

In the Harvest Of Nations

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Book 2

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Book 2: Passaj

Our fother woke from dreem within dreem;
 For Erthas Song iz a dreemy compulsion
 Invizzabel tu syense but obvious tu Art.
 Now that Song sounded loud in hiz Mine.

And from the grater dreem ov the crusibel wirld
 Ware Adom, over-heeted, broke all laws,
 Till the Serpent within him burst hiz hart;
 He dyd by vilense but the Serpent iz immortel.

Her Divvine Song and the Immortel Serpent
 Hitend our Elders urj ov survival,
 Beneeth the terrifying discord ov Adom,
 Unherd in the silense ov a wirld beginning.

In thair Sol that Universen Cord
 Did rezzenate undiminishd tho yeers
 Would pass befor it would be KNowen, firm
 Impresd in thair sells, thair Boddys, thair Ideels.

Thay survived the birth. Wen all ways opend,
 Wen no Tru Path waz knone, a breef proffesy
 Only tu gide, itself doutfull,
 Appeerd a ridj, like a winding serpent.

Like the linking bones ov a snakes long spine,
 Hill after hill gru sharper and hyer,
 Interlinked spurs, passes, cliff sides.
 They folloed the serpent but thay didnt kno it.

Sloly this dreemy landscape became
 Thair Life; no sudden awakening; yet starteld
 They realized thay no longer slept and dreemd,
 But found themselvs surrounded by strangers.

Our fother turnd sloly and survayd the crowd.





From hiz finite eyes yet shone a powwer
 Immortel; beneeth hiz human understanding
 A Divvine Knowen orderd the world.

With hiz finite eyes he gazed at a crowd
 Ensircling him, hundreds ov peepel,
 Ragged, rugged, nameless, and fateless,
 Lives without meening, boddys without Hope.

Like gostes whu desperratt seek tru Life,
 Huze world haz no boundrys, no substanse, no senter:
 Skatterd on the ground, dazed or dozing
 Waz the human illuzion stripd ov Ideels.

But the speretuel eyes that beemd from our fother
 With joy vued the crowd, the sells ov Thot,
 Cleer and empty nervs ov Conshents,
 Vitel and inspired with a Sakred Task.

Just a rennegade band bound by yoke
 Ov Conshents, and raned for our Faters Purpos;
 Still wilde and skittish and tempermentel,
 By natur unruly, but overridden.

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Like shavings ov iron senterd on a magnet,
 Theze peepel, frags ov shatterd Adom,
 Wer held together by annuther Powwer
 That pulsd thru our fother from an Eldern Sorse.

Heer lay the childe ov Erthas travvail,
 Her nu born cultur, unformd but filld
 With latent Song ov ajes empresd
 In eech sell, eech sensitiv human mine.

Our fother smiled, not with glorry ov Powwer,
 For he knu not he waz the hub ov the weel,
 Nor that he and hiz wer chozen tu survive,
 Just glad tu be amung such a ruff-hewn crowd.





A man approachd asking, "Wut
 "Ar we duing? Iz this reel? But say!
 "Arnt yu that thief whu stole Erthas sekrets
 "And led us heer with menny cloked promis?"

He stood confuzed by Thot and feeling,
 Peering at our fother ackuzingly.
 But our fothers Prezense did not distort
 In the mans anger and dismay. He responded:

"I kno how yu feel; I am chanjing so fast
 "That yeers seem condensd intu days; profound
 "Impressens well up and disperse eech minnit.
 "Whu I waz seems far from whu I am.

"Hav I stolen a sekret or claimd
 "Authorrity? Perhaps we hav dreemd alike!
 "Whu ar yu, man? I waz knone
 "Az Adams, but that seems forren too."

"Sawl iz that breth, that name
 "Tatterd and muddyd by the heeted winds;
 "But my famly lost, theze ruins, hav mor
 "Tu du with whu I am, than a name.

"Hav I cum this far with yu tu dy
 "Ov poizen or privation? Folloed a madman
 "Or fool whu knos no mor than me,
 "Exsept tu deseev? It waz feer and horrer

"Made me run in this pack ov wolvs. But why?
 "Wut hav I dun? Wut hav I gaind?
 "But it duznt matter anymor." So saying
 He turned tu the oranj horrizen, staring.

Our fother knu hiz anger and despair:
 "It waz lov ov Life; it waz joy ov Life
 "Deeper that the terror and blindness. Returning
 "Tu the fire will not allay yur loss."





He left that man tu ponder a corse,
While he wokd thru the sirkels ov peepel, lissening,
Thru the sirkels ov enerjy bending and pressing
Agenst hiz mine, and he abzorbd them.

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And out hiz Conshents a nu Life began
Tu throb. Like a stone dropt in still wotter,
Eech Thot, eech moment surjd in consentrek
Waves, out from hiz inspired Presense.

Befor him a yung wumman curld
With matted, dishevveld hair, and layers
Ov puffy cloeths: scarvs, shawls,
Blouses, skirts, all prints and cullers.

"Lady Rainbo, why du yu hold
"Yur fase in yur hands, dampening this meddo?
"Ertha haz dun with greed, haz left
"Morning at the grave her seckend jenneraten.

"Lift yur fase from Erthas brest
"And cool yur red eyes in the pure stream
"That sparkels and russels by this resting plase.
"Arouz yurself; this iz a holy day!"

And her: "Trite wirds for the naive
"Or thozе whu cant fase the evel Truth,
"Or for sumwun braver whu iz glad tu dy!
"Nuthing iz holy in this ball ov Khaos!

"I waz born at Woodstock and knu only lov
"And jentel feelings. All the world
"Waz a revvelaten ov bewty and simpel
"Justis ov God. It came tu this!

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"Thare iz no God! Faith iz a ly!"
Wut iz salv for such a woond?
Ware iz suppert for utter disilluzion?
Our fother soothd her az he could:





"Perhaps yu judj too soon. Perhaps
 "Yur faith haz carryd yu thru the storm
 "Like a floating leef tumbeld over rappids
 "Tu a pool, while the log iz snagd and splinterd.

"A wirld haz burnd. Ar yu so pure
 "That yu expect not tu be seerd? And worse tu cum!
 "I dout such a dellikat flower can survive
 "A nu clime. A mirakel yu dident wither in the fire!"

But our fother dident mention the woond and frite
 That her Sol, az part ov the Wirlds Sol
 Did suffer; or that she, az thay al, must be tested
 Still by wotter, air, and Ether.

He continnued tu wok in patterns thru the crowd,
 Haff consent that he pased an expanding spirel
 With menny overlapping polygons;
 And the ennerjy that mued him spred in spirels.

At outskirts, a man: "I witnessd my son
 "And twu yung dotters empyred in the evel.
 "My wife lays poizend at the muddy rivver;
 "My fother and muther sertenly lost.

"I remember... I remember... how the wind skreechd;
 "First a faint drone, omniprezzent,
 "Creshending tu a howl ov Deth made furyes;
 "Then a mounten ov wind and dust came hurling.

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"I will nevver forget how that mounten belloed
 "And billoed, so hot thru the Colorado canyens
 "That the wind waz mor like fire, and ignited
 "Houzes and trees, made sands melt.

"I remember how peepel sickend and contorted
 "In the poizen; my wifes tremmers and fever;
 "Her bluddy vomit and hopeless eyes.
 "I remember eech moment; I don't want tu forget."





In hiz eyes sank horrer; on hiz lips a sneer.
 Tho hiz boddy had passd the test ov fire,
 Hiz Sol still lingerd at the foot ov the pyram
 Ware it would not leev off dansing with Deth.

A sneer remaind while he clung tu hiz anger
 At the past, at the prezent, at the licker spilld.
 Heer waz a lamm whu wokd amung wolvs
 And had lernd tu lov the drooling fangs.

"Sunken Trezzur iz a name tu sute yu!
 "A wirld haz sunk in terrifek storm
 "And yu mannajd tu ride sum debree tu shor
 "But ar thralld with drejging for that broken hull.

"Remember the pyram? Remember the press?
 "Remember the song ov a desperrat wirld? --"
 "I remember the pyram az a tempel ov lite,
 "And out ov the press floed the wine ov Life!

"I remember the song and this the refrain:
 "'Rule the wilde beest; portion the land;
 "'Bild an empire that will always expand.
 "'Yurs iz the powwer; take command!'"

But Faters becken waz in him; he muttered:
 "But at nite my hed iz filld with shrills
 "Like a wummans wining in frantek feer;
 "It began back then, and I cant get qwyet."

But our fother could distingwish Fater from Adom
 And the Voises ov Ertha in the hissing ov Deth.
 "Lissen mor closely tu that shreeking wumman;
 "It may be yur wife in the human Press."

Wile evening enfolded that outcast tribe
 Our Patriark ponderd the motivs that drove
 Theze peepel. Sum spoke ov elektrek powwer
 Arking; uthers ov dreemy torper.





Sum folloed anjels or wer chased by devvels;
 Sum felt muved by palpabel fate.
 Most saw Ertha, abuzed, defiled,
 Impozing Justis, reasserting her Will.

But even then Ertha lay suckling her nu born
 Infant. She gave with plezzur, not licker
 Ov Adom, but milk ov her Sol. And the innosent
 Childe knu not it had just cum tu Life.

Unaware, thay wer led by the Serpent ov Lite
 And Darkness. Hiz glissening skales would brake surfas
 Then slip back under the waves, az hiz ennerjy
 Inspired thair boddies and thair dark mines obayd.

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But Erthas bewty renued thair joy
 Unspoiled by Adoms anger. Our Fater
 Made milde Thair onse cruel dotter, whu beckend
 Her yung childe, her remnant ov Knowen tu Lov her.

But for her Lov, a ransom taken
 Till proof be made ov Lov exchanjd
 For Lov; the beest would looz hiz Will,
 Till a ballense be wayd in compassion for Ertha.

And thus, in the coils ov Adoms serpent,
 In the vitel Speret and its vitel Illuzion,
 The frags ov mankine, this nu born cultur
 Waz bound by our Elderns golden thred.

In Maters compassion, on Erthas brest,
 In the hand our Makers, our choozen tribe
 Did heel. Thair frayd Sperets wer ravveld
 In strands, and woven in a singel Conshents.

Then our elders wanderd unfetterd by Will,
 Naturnas orfans, jently gided,
 Wile Ertha transformd in the streng radiation
 Ov human destruktion and Eldern Lov.





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In that time the Rainbo Lady found curraj,
 And wunse agen with hope and joy,
 She wove nu shawls and skirts and skarvs,
 In durabel fabrek, durabel faith.

Wild hemp, flax, and cottens dyed
 In likens or berries, or with insect oozings,
 Or leevs or roots, using ashes and alums
 Tu fix it, as she wove a hyer Purpos.

That weeryd man named Sunken Trezzur
 Lagd behinde, brooding and bitter,
 But he waz first tu see the serpent
 Waz leeding that tribe out ov the cauldren.

"Look at theze ridjes and look far ahead.
 "All this time I've immajjind theze winding
 "Mountens ar a spine that archd out ov Ertha.
 "Thay seem alive like that serpent ov Adom.

"Look how the forest and crags intermingel
 "In a pattern ov green and gray like snake skin.
 "And way in the distense its hed iz lifted
 "Az if drowsily sensing our slo approach.

"We hav folloed the beest we all had fled!
 "No dout we'll end ware we began.
 "Ime anxious tu reech thoze dripping fangs;
 "Thare, I beleev, I will lay my bed!"

Our hole tribe, at wunse, then saw the serpent,
 Its jaws ahead, its ruind wirl behinde.
 Hard yeers later az thay stood beneeth its gaze
 Thay named it The-Gate-ov-the-Ruind-Wirl.

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Amung thoze onlookers, twu wer skatterd
 From parents long befor wind turnd tu fire;
 Like fishes caut in invizzibel net
 And dragd tu shor, so thay flounderd in Ertha.





For them a pallas waz a cool dripping cave,
 And the perfect home could be carryd away;
 The nests ov birds, the beevers dam,
 The hives ov ant and bee wer thair moddels.

Calld Rejektet Harth and Rejektet Foundations,
 Thay taut our famly tu trek and camp.
 Wunse vagrents, condammd and allways in trubbel,
 Wut Old Wirld rejekted, we hold moste deer.

I remember az childe I sat on the nees
 Ov Rejektet Foundations. He waz older then
 Than all ov the trees that gru in our villaj
 Exsept the grove whare counsels sat.

He told me, "Yur grandparents wunse had no sense
 "Ov the Danse ov Ertha, the Sakred Rites
 "That gide our steps, that muve our hands,
 "That connekt our mines in the Grater Mines.

"Thay dident kno how tu lay out thair tents
 "At points ov a star, then in larjer figures,
 "Neer eegels nests and the edj ov mountens
 "Ware terror and bewty call out tu Eldern.

"Without prior Knowen, without prior skills,
 "Lacking in tools and fewer moddels
 "Tu fashion strukturs in our mental ideel
 "Ov our Mine in Erthas Boddys, but we lernd!"

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How thay survived no wun can say.
 Only by mersy and nurtur ov Eldern
 Whu brot forth Ertha from Danse ov Extinkten
 And her childe from the stroke ov Adoms sord.

Yet our famly went hungry and feerd the land
 That waz dousd with poizen and curses ov Adom;
 Frute and seeds hung swollen and misshapen
 And evry plant lookd danjeres stranj.





Fritening silense engulfd thair path
 Becauz humans wer mad and all cretures feerd them,
 Havving fled at leest the span ov a vally,
 Singly, in herds, and in flocks thay fled.

Then Skatterd Ashes and Skatterd Seed,
 Whu had studdyd occult syense ov erbs,
 Washd thair mines ov thoze garbeld ideas
 And watchd and felt our nu wirld burjeon.

A sense in them opend, not willd nor dezired,
 A form ov Knowen mor simpel than Thot.
 Thru thair feet and hands and eyes and foreheds
 A current ov ennerjy floed from plants.

"At nite we would leev the anxious camp
 "That hazed our mines like mist in a vally.
 "Silently standing in the koal-dark forest
 "Vejtabel auras would kindel the bush.

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"Just az yur eyes adjust tu dark
 "Wen lamps ar snuffd, with cleerd eyes we saw
 "Fillaments appeer like stars in evening
 "In prizmek rays from evry plant.

"We lernd tu distingwish diffrent spesies
 "By leef and frute and ennerjy-shade,
 "And its valu az meddisen, erb, and food
 "By its lite wich we seemd tu feel and taste."

So the haff-born tribe awwakend further,
 Swolloed feer and ate nu food,
 Lernd tu gather and prepare
 The wilde, abundant, skatterd frute.

For a sezen ov terror, a sezen ov despair,
 A sezen ov hardship, and a sezen repreevd,
 That outcast tribe cut a crooked trail
 From the seet ov angwish under Adoms sord.





Wen that sord had fallen and dividid the Sol,
 And Adom himself had fallen in the fury,
 Then fire proovd the Irredusibel Substanse
 Ov Naturna. And Mater lifted it and shaped it.

She shaped it intu Conshents tu reunite Sol,
 Mixing it with wotters, then depriving it air,
 Multipel times tu infuze it with Will.
 Then she gave it tu Thot (huze old name waz Ether).

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Thot then dividid the Substanse in twu
 And invizzibly linkd them with lines ov forse
 And calld the twu haffs 'male' and 'female'.
 He sent them out tu work chanjes in Naturna.

During thozе sezens ov chanjes and awwaking
 Our Patriark rarely spoke or led them.
 "We all must bare the load and be sturdy.
 "We ar founding a Nu Wirld; eech stone must hold.

"Wut iz that Knowen that lifted yu out
 "Ov the univversen fire and linkd yu tu
 "This Famly? We akt like stranjers tu eech uther
 "And don't kno the meening our Grate Destiny.

Wunse we wer worthless seed discarded,
 Now planted and sprouting, hardy stock;
 "But whu ov us knos if we will bare frute
 "And produse a Sakred Seed in the Sol?"

Az thair march encallousd thair feet, and thair legs
 Tuffend with burly sinnews, and thair hands
 Swelld with mussel, like a farmers hands
 Enlarjd by weelding the ax and plow,

Thair harts also titend by hardship and dout.
 Thay blamed thair jurny az the cauz ov trubbel,
 An exile rather than a frajil thred
 Holding the human Conshents tu Ertha.





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With desponden rezen thay senshurd thair corse.
 "We ar cowwards running from beloved homes;
 "Yu see how the wirlid iz chanjd. Sertenly
 "The fires hav coold; the pyram iz plunderd!

"Yu think that we ar the only remnent
 "Surviving a battel that swalloed a wirlid?
 "Now evel iz purjd; our famlys may survive;
 "We ar not alone. Ertha saved menny!"

And uthers: "We hav turnd our backs
 "On that Sakred Home dismanteld by evel,
 "And avverted our eyes from the firey Commands.
 "We must return and restor the old Teeching."

Our Patriark further encurrajd thair rezens:
 "With sord-like plows we plyd Old Wirlid,
 "And with rappid looms we wove its warp,
 "And with blinde mashenes we stampd its mold.

"Will yu return tu thoz primmitiv tools
 "That nurturd discord and spred disees,
 "And upset ballense ov the human mine?
 "I think thoz tools and thoz Teechings faild!

"But if yu beleev the wirlid iz chanjd, and the struggel
 "Tu liv our ideels iz fulfilld, and the pyram
 "Ov powwer iz thoroly dismanteld, and the press
 "Iz burnd tu ash, then its safe tu return.

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"And if longing tu regain yur famly and lern
 "If uthers survived, unswayd by prezent
 "Hardship that yu ar anxious tu escape,
 "Then it would be rong tu disswade yur impulse."

Then menny muthers, fothers, childes
 Turnd that direktion ware sky wunse dripd flame
 (Wich now we call the Ark ov the Wume)
 And evrywun waverd, and sum venturd back.





Yu may wunder how our elders, huze will
 Waz ransumd, could exert such will. Ar the osheans
 Brakers angry or brooding? Iz the fox
 Clevver, or the mule stubborn by chois?

And obzerv how a leef on a deep glassy streem
 Cums tu rappids jutting with rocks;
 Behinde eech rock a counter-floing wirl
 Can hold that leef, tho the streem rush on.

Then Ruff Cristas: "Thay return tu Adom
 "Yet thay may be twise saved. Lets mark our way.
 "The corse ov the Snake leeps like the wind.
 "It findes a way and then it chanjes."

And Sunken Trezzur, huze wit offen stung
 With mimmek and sarcazm, jokeless and firm
 He stood, but hiz lov and longing stammerd:
 "We mark our way; mark yurs also!

"We will strip the bark from a tree evry stone-thro
 "And lay a polygon ov stones at eech camp.
 "Send back yur proofs with a swift-footed runner.
 "He will finde me wating in the serpents mouth!"

400

Thru thair Lov and tears a chanj dessended:
 Thay wer choozen direktion and hewing a path;
 A portion ov Will waz being restord
 And with it chois ov thair Sakred Purpos.

But the sorro ov parting only breefly stung,
 And breefly thay marveld in hitend Awware.
 In that wakening our tribes history merjd
 With rite. Thay approachd the test ov wotter.

At a seven days wok the mounten plunjd
 Tu immense, flat basen, and at senter a rivver
 That seemd tu drift like a dull blu ribben
 Intu sky, and allong it roze spires ov smoke.





We kno this vally now az 'Exile;'
 Beyond the Forrests-ov-Forbidden-Rites;
 Only a few ov my jenneraten hav seen it,
 Drivven in stress ov unballensed Boddys.

But our first parents knu eech grove and glade.
 Beleeving the smoke tu be sine ov survivors,
 Needless ov counsel, not marking the vantaj,
 Thay plunj'd down the grade and rush'd tu make contact.

The enormes solletude that surrounded thair wirl'd
 Qwelld all suspicions and feer ov danjers.
 Thay lept down the cleff intu broadleaf forrest
 Till the plases ov fire wer hid from site.

425

Moste our kin continued tu the rivver,
 Like tumbling streems, unpent and crashing
 Down the steep gorges, intu swampy loland
 That lookd like meddo wen vued from abov.

Wut myriad ideas fill'd thair mines
 Az thay tumbeld down: tender reunions,
 A nu-found homeland, and end ov hardship!
 Pretense ov rezen created by Hope.

But like flud that turns back and flos tu its sorse,
 A few ov the tribe qwickly turnd back;
 Agenst the urjing ov instinkt, superseded
 By thot, a few ov our Parents reassended.

Thay saw that the dense tangel and profuzion
 Ov trees, thicket, jyant ferns, and marsh
 Allured like a thick soft bed ov moss
 From the ridj, deseaving the rugged terrain.

Like a planted seed stird from dormense,
 That cracks its shel and sprouts, our mundane
 Wirl'd then stird with its Anshent Purpos.
 And Yisreel askd wut all wer wundering:





"Sinse dansing with Deth we hav wanderd together,
 "Abzorbd in a Proffesy we must create.
 "The childs ov Adom hav perrishd, but we
 "Ar frags ov a Life wunse clozed in hiz Sol.

450

"But wut iz the Forse that holds us together?
 "In theze blurry sezens boddy after boddy
 "Haz shed from Sol like an artichokes leevs.
 "Now I sense I am reeching a core...."

Yizlamm in exsited confirmaten broke in:
 "Yes! Yes! I feel it, and till now disbeleevd!
 "It seemd too stranj; my boddy, my brain
 "No mor seems the sorse ov Thot or dezire.

"Abov me, around me, iz a shining Being
 "Gloing like saffire, fluid as muzek.
 "He muves hiz hand; the wirld looks difrent.
 "She breefly smiles; I fall in Lov."

"It iz like my boddy iz a sell or nerv
 "In a grater Boddy," spoke Boddyseet,
 Huze lovly appeer begiled dezire
 And Lov and conflict amung menny our fothers.

"I always vued my boddy az prizzen
 "Ov sekret selvs, like Adoms Boddy,
 "An intrikat maze tu ensnare the lov
 "Ov viktems tu serv my corrupt dezires.

"By denying dezire I exsited Adom
 "Whu coild hiz serpent around me and dragd me
 "Heer; I hardly beleev that the walls
 "Ov this prizzen hav fallen and kindness iz in thare."

475

Then Path ov Wotter, whu muves like her name,
 Sparkling and cleer, tu the deepest plase:
 "Wut ov our kin in the vally belo?
 "How can we save this infant tribe?"





Then Shemaya whu heers and iz herd rezolvd them:

"Befor we can aspire tu a hyer ideel
 "We all must shed the conflicts ov Old Wirld,
 "Must shed thozе sick boddies in recurring triles.

"Down in that vally Ertha iz performing
 "Rites and cures on the mines our Kin,
 "Lovving gidense thru her sekret workings
 "Tu dispell the Prezense ov vilense inbred.

"Down in that vally the etheks and motivs
 "That bilt Old Wirld, and the sorro and gilt
 "That still cling, ar being expozed by her rites.
 "Wen thay return, our reel werk can start.

"We hav not vowd commitments, not found a home,
 "Not bilt the tools tu define our future.
 "We hav not lernd tu danse tu Faters Muzek,
 "Tu werk or pray with Maters Lov.

"I red wunse befor a band ov slaves
 "Wokd with Deth till thay lernd a nu Law.
 "Az for myself, lme mor that reddy
 "Tu cut the thred ov that fallen wirld.

"On the day wen Sol and Mune wok tugether,
 "The nite ov cleer gaze, let us start a drumming
 "Till Roundmune, tu summen thozе in the vally,
 "Tu finnish our passaj and begin Nu Life."

500

In the vally the drumbeet nevver began;
 Exhausted with hardship and deluzions and sorro,
 Our elders, straining in Rites tu rench
 Old Wirld from jennetek memmer, didnt heer.

The drumbeet in Exile nevver begins;
 Sloly it peerses the rittuel air,
 Hitens the mood and qwickens the pase.
 Thay folloed the drumbeet befor thay evver herd.





Allone thay straggeld back up the ridj
 Tu finde thair Patriark; with lovvng embrases
 And ammazed reckognition thay saw Old Wirld
 Belo, like a shell ov darkness, crackd.

By lite ov Roundmune thay filld the hollo
 Log drum with nuts and frutes and vejjes,
 With erbs and arromatik roots and leevs
 And from it ate, and around it dansed.

The drum iz simbell tu this hollo wirld
 Enclozing a Seed ov Sakred Knowen;
 And simbell ov our Boddies, eckoing the sound
 Ov Eldern call tu a Grater Life.

All our first famly, save twu, that passd
 The-Gate-ov-the-Ruind-Wirld wer thare;
 Agenst Roundmune the Aturna Serpent
 Spred hiz jaws az thay sirkeld the drum.

525

Rejoising and singing befor the snake,
 Thay ate from the drum that nevver lackd.
 Storrays ov Exile mingeld with leereks
 Ov Old Wirld, huze vale thay unrapt that nite.

I don't care
 Wut yu hav tu say.
 Ime the boss
 Aroun heer tудay.

Ime the lion
 And yur the lamm.
 Wen I cum roun
 Yu better scam.

The childes taunted this, eech in turn
 Playing the lion and chasing the lamms;
 Or uzing a grape vine, thayd jump in time
 Tu theze wirds chanted fast and faster:





Wok and wok and wok and wok
 Up the mounten, eye tu eye.
 Wok and wok and wok and wok
 Down the vally thru the rye.
 Thares a rock, a rock rock rock
 A turning clock in the brod daylite.

But older childes sang difrent tunes,
 Smiling at the jingels ov yunger wuns:
 Thare iz no boss between yu and me;
 Wutevver we du, we'll hav tu agree.

550

And our parents like cups ov wine, overflowing,
 Pord out thair joy and hope intermixd
 With jennetek memmer, and persenel expere,
 And instinkt, the three lesser boddies ov Conshents.

Sum wer embarrassd tu tell thair expere
 Till thay herd how uthers lost control,
 Or wer snared in dreemlike deluzion, or recoild
 With terror and disgust at Old Wirld, too.

Thus Rainbo: "I qwickly got lost down thare.
 "Neck deep in mire, my skin all shrivveld,
 "And swarmd by insekts, bit by crabs,
 "My only urj tu reech dry land.

"Wen I climed from the swamp, shivring, crying,
 "A throbbing ov hope that had filld my boddy
 "Seesd, or seemd tu; later, fainter,
 "I herd it thumping in the sky. I folloed."

"Yu wer lucky!" Rejektet Foundations syed:
 "I lept from this ridj, like a chick from its nest,
 "Like a Spere from its Boddys, tu a harder wirld.
 "I tumbled over rocks that broke all illuzions.

"I enterd a plase ov mixd up moments,
 "Az if time waz a series ov bubbels bursting.





575

"I enterd a villaj, vary fammilier,
"Burnd out, lifeless, and stinking ov Deth.

"From evry bilding roze smoke; and chard
"Remains made jagged sillouet agenst sky.
"Heer waz the substense, the strenth, and hope
"Ov my past, judjd by a mersyfull God!"

He stopd, lissening tu a song neer the fire.
The smoke curld from the dansing flames;
The song floated in a flutes lo plaint.
He murmerd tu noboddy, "Yes, it iz tru."

Go down, hopeless, way down in Exile land.
Fell from faver, yet my seed will gro.
Mone down rozes, down in Exile land.
Tell old fabels tu let the reeper sow.

Dansing at outskirts ware shados lept
Like spekters reeling with hope ov nu life,
Sunken Trezzur, drunk with joy
And releef and sarcazm, rambeld and stompd:

Way down in the vally, wut did I see?
But an old time sitty lookin down at me.
An thare waz bildings tall az mountens,
Houzes strung like hills
An nobuddy wokkin in that plase
But a debbel lookin for thrills.
An nobuddy wokkin in that plase
But a debbel lookin for thrills.

600

Me, I started runnin thru allys and avvenus
Throwin rocks and swarin an belloin like a moos.
I waz lookin for gold and jewwels
An sum hunny tu lay her down.
How did a raskal fool az me
Evver escape from that town?
How did a raskal fool az me





Evver escape from that town?

Then the debbel wisperd: "Yur my man!" he sed.
 I figgurd he'd give me powwers, or maybe take my hed!
 My hart, she waz a-thumpin,
 But that boy, he dissappeerd
 An the plase waz filld with peepel,
 An me, I held thair Spere!
 The plase waz filld with peepel
 An I held the only Spere!

Why did a fool raskal get that awfull Spere?
 Wichevver way Ide poin it, crowds would shout: "Not
 heer!"

I thru it down in anger,
 And all them fantems fell.
 My hart thumd loud az a drumbeat
 Az I hytaild outa hell.
 Yeah, my hart bangd loud az a drumbeet
 Az I beet it outa hell.

625

Skatterd Ashes herd him with dout:
 "Wut ar yu trying tu say in that Song?
 "Iz it a joke, or parody, or dreem?
 "Or sum weerd vizion that makes yu yowl.

"Shurely yur expere in Old Wirld, or the vally,
 "Or wandering haz nuthing tu du with this."
 And he: "Reely it happend down thare;
 "I got dansing with Adom and forgot this Life."

"But how could yu drop that Golden Thred
 "That led us out ov the redhot furnas;
 "And how could yu finde a sittu in swamp
 "Ware only sqwallid annimas dwell?"

She continnued: "I saw the neerest smoke
 "Beyond the oaks ware sumak waz fruting.
 "Avoiding the reed beds I found a fire





"Ded, but I saw the marks ov peepel.

"It waz neer the rivver, but sparsely fruted,
 "Mostely hard and fibrus vejjes;
 "I waited on beech for thoze fokes tu return
 "But no, thay must hav bin on the muve.

"Further down rivver I spotted five men
 "Scared and ruff-looking; haff starvd too.
 "Couldent figgure it with so much food
 "Along the feeder streems; so I calld out.

"Thay thot I waz goste, and held back, confuzed,
 "Then cautiously approachd. Lookd az tho
 "Thayd drag me off by hair like cave men.
 "Thay wer difrent from us. Thay wer still Old Wirld.

650

"We mostely tokd sines, and I shoed them food.
 "But I waz scared, thay needed sex,
 "And rite away thay wer claiming me,
 "Jelles and meen, haff boy, haff wolf.

"Cajey and desperrat, thay kept me 8 days,
 "Forsing me with sex or folloing submissiv.
 "I kept dreeming ov Shemaya whu waz crushing grapes
 "In my hands and telling me tu drink the wine.

"I lernd thare wer menny packs like theze,
 "And few wimmen, whu seemd tu lord them. Wun
 "Discoverd me; jelles she rajed at the men
 "And chased me out; ware I herd the drum."

Then she smiled ammazed as a mine inside
 Her mine first stird, a dreemy compulsion.
 She crushd sum grapes and drank the juse,
 Then shared her Boddy ov expere with uthers.

The feest caryd on till Mune enterd Ertha,
 Thair mines merjing intu Erthas Boddy.





That vale thay named 'Exile' ackording az thay knu it:
Forsd tu go in and glad tu get out.

675 For days or munths thoze migrents continnued
Tu Gate-ov-the-Ruind-Wirld, but drumfeest
Had markd the beginning thair weeving the threds
Ov Erthas Purpos in thair jennek fabrek.

And az the jennek fabrek waz weeven, even so
Thair steps wer weeven in spirels by the Danse
That spins the wirlds in eckstasy, that twines
The Golden Threds in a Sakred Histery.

It waz weeven first in Exile. Tho eech
Our Elders had uneke expere, yet not
So difrent the steps ov thair danse with Ertha
Whu led them intu her Speretuel Boddys.

Wunse whu immajjind our Knowen so vast!
The crux ov our Life in five simpel rites
Iz ennacted. This, the Boddy ov Knowen
Entrusted tu us, for us for Evolven.

Our daily Lives in Mundane Egg
And the Akts that send it Evolven -- this
Waz reveel in Exile: Cumming ov Aje,
Marraj, Birth, Deth, and Attainment.

In eech the tales just told ov Exile
A difrent rite waz ennacted; and our elders
Divvided in clans ackording tu the rites
Thay eech passd. And all the clans choze leeders.

700 The Amerra Clan, led by Sunken
Trezzur, lernd a rite ov Adulthood.
The Protos Clan, led by Skatterd
Ashes, passd a rite ov Marraj.

The Allidya Clan, led by Rainbo





Livd a rite ov Birth; and the Diahmel
Clan, led by Rejektod Foundations,
Lernd a rite ov Passaj thru Deth.

Thay named thair Clans after four-fold Naturna.
And Shemaya waz leeder ov Erthas Clan,
Thoze whu Attain. Az Ertha iz lesser
Than Naturna, so the grater iz choozen the lesser.

Thay ended thair days ov Passaj, in the Mundane
Egg made fertil by a Sakred Seed.
Wokking together in Clans tu the Serpents
Mouth, thay ended thoze days, rejoising.



End Ov the Sekkend Book

