

# In the Harvest Ov Nations

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## Comments on In The Harvest Ov Nations

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

Concerning a few technical features of the poem: the spelling is greatly altered from the current norm. This has been an on-going process in my longer works. It is an attempt to

- 1) normalize English spellings according to the spoken word;
- 2) require the reader to hear and verbalize the language of the poem, and not simply see it;
- 3) distinguish the voice of the poem and its visual/emotional impression from the mundane world.

The reader has entered the mythic realm in which the common world is seen with new eyes. In the same vein, the poem contains a few altered grammatical forms and a few altered words, notably Adom, Naturna, Mater (long 'a'), Fater (long 'a'), Eldern, Ertha, Sol, and Knowen. Suffice it to say that these words, and the altered grammatical forms, are created thru superimposed ideas and etymologies.

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

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



# In the Harvest ov Nations

This being the song ov Ertha  
az she haz sung it thru me

Givven three jenneratens after the  
Grate Fires, that Terribel Ordeel,  
wen Adom waz laid in hiz Tume for all  
Atturnaty. And nu childes wokd from  
out the Sinter intu a nu Wirld.

Survivel ov the Fittest!  
The lion and eegel may soon be extinkt  
But the mous and sparro proliferate.

DEDDIKATED:  
Tu thoz Poets whu hav set aside polliteks for  
the sake ov Knowen. For thoz Poets whu  
hav put thair Poem befor thair Life,  
not az escape or rebellion, but in  
submission and sakrifise.  
I send you my Lov &  
my strenth.





# Book 1: Old World

So! Three Jenneratens hav shed thair Life  
 And Ertha ar frutefull and our Lord ar omniprezent  
 And now our Mater, whu hold us in her buzzems  
 Giv us strenth and sines and poten Knowen  
 Tu rekord the Wirlds ending and a nu Beginning.

We whu stammer in fase ov cold oblivvion,  
 Whu trembel contrite at edj ov extinktion,  
 Whu adhere tu nu Commands in holyest gladness,  
 Huze Law iz our Faters, incompletely understood  
 But givven tu our elders, a mersyfull exchanj for Life.

My fothers, fothers, fother stood az witness  
 Tu blinding Lite and oblitteraten ov cultur;  
 Tu the unconditional end ov childes misdirected,  
 Ov erring and evel ways that assended unrestrained,  
 Swiftly and inevvitably stricken from this Sakred Home.

Befor this time ov Life from ignorense awaked,  
 Befor our Boddys held the proper ballense  
 And Life seemd not directed tord Perfecten Knowen  
 But rather swayd in tides ov annima emoten,  
 Then Erthas Wume like furnas burnd in birth throes.

From time ov the terribel tryall ov our Patriark  
 Shemaya, our tennuous Life haz survived in Ertha  
 Inspired by our Eldern. Befor that time  
 We hav no Knowen, nor memmery; all forbidden  
 Tu lern corruption, tu jeppard our hard wun peese.

This bitter frute only ov our orijjens iz commanded tu taste:  
 (O Holys ov Holys, how can mortel Mine  
 Comprehend that time ere tru Life be mannifest,  
 Yet worse, the vasst travvail that rapt old Wirld,  
 Still jestate, in the conflict ov evolving Truth?)

Inspire yur childes, Fater ov fothers! O Mater





Nurtur yur dellikat wuns with compassionat gidense,  
 That this Book rekord the end ov wirlds and Beginning  
 Ov we whu dwell in rugged mountens, and vallys  
 Steep and fertil and safe from khaos and despair. Diktate!

We hav seen a Wirld prevaild by ignorense  
 Redused tu ash. We hav seen our Conshents  
 Lifted from darkness midst wirld-shaking vilense,  
 A mersyfull transform ov Adom; humanity chanjd.  
 Consider wut awfull Powwer brot forth our redemption.

Befor the Finel Tryall wen Ertha waz purjd  
 Ov superfluous spesies and useless cultur, our Fater  
 Ordaind a mor purifyd strain ov hiz Conshents tu continu  
 In mines mor abel to respect the corses ov Naturna.  
 Therefor he disrupted famlys, sent menny wandering.

Suns and dotters from evry sort ov home  
 Wer shaken rootless like autumn leevs scattering.  
 Nun understood the Forse at work, tho the Truth  
 Underlay thair illuzery Will. Misunderstood,  
 Yet our choozen outcum iz overdetermin by Eldern.

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No being iz mor perfected than annuther. Hume Thay will  
 The Fater uplifts. In youths rebellious independense  
 Our Nu Wirlds fother, like menny annuther did seek  
 Nu Life from that vakent cultur he waz choozen tu sukseed;  
 Tho not mor worthy than uthers, yet Divinely gided.

In angers sway, and Faters, he broke from parents  
 Folloing the hasty trends ov that aje, like eddys  
 In tiderun, qwickly erased by the deepening current.  
 From sitty tu sitty, duing transient labers, disregarding  
 Law, even sakreljes, a commen man.

Partissipant and witness tu clash ov ideas and powwers  
 That drove simpel beings tu awfull vilense unawwares:  
 Houses burnd, lovd ones murderd tu vent frustrated dezire;  
 Sittys ruled by yung and hungry wolvs, nations  
 By jackels. Relijens and ideollojys led the rapen.





Simpel beings compelld tu outrajes falsehood: syense  
 Itself competed tu upset Naturna  
 With poizens tu dedden all forms ov pain,  
 Tu alter emoten, tu destroy a wummans sykel,  
 Tu dispell sleep, or exsite illuzery powwers.

Oppressen uprazed az human natur, aksepted  
 Behavior ov rulers and nations, enacted by all,  
 Till the wirld entangeld in blinde rebellion,  
 From all sides disrupting the dellikat corse ov Naturna.  
 In a misdirected wirld all Life iz misdirected.

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Simpel beings lept intu confuzion,  
 Soaring on wine ov exottek fillosofy, lusting  
 After nu beleef, dizzy with expanding syense  
 Heeping its glitter on oblivvions brink, tottering  
 Drunken at wirlds edj, giddy, thay fell.

How could this transpire? Creation turning retrograde?  
 Yet thair stranj book ov storrys did oft repeat the warning:  
 Noa, whu allone wetherd flud, all else expunj;,  
 Or thoze sittys ov sin ensinderd like our pryor home:  
 Or Babbel, whu could bild and conker, could not lern.

Nor uneke nor unforwornd this purj;  
 Our Patriark knu menny proffeseys  
 Ov fire, flud, disseez, enormes battel,  
 The black deth, the notsee, armagellen.  
 Yet compelld tu grater powwer thay challenjd Fate.

Eldern, we pray yu, whuze mersy creates Life,  
 Nevver let the terror or the Knowen leev our Conshents,  
 Nor the memmery fade nor our Sakred Oath slacken;  
 We ar the remnent ov a rase that lovs destruction.  
 Plees relees us from the sykel, Fater!



Wut awfull sittys roze out ov Ertha, like mountens  
 Nu formd, sloly upheaving from trembeling ground;





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Sleepless plases like a qwivvering hornets nest.  
 Our fother palld at the sheer walls ov glass  
 And alloyd towwers ov erta, transmuted and failing.

Befor the mortar turnd tu dust he saw  
 The walls collapsing, streets sinking, the fizzion;  
 Sufferd that kiln, that furnas burning hiz mine,  
 Boild in that cauldren till hiz fibers screemd for chanj.  
 But all he could du waz wok away, allone.

Carrying hiz possessions on hiz back he hedded south.  
 In sollitude he folloed the ridjes ov old mountens,  
 Wooded and rugged landmark for migrating birds,  
 Ballensing nesessity agenst hiz rough ideels  
 Tu finde a corse in Ertha worthy ov her legasy.

In Old Wirld tho, ballense nevver levveld  
 Between human frailty and precarious faith,  
 Between conflicting laws and ambigguous vertew.  
 Peepel counterd weekness in cruel sakrifise  
 Or mineless rites. Thus our Patriark qwanderd.

For a sezen ov corn he wokked the somber wood  
 Till hanging moss and canebrake and dense mosketo  
 Turned him out ov exile, cast him ruff  
 On coals ov that fire whuze burn can nevver heal,  
 Tu overheated culturs, challengjing Deth.

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But the wirring turbins and mills that nevver seesd  
 Now sagd in disrepair; asfalt hyways curvd  
 Silent, crackd and overgrone, intu the peedmont;  
 Wide cleerd feelds, wunse overbudent, tangeld  
 Weedy; baren gullys scarrd the coalland.

"How long hav I wanderd? Haz all Life seesd?"  
 No, peepel had not yet workd Naturnas Will.  
 Along a muddy bank wunse diking a cannal  
 He tarryd, plodding in a clammy shock.  
 A rush ov running annimas bolted behinde.

Startled, he spun, imajjining wilde dogs,







Mor feerful ov the silense that a sittys clashing khaos.  
 But no wolvs or a wildecats or an angry bare prowling  
 The borders ov hiz terratore, but annimas mor cowerdly  
 And vishous attackd: drunken, wilde-eyed theevs.

The hiddeous laff ov those demens and hiz own loud bellos  
 Mingeld and merjd with the uneven clop ov pursute,  
 Az wun whu iz strenthend by dred and surpasses hiz limits  
 But cannot escape the grater evels and iz felld  
 Like a desperrat annima thrashing in a muddy ditch.

Thay beet him with clubs, and robbd hiz pack and peeses  
 Ov munny, and yankd a gold ring from hiz finger. The glaring  
 Sol burnd hiz skin, alreddy welted  
 And bruze, till he sunk intu mud and fitfully drowzd.  
 But for hunger and thirst he shurly had nevrer muved.

He crept from the ditch like a corpse from a grave, swollen  
 And reched. But astonishment sukseeded the throbbing pain:  
 Hiz pack still hung on hiz back, hiz pockets still jingled  
 With coins; only hiz ring waz gon. He mutterd:  
 "This cant be. I hurt too much tu be dreeming!"

Then another shock cut the silense: a vois  
 Ahed, then a man appeerd on the levee abbov.  
 Hiz eyes like saffires, and hiz hair a shock ov wite,  
 And he wore a long irradiant coat. He sed:  
 "I am looking for a man whu iz choozen tu dy for mankine.

"I hav also herd that a savior iz in our Prezense,  
 "Him the Fater hav sent. Hav yu seen theze men or herd  
 "The rumers?" Our Patriark stared at the man, amazed:  
 "Ware hav yu bin, man? Yu speek ov an old messia,  
 "And he iz long ded, a primmativ mith, a deluzion."

But the man dismissd our fothers disdain, responding,  
 "I cannot then expect yu tu kno ov Fater, much less  
 "Tu beleev thair Prezense is heer in this crusibel wirld.  
 "Look at yurself, yu Pittyful Sol whu haz spoild  
 "Hiz Boddy ov Lite." He held a glass tu our fother.





In the glass a desperrat annima glared, coverd  
 With sores and scars, smeerd and caked with mud,  
 Matted hair, a ragged beerd, and eyes  
 That darted in feer. But behinde the reflecting glass  
 Stood him with saffire eyes and spektral rayment.

The Lusent Man continuued: "I am Elleeya.  
 "I am cum from Eldern tu finde the messajers Thay  
 "Hav choozen tu ballense this organ ov Ulro. Wun man  
 "Iz name Adom. He iz Being Divvided, iz braken on Faters  
 "Fulkrum. Hiz childe ar skatter like leevs in a wirl.

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"I have cauzd this. I am drivven tu divvide the wun  
 "Intu twu, tu part the base from the Sakred. The uther  
 "Man I must summen tu laber iz yu! So lissen!  
 "In Sol yur name iz Shemaya. Yu must heer the Sing  
 "Ov Ertha. Yu must stand with her and stir the cauldren.

"Yu will trembel in her terribel Sing till evry sell  
 "Iz tense with the cords and all the wirl iz danse it.  
 "Yu will speek from Erthas pinnakel and totter in the glory.  
 "So considerd how close tu Deth and Gods yu dwell  
 "O commen man on crest ov a wave. Arize!"

Then the shining figgure qwickly passd away  
 In the evening, and darkness obscured the landscape. Our fother  
 Felt hiz ring upon hiz finger az he nelt  
 In the ditch. "Then this reely iz a dreem!" he shrugd.  
 But he whispird the Name Shemaya over and over.

And Fater stird the Primmativ Man with a dim  
 Impressen ov the Powwer that inspires Life tu rize  
 Out ov Ertha. Like a tide that imperseptibly rizes,  
 Shemaya welld with messianek ferver till he enterd  
 The Vortex ov Ertha to stir her cauldren ov Sols.



In that time a grate and terribel danse and song  
 Throngd the demen sosiety in human mask,

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Expressing thair lov thru the wine press and Erthas deluzions,  
The cauldren ov Sperets sqwanderd and the willing slaves  
Drunken dansed all nite; by day thay sufferd.

Wen Shemaya had bin spun tu senter the spirel, and dragd  
In the downwerd wirl, hiz curraj inflated with the Vizzion  
Ov Fater, and hiz mine spun in the frenzy. Beneeth  
The towwers ov glas that soard beyond beleef,  
Befor the pyramid ware viktims Sols wer murderd,

He defyd the Aturna Law, he cursed the drunken  
Orjy, he broke the cristel challises ov wine.  
Harshly he ackuzed the guilty ov thair crimes, the masses  
For thair neglijense, the preests and prinses for oppresen;  
He smashd thair idels and smeerd ashes on thair Art.

But the wisper ov Fater like a milde autumm evening  
Iz not a shure sine tu discard the winter cloak.  
The maddend vakent mobs mockd him, then attackd,  
Intoxd and vindiktiv lashd and hung him naked  
On a tree. The nite fog dripd from hiz numming limms.

Not wunder our commen fother offen chided:  
"No individidual can comprehend Truth  
"Or perseev Reality thru this dense nerv-vale;  
"The ackumed Life in Ertha iz a flickering gleem,  
"The Sol our World iz but Elderns breefest dreem.

"Rezen may be plotted by powwer and despair; hatred too  
"Can rezen. Compassion, howevver, needs no rezen.  
"In annuther Life I hav hung helpless from a branch  
"With time enuf tu dwell on the rezen in my aktion  
"But not enuf time tu justify the motiv."

But how could it be, that Ertha iz so alterd;  
That the Human Rase waz wunse a demen hord  
And Creativ Intellijense waz contracted intu vilense  
And appathy or cowerdis constrained the Morrel Conshents  
And relijen did not chanj, but insited rampant evel.

Our fother cryd out: "Elleeya, yu hav trickd me! Adom





"Iz my Name and yu hav sent me az a Sakrifise; But nuthing will  
appeez

"This mad mob. Faseless and with fatel intent thay ar drivven

"Tu destroy this helpless plannet. Drunk on the licker

"Ov frutes in the presses, thay abuze thair own wonten muther!

"Elleeya, yu cruel deseever, cut me from this crooked

"Tree!" But he hung abandond till a shabby old man

Loosd the nots and he fell. The mans eyes wer dull

And he spoke az if entransed: "Ellerrah cant help yu

"Anymor. Lissen, insted, tu the Voises yur Fater."

Then Ertha spoke, in a frail and lovly deluzion:

"Yu whu judj me az muther ov evel, or hor

"Big with unlawfull and fotherless offspring,

"My Aturna Wume violate, my Sol corrupted;

"Think agen! The Muther iz not prostituted by the childe,

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"My Grater Life not ruind by fleeting beings.

"My Wume iz latent with evry form ov Life

"And my Lov does eqwally support all my childes;

"My mutabel Mine from Khaos rizes and returns

"Rezening forth Laws and Ideels ov evry world."

At pyramids apex the begiling visage dansed;

Myriad ov people clammerd at its base

Like Childes tugging at thair muther skirts with lov.

Her eyes glansd like saffires, lusent with compassion,

Smiling at the Sols in presses, and the happy song.

Then she bent and scythed a sheaf ov corn.

Wen she roze her hair waz gray, her fase all rinkels,

Her gold embroidered shawls now corse frayed linnen;

The baren feelds wept, her childes ran away.

"Can I endur the changes in my hart?" she prayed.

In wunder our Patriark climed that pyram tu Ertha;

Mor wunder witnessed mask after living mask

Stripped away: a preestress, muther, hor,

A murderer, a lepperd, a viper twined with her brood,

A narld oak, a breez, an inert rock.





"Welcome thou currages Man and beest  
 "Huze clime away from Ertha leeds yu tu her belly.  
 "Heer my plezzer gates ar opend wide  
 "Tu yu huze strenth and irresistiv Will  
 "Surmounts all foes tu express the human wine.

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"Heer the handel tu the mitey scru iz wedjd  
 "Tu drive the press and make cultur wine and song;  
 "My elekt ar straining tu sqweez the sweetest juse,  
 "Tu plennish the fountenhed and boost the human speret  
 "Till memmery ov evel and good haz bin expunjd."

And our fother qwerryd: "Whu or wut ar yu  
 "Huze boddy haz no rezolvd shape, huze powwer  
 "Intoxxes masses and encurrajes tyrent and proffet,  
 "Mor reel than suffering, mor obscure than human motiv,  
 "Pinnakel ov dominnion in a cruel, inconstant wirlld."

And she snapd: "Iz not 'Ertha' suffisen name for yu  
 "Whu radiates the jellous messianek fever,  
 "Seeking my submission, discontent with powwer,  
 "Vainly immajjining yur Adom Boddy sways  
 "Mor forse than the Life-insending Sol ov this wirlld?"

"Then for yu I be misterry, opressen, deseet;  
 "Intu the Truth I stir shallo, false impressions.  
 "Ware form iz, I brake it; ware order, I por turbulens.  
 "Ware povverty grovvels I withdraw my faver; ware welth  
 "And abundense flurrish, I loos the rampent vilense.

"I am the Law whu iz lax on the fellon, and utmost  
 "Severe on the pious wun. Yet tu all whu seek me  
 "I pay reward; whu whorship me rize tu powwer.  
 "My preests expound the vertews ov orjy, my savior  
 "Iz born with bludlust and preeches hiz truth with a sord."

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She laffd amuzed at her spiked and spiteful taunt  
 And agen laffd, waving her hand in careless jestur  
 Tu the winepress oozing its nekter and poizen, tu humanity  
 Drunken and desperrat, bilding a tennuous wirlld  
 And crushd by the wate ov ideels without foundation.





Smileless, our fother counterd her sting with rezen  
 (But remember hatred and anger can also rezen):

"Ertha yu say? She whu lays her blanket

"Ov caprese over Life, whu contrives Aturna Law;

"Huze pulse does drum the pase ov Wirld Speret?

"Such brod hy claims would rather Name yu Mater!

"Such limmitless levveraj our Fater mite not boast!

"Tho indeed our Eldern hav cast yu from thair Prezense,

"Shaped yu and givven yu yur sum ov salt and fire,

"Layerd yu with nervs ov Life and bid yu prosper.

"Yet self-grandizing vannity haz bent yur skrupels;

"And human obesense tu the neerest and leest suttel forse

"Distorts understanding, makes Sol revolv

"Round yu, sees Adom as pryor tu human Conshents,

"Sees the Sorse ov the Wirld ware ar incomplete effects."

Like a lepperd roaming its baren tract unchallengd,

Knoing evry rock pile, impossibel tu track,

So Ertha chanjd her vizzaj tu counter the strike

That ment tu sever falsehood but slised only air.

Like a feerfull wind howling, her nu Vois howld:

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"Yur own vindiktiv qwest for powwer strains

"My meanings till thay ruptur like infected woonds

"Full ov poizen; yur own destruktiv urj

"Imputes deseet and seeks tu undermine

"Authority till law and cultur ar chizzeld tu rubbel.

"But my only dezire iz tu nurtur my childes and uplift

"With jennerossity, bennifisense and pashents.

"My lov iz bountiful and all with eqwal urj

"Ar encurrajd, not with talk or ideollojy or syense,

"But with Living Knowen and Hope woven in thair Adom.

"Even yu ar lashd in tite coils ov my Will

"Tho with loud pallaver claim tu cast off my Prezense.

"Yu ar not the first tu cut yur anshent ties;

"I pittyd lkerus az he flutterd hopelessly,

"And Innana would not tary from entering my belly."





But our fother did not falter in pursute ov human Truth,  
 Nor swervd by the sharpness in wich Ertha bared hiz mine:  
 "A human may not hide from a mor than mortel being;  
 "Hiz paradox and weekness, his base and evel fraction  
 "Evver clouds hiz vertew and purer intentions.

"But my own alloyd natur iz not our present issu,  
 "But yurs, huze song, like yur shape iz hokus pokus.  
 "With wun step my shoulder can bruze agenst the scru  
 "And my strenth be sapd tu extrakt the human wine  
 "Encurrajd by yur prommis ov pleaser, powwer, faver.

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"Iz this bennifisense?! Iz this Lov?!  
 "Noware does eqwality eeze the human conflict,  
 "Nor mildeness cool the splintering frenzy in yur Wume.  
 "In yur anima Consents hawk seeses sparro  
 "Shor that hiz pray iz a spesy less exulted.

"Sho me sines that yur Wume expands with Lov,  
 "Or that Will and Creativvity with Peese can co-exist,  
 "Or arrange yur Adom Boddy with grater harmenny.  
 "For yur drunken slaves ar obvious, but mersy iz obscure,  
 "And sorro and hardship ar the levven ov our bred."

And agen a womman appeerd at pyrams apex,  
 Sweet and soft and bewtifull and innosent she seemed.  
 All trase ov defense and vindiktivness waz vannishd.  
 With sys ov simpaty and teers ov pittty, and kindeness  
 Contrived with perfect Art, she moddeld a nu mask:

"Deer childe, yur repprimands greev my complex Speret,  
 "And yur filterd vizion suggests too much tu be at peese,  
 "And yur mine demands Knowen that haz bin withheld by Purpos:  
 "Its explosiv powwer and storming vortises  
 "Would burst yu like a caskade tumbling down on rock.

"But shurely yu dissern mor than evel and despair  
 "In my brest. Look intu the crowd! See kindred sperets,  
 "Sum simpel and happy in spite ov thair vakuous lives;  
 "Uthers tender with charity, givving from thair tabels;  
 "And wut ov the blinde and blissfull kissing lovers?!





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"And my sorro sharpens tu see my gyant skemes and evvolutions,  
 "My thunders and songs and jentel magnets and dezires,  
 "My weels ov ennerjy and cattaclizmek waves,  
 "My meshing moments, and interweeving spases,  
 "Ar over-suttel, and only my winepress iz knone.

"But moste akute, and moste pittifull but serten:  
 "My superpozing fases obskure my singel Motivs.  
 "No human moddel or proffetek inspiraten  
 "Can controle my Adom or make my Boddy hiz.  
 "The mor yu expoze me the less my Lov iz shone."

Then our fother razed hiz cane and struck it down:  
 "Not yur fained innosense and lov and consern,  
 "Nor yur hotty sertenty ov the feebeel human Knowen,  
 "Nor yur multipel Cauz that iz spun from Fathers Vortex  
 "Can qwel my anger or heel my broken trust.

"It iz not my purpos tu expoze yur deepest sekret,  
 "Nor steel yur privat trezzur garded with Life.  
 "It iz not my Art tu mimmek contradiction  
 "Or prattel broken rezen or onner turbulense.  
 "The sole human laber iz tu uphold morrel chois.

"I see a wirld staggered by worring ideollojy,  
 "Yur Wume in stress ov pregnant coiled conflict;  
 "Not syense, not relijen, not polittikel theery  
 "Rezolvz the contradiktens or soothes our wirld travvail;  
 "Not yur lov, nor yur wine inspires tru compassion.

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"Demanding justis, the Proffets sufferd exile,  
 "And the Poets proovd thair powwer by creating Lov.  
 "The Seers sat with lions and brot forth arkane Knowen  
 "Or broke thair fothers laws tu expoze the Truth.  
 "Thay ar the pinnakels in asserting human meening."

Then he turnd from Ertha tu redessend the stair,  
 Intu the den ov drunken, hungry reches;  
 But the simpel clime in dizzy hites had ended  
 And the stair wer crumbling and hiz neck and waist wer gripd  
 In the coils ov a serpent that had streakd from Adoms flaggen.







And Ertha sung out in domination and defeet,  
 In Lov with our fothers strenth and drivven tu rezist:  
 "Currajes man and beest, staggering with conkwest  
 "And twisting and flailing in the powwer tu defy my life,  
 "Huze irrezistiv Will ends in self-entangelment,

"Tho yu hold my Lov unworthy and my temper vilent  
 "And my Morrel Law caprecious or delusiv,  
 "Heer my fate, yu whu mite rize abov  
 "Tu save my lovly childes and my jestate Conshents,  
 "Az Elekt ov the doomd and dammd and futil mankine.

"Kno: this round ov Life in Ertha must end  
 "But if Fater sho mersy, perhaps all will not meet Deth;  
 "In my pregnant belly iz an awfull birth brooding;  
 "Even now the first striktens neerly split me with horrer;  
 "My dotters howl in terror, and my sons howl 'Wor!'

425

"I plead, 'Save yurself! Flee! Go qwickly! Go now!  
 "And thoze that ar willing, take them and leed them and hide,  
 "Flee tu the south, tu a nu continnent; follo  
 "The jagged spine ov mountens linking twu wirlds.'  
 "I can hardly speak. My birth throes increes. Hurry!"

In shock and expectation: shock at the proffesy,  
 Increesd by tangelment ov hope after hope frustrated;  
 And yet expectent at Erthas stranj wirlds ov birth  
 And Deth and a punishd wirld and himself escaping;  
 He turnd tu the stair with curraj, thwarted by the serpent.

Intu the nuklear forj and demen fases  
 He reeld, and intu the bent, contracted boddys,  
 Outwerd forms ov mines that ar bilding cultur  
 And carving thair aggonized feeturs in the stone;  
 Drunken repenting masses, woriers, beests.

Human beings we call them in Nu Wirld, naybers,  
 Friends, teechers, parents; reely not so evel,  
 Not so cruel; with smiles, nervs, sorros,  
 With wives and childes and lovs and tender joys  
 That muted and softend thair crazed and drunk expressens.





Az he forsd hiz way, fingers pointed, and hisses:  
 "Thare goes our master, oppresser whu turns the scru!"  
 Or: "Look how he willfull defys our laws and custems!"  
 Or: "Thare, my abuzer!" az childes feerfull clung  
 Tu thair mammas legs; and the serpent titend hiz grip.

450

But he clung tu Life and would not submit tu the yung  
 And hungry lions nor giv up hiz hope ov Mersy,  
 Nor flee that alien home, nor attempt tu kill  
 The serpent, tho hiz mine and boddy in unissen waild  
 For destruktion or salvation, or wine tu dull the pain.

He could not rezist the exsited Ertha Conshents  
 That rippeld and shook nations intu fever; that stiffend  
 And paralyzed relijens. Like a leef on wotters, he spun  
 In eddys ov thot, and mumbeld wirds, transmuting  
 The human song intu fleeting cords ov Naturna.

"Intu Erthas belly..., intu serpents den..., escape...,  
 "Am I Adom..., o holy wumman, frail  
 "With feer tu save yur childes, folloing ansesters...,  
 "Cum soldier, save yur muther, captiv ov her childes...,  
 "I am no savier.., but Fater coiling Ertha...,"

Like salt dissovving in a pot ov hot wotter, like lite  
 Dispersing in crista, the serpent huze coils neether killd  
 Its pray, nor ever abbandend its viktem, relaxd  
 Its spirelling nots and slid forth, pulsing with powwer,  
 Coil after coil, the Vois ov Adom intu the crowd.

Like salt dissolving, the snake disappeerd in the boiling  
 Mass, and our fothers aggonny shot forth az he peerd  
 In the milling confuzion that stumbeld away from the serpent.  
 Thare he saw hiz sister, lately drunken  
 And hacking at Tree ov Nations and cursing Fater.

475

Hiz beloved sister whu dansd tu rezistless drums  
 Ov Deth Danse! In tears, in sorro, in Lov  
 He fell with arms around her neck, hugging and kissing,  
 Wispering the Proffesy ov Ertha and her Dreem ov Destruktion  
 That drove her tides in wirls, her childes tu madness.





But hotty and self-suffishent she thru him down  
 And scornd hiz week dependense, saying; "I've  
 "Rejected the fother tu marry the sun and tugether  
 "We can conker the evel." But a stranjers dotter  
 Lifted him up and beleevd him and fled also.

And thare, yung jeniuses with godlike aspires  
 Tu dezine unseeing motion and create life,  
 Ignord our fother, but thair timmid and commen bruthers  
 Understood hiz mumbeling, saw the Tree ov Nations  
 Falling, fled that syense that dansd with Deth.

The crowd now rushd tu the pyram in hipnotek currents  
 But menny parents rezisted the flux as thay saw  
 The madness in a wirld thay wunse had lovd, az thair childes  
 Pushd on ahead, wer swept in Adoms vortex  
 And careend out ov control around the nuklear pyram.

Even so, hiz own parents tangeld in sinnews  
 Ov distress, like fish caut in a sinister net.  
 Our Patriark stammerd: "Thare iz mor tu life than Adom!  
 "He iz the froth ov Divvine Wills; hiz wirld  
 "Iz the fantem form that oozes from the wine press.

500

"I hav spoken with Ertha. I hav wotched her burn  
 "The Books ov Traddition, but nu books wer writ in thair place;  
 "Agen she will burn and all the wirld will catch flame.  
 "But Truth will remain unconsumed!" But hiz parents herd  
 Only grones ov despair as the snake ensnared hiz Viktems.

And he saw a few outskirting the danse ov cultur,  
 Like seeds in planting that ar throne too far, grone stunted  
 Az inevvitabel harvest neerd, and faild tu bare seed.  
 So creativ Knowen waz cast out ov the drunken wirld-mine  
 And the inevvitabel end ov vilense was still obskure.

Then drunken Ertha, with wine trickling down  
 From corners her mouth, swelld with raje at mankine  
 Az thay staggerd in contradiktery laws, wilde  
 With khaos, crushd in the scru, delerious with joy  
 And despair and suffer, and eeger tu turn it titer.





The juses wer pord in the still, and mankine stoked  
 The fire, razed the heet ov the boiling cauldren,  
 Eeger tu chanj the wirld, littel regarding  
 The end ov thair changes. The cauldren over-boild  
 And Ertha roard and gulped the foaming licker.

She musterd lejens, wipd them tu frenzy and sent  
 Them tu wor tu destroy the contradiktions. Thay returnd  
 Exulting from nations and rases slotterd. Still  
 The Contradiktion remaind! Howling with fury  
 She twisted the handel ov the scru till the axis shatterd.

525

Then out burst Adom, crazed, from hiz crumbling pallas,  
 Hurling bolts ov litening from mounten tu mounten,  
 Poring fluds ov fire across the planes, igniting  
 The wirld with enornes sparks that arkd in prolongd  
 Flashes; beniting the wirld in hiz vilent lite!

Nite and day for weeks hiz pent up fury  
 Unleeshd; overpowering Sol in brite destruktion;  
 Filling nite with pulsing fire and thunder.  
 The wirld was a blazing koal; smoke and ash  
 Filled Erthas nostrils till she fainted in delite.

And then the over-heeted wirld knu chanj;  
 And the wite hot air and billoing clouds ov smoke  
 Mingled in an eery, oranj after-glo;  
 And the weeks ov thunder died tu a hiss az the crackd  
 Cauldren drippd the last drops ov licker on the koals.

That Nite ov Nites silenced the human beest;  
 Forth from disintegrating Adom our fother stepd,  
 Hiz notted hair aglo but hiz fase hidden,  
 And thus he waz Spoken: "We will remain whu ar chanj."  
 Then seven days and seven weeks he slept.

And the fire waz sated and koals seesd tu glo beneath ash;  
 And the serpent waz sated and crawled intu mountens and slept;  
 And mankine waz sated and slept in the dust ov Adom;  
 And Ertha waz sated and lay by the wine-press astonished;  
 And Fater had mersy and saved a germ ov Conshents.





550

And Mater ar mersy and came down tu Erthas travvail  
Az she reeld in the waste, in her empty orb, exhausted.  
An infant waild and sobd by the ash covverd female,  
And Mater did lay it tu suck at its muther brest  
And revived Thair Ertha from birth throes. Thay will be mersy.

And Fater did expand Thair Speret in obskure Ulro  
And did turn back the curten ov sinder that clozed the sky,  
And renued the Sol ov Lite; but tu lifeless Adom  
Thay nelt and embrasd the gyant, then burryd the Knowen;  
The Wirlds gave morning tu an aje that iz passd away.



## End Ov the First Book

