

THE SONG
OV
ELMALLAHZ
KUMMING
LEVVEL 1, PART 5:
THE FAWL
OV HELLOWEEZ

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CONTENTS

Poem	Page
Some Terminology	III
Swooning Allong the Kurvacherz	1
Down tu a Singel Sell	
I.	6
II.	7
III.	7
Hu Ar Theze Men that Tok About Trueth?	
I. Abballar Muzez on a Chaen ov Illuzhenz	8
Livving in Multapul Moments	9
Swooning Along the Kurvacherz ov Time	11
Hu Ar Theze Men that Tok About Trueth?	
II. Praezing the Devvel	12
Seekret Lay tu Helloweez	13
With a Grate Storm He Filled Me	14
Livving in the Divvine Moment	15
A Bouk ov Owrz and Dayz	
By Helloweez, Abbess ov the Paraklete Konvent	
I. Mattinz: Rezzerrekten	16
II. None: Offeringz and Feest	17
III. Vesperz: Wocherz ov the Nite	18
IV. Kompline: Protekterz in the Nite	19
How Long?	20
Broken Vessel, I.	22
Broken Vessel, II.	24
Refrane... Pleze	25
The Werld Dissolvd in a Teerdrop	25
How Kan I Forget?	27
I Remember a Time	29
Kostek Niter, Nostek Niter	31
Hu Ar Theze Men Hu Tok About Trueth?	
III.	31





The Song ov Elmallahz Kumming

Levvel 1, Part 5

The Fawl ov Helloweez

Some Terminology

You! My leaders who follow me! You, my readers! You, who have come so far. You, who have chosen a good and a difficult path. I am glad, I am honored to be among you!

You! My reader! Since you are not fully resident in my mind, and since neither of us are fully aware of what our thoughts mean and imply, perhaps I should lay out some partial definitions of terms and ideas that I have been using, and that you have been so valiantly interpreting.

Elmallah. Would you like me to define Elmallah? Don't be ridiculous! Isn't "messenger of God" sufficient? Oh. I see. Okay, maybe I can lay out some approximate genetic horizons. Who is this messenger of God? There have been historic models: Moses, the Hebrew prophets, Gautama, Jesus, Muhammed, to name a few. But part of my purpose is to differentiate the messenger from the man or woman. When the envoy rides up to the king with urgent news, the king doesn't turn to the horse the envoy is riding and say, "Speak, oh carrier of the message; tell me the news!" In such a case the horse would be forced to respond, "Neigh, not I! The messenger is my burden!" And if the king were to listen to the envoy and then cut off his head, he would again have erred, mistaking the describer of reality for reality itself. Because the envoy has been shorn of his head does not mean that reality has been shorn of its fearful face. This, of course, was the source of Theodora's disillusion. The reality she mythologized (Justinian) was cruel because it lacked precisely what she thought it carried with it (i.e., divinity). Indeed, this is a fatal flaw with all messianism. A messenger can bring good news, but that does not mean the good news is hard on his heels, and soon, or ever, to be. The messenger is not the changer of reality, as is all too obvious. Those for whom the message is intended, are the ones who are meant to change reality.

Therefore, I do not call Elmallah a messiah, nor attempt to portray him (or preferably, but conceptually harder, "them") in that role. Enough of that has already been done. Alternatively, one might seek literary



antecedents in the persona of Elijah, or of the “advocate” who is always available to the “soul” in distress, especially the distress at the “moment of Judgment”. Here we come closer to Elmallah, in that we see him (them) appearing continually in and out of history. Along these lines, I might suggest Philip Dick’s Valis trilogy, especially book 2, The Divine Invasion.

Finally, I would like to suggest that Elmallah is only one of many messengers. Indeed, there may be one for each person on this planet, each waiting to present his/her/their message at the opportune moment, should it arise.

“Soul” and its heightened form, “Sol” is another problematic term, since it carries so much historical baggage. The truth is, one can barely get to the train, the platform is so piled up with baggage! And if one were so foolhardy as to start inspecting the baggage (What are you, a self-acclaimed customs official?) one would be astonished at how many cans of worms have been packed up and are ready to go anywhere! So why do you want to open up my bag too?! Oh yes, I forgot. I said I’d show you mine, hoping you’d show me yours.

This is what mine looks like, sometimes: Well known in the human nervous system, and in all vertebrates, is a web-work of nerves at the base of the brain called the “reticular activating system.” It is the central gateway between the body and the brain, shaping the nature of our arousal and awareness of the world, both in sleep and waking. Our most general responses to the world are structured here. At the opposite extreme of brain function (but with direct connections to the reticular activating system) is the Sol, a vastly more complex, integrating-response system. As my friend and co-worker Willm B. put it, “the senses are the five inlets to the Soul in this age”. The Soul’s ultimate function is to direct and accelerate the sensual and spiritual evolution of the species. It has been partially described by such terms as the “genius of a person,” and the “higher body.” As such, it has a curious similarity to Elmallah.





THE FAWL OV HELLOWEEZ

Swooning Along the Kurvacherz

Theyodorra lay on her bed, benummd
 Frum exxosten ov emoshennel diskor.
 She lay with her armz krosst on her chest
 Az she woud in deth, in a kase ov stone.

Ertha opend her eyz. She staerd
 For a moment at the ultra-vilet globe
 In wich she lay; a bewtafful pattern
 Ov liets surrownding. “Starz,” she reyaliezd.
 Her etherek boddee pulst, florressen.

Beside her Elmallah stoud, louking down,
 Werree, kompashen, joy in hiz eyz.

Theyodorra opend her eyz. Az if
 The sunrize had not yet begun; the werld
 Wuz blurd, shadoez hung like nietmaerz.
*Az if thay wer smoke
 Frum a smoldering fiyer... – Levvel 1:1*

Her thots drifted in konvolving eddeez.
 Her miend in superpozing boddeez

Justinneyan stoud abuv her skowling.
 He muevd and disappeared in the tennuwus lite.
 Theyodorra, grippt with revulzhen and feer,
 Lay, unnabel tu stir or make a sownd.

25

Hors, Ertha wisperd, “How kan this be?
 “A moment aggo I had been abbandend
 “Tu a werld, a prizzen, an opake boddee





“Huze bowndreez, huze wawlz koud not be breecht;
 “A karben web that koud not be torn
 “Withowt destroying the life it restraend.”

“Ertha, Ertha, in mennee boddeez
 “Livz the Sol ov the Lor and its hewman sensez.
 “Az the siv filterz sand; az kurtentz kut lite;
 “Az the boddee akts az a sheeth tu thot,
 “Restrikting superpozing lievz and werldz;
 “Yet eech filter iz permeyabbul.

“Yu ar still passing thru Theyodorra
 “Tho her werld groez dim and her thots dissolv
 “In yur hiyer perseptenz, like salt in wotter.
 “She iz not destroyed, but interleeving.
 “And within Theyodorra dwellz Innonna,
 “And within Innonna the dissolved beingz
 “Kannot be distingwisht frum your awtonommek self.”

Haf heering, Ertha gaezd at Elmallah,
 Joy and releef washing over her fase
 Like waevz in tide run, a slow immersen.
 Behind hiz eyz a spirel ov starz
 Wer terning, surrownding hiz hed like a krown.

50

 Az if she wer lasht tu her bed, arching,
 Aggenst her roeps, straening, fureyus
 Tossing her hed from side tu side,
 Still Theyodorra koud not withstand
 The tiedz, and sank beneeth the waevz.

The spirel ov starz irrezistablee spinz,
 Owtstreching its armz in the dans ov ajez,
 Behiend Elmallah, a jyant vortex
 Sentering arownd hiz etherek shaedz.
 “Yu hav always been here,” Ertha fienlee mermerd,
 “Tho time had passt and yu wer gon.





“Now kumming tu see yur shape in awl shaeps
 “Yur thot in awl Thot, yur luv that endorz.
 “My yeerz allone have tellaskoept
 “Tu a moment, have dissappeerd and ar gon,
 “Like a grane ov salt dizzolvd in the see.”

Tho the moshen ov the mereyad starz seemd randem,
 Az Elmallah muevd, so thay tuu muevd,
 A dimend korrora tu hiz silluwet;
 Or perhaps it wuz he konforming tu the sky.

“I am alwayz being, I am always reterning,
 “I am alwayz at thresh ov the Moment ov Bliss.
 “Yu ar alwayz krying, yu ar alwayz dying
 “Yu ar alwayz in need and rezisten my help.
 “Wen I hoeld yu, yu fade intu annuther boddee.
 “Wen I tuch yu, iz it assid, iz it ise I will feel?
 “How kan I make yur prezzens harmonek?
 “Wut yur eyz see, wut yur miend knoez,
 “It chaenjez in yur alkemmekkel moodz.”

75

“Not so! Yu ar kruwel! Yu meerlee make exkuse
 “For yur lak ov luv for me and my werld.
 “Yu hav kum heer, yu say, tu lift me up,
 “Tu leed me owt ov my artiffis ov babbel,
 “Tu press a messij intu my blud¹.

I will put my teaching into their inmost being, and inscribe it upon their hearts.

– Yermeyahu 31:33

“But du yu lift me, or am I raezd?
 “A moment aggo I lay suspended
 “In an ultra-marrene dome ov lite.
 “Now it unjulaets in a brilllyent arrorra,
 “Fraktelling spirelz ov sinnabbar and goeld.

¹. In a modern setting she would have been more accurate and said "jeenz".





“Wut wuz wuns a sky, and meerlee a sky
 “Had bekum an intrakket, dazzling mozayek,
 “But now aggen it haz darkend and dulld.”

In oppressiv sleep Theyodorra moend.
 Swetting beneeth her velvet kwilts
 She koud not wake up; she koud not even tern.

Like a distent sittee, seen long aggo,
 Like a plase deskriebd in an aenshent powem,
 Like a straenj land in a straenj dreem,
 Ertha rememberd Theyodorra.
 She shudderd and ternd bak tu Elmallah.

100

“Am I uther than wut yur Lor kreyated?
 “Dizzolvd intu Naecher and fawlowing its kontorz
 “I kling tu the freedem tu think and tu akt.
 “And with that freedem I hav tryd tu chaenj
 “A werld that iz harsh. Ware I hav faeld,
 “The ellements prevael and I am tranzmuted;
 “I am batterd; I am skarrd; I am klose tu ruwin.
 “But in my struggel at leest I am free.
 “And woud yu withhoeld my freedem tuu?”

“Wut iz the freedem that I mite withhoeld?
 “Duz a meteyer taring thru the sky hav freedem?
 “Duz the sun in its serkelz or the unrulee wind?
 “Deskribe the freedem ov the timmid deer
 “Hiding from the woolf. Or the silent hunter
 “Hungree and bending thru the bloing sno.
 “And my oen krooked path inside this darkness...
 “Tell me wut du yu need tu be free?
 “Then tell me how I mite giv it tu yu.”

“Doent tell me nuthing iz free in this wer!
 “If that wer so, wy hav yu kum?
 “I never konsidderd wy befor,





125

“But yu hav shoed me: Luv, Saekred Luv!
 “Yu hav torn a vale frum akross my eyz,
 “And my Sol haz opend tu a vast reflekten.
 “This yu hav dun! Kreyated my purpos!
 “Then you take it and say it wuz nevver thare!

“Duz the bee reflekt uppon hiz stashen
 “And deside if he will gather hunnee?
 “But the beeten dog may fienlee revolt
 “And flee tu the forrest, tu be wield aggen.
 “How much mor ar we made free,
 “Hu kan speek with yu; hu kan hoeld yur luv?

“But now yu lay annotherz thots,
 “Annotherz sinz intu my Sol,
 “And say, “This tuu iz yurz. And mor!’
 “But I say, ‘No! I will not karee!’
 “Take this Theyonorra frum me!
 “My steps ar not my oen enneemor.
 “Like a mule yu lode me till I fawl.”

“Ertha, wut yu say iz tru.
 “Yu hav sed it tu me; I’ll repeet it tu yu,
 “And it will be like a bouk in yur Sol.
 “In eech ov yur ajez yu will studdee a porshen
 “Ov this treetis that I will kawl Yes and No².

150

“In eech ov yur ajez yu will diskuvver
 “That yu ar not free, and yes yu ar.
 “The werl iz like a vizhuwel trik:
 “Yu kan see the staerwell az if frum abuv,
 “Or frum belo wen yu bleenk yur eyz.
 “Freedem iz but a twist ov perspektiv.
 “Ware yu ar iz hard but fixt;
 “Yur destinnaten iz wut iz at risk.”

². One of the volumes of this treatise was written in realtime by Abalard. He also named his Yes and No.





For moments and ajez Ertha ponderd; then:
 “Ware tu Elmallah? And how?”



Helloweez felt a pervasiv joy.
 Even az she slept she felt her immerzhen.
 She knu a marvellus wunder had okkerd,
 Like an aenjel dessending and filling her Sol.
 She opend her eyz az she had a hundred tiemz
 That nite, and beheld Abballar sleeping...

Elmallah sleeping. And Ertha neerlee gaspt
 In her plezzher and amaze, and deziyer renued.
 The dreem ov werldz roelld thru her miend
 And she the revolgen in its n-dimmenshenz.

Helloweez roelld over in her dreem ov joy
 Wile Abballar kisst her nek and arm.
 Joy! Intens joy! immerst her sleep,
 But she woke, alone, lockt in a konvent.



Down tu a Singel Sell

I.

175

Bhare iz no sleep, oenlee alterd staets
 “Ov despaer twisted with figments ov joy.
 “Thare ar dreemz, and thare iz eskape frum dreem
 “In deeper dreemz, in tanjent dreemz.
 “Lievz thay ar, inhabbitting ower boddeez,
 “Boddeez allive with independent thots.





“Wut iz happening? Huze feelingz ar theze?
 “Iz this a konvent or iz it Abballarz rume?
 “The kurtenz that hang akross the windo:
 “Ar thay hevvee velvet, or aeree like lase?
 “Am I heering the dreeree chants ov nunz
 “Or singing ov students, and mandorinz?

And Ertha loukt up, at Elmallah floting
 In a hazee immij hi on a kleff.
 Exxostyen swept akross her thots
 With paen and its opeyate, deeper sleep.

II.

Helloweez roelld over and kerld behiend
 Abballar, and lietlee ran her fingerz
 Over hiz thiez. She felt the soft haer,
 The sinnuwee musselz, the ruff skin.
 It wuz awl plezzher. She roelld over aggen.

Aggenst her brests the kors gown skracht.
 The damp stone wawl sent deddenning chillz
 Intu her back. She tryd tu muve
 But the tinee kot, strung with kordz
 Ov jute, wuz suted oenlee for a jael.
 She kwyetlee wept, shivering and bitter.
 The ferst bellz raeng, 4 a.m.;
 Shuffling ov feet began in the hawlz.

A vois wisperd, “It iz time tu wake.
 “Kast off yur dreemz; thro bak the kurtenz.
 “It iz morning. I addor yu. Let us make luv!”

III.

Ikan feel hiz lips uppon my nek;
 “Hiz hand between my legz; aenjelz
 “Urjing me on, the Divvine Song
 “Kreshendowing intu the Moment ov Bliss.





“Then how kan I endure this baren kloister,
 “Its owerz and ajez ov futil praer,
 “‘Preparing the hart tu stand befor Gode;’
 “And the maddenning, slo, monnottonnus chant
 “That klaemz tu lift the Sol tu hevven.
 “I hav alreddee bin thare! This iz not the way!

“ “If I wer a graepvine, and he plukt my frute,
 “Hiz fingerz fondelling eech sukkulent grape,
 “How koud I kontaen my ekstattek tranzport?
 “If my hart wer the see then evree wave
 “Woud brake on the shor with the song ov him.
 “Hiz vizzij mingelz in the werl arownd me,
 “ “Twisted, like wool iz twisted intu thred,
 “And woven in the varee fabrek ov my hart.”

225



Hu Ar Theze Men that Tok About Trueth?

I. Abballar Muzez on a Chaen ov Illuzhenz

For evree sin thare iz a rekkening.
 Frum evree krime, justis bendz
 Allong a tanjent. Theze the responsen
 Tranzmitten frum the Lor, thru Thaer jennerratenz,
 Down tu Elmallah, and frum him yet down
 Tu the chieldz ov Ertha. In Erthaz kontraks
 The sensez fade, the werld intu a globe,
 The impulsen ov konshtents iz braken and deokay.

The werl dissapaets frum kawz intu effekts,
 But in abbee and lysee thoz kroking peddents
 Try tu draw a singel straet line between.
 Tiyersum drivvel tu avvoid sensher!
 Like children dallying among thaer idel thots,





Thay string together lojjeek like a reeth ov dazeez,
A chaen of illuzhenz, then thay strut like kocks.

Postulats abownd for evree sort ov kawz;
Postulat and theerem and Q.E.D.
But thaer pruefs imply an infinnit regress.
Nun kan trulee see bakwerd frum effekts.



250

Living in Multapul Moments

O, I hav bin a messijjer;
I travveld varee far.
O, I hav bin a messijjer;
My home beyond the star.

Sing yur mornfull plaents
 Oh Aenjelz in the star ringz.
Let yur kurrij waver
 Oh yu advokats still in hevven.
Chant yur plodding dirjez
 Oh ellemmentel sperets.
I had 5 dimmshenz, I had 1000 vertasseez.
Oh mennee-boddeed Aenjelz, despaer for me.

The messij wuz my purpos;
The Lor gave the kommand.
Kompelld, I went tu Ertha;
Her Life wuz in my hand.

Sing yur mornfull plaents
 For me hu krosst the border.
Let awl yu kno be doutd
 Oh yu hu sing the werlz.
Sing yur dreeree dirjez
 Till yur werdz tern intu dust.





I had a vizhen and 1000 sensez.
 Oh Moment ov Bliss, sing owt tu me.

275

But wut duz it meen tu be a messijjer,
 And wut du I say wen I kum tu the dor?
 I enter a dark passij;
 Straenj wisperz surrownd me.
 I thot I knu my messij,
 But its meen iz chaenj for shor.

I hu spannd the ajez
 Am lokt in 3 dimmenshenz,
 Liv by dayz and minnits,
 Am redest tu breth-by-breth,
 And deziyer iz my gide.

O Fater, O Fater
 Frum the senter ov yur Konshents
 The werld appeerd tranzparent.
 Frum the senter ov yur vizhen
 Ertha seemd so neer!
 Swift, I woud dessend tu her,

 Yur klaertee my kumpass;
 The kruwel men woud drop thaer sords,
 The vishus wunz thaer haetred,
 Tu Yu woud Ertha bend her neez,
 And awl her tungz make ommij.

300

Now tell me wut it meenz tu be a messijjer!
 And tell me wut it meenz tu be a man!
 Take me down the passij intu Erthaz hart,
 Then sho me how tu retern tu my Lor.
 For I am lost and thare iz no kler way.

It iz I must fill the kuntreeside with hope;
 Wil I then allow that hope tu dy?





It iz I hu must kast off Addomz vaelz
I tu open the unknoen sensez.

O Ertha, O Ertha,
Abzorb'd intu yur pashen
The werl iz bekum like a foggee beech.
Ware iz the Sol and ware ar yu
Hidden in the dens and dreemlike vaperz?



Swooning Along the Kurvacherz ov Time

Ov Abballar:
Hiz thots fell intu dissarray.

Az seeside klefs ar shorn by tempest,
And helplesslee, hoeplesslee sink in the see
Abballar tuu koelapsez and sinks,
Down, down, intu hiz Sol, intu plasez
Ware rezen faelz, ware sensashen iz a frakcherz
Like Brittaneez shor, an infinnitlee wondering line
Between land and see, now powned by waevz,
Now polisht by irregguler slerree ov brakerz,
No mor regguler for awl its detaelz eraest.

325

Hiz eyz wonder tu the klowdz, hi and thin,
Streaking the sky with formless patternz...
"Thare must be a way tu fokus,
"Tu grasp the repeeting order."
But no! The sky rezists hiz fokus;
Kurrents ov aer klash and thro back
Klowd, like waevz batterd on a bulkhed.
"Iz it a werld beyond, or iz it my Sol?"

He peerz az eevning sinks intu nite.
The skarlet spatterd sky groez charkoel.





Beyond the klowdee vale he kalkulaets
 Starz chaend tu a fixt rownd
 And starz granted the leeway tu wonder
 Just a littel. And beyond? Kristellen gloebz
 Revolving in gloebz? Stormee hevvenz?
 Lite boiling in jagged dimmenshenz,
 An irrashennel border obskuring the Lor?



Hu Ar Theze Men that Tok About Trueth?

II. Praezing the Devvel

Thay say thare iz oenlee wun path tu Trueth,
 And the Greeks diddent kno it, and its lost tu the Jew.
 Thay say the existen ov the Lor iz proovd,
 And the Pope woks with Gode, just wun step remoovd.

I say thay kno nuthing; thay ar arrogant duffs!
 Self-serving minnisterz huze belleez ar stufft;
 Like piglets sukling at a fat sowz teets,
 At Muther Cherch thay grovvel and kompeet.
 Thay get porrij and deklare it hote kwizzeen.
 Ware thay gather moest, thare it's moest unkleen.

Thay withhoeld thaer sexxuvel prowess for the Lor
 Tu enhans thaer lojjeek till it haz no refuten.
 But thoze that wer not impotent befor,
 Ar uniks wen I hav end the disputen.
 It iz chieldz play tu disembowl thaer klaemz,
 Tu twist thaer lojjeek tu a hangmenz noos,
 Tu leed them tu the galloez, so bliend, so lame,
 Then set them swinging. Its like ringing a goos.

Trulee, it greevz me tu see ower Lor
 So dimminisht by theze offishus borz.





He hu kame down tu the werl tu raze us,
How kan he enter such narro dorz?



Seekret Lay tu Helloweez

Livd, az in a waestland,
A land the liyon wokt.
I livd, az in a waestland,
And the leen merrawder stokt.

In the Shatto livd a maed;
Her rume abbov a pallissade.

375

Ammung the rockee passez
I kliemd, az in a dreem.
Abbu me on an owtkrop
A paer ov goeld eyz gleemd.

By her windo in a towwer
She reedz and marks the owwer.

I ternd az if tu flee him
But he lept intu my path.
No matter ware I ternd
I koud not eskape hiz rath.

Madenz lafter fillz the skware
But her smile haz no kompare.

Az if I wer hiz bootee,
The liyon lifted me;
And in hiz jawz he klencht me,
And pranst moest hottalee.

*And Ertha, hu layz heer –
Ertha layz here! –*





*Slumpty on the grownd,
The liyon lifts in hiz jawz,
Tossing hiz hed, pasing and snarrelling still.
– Levvel 1:2*

We nietlee meet with wiold embrace.
Ower luv iz holee, full ov grase.

400

My life, as if a karkas,
Gru rank and fell appart.
Beests tor, and kroez plukt at
My joyless preestlee hart.

Aenjelz grujjinglee extoel
The plezzherz that renew ower Sol.

tu H. frum A.



With a Grate Storm He Filled Me

And then I wuz livving by a dreeree see,
In a tinee kassel on a chokkee klef.
The plase wuz home tu rude pezzents
And a krude master, jelluslee garding me.

Ammung theze mennee, I wuz varee allone.
Sepperat and yet I didnt kno wy.
Wun eevning a ship saeld past the koest
Hedding intu the setting sun.

*Elmallah:
Louk! It kumz. The ship I envizhend,
Saling frum Athenz tu Bizzanteyum.
“That iz the wun that will karree us down
“Intu yur hewman boddeez.
“Ertha, yu must sawlo me down tu the see.”
– Levvel 1:4*





425

The master sed, "Thaerz serten ruwin thare."
 And awl the servents grunted like swine.
 Disgusted at thaer ignorrens I rusht owtside;
 I kliemd the towver and wacht it sael on.

That nite a storm dessended frum the north,
 Battering the kassel like a fist uppon ower dor.
 I hung a beeken for the ship in an alkove
 Then kliemd down the klefs, in the isee raen.

The wind belloed. The see engorjd
 Like a monster ravishing the helpless shor.
 The kassel, perching on the chokkee klef
 Slid intu the see; a heep ov rubbel.

Delereyus, wide-eyd, I wocht the don
 Blanch the sky. Frum the stunnd beechez
 A man approeht. Kross-armd he waeted
 For me tu lift myself frum the grownd.

Then I woke. I kno that man iz yu,
 Abballar. Yur luv dessended in a storm
 And levveld my home. Nuthing remaenz
 Eksept ower pashen. I am wide-eyd, blancht.

*Az Bellissar bernd the Perzhen weetfeeldz,
 Tor owt villijez frum the soil, like weedz.
 Like a bull goerz a man, lifting and throwing,
 Hiz bowelz fawling owt,
 Thats how I worship! -- Levvel 1:4*



Living in the Divvine Moment: Messajjer

450

The nex thing I rememberd
 A berd swoopt down, kame owt ov the sun.
 And wen I koud see aggen, not swerling blak spots,





The berd stoud befor me, az tawl az I,
 Glorreyus in a raement ov mwarray fetherz.
 Then he gave this token,
 Tho the werdz ar now unkleer:
 “Wen the sun haz faded frum yur eyz,
 “And the artaffishel lite ov this werl iz remuve,
 “Yu will be juj by wut yu see.”

Just a few werdz, but sumhow it seemd
 Thay kontaend awl the Knowen ov the fillossoefs and proffets.
 Wut iz a werd? A raggedee pers
 That hoeldz a trinket and perhaps a trezzher.
 Then the berd brushd my eyz with its glissenning wingz
 And soerd off, and aggen I wuz bliended by Sol.



A Bouk ov Owrz and Dayz By Helloweez, Abbess ov the Paraklete Konvent

I. Mattinz: Rezzerrekten

*The ramble twins crab liverish.
 Scaly scorpions are good water fish.
 – Zodiical child's rhyme*

475 **T**he Fischez swim tu the ej ov the shor
 Ware the Ram awwaets tu begin hiz rowndz;
 Then spring, wen we kurs the Jewz and thaer law;
 Then the day ov joy wen the Sun rezzerrechts.
 The sodden feeldz ster with the breth ov Zhazuse,
 And pashen and rejjennerraten fill the land.

*Now the sezen ov planting had kum
 And hope rezuemd
 And the memmeree ov joy reternd.
 – Levvel 1:3*

With praerz and song, with exsess ov wine
 We plant ower seed, and porz forth ower life;





Ower muther groez hevvee with barlee and weet.
And awl the villajjerz bow at her bellee.

*...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; – Levvel 1:3*

II. None: Offeringz and Feest

How the pezzent iz rizzen tu King,
And the boucher tu a hi preest!

Glorreyus day! The farmer haz snaerd a kwael,
And later tunite hiz hows will taest dellakkat delite.
With kare he kluchez the hen tu hiz chest,
And rushez thru brambel kaerless ov thaer jaggen.
Chikkenz skatter az he passez thaer koop,
And stoops and enterz hiz dim, daenk hows.

*“Giv us Dumuzee!
“Giv us the wun hu haz 1 lofe,
“Hu haz 2 loevz, giv us him!”
– Levvel 1:3*

500

“Wife, prepare a fresh weet loef!
“Dotter, sharpen the ej ov the nife!”

Later he lifts the berd frum a basket.

“Blessed, blessed.” He taeks it tu the blok.

And the priest shall offer that which is for the sin-offering...

“Sun ov Gode.” He kuts its nek.

...and pinch off its head, close by its neck...

With long stroeks he swingz the berd
And shaeks the blud on the blok. “Awwmen.”

*...And he shall sprinkle of the blood of the sin-offering upon
the side of the altar; and the rest of the blood shall be
drained out at the base of the altar; it is a sin-offering. –
Viyeekra 5 : 8-9*

The berd, a mezzher ov flowwer, and wine
Ar plaest az offeringz uppon the plank.





Arraenjd arownt them the holee wunz sit:
 Wife and chieldz, beests and fowl.
 At hed ov the tabel a por farmer sits,
 Blessez them awl, and the feest beginz.

III. Vesperz: Wocherz ov the Nite

The bellz ring. The day iz dun.

525

Exxosted farmerz gather thaer toolz.
 Thaer hedz hang. Thay say, "Thank Zhazuse!"
 Then thay hurree, knowing the gaets will soon kloze.

The smith swingz the brod, hevvee dorz
 And kloeez hiz shop that wuz open tu the sun.
 The taler lachez hiz littel shutterz
 And if bizness wuz goud he liets a kandel.
 The fixxer kompleets hiz maez-like serket,
 Thru dung-litterd alleez he enterz hiz stawl.

The Sol dessendz and silens dessendz.

In thaer richuwelz the wimmen ov the villaj bow lo.
 Thay ster the koelz; thay sweep wun mor time;
 Thay krinj az thaer huzbandz bello and beet them;
 In the twilite thay rok thaer infants, krying,
 Ly down on a straw pile and giv them sukkel.

A last gulp ov wine and the wochman rizez
 Frum tabel and throez on hiz summer kloek.
 The darkness kawlz, and hiz dutee kawlz.
 The pathz ov sollattude wiend frum hiz dor.

With a last swig ov beer the sisterz ov plezzher
 Fill thaer harts with devoten and kurrij.
 Nessessittee orderz and daenjer bekkenz.
 The sekret deziyerz shall be dutafful servd,
 A saekred persute that kontinewz awl nite.





Drifts frum a chappel, a soft moening, himm.

IV. Kompline: Protekterz in the Nite

550

Frum thaer snorring wievz the horsemen ar summend;
 Frum thaer freezing stabelz; frum thaer timber hovvelz;
 Slumpt over tabelz, kaekt in vommit;
 The horsmen ar gatherd and the infantreemen.

Weppenz ar ishewd tu the groggee troops:
 Sordz and lansez tu the expert riderz;
 A kwivver ov arroez tu the bowmen, hand-pikt;
 For the berlee foutmen, iyern wated klubz.

Thaer desprat and morten daenjer iz reveel:

“Men ov Frans, feerless fiterz,
 “Fotherz ov tender and helpless chieldz,
 “Let me be breek, for ower ennemmee iz neer.

*I herd not a sownd frum Erthia,
 Nor saw a trase ov her prezzens;
 Insted, a boding ov vilens,
 Az the dens thicket began tu fil with fasez...
 – levvel 1:2*

“An evel tribe haz invaded ower land.
 “In the dark ov nite thay hav breecht ower wawlz.
 “Thay rob ower howzez, and poizen ower wellz;
 “Thay karee vermen and spred fowl diseez.

“Thay hav summend demenz; thay ar armd with kursez;
 “Thay merden ower chieldz tu drink thaer blud.
 “Thay brodkast blasfemmee awl over the land.
 “Hevven itself in revulzhen howlz.

575

“Yu soeljerz, the onner and pewrittee ov Frans
 “Iz in yur handz, so bannish mersee!
 “Muster yur owtraje, yur furee, yur venj.
 “Prepare yur weppenz! Destroy the Jewz!





“Pray with yur weppenz; for yur salms, strike!
 “Partake the wine: thaer blud por owt;
 “Aksept the wafer wen thaer boddeez slump;
 “Proov yur faeth! Till nun remaen!”



How Long?

How long, Abballar, till yu retern tu me?
 How long till yu hoeld me,
 Till yu kiss my nek?
 How long till yu slip this habbit frum my shoelderz?
 How long, Abballar, till yur luv iz restord?

How long, Abballar, till yur messajjer kumz,
 Kareeing yur werdz ov deziyer and luv.?
 How long till he slips me an eerreverrent dittee?
 How long, Abballar, till yu dispach a man?

How long, Abballar, till yu send me a note
 Ov yur well-being;; ov ware yu ar?
 How long till yu remminnis aboutw ower exploits?
 How long, Abballar, till yu lift up a kwill?

Abballar, du yu ever konsidder my plite?
 I am hed ov a konvent; its owtkasts and bewilderd
 Huze boddeez ar aking; huz Solz ar benite.
 Ware iz yur lamp tu gide my path?

How long, o Lor, till yu sho me a way
 Thru theze dim hawlwayz, so narro, so koeld.
 In a far chappel a kwiyer haz gatherd,
 And porz owt its hevvenlee aggonee ov Sol.





Make Me Aggen Yur Hor

Make Me Aggen Yur Kween – Levvel 1:4

In the abbessez chappel the gargoyelz gather.

How mennee tiemz hav thaer howlz ekkoed;
 The aer kut appart with peersing glaerz?
 “Silens, yu sperets! Iz thare nun among yu
 “Kan tern yur attent tu a singel sors?”

In the chappel the gargoyelz join narrellee handz.

The wide-eyd, the glowwering, the spietfull wunz
 With kroukked grinz and leering eyz,
 Beerded, goet-hornd, elf-eerd, and toothless
 Thay join and begin tu chant and tu sirkel.

In the chappel a gargoyel leaps owt at the abbes.

Wide-eyd and glowwering, she yanks bak her hand,
 But the brash little demen gliedz up agenst her
 And wisperz in her eer, “Will you withhoeld yur luv
 “Frum me, yur oenlee, yur beluvved Abballar?”

*And the Lor reverbed: “Take, I beg of you, your son, your
 only son, whom you love, Yitzchak...”*

– Berraysheet (Genesis), 22:2

625

In the abbessez hart, led ternz tu goeld.

Him huze prezzens wuz eerevokablee remuevd;
 Huze orgazmek tuch had bin seeld frum her thots,
 Az annuther Eden had also bin forbidden;
 Thoze flaming sordz lifted and her pashen broke forth.

In the abbessez chappel the chanting groez feverd.

The gargoyelz now ar awl wield with deziyer
 For the abbes, thaer luvver, the unfrokt Helloweez.





“Empress,” thay showt, “Dans for yur proffets!
 “Goddess! Spred owt yur hevvenz for us!



Broken Vessel, I.

The hawl iz dark.
 The stone flor chillz my soelz.
 My neez trembel
 Az I silentlee steel tu the dor.

I try the lach; it iz not lockt.
 A shaft ov lite braeks intu the hawl,
 So I slip inside and bolt the dor,
 And kloez my unkelz werld behiend.

Like Sokratteez lownjing on hiz bed, he layz,
 Penning a song. But seeing me
 He layz the kwill on a bench by the bed.
 “Wut iz this kwill? Wut are theze thots?
 “Wut iz my muze? A faent shaddo ov yu!”

650

Az he gets up, he noks the smawl lamp.
 It fawlz and shatterz, and the werld ternz dark.
 I gasp az I feel hiz hand tuch my arm.
 Hiz lips kum tu mine; I du not withhoeld.

Ower Solz gru brite in that moment ov bliss.

*Dumuzee sprung forth and never reternd
 And I, insted, thay hav gord.*

Louk at me!

On my forarm

And my thii

Thay hav kut the mark ov povverttee.

– Levvel 1:3

O lamp, ware ar yur skatterd peesez?
 Hu will gather yur shivverz and sherdz?





Yur pure oil iz dripping down the wawl.
 Yu will nevvver por forth yur lite enneemor.

The hawl iz dark.
 The slate flor maeks dull ekkoez.
 Yur hart powndz,
 The dor will soon open.

The lach rattelz; yu nevvver lok it.
 Dim dull wisperz braek intu yur rume...

675

Like Sokratteez lying on hiz bed, diskorsing,
 Thay burst uppon yu, def tu yur werdz.
 “Wut ar yur daggerz, kompaerd tu my pen.
 “Yu howl like jakkelz. Kan yu be men?”

Wen yu try tu get up, yu nok over a lamp.
 The rume goez dim az thay grab yur nek,
 Yur armz, yur legz. And thay kut yu off.
 Yur lips kontort. Yu gasp appawld.

Yu kry owt, “Helloweez!” “Betrayal!” “Evel!”
 Yu kan not withhoeld. Yu kry owt, “Innonna!”
 Yur Sol went bliend, and so did yur luv.
 And yur speret went staggering intu the sky.

O lamp, ware ar yur skatterd peesez?
 Hu will gather yur shivverz and sherdz?
 Yur pure oil iz splasht on the flor.
 Yur dellikkat lite will shine no mor.

*In the Empressez chappel the man-gode akkuzez:
 Hu drove you down tu this opressiv plase
 And konfiend yur etherek boddee in klay?
 Yu ar soild and chipt; warevver yu wonder
 Yu inspiyer disdaen; yur powwer iz gon!
 -- Levvel 1:4*





Broken Vessel, II.

700

Hhe hawl iz dark.
MMy sell iz pich. **K**Kostek niter³
FFaelz tu kleen,
NNor stinging sno revive my Sol.

Ware iz the lamp tu kut the glume?
Ware iz the oil tu kindel a lite?
It iz braken, it iz shatterz!
Its oil iz a staen in ower dust,
And iz bekum like a deep defile.

Az a braken lamp kan hoeld no oil,
So my hart kan fill with luv no mor.

*Yur goblet I lifted up hi.
 The faent green wine I pord befor yu,
 A kerten ov lase between us.
 Such a dellakkat goblet! Such a luvlee thing!
 I kast it down on the harth stone
 And the shivverz lept like snivvelling dogz
 Fleeing the barks ov thaer masterz.
 -- Levvel 1:4*

The kortyard iz gray.
The gardenz ar lienz ov stubbel.
Like lienz ov stubbel, the dessolat wimmen
Ar kum with thaer jugz ov milk or flowwer.

725

Wut kan I say tu eez thaer berden?
Thay lay down thaer offerings
And por owt thaer Solz,
And beseech my help with thaer narreld handz,
And with thaer eyz thay beseech my komfert.

³. Yermeyahhu, 2:22





Thay expoez thaer Solz like oozing gashez,
And beg me kast owt the evel and feer.

Tuday a wouman haz dropt her jug.
Her boddee trembelz az she pitteeuslee weeps.
We ar awl like her. Ower Solz ar shatterz
And the fragments kry owt in 1000 selvz.
“Doent leev me allone...”
“Pleez make me hole...”



Refrane... Pleze

Doent leev me allone...
Pleez make me hole...
Pleez abzolv my por Sol...
Pleez open my wume...
Pleez provide us with bred...
Will my widdoehoud end...
My man alwayz beets me...
Make my huzband kum home...
Wen will Zhazuse retern?

Az I lissen I kluch a sherd ov the lamp
That wuns spred lite uppon Abballar and me.



The World Dissolvd in a Teerdrop

Gu him hu wuz a Gode,
Or rather, Ruler ov the miendz ov Frans;
My harts konkerer, or rather,
Him hu haz alwayz inhabbitted my Sol;
My Abballar, frum yur Helloweez, Bride ov Ajez.





The oenlee revvellaten I am evver knowen
 Iz that ov yur tuch, the intens knowen
 Ov plezzher liting my boddee like a lamp.
 Wut iz relijjen but a pale shade
 Ov the holee yuenyen that we knu so well?

A koppee ov yur letter sekretlee arrievd,
 Yur Kullammittee yu kawl it. Bitter frute we plukt,
 And now I am muther tu a rase ov sorroez.
 I koud nevver hav immajjind this loenleeness I feel.

I koud nevver hav immajjind that the werld iz so strong,
 And we, so herowek, so eezellee vangkwisht.
 We! So proud! so eezelee fell.
 The sheets ov yur letter ar spred arownd my sell.
 I cannot reed them a paje at a time,
 Eech hidden moment, eech unreveeld werd.
 I cannot endure the leeving ov time.

Evree surfas ov my rume ar userp.
 Teerz bler my eyz and drip on yur werdz.
 Thay lift the eenk and make it swerl,
 Yur werdz take on a life ov thaer oen.

Wun werd straenjlee tranzformd intu Heebbru
 Annuther fannnd owt tu a snoeflake, a star.
 Like a staend glass windo intu yur Sol.
 Behiend eech werd iz a hidden werld.

*In the Empressez chappel the idelz ar alive;
 The man-gode huze glinting eyz stare bliend,
 Huze rok gray robe konfienz him here.
 – Levvel 1:4*

Behiend eech letter, behiend eech thot
 Iz a seekret life. My teerz fawl;
 Thay peers the serfas, and an aenjel eskaeps,





*Awl the annallogz ov my luv
Swam in hiz vaenz, awl the goedz
Shot forth taelz frum thaer mowthiz.
– Levvel 1:3*

Singing himmz, he sez **I** tot him,

But the werdz ar tuu suttel for me now tu hoeld.

*No, Erthia, Athienz iz no plase for us.
Louk down further intu yurself
Ware the lite iz kasting dark shadoez.”
– Levvel 1:4*

If oenlee yu wer here tu interpret...



How Kan I Forget?

How kan I forget
That aenjelz grip
Az he rusht me away
Owt intu a dezzert?

I am no mor a goddess,
I am no mor a kween.

The hi preestess assends the stare. – Levvel 1:4

I am hardlee werthee
Tu be yur hor.

The waevz ov the see bow thaer hedz. – Levvel 1:4

No, no! It kannot be!
Am I so defiyld

She karressez herself in a thowzend wayz. – Levvel 1:4

That awl my komfert
Must be strikken away?

Hottee, she heerz awl naecher praezing. – Levvel 1:4

Am I so vile

Nuthing kan restraen her inspiyerd vizhen. – Levvel 1:4

That awl my plezherz
Will hang on me,

Kors and nawwing like this frok?

So be it! She plunjez her handz in the flaemz. – Levvel 1:4





Wy du I rekawl

My hottee grandyer

Wen the werld wuz my serven;

I wanted for not.

Like a kween I strutted.

I pointed; I got it.

Deziyer: I enjoyd.

And me the liyon-hedded areyan touk. Me! – Levvel 1:3

Now I'm hid in a konvent.

I must not be seen.

Me he made to lay in hiz stawl

Az if it wer a bed. – Levvel 1:3

I remember yur tuch:

A skar on my thi.

Louk at me! On my forarm and my thi

Thay hav kut the mark a defilen. – Levvel 1:3

And ower kaskade ov kissez

Overflowing yur bed.

Ptu! My purettee also he robbd! – Levvel 1:3

I am moening; I am faenting.

By a fantem I am mawld.

In thaer jawz thay touk me

And tosst thaer hedz... – Levvel 1:3

And Ertha he lifts in hiz jawz,

Tossing hiz hed, pasing and snarrelling. – Levvel 1:2

How kan I remember

The aenjel hu tucht me?

Did he lift me up

Or kast me down?

Wer thoze exploits reel

Or did I dreem them?

Wer thay in a bouk?

Kan I reed it aggen?

How kan I regaen

Thoze Moments ov Bliss?





Kan a man restor it
Or not even the Lor?



I Remember a Time

*That time of year thou mayest in me behold...
In me thou seest the twilight of such day...*

– Willi Shakes, #73

I remember a time
Wen the morning sun
Roze over dew
That woud soek my feet,
And berdz woud boest
With happee songz.
Jewlz and aenjelz...
I remember a time.

I remember a sezen
Wen the dayz wer long
With the plezzher ov bouks
And immajjind plezzherz;
And the niets wer short
And brethless, and ekstattek
With Abballarz retern
And hiz masterful teeching.

I remember a day
Mor fule than a lieftime.
My sensez kryd owt
Like a korrus rezownden.
My thots disarmd
The aengelz garding Eden,
And ower Gode wuz neer,
And ower plezzher unending.





I remember a time
 Wen the morning star
 Went won and hid
 Behiend a terkoiz dome.
 Nite and its vael
 Ov dreemz reseeded,
 And the plannettaree sfeerz
 Werreld intu yu.

I remember an aera
 Wen my hoeps wer hi,
 And I plukt the trezzherz
 Ov Knowen frum bouks.
 Like Eve choozing frute
 Frum the laden orchardz
 I partouk ov sweet
 And forbidden joyz.

900

I had wun luv;
 I had wun purpos.
 And mennee the glorreez
 That awwaeted me.

I had 5 loevz, I had 10 loevz.

O feeldz, o kannallz, lamment for me! – Levvel 1:3

Lamment for me hu luvd my wife,

Wun nite and a thowzend niets. – Levvel 1:4

I remember a moment --
 It iz graevd in my boenz --
 Wen Abballar wisperd
 In my eer, "I luv yu!"
 Like Lot, I opend
 My dor tu an aenjel,
 And set asside wurree
 Ov my nayberz intent.
 Wen an aenjel kumz,
 Yu kant tern him away.





And wen an aenjel leevz,
Yu doent tern away.



Kostek Niter, Nostek Niter

A letter frum Abballar

925

Theze ar the stashenz in the kross
O Helloweez, wokker ov hollowayz and hiwayz:
Mith will not make us morrel.
Oppressen will not make us obay.
Faeth will not set us free.
Messiya will not kawz owwer salvaten.

The fiyer iz igniter. Will it be yu
Or will it be this parchmen, a kostlee sakrafise?

The path iz varee naro, varee naro.
Now it dissappeerz altugether...



Hu Ar Theze Men Hu Tok About Trueth?

III.

The dayz blend like salt in wotter.
Thay merj like teerz and fawl away.
Down jentlee kerving serfassez thay blend and ar lost;
Like teerz down a cheek, thay drop and ar gon.

Evree Satterday Helloweez dessendz
Down tu Paris, tu her wimmen in need.
And evree week thru the twisted mazez
Ware the blak kloth Jewz woud be chanting thaer praerz.





Theze ar the wunz hu **Abballar** kursez,
Kontraree keeperz ov a difrent **Sabbath**.
 Thay speek in tungz oenlee devvelz kan master,
 And thay defy the revellate that **Gode** haz kum.

950

Rezervd, **Helloweez** wocht them kloeslee
 Tu obzerv thaer kriemz and thaer seekret arts.
 Az **Abballar** sez, “Theze ar the masterz
 “Ov illuden; thay kan dissappeer and rezzerrekt.

Offen she haz seen the blak roeb rabbi
 Assending the staer tu hiz hows ov deseet.
 Arrownd him the bewicht minyenz a bussel.
 Iz he a **Preest** or **Bayelzabbub**?

*The hi preestess assendz in disdaen.
 Hottee, she heerz avl Naecher praazing
 Her assent frum the see and frum avl theze
 men – Levvel 1:4*

She haz spyd in the dor at thaer outlaw kustemz.
 Frum the rabbiez mowth a feerful chant
 Az he hoeldz up skroelz. She theenks ov **Mozez**
 Razing the **Tablets** tu krush the goeld kaf.

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

She haz seen the wimmen krinjing frum bloez,
 The chieldz waeling, thaer grandparents slumpt;
 She haz seen thaer yung men sprawld in the mud
 Viktemz ov the ruethless **Parreezhen** mobz.

*A liyon! He serkelz, snarrelling.
 And Ertha, hu layz heer, he lifts in hiz jawz,
 Tossing hiz hed, pasing and snarrelling still.
 – Levvel 1:2*

975

It iz yeerz now that **Helloweez** haz pulld at the vale
 That kloeks theze pepelz sperechuwel wayz.
 The korrupten that choeks theze pepelz **Soelz**
 Iz laed on them by a korrupten werld.





“Abbalar, Abballar, louk behiend yu.

“An inkwizzitten iz stokking yur trael.”

“If yu run away thay will shorlee chase yu.

“If yu stay ware yu ar, yu will fawl thaer pray.”

*Trulee, it greevz me tu see ower Lor
So dimminisht by theze punee and offishus borz.
He hu kumz down tu the werl tu raze us,
How kan he enter such narro dorz?
– Praezing the Deyvel, Level 1:5*



END OV LEVEL 1, PART 5

