

**THE SONG  
OV  
ELMALLAHZ  
KUMMING  
LEVVEL 1, PART 3:  
FRAGMENZ OV  
THE INNONNA SIKEL**

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# The Song ov Elmallahz Kumming, Levvel 1, Part 3 Fragmenz ov the Innonna Sikel

To the General Reader:

**D**ear Reader, it's me again, your humble poet. I have heard any number of people, especially academics, expound on what they imagine the perfect, the most necessary modern mythic poem would be about, and how it would be constructed. Unfortunately, they haven't yet sat down to write such a poem! I, on the other hand, have been sitting and writing, and lo, here is this less than perfect Poem. Oh well.

Anyway, I thought you might be interested in a few of the technical complications in the linguistic transforms of this Poem. I have tried valiantly to avoid inconsistency in my effort to tie the written to the spoken word. To justify my decisions, I made rules, as is the standard human practice.

Consider this rather common problem. The rule is: in one syllable words, a long vowel is indicated by an "e" following the vowel or ending the word. Thus we arrive at "boet" from "boat", or "make" which remains unchanged. Of course, we could also spell "make", "maek", and still follow the rule. What then do I do with the third person singular of "make"? "Makes" is wrong since it becomes 2 syllables (mak-es). Thus "make" goes to "maeks". Fooey! Clearly, I could eliminate the final "e" as an option, but this seems too strict, and too distortionary to the familiar. I like (liek?) "make" more than "maek". And no doubt it's easier for you too.

Another problem: what to do with the very short, ambiguous vowels, as in the word "trumpet" (trumpit, trumpat?). Your guess is as good as mine, tho I suggest that the familiar should be used, with variant spellings also accepted. No doubt there are many of you who are cringing or gnashing your teeth at my spellings. I can understand your objections. Still, might I respectfully refer you back to English in its current state of disassociation between the spoken and written word. Hopefully, this will renew some appreciation for my effort. If criticism persists, all I can say is: thank God I am not a critic! Therefore, I have attempted this.





Which leads me to another point: what is to be done with this poem? Naturally, if some or all of it is of use or interest, please use and expand on it. If it is useless, so be it. My greatest concern is that there might be some who **OBJECT** to it, who are offended or contradicted in their beliefs and opinions by my ideas. It is in the nature of our foolish species to attend to contradiction and intellectual war (to quote a friend) by destroying the offender and his works. And, indeed, in some cases this seems a reasonable response. The work of the notsee (nazi), the demagog, and the virulent bigot should have no place in this world. They pursue evil, and that must be expunged.

However, for the vast majority of Art, Science, and Philosophy, which is simply controversial, the act of its destruction then becomes the evil act. Concerning this specific poem, whatever its faults and errors, still, it is based on toleration, compassion, and a love of both the human and the Divine. Set it aside, ignore it, controvert it, condemn it if you will, but do not become monstrous and diseased. Do not destroy it. Leave that judgment to the Lor. No human is so holy as to commit (or condone) murder and walk away clean!





# FRAGMENZ OV THE INNONNA SIKEL

## Dumuzee at Praer

### I. Dumuzeez Derj

**O** I hav bin a shepperd.  
 "I fed my floks well.  
 "O I hav bin the sheep herd.  
 "My floks ar fat.

"Lamment for me, hu kareed the staff!  
 "Let yur kole be smeerd  
 "O muther hu baekt my bred.  
 "Lamment for me, hu kareed the loevz.  
 "I had 5 loevz; I had 10 loevz.  
 "O feeldz, o kannalz, lamment for me!

"Lamment for me hu drove the floks!  
 "Let yur handz trembel  
 "O fother hu stoeks the fiyer.  
 "Lamment for me hu held the seekrets.  
 "I had 5 forjez. I had 10 forjez.  
 "O pallassez, o tempelz, lamment for me!

"I broke wun lofe  
 "And sed the praerz.  
 "I bilt the doemd and mud brik forjez.  
 "I broke anuther  
 "With inkantatenz  
 "And reveeld the seekrets tu swetting formen.  
 "But now my uvvenz ar broken koeld,  
 "And the sordz and plowshaerz ar remoovd frum me!





“Hu iz this hu haz brot such evel?  
 “Hu iz this that maeks the land lamment?  
 “Hu iz this that haz broken my idelz  
 “And layz a sord tu the throet ov my chieldz?

“This iz the werk ov goedless soljerz!  
 “Theze ar the deedz ov areyanz!

“O Eya, Eya!  
 “The worryerz hu kame agenst me  
 “Did not eet levven bred.  
 “The areyanz hu kame agenst me  
 “Ate the kaeks I feed tu kine.  
 “O Ishtar, Ishtar!  
 “The bruets hu marcht agenst me  
 “Knu not the wiefs plezherz.  
 “The areyanz hu marcht agenst me  
 “Kuppeld az dogz in the feeld.  
 “O Enlil, Enlil!  
 “The kruel men hu struk me down  
 “Had never taested leek,  
 “Had never planted hektaerz,  
 “Had never kut liemstone  
 “Or layd a tempelz fownd!”

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## II. Dumuzeez Demize

**N**ow teerz streekt the kole down Ishtarz cheeks  
 But the serven did not lift a sleev tu thaer eyz.  
 Yet a pannek aroze  
 And hiz hows filld with frenzee  
 Wen Dumuzee kryd owt:

“Help me, o my wife  
 “Tu hide my 5 loevz.  
 “Help me, my Innonna  
 “Tu protekt owr saekred fiyer!





“Help me, o my serven  
 “Tu rezist the barber areyan.  
 “Help me, o my slaevz  
 “Tu disgize my tender chieldz.

“Take my toolz tu the feeldz ov hi grass.  
 “Take my toolz and skatter them pelmell.  
 “Take my throne;  
 “Konseel it in the marshez.  
 “Take my throne and lay it in the reedz.  
 “Take my idelz and my goedz frum the tempelz.  
 “Take them, thare, tu the abbandond sittee;  
 “Take the idelz that spoke ovr ressappeez,  
 “Gag them and lay them in my fotherz toomz.  
 “Take my chieldz and strip them ov thaer rayment,  
 “Fine linnen and brokade remove frum them.  
 “Konseel them, then, in the dwellingz ov thaer nursez,  
 “Protekt and hide them agenst my retern.  
 “Now, hide my Sol in the dichez ov Arrollee.  
 “Reveal not my plase tu the unkleen areyan.

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“If yu heed my suplikaten  
 “May yur chieldz bekum preests!  
 “If yu tern yur bak on me  
 “Yur chieldz shall slaev tu areyanz!”

Then Dumuzee fled tu the dichez ov Arrollee  
 Tu the baren kuntree ware the winter fludz gowj,  
 Az the liyon-hedded areyanz dessended on thaer rafts.  
 Frum the rivver thay roze tu hiz hows and hiz wife,  
 Tu hiz sister-wife hu waz hottee and prowld.  
 In thaer jawz thay touk her  
 And tosst thaer hedz,

*He lifts her in hiiz jawz  
 Tossing hiiz hed, pasing and snarrelling. – Levvel 1:2*

Then dragd her thru the street  
 And roerd:





“Giv us Dumuzee!”  
 “Giv us the wun hu haz 1 lofe,  
 “Hu haz 2 loevz, giv us him!”

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Then Innonna wept and slavverd down her chin  
 And not but gergellingz fild her throate.  
 The areyanz held kownsel.  
 Thay saw her. Thay feerd her.  
 Thay koud not understand.

Fienlee the smal wun sed tu the grate wun:  
 “Sins the dayz ov flud  
 “Wen woud a sister betray her bruther  
 “And wen a wife her huzband?  
 “Kum, then, let us deel wiezlee!”<sup>1</sup>

Then up thay roze tu hiz hows and tu hiz serven  
 And with the cheef ov hiz men thay barterd in sienz:  
 “We wil giv yu a wel in its wotter....”  
 He terned away.  
 “We wil giv yu a kow in its burden....”  
 He terned away.  
 “And we wil giv yu a feeld in its grane....”

Then the cheef serven, he pointed with hiz hand.  
 With the rite hand, the hand with 5 ringz,  
 He pointed tu the eest.  
 With the left hand, the hand ov 4 ringz,  
 He pointed tu the west.  
 With wun, he pointed tu the ruwenz,  
 The abbandond sittee.  
 With the uther he pointed tu the dwelling  
 Ware the serven huddeld.  
 Fienlee he pointed tu the gulleez  
 In the fouthilz north.

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<sup>1</sup>. Exodus, I,10.







Then the jakkel hedded wunz  
 Tor him appart and devowerd him.

Tu the eest thay rusht,  
 Tu the hi grass praree,  
 And reternd kareeing hiz toolz abuv thaer hedz.

Tu the west thay rusht,  
 Tu the lo bush swamps,  
 And reternd kareeing hiz throne abuv thaer hedz.

Tu the ruwend sittee thay rusht,  
 Tu hiz fotherz seppelkerz,  
 And reternd kareeing the goedz abuv thaer hedz.

Tu the servens hows thay kwiklee rusht  
 Ware chieldz and wimmen huddeld and wimperd,  
 And reternd kareeing hiz chieldz abuv thaer hedz,  
     Streng kordz arownd thaer neks,  
     Thaer armz bownd in fetterz.

Tu the fouthillz in the north thay rusht like thunder  
 Tu the gowjd owt gulleez, tu the krouked klefs,  
 And reternd kareeing a log abuv thaer hedz.  
 Tu it, Dumuzee, hiz legz bownd with katgut,  
 Hiz handz drivven thru with wejjez ov flint  
 Intu the rezzennus sipress.

Then Dumuzee raezd hiz vois in deth throeze.

Tu hiz bruther he kryd owt:

    “Wy hast thow forsaken?”

At hiz rivalz he hisst:

    “And yu soon wil be forgot!”

Tu hiz wife he kryd owt:

    “I am the wun hu gru the weet, and yu gru;

    “I am the wun hu fownd yur fase in klay;

    “I am the wun hu sterd yu with a kiss;





“I am the wun hu knu yur dans  
     “Tu karee yu off intu hevven.  
 “Chaenj my legz intu the nimbel ramz legz;  
 “Krown my hed with the prowld ramz hornz;  
 “Giv me the strenth tu brake the hunterz net.  
 “Let me eskape frum theez lumberring oxxen.”

Awl hiz serven herd the kruel lamment.  
 Thay herd the dry north wind  
 Wining thru the fouthillz.  
 Thay herd the kish-kish russelling  
 Ov leevz along the foutpathz.  
 Thay saw the hunter-king  
 Fawl owt ov the nite-time sky.

*Today I am nothing but a body  
 And you are a dream escaping,  
 Rising out of a fire. -- Level 3*

Thay saw the ram assend  
 Tu skip along the star-kragz.

*Somehow that ancient myth set you free. – Level 3*

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“Dumuzee haz eskaept!”  
 Hiz serven awl howl.  
 Now the bitter lamment iz thaerz. Thay say:  
 “He haz gon free  
 “Wile owr chieldz ar made slaevz by hiz kurs.”

*Thay wil say the rebbel goedz  
 Bilt thaer sitteez,  
 But it wuz thaer arkatteks and slaevz.  
 Thay wil leev this plase,  
     Sum az sofjerz,  
     Sum az exielz,  
     Sum az dogz,  
         Bak tu the wield,  
 And thay wil think  
 The wind haz drivven them owt.  
 But it iz Fater!  
 But it iz me! – Level 2*

On the chieldz ov hiz serven,  
 On the hand and on the forhed





The areyan haz bernd the mark ov the slaev.  
 On Dumuzeez own chieldz,  
 On thaer handz and thaer forhedz,  
 The areyan haz bernd the mark ov povverttee.



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## The Areyan Kame Down Like a Woolf On the Foeld

**W**e ar the woolvz  
 Kum down frum the mowntenz.  
**W**e ar the men  
 Hu kareed off yur goedz.

We kame tu devower  
 The goddess, the hor,  
 Innonna, the wun huze legz ar spred,  
 Innonna-Ishtar hu enlivenz the werldz.

*He is not yet aware that it is his Presense that has amplified  
 Erthia's Life with so much mor e power, beauty, and desire  
 than ever she possessed before. -- Comment*

Her we kame tu pozzess, tu maree.  
 Her we plaest uppon the throne.  
 Her we kareed uppon owr shoelderz.  
 Innonna, the hor,  
 The muther divvine.

We loukt up tu Innonna,  
     We hu wer lost,  
     Hu wer livving in a waest,  
 Tu her hu iz Wilfull  
     Az the liyon  
     Az the ass;

*I loukt down on Erthia  
 Erthia the lost wun,*

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*Ertha in the dust,  
Huze hart wuz wiefd  
Az the liyon  
Az the ass; -- Level 2*

Huze miend pennatraets  
Like the wind  
Like the flud;

We saw how unlike she wuz tu us  
And koud not take owr eyz frum her boddee.

*Huze miend wuz undirrekted  
Az the wind,  
Az the flud;  
And I saw how unlike she wuz tu me,  
And I reternd my gaze tu Fater. – Level 2*

We saw how unlike she wuz tu us  
And we ternd owr harts tu konker.



## Innonna Prepaerz Herself an Idel

... **R**itten the storee  
Ov my huzbandz demize,  
Him hu klaemd immorten knowen  
And iz ded and awl hiz tablets ar krak.

Like powder, like poizen  
Thay blo in the wind,  
And men breath it  
And choke blud.

Him! Hu wuns made grate dekreez.  
Now the pepel ar bent  
With the wate, like oxxen  
And awl the land sufferz grate dekrees.

Oenlee this tu tel: wen,  
In my armz he lay  
And he wuz enlarjd,





Awl the annallogz ov my luv  
 Swam in hiz vaenz, awl the goedz  
 Shot forth<sup>2</sup> taelz frum thaer mowthz.

*Your body was the myth,  
 I merging into it.  
 Your love was the liquor  
 I drank till my mind was swimming. – Level 3*

Then I knu wut luv wuz!

He woud reveel the ressappeez:

How tu tern wotter intu licker:  
 The sorsez ov fiyer  
 And how tu kal it frum roks;  
 Ov the wondering starz  
 And how tu leed them tu the fixt wunz;  
 Ov the littel goed  
 That livz in the grane  
     (That wun I luvd)  
 And how tu inspiyer hiz lust;  
 Ov making the skin imperrishabbel  
 With exkremment, ... and the muenz spittel  
 Wen she iz devowwer a verjen.

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He would say it like this, and the goedz woud repeet:

*Hiz superpoezing syensez:  
 Kemmistree ov glaez;  
 Luner predikten ov ekonnammee;  
 Sikollojee ov mannek depressen.*

The kiln<sup>3</sup> iz a tempel  
 And thare the tru  
 And the fewj ar parted;

*...A bride and grume  
 Entering a tempel ov red-glaezd brik.  
 The tempel bekumz a smoking kiln  
 Pakt with fiyer and saekred vesselz  
 And in it, howling, the luvverz. -- Level 1:1*

<sup>2</sup>  
<sup>3</sup>: The meaning here requires a word lacking in English, that clearly conveys both “grew” and “spoke.”  
 . Alternate translation: boddee.





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Wen the fiyer iz blu  
 Sireenz kan be herd  
 And it drawz the fenix neer,  
 But wen wite  
 The speren emits a hiss  
 And fawlz intu a slag.  
 Ware I have not blesst<sup>4</sup>  
 The soing ov oets<sup>5</sup>  
 A liyon wil prowl  
 And take mennee wievz in hiz jawz;

*He grabd her in hiz jawz,  
 Tossing hiz hed, pasing and snarrelling.  
 And he roerd in the nite;  
 It soundd like:*

*"Ar yu the sakrafise  
 "Or ar yu the preest?" -- Levvel 1:2*

And wen yu withhoeld  
 The harvest ov weet<sup>6</sup>

*-A political prediction:  
 There will be rebellion  
 Among the young captains,  
 And the wealthy landowners  
 Will suffer adultery  
 Or will even be usurped. -- Comment*

My gardz<sup>7</sup> in aenger  
 Wil prans ammung the liyonz;  
 Yur slaevz wil gro bold  
 And enter yur privat chaemberz.

And ov Me!  
 A golden idel wuz shaept!  
 On me the jeneratenz heept thaer praerz.  
 By me the littel goed gru in hiz loinz:<sup>8</sup>  
 Weet wuz abbunden,

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<sup>4</sup> Alternate meaning: attached to himself for taxation.  
<sup>5</sup> Alternate meaning: prostitution.  
<sup>6</sup> Alternate translation: yur verjen (or unmareed?) dotterz.  
<sup>7</sup> Alternate translation: annimma sperets.  
<sup>8</sup> Alternate meaning: borders were expanded or expanding.





Sordz wer sharp;  
 The bull in the north,  
 Hiz hornz wer yoekt tu a griendstone;

*Polaris centered in the celestial pole. – Comment*

The asp tu the west,

*Palestine or Egypt.  
 It is too early for Greece. -- Comment*

Hiz poizen ekstrakted, mennee dramz;<sup>9</sup>  
 The roks pord forth thaer preshus lickwedz;  
 The muenz dissapperenz<sup>10</sup> -- all! --

In my kontrol.

Then the ox frum the mowntenz  
 Broke hiz yoke.

*Ascendance of local economic power  
 Leading to military expansion. – Comment*

The areyan and hiz dogz charjd thru my streets,  
 Fowling my pallas and tempel.

*My fizzaikkel boddee!  
 My sperechewal boddeez! -- ??*

My goeld<sup>11</sup> he karryd intu forren landz,  
 My seekret werdz he brodkast.  
 He koppulated with, he torcherd  
 My idelz till thay kryd owt awl thaer majjek.

*The soothsayerz krittissiezd the old kingdem  
 And in aenger thay rusht frum the tempel.  
 Thay tor off thaer garlandz,  
 Spat ash frum thaer mowthz,  
 And kurst the broken idelz! -- Level 2*

And me he touk, Me!  
 Me he made tu lay in hiz stawl

*In the collapze the last vestiges of matriarchal power are  
 stripped. – Comment*

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<sup>9</sup> Possible reference to tribute paid. Or to medicinal technology?  
<sup>10</sup> Due to rain, or eclipse, or, less clearly, menstruation.  
<sup>11</sup> . Or: Goedz.





Az if it wer a bed.  
 My legz he spred, Mine!  
 Ptu! My puretee also he robd!

Dumuzee he fownd  
 And woud hav gord him,  
 But with my majjek  
   I chaenjd hiz legz tu streng ramz legz;  
   I dru owt hiz krown intu long ramz hornz;  
   I inkreest hiz blud;

*Time reverses every image:  
 You were my mother and I held you  
 Till I grew weak in your arms. – Level 3*

And he broke frum the pole  
 Ware thay hung him.  
 He fled and abbandond me.  
 Neether woud he retern.

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Dumuzee sprung forth and never reternd  
 And I, insted, thay hav gord.  
 Louk at me!  
 On my forarm  
   And my thi  
 Thay hav kut the mark a defilen.



## Mor Sherdz and Broken Tablets

*In the morning we walked thru the ashes  
 And discovered the bones of beasts. – Level 3*

**G**hen Ertha loukt at me  
 Skeptikkel yet bating me tu kum tu her ade,  
 Her deziyer eroded by insekkurittee

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







Like the land

Az the summer heet baerz down  
 And the plaenz ar skorcht  
 And the branchez ov treez trembel  
 Not by wind -- thare iz no wind --  
 But heet konvektenz,  
 The same az make the distent mowntenz  
 Seem tu rize in smoke.

*What ails ye,  
 O ye mountains,  
 That ye skip like rams? – Psalm 114*

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A land oprest, ware

The stumbelling sheep kan fiend no paschur  
 And even yung liyonz suffer with hungerz,  
 That a goud rane iz lacking  
 And a vois ov thunder cannot be herd.  
 The dayz ov re-nuwel ar utterlee forgot,  
 The drizzel ov winter,  
 The frute in time ov spring,  
 Strikken frum memmer  
 Az if thay wer not,  
 Az if thay woud not rekur.

Az the land, so Ertha.

She koud not remember her deziyer,  
 Koud not feel the Luv so resentlee exprest,  
 Koud not peers the haze thikkening in her blud,  
 Tu rekawl her yueth, the time  
 Befor don, befor I arrievd,  
 Wen she wuz abjekt, degraaded,  
 Nuthing but a kween ov jackelz.

*Az if they wer smoke  
 Frum a smoldering fiyer  
 Her thots drifted frum that wilderness. -- Level 1:1*

She sed:

“That iz wut I hav sufferd!  
 “And yursel?  
 “Wy du yu withhoeld yursel?”

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“Yu say that yu ar a gode,  
 “That yu hav kum tu help me;  
 “Then stop yur wide-eyd staring  
 “And restor me!  
 “Make me aggen an idel  
 “Beside yursel!”

But with her mowth she meerlee mermerd:

“Wy du yu withhoeld?”  
 “Prepare ov yursel an idel  
 “And be my goed!”

And I:

“Innonna, yu hav missunderstood.  
 “I am not the Lor, I am not Goed.  
 “I am oenlee here tu awaken yu tu Them.  
 “Az for myself, perhaps it iz tru,  
 “Perhaps I have nuthing tu looz.  
 “I kame down tu yu,  
     “The yung, the wield wun,  
     “Skwatting in the dust;  
     “Yu, rizen frum the flesh ov beest.  
 “And I? Frum the Moment ov Aturna Bliss,  
 “Frum the Prezzens ov owr Gode I kame,  
 “And feerfullee beheld yu, the divvine apparriten!  
 “I wunderd wy I feerd;  
     (I wuz so niyeve.)  
 “The neerer I approecht, the mor the Vois  
 “Ov owr Goed dimminisht;  
 “And az I hav merjd myself in yur boddee  
 “The sertentee ov the Lor  
 “Haz altugether seest!  
 “Wut hav I feerd, and  
 “Wy hav I withheld? Indeed!”

But I sed with my mowth:

“I am not the Lor.





“I am not a Goed.  
 “This yu must shorlee kno!”

But Ertha:

“Wen the pare fawlz frum the tree  
 “I eet and I kawl the tree a pare tree.  
 “Wen I kut the sheevz ov weet  
 “And griend it down tu flowwer  
 “It iz bred I eet, and I am full.

“Wen the rivver rizez and the flud duz rush  
 “Wave by wave, and man by man  
 “The praerful kum and pray with me,  
 “Till my wume beginz tu gro;  
 “For this iz winter and theze ar supleyents.

“Wen a king, a goed ov my pepel,  
 “Taeks me intu hiz kort  
 “So that, wen I speak  
 “Awl the land obayz me,  
 “Then wut am I, if not a Kween?

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“And wut ar yu then,  
 “Liting my eyz with vizhenz,  
 “Filling my eerz with prommis,  
 “Speeking werdz yu say ar the Goedz.  
 “Wut ar yu then, but a Goed?”

“And wut ar yu but a chield!  
 “(I mussent forget!)  
 “A bewtafful chield; a feersum chield;  
 “A chield full ov trubbel,  
 “Desperratt and konfuezd; but for awl that,  
 “Wun hu wuz givven a Task,  
 “And wun hu wuz givven a Purpos!

“Like the Red See and the Reed See,  
 “Like the Ded See and the Middel See





“Awl thingz flo intu yu.  
 “The Lorz Ey haz glanst uppon yu  
 “And yu ar givven Onner!

*The Lorz wate haz fawlen on me  
 And I am filld with trubbel. -- ??*

“And now my milkee likwid haz opend  
 “The passij intu yur Sol  
 “And thru it a holee chield iz passing,  
 “A reverben tu the wirlid.

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“But, tho awl thingz may kum tu yu,  
 “Still, yu ar not awl thingz.  
 “Tho yu be the turbolen See,  
 “Yu ar not the serj that disterbz yu  
 “Nor the rivver that impregz yu.  
 “Tho yu be the muther ov a holee chield  
 “Yet, yu needz not be holee yursel.

“And so it iz with me.  
 “Frum Atterna Moment I kum,  
 “A Divine Ideya formd in infinnit sereez,  
 “Now klowded by theze Ellemments:

“Ware yu see 4 or 104,  
 “I see a spektrum, kontinnuwus;  
 “Ware yu see a boddee,  
     Armz, eyz, breth, a beeting hart,  
 “I see vort within vortex.

“I am nuthing but a spark  
 “And yu ar a dreem ov fiyer.

*I am nothing but a body  
 And you are a dream escaping. – Level 3*

“Wen I leep and yu ignite

*Wen yu kum az I am leeving – ??*

“Then yu wil glorree  
 “In yur Purpos and yur Task,  
 “Werdz that now seem mistikkel or foolish.”

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But Ertha oenlee herd wun thing:

“And how du yu kno  
 “Yu hav pord a chield intu me?”

On the suthern horrizen  
 Mowntenz gray and blak, with vilet under-toenz  
 Heevd up az if frum owt the grownd  
 And mownted tuwordz the zenith,  
     Az if an armee,  
         Or the dust ov an armee  
         Blak and threttening  
         Rizing in pillerz frum a forst march.

Then a thunder kame rumbling  
     Like the mermer ov lejenz  
     Chanting, a distent aenger.

Then owt ov theze mowntenz  
 Ov blak and pregnen klowdz --  
 Down! lept the jagged and pulsing sparks  
 With hissez and kracking explodenz.  
 Now the hole sky joind in the furee  
 And the wind broke frum its chaenz  
 With a skreem and a blast  
 Az it tor the branchez off treez  
 And the shutterz off trembelling howzez.

Then finallee the rane kame pelting  
 And the hale like arrowz full ov venj,  
 Till the feeldz ov krustee mud  
 Wer streekt with torrents.  
 The wawlz ov mud brik howzez sagd  
 And roovz gave way

    Az the armee ov klowdz overran the land.

*I am the wun hu gru the weet.*

*I am the wun hu klenzd yur fase.*

*I am the wun hu stird yu with a kiss.*

*And I hu maeks yu dans. – Levvel 1:3*

But the pepel did not kry owt in terror





*Dumuzee, Dumuzee*  
*We ar enslaevd by yur kurs!*<sup>12</sup> -- *Levvel 1:3*

Or bite thaer lips, or hide and pray.  
 Rather, thay sang owt songz ov joy  
 And feested awl nite and danst.  
 Arownd the tuemz ov the rezzerrekten goedz,  
     The wunz hu leev and then retern,  
 Thay draenk the fomee barlee wine;  
 Thay unrapt thaer terbenz and remuevd thaer skarvz;  
 Untied thaer roebz and slipt frum thaer skerts;  
 And then thay danst and knu plezher.

Now the sezen ov planting had kum  
 And hope rezuemd  
 And the memmeree ov joy reternd.

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Az Elmallah wotcht  
 Nite aggen spred her armz  
 Slolee arownd the sky  
 And Erthaz chieldz dessended  
 Intu the bouzem ov the plaenz  
     Az a sukling chield,  
     Rapt in its blankets,  
     Merjez intu its muther.

I touk ahold ov Erthaz handz  
 And jentlee pulld her kloser.  
 I gaezd,  
 Evree detael fixing in my site:  
     The way her lips slolee opend  
     Az if she wer trying tu speak;  
     Eech inhale and exhale --  
     Vermillyen and pale blu swerling, --  
     The fiyer<sup>†3</sup> in,

<sup>12</sup>  
<sup>13</sup>: Lamentation at the advent of summer, the hot, dry season.  
 . Oxygen.





The smoke<sup>14</sup> owt;  
 The strandz ov haer  
 Undun frum tite braedz and tangeld;

*I tern'd awway  
 But agen loukt bak.  
 Her tangeld hare wuz kut and koemd;  
 Her hed wuz bownd in kloth. – Levvel 1:1*

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Her eyz like kabbazhonz ov topaz  
 Staring intu my oen,  
 Asking, demanding, a thowsend voisez and kwestyenz.

Then intu Erthaz magnettek shaddoez  
 Elmallah kast a new lite:  
 Irradiyen bandz in the sky,  
 Sexxuel tranzformz ov the Sol  
 That thay wer kreyating by livving.

And I sed:

“Hoeld me and lay with me  
 “That we bekum wun for an instant  
 “Here on this stark prommintor.  
 “And in that moment let us go down,  
 “Yu and me, down in yur Sol,  
 “Tu meet yur chieldz down thare.  
 “Let us brush agenst<sup>15</sup> them  
 “Tu see the louks on thaer fasez  
 “And the dert grownd intu thaer handz;  
 “Tu see how the sterringz ov yur blud  
 “Even trivviyal moeshunz,  
     “Like the sweep ov a brume  
     “That sterz up eddeez ov dust,  
 “Drievz yur chieldz forwerd and bak,  
     “Like the mune inspiyering the wotterz  
     “Tu rize and fawl, hevvee breths, at her bekken.”

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<sup>14</sup>

<sup>15</sup> CO<sub>2</sub>

. This is either ironic understatement, or is poorly translated.





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Then I felt her softness agenst me,  
The faent trembling,  
Az her lips lietlee drifted over mine,  
The moest dellikkat tuchez, ...  
A cheek baerlee tuching a cheek...



# END OV LEVVEL 1 PART 3

