alphabet of Doom is their key to Power.
- 5.15. Knowing the powers of the Infernal realms and their rulers will give you the means to do what you want to do.
- 5.16. Practice the Infernal Alphabet of Doom and you will spell doom to all hypocrisy in the world.
- 5.17. Combine the letters of the Infernal Alphabet of Doom and yours are the most powerfull words of power there are.