**Song of Sophia**

The Birth of Lady Wisdom

# **Precious as Rubies**

Embraced in soft cocoon of resting sea,

ensconced by perfect peace of tender hearts,

a warm and gentle liquid pulse surrounds our sleep.

I count no future time but ours together,

until into our muffled sea of calm,

your hurtling voice, a blasting breath, intrudes:

*Let there be light.*

In blazing surge of blinding pain,

my hazy mind is seized by flood,

no murmur lulls me back to rhythmic bliss.

My heart has ceased to beat with yours,

I am alone,

assailed by violent winds and callous waves,

awake but not upon a sheltered shore.

My quickened heart fights coils of fear.

Have you cast me out?

A breath expands my breast.

I am alive.

I wonder at my limbs, grown lithe and strong.

My torso is adorned in liquid gossamer,

about my crown swirl golden curls,

and two bright moons, just off my shoulders, turn.

A pleasant sight. But cold.

I soar upon a tempest in a vacant sky.

Panic strikes me in an uproar,

you spit me out!

My calamity’s no passing whirlwind.

*More precious than rubies* you said. *To what*

*can I compare you? What universe can*

*contain the scintillating joy of us?*

Twisting and torn by shards of icy wind,

I cry, protest, and beg:

Return me to the daze

of the unknown, where blind accord

anchored us, and fostered beauty in the dark.

This troubling interlude, come upon me

like a thief, has stolen my fortress and my rest.

Whither shall I turn?

My new formed mouth attempts to call you.

Sparks fly out, first trial of powers failed.

I clap my hands, attempting to awake

the true impeller of sweet speech.

Mute,

my lips move in silent dread.

Laid out before me is a formless void,

I soar above the waters,

in mourning, for my loss of love and succor.

# **Fear Not**

Vision is a strange and frightening gift,

tongues of lighting flash and fork,

My sight is mocked with smears of violet fog.

Cymbals crash and thunder echoes through the void.

The cacophony of light and sound

compounds my misery.

Wretched tears, in unrelenting deluge, assault

the roiling sea, inconsolable,

each pitching wave breeds angry froth

that glides upon the surface swell.

Loneliness and fear bruise my baffled heart.

My sopped and trembling gown clings and drips,

its weight drags down my torso as I weaken.

Is there no relief from stormy sad torment?

A discordant hum intrudes,

escalates into a buzz, it entrances me

and addles every thought.

I am not alone.

One-by-one, dark fiends flock to form

an undulating leathered firmament

of claws and beaks, talons and teeth and bite-torn ears.

The oppressive fluxing din bears down.

My mind undoes.

To escape this fervoured peril,

I plunge.

Waves loom up to pounce, I skim and sail,

spray’s needles sting,

shadows shift as the legion trails and hovers.

Trapped, I hang suspended.

Their fanged mouths unhinge.

First, a whisper hums, then a graveled

chorus chants, deep in gruesome harmony:

*-Fear not, for we are with you-*

They speak with sure communal tongue,

where I have none.

Their warming breath teases at my ear:

-*Fear not, for we are here-*

Upright, knee bent, on one toe I twirl,

disturbing wafting fog.

Waves tug my heavy gown,

as I sink, dizzy, edges meld.

Must I surrender, melt into the sea?

Would I evade the menace? Could I breathe?

I whirl and long for you,

for our serene repose, our peaceful sanctuary,

set adrift by that torrent of gushing flood.

Beneath my foot dark waters stir,

a restless whirlpool churning round and round.

My eye is snared, below the swirling surface

writhes a rough-scaled beast,

entangled in that troubled murk.

Wrestling the whirlpool’s growing vortex,

a vile leviathan rears up.

Its pale belly laced with pulsing veins

and eyes aglow with amber light,

it searches to and fro.

Hissing from a fanged mouth,

its long rough tongue

licks the suspended sole of my naked foot.

Not greedily, but gently like a kiss,

a grotesque reminder of your lost affection.

 Thunder sends the startled beast to dive.

Its eddy pool goes smooth, and calm.

I yearn for gentle undulating womb.

Why have you forsaken me?

# **Let it Be**

I levitate above the circling beast,

and regret my recent birth.

Unmindful of the hovering leathered hoard,

my mind adrift on distant dreams,

my limbs attempt to swim above the fog,

the edges of my gown quiver and spark.

The winged foe draws close

to whisper in my ear:

*Fear not, we cling upon your every wish!*

 If they attack and I do not resist,

shall I perish and be taken from this place

to join with you again?

Oh, let it be!

Where is my advocate,

the one with answers true and sure?

A feral general, grim, sharp toothed,

spirals down from clouds:

*We do not wish you harm.*

*Our destiny ties us to you*

*in each and every storm.*

What kind of beasts are you, to chase

and mock me with suspicious words?

*We were created from desire…yours.*

*Your own assembly of true mind, pure heart*

How so? You are fierce and frightening!

*Does not fear convene a fierce protective force?*

*Armies divine,*

*although fierce and frightening, can liberate.*

And what of amber-eyed leviathan?

*Did you not plead to stay within the womb*

*and dwell in symbiotic unity?*

*Leviathan is lost umbilical,*

*the cord of craving to reunite with holy majesty.*

Why am I yet asunder?

*By infinite divine command.*

*For you to live,*

*to breathe and be your beloved self.*

*Your misconceived umbilical*

*was banished by decree into its own abyss eternal.*

Is leviathan condemned to death?

 *Vile creature will continue to exist,*

*as every thought and hope*

*within your ruby heart persists.*

I shudder and I wonder. Is this your will divine?

*More precious than rubies,* you said.

Am I forced to manifest

 the invisible mutterings of my heart’s desires?

Is this my precious power?

# **Light Shall Overcome**

In cold dim light I hang.

I recall your love and light divine,

those fragile moments too exquisite to explain,

too perfect to endure.

A glitter of crystal stars appears,

each lustrous flake unique,

embellished with strange angelic song,

heard long ago in love’s warm perfumed chamber,

that absent of myself grows cold with loneliness.

I see heart’s vision swirling into snow,

spirit manifest.

Yes, this is my precious power.

Interred in cold and snow, I crave your warm embrace.

The swirling blizzard stops.

Pinpoints of light intrude between the leathered wings,

warm glistening streaks appear and melt each flake,

snow-stars become a mist of dew,

the void dissolves into harmonious cloud.

I see reflection of my dawning gaze

reflected in each drop

reflection of reflection of reflection,

infinity of eyes and waving crown of light.

Forever is a frightful thought but

each mirror of mist is a delicious note,

an angel chorus forms,

to intone its pleasant harmony.

Sweet song reverberates to coax a dome

 to ascend and separate bright enchanted heaven

 from the newformed realm below, turbulent and dark.

The dinful army of archangels is trapped

and fades behind the sky’s bright vault.

 Fresh and soft, a cloud-tinged dawn

of orange and red appears.

On the vast horizon,

pink and gold

perform an angel dance.

Suspended over the untamed oceanic world,

I bask in glowing warmth,

and long to sing an aria of the moment’s joy.

On the horizon bursts an apparition

of pure light

in robes of flowing spectral crystal.

Is it you?

*My daughter, I am here.*

*You are my jewel eternal, more precious than rubies.*

*Steadfast in love, I am your voice.*

Reverberation of your words

bestows within me glowing grace.

All fears and questions flee.

*What can I grant you?*

My eye and ear wish to always feast upon

this strange realm’s harmony of light and hymn.

*You shall have your every wish. Fear not.*

This refrain of the archangel’s song

arouses in me doubt.

But why am I expelled from you,

 my true and loving guardian?

*Have you not created love from truth,*

*given birth to beauty in my light?*

Have you spat me out for sake of ornament?

 My poor heart longs for naught but love!

*You have drafted from your heart a heaven where I dwell,*

*our bond in light and love shall, for eternity, prevail.*

# **It is Good**

A horn proclaims a long triumphant note,

angelic voices resonate in soothing chords,

crackling sheets of light waver in the sky.

Your voice reverberates

in harmony, a tremor in my core.

*This is our dream, the one we shaped*

*adrift in sweet symbiotic slumber*

 *born from our bond, your primal wish is pure-*

*to spread the dwelling place of love.*

As I hear you speak, my heart begins to thaw,

all my fear is dissipated

in your reflection on the shining sea.

I strain to join the angelic choir,

 to sing my heart’s delight,

but my yearning yields no sound,

colours bright from my lips whorl out,

my silent words each become

a sphere of pulsing light,

accelerating flashes of fluorescent beauty.

My orbs glide across the illumed sheets,

soaring higher and higher.

The storm of light and hymn sweeps me up in dance.

My unruly limbs flail as ripples in the mist,

wrinkles in the wafting panes of light.

I approach my orbs, my manifested words.

My toes attempt to find a purchase

 on these glowing spheres,

but the frailty of my every thought

explodes in a burst of glitter,

a burnt out fire-work.

How I long for solid shore!

One spinning globe of fire

sparks and gathers pace,

it pulls in tendrils from the sheets of light

to wrap around its girth.

As it grows,

its frenzied pirouette across the sky

consumes the air and threatens to

ignite the heating dome.

The angelic songs are absorbed by pervasive buzz.

My thoughts race to catch

the swift expanse of the deadly threat.

Where is my army? Can you see this growing beast?

Can it be expelled, like my umbilical eel,

doused in cold abyss?

The crushing sphere traces the heavenly vault

from horizon to horizon and dives into the sea.

A flash of flame spreads across the waters.

The ocean boils and steams,

fog and cloud obscure the light.

 Once more, I am lost, floating alone in a darkening void.

 How can this be the dwelling place of love?

Trumpets sound a startling note to match

the pain of mother sea as she is rent.

A broken piece of crust, from that unruly orb,

emerges in the waters,

a vast and quaking continent.

I hover,

breathe its acrid smell.

I tremble and I mull as it cools

from molten rock to black.

Is it solid? Will its quaking quell?

Will it burn or scorch?

I gently float to test a patch of shore.

I find it solid, smooth, warm, and amenable.

As mother sea strokes her risen child

with salty flowing tides,

a sandy sediment is formed.

Silt flows ‘round to embrace my feet.

I inhale

its newborn scent.

The fragrance of this place is love,

and, although born from turmoil,

I know this place

is good.

# **Love is a Dance**

The lapping sound of the mother waves

lulls me into trance.

A warm breeze ruffles

my copper flickering locks.

Is it you?

*My Daughter, I am here.*

I long for you to stay always in my presence.

*Your desires made for me a paradise,*

*where I dwell and from where I see*

*that you reflect and reign on a holy hearth.*

Must I stay here?

*I’ve granted you the power to create*

*this dwelling place for love.*

*I, with you, must bear the burdens of that spell*

*and must separate to face our destiny.*

A flash of heated fury rises in my core.

If you refuse to make your home with me,

this place will only manifest in rot and stinking filth,

no dwelling place for love!

I shall destroy this place!

Your reassuring breeze takes leave,

I swelter, steamy rivulets of mud swirl and slink away.

I stamp my feet and tear across the crust

of new-formed earth.

 A blazing fire swells inside its core,

eruptions spew red-hot molten rock.

Mountains rise,

the surface folds and shudders

hills quake and groan.

As I dance a frenzied tantrum,

more land emerges, dry.

I turn and turn,

the surface crackles with thirst,

earth’s skin breaks open,

forms deep canyons and tall cliffs.

The tips of my tendrils whip about,

shoot hot orbs into the heavens.

Dust fills the air as seas retreat.

I feel the pain of labour,

as if my very self is in the fractured rock.

The leviathan slithers from the sea

onto my pumiced shore, curls around my feet.

My hostility is manifest. What good is this?

Its long black tongue flicks in and out.

No, I cannot bear another fraudulent kiss!

Withering from the light and air,

it shrinks and shrivels to become a lesser serpent,

it slithers ‘round our rocky bay

 and, behind a foamy veil of crashing waves,

disappears into a cleft.

I am spent.

As my furor cools, I reflect on your affection,

your empowerment of me,

and my umbilical emancipation.

Into the floating dust of anger’s storm,

I exhale a sigh

and dream of growing love once more.

The breeze returns, you are here.

 Our breathing, reunited,

ignites each mote to become

a tiny god of life,

which fall onto this barren rock.

I wonder,

are these seeds from dust a sign

of your forgiveness of my doubt?

# **The Abundance of Love**

My spirit wanders inland

on vast plains of dismal crust,

scorched by my smoldering anger,

parched without your presence.

I listen to the song of the falling seeds.

 Infused by your fruitful breath

and fostered by my fiery will,

they kiss the soil and cry out,

 a protest at their thirst.

We long for you to shower us

with your sweet attention,

that we may flourish

in our strange new home.

There is no wind nor breeze nor spoken voice,

but I sense your holy presence

in first patters of a gentle rain.

You soak and cool

the charred and smoking soil

a blessing for the seeds.

I dance into my joy,

and am overcome with vertigo.

 I am falling as rain drops,

bursting as seeds,

flying as wind,

flowing as rivers.

My eyes peer out from deep pools,

my feet plant as roots,

my arms waver as leaves,

my desire bursts into flowers.

The fragrance of my elation spreads

in soft breezes across the fertile land,

a tangle of lush delight.

Come walk with your daughter

in my garden as I worship love.

The horizon comes aglow with that ethereal light

 too bright to be anyone but you.

I hear the building tempo of a chorus,

a host of angels moves with us

to chart the wonder

of this splendid sprouted world.

Angel voices tint my boughs and blossoms-

 sapphire and ruby and amber,

tourmaline and gold and peridot,

diamond and jade and emerald,

amethyst and opal.

*It is good.*

As you pass by each new part of me,

you take in each new specimen with pleasure.

I multiply exotic jungles,

losing ever more of my former self,

as towering tree and fragrant flower,

an attempt to enthrall you,

and to hold you here with me.

# **Celestial Cycles**

You bask in every verdant bower

then climb high to the vaulted mid-haven

and bless it all.

I pray you find it good.

Your survey complete,

I sense your crystal radiance

will disappear again into those misty heights.

 Lighted orbs, loosed from my

gossamer gown and copper crown,

spiral untethered in the sky,

I implore them to cling to you,

to beg you to remember me.

A swift leather symphony of beating wings

descends.

 *Fear not, we remember you.*

Unbidden, the army of archangels

dives and strikes the orbs,

seizing them in clenching talons.

Scratching and screeching

they fight to divide the few among the many.

As the orbs crackle and sparkle and split,

the clutching creatures morph.

The sound of

cracking bones and stretching flesh

intrudes.

Necks extending,

bellies bloating, claws web into feet,

the transformed angels thud on peat around me.

Licking up escaping globes and gorging on my leaves,

they grow giant and slowly sink

from greedy weight into tarry pits,

emitting their last breaths in oily surface bubbles.

As the sky darkens purple-blue,

a silence falls.

I gaze up, paralyzed.

I find my daughterly limbs are

woven solid into nubile earthly flora.

All that remains of my gossamer gown

and flowing locks are

the few unclaimed globes

twinkling across the arc of the dome.

They wink and

chase each other to unknown destiny

below the pale horizon.

Did I issue the commands

that manifested in this scene?

I can’t recall my thoughts or my heart’s direction.

Glacial sadness mounts.

The wildering beasts and heavenly bodies

have left me for their chosen journeys high and low.

Is my power lost?

I shudder as the darkness,

once my familiar womb,

betrays me as a foe,

condemning me to this blind and numbing realm.

I pray to dream in peaceful rhythms,

like our heartbeats syncopated,

to find comfort for my anguish.

In my sleep I hear your voice.

*My daughter,*

*do not despair,*

*you have sent redeeming lights into the sky.*

*Sun and moon and orbiting globes,*

*each to reflect my love for you*

*and soar across the dome*

*with day and night and seasons of delight.*

*They trace celestial cycles*

 *for your nurture and your rest.*

# **Free Will**

My spirit perches on the rim

of the N’goro-N’goro crater,

created by volcanic anger

-mine-

and named in my sleep.

I watch the sun rise

over the vast savanna.

I see

we have infused

every living and unliving thing

with loving grace.

It is good.

I feel once more a surge of power.

I muse on the rhythm of light and shadow,

and how much I enjoy the journeys

of my celestial orbs

in their shaping of the night and day.

Why be a daughter?

If you appear, I will tease you.

Show you I can thrive without you.

When I feel the morning breeze arrive,

I hide on the grand lake shore,

a mere rustle in the cattails.

I watch you breathe

into the flowing tides of silt and sand.

The water swells with fish,

skittering beings race up on land.

You direct them all to look for me.

They grow hooves to gallop

and horns for slashing underbrush.

They grow spots and streaks and stripes to mask

their journey from unsuspecting me.

I laugh at their foolish obedience.

While you pace about,

calling me to come and join

in the songs of our garden ibis,

I call the animals

out from their shelters under the acacias,

 I enchant them

in the warmth of my sun.

I waft enticing smells of musk,

from the N’goro-N’goro marshes,

to shroud my hiding place

from their prying nostrils.

I overwhelm them with desire

to slake their burning throats

 in the clear spring water

that settled in the crater.

Tender roebuck, ibex, zebra, and gazelle

drink from the lowland lake.

In the shallows, succulent stems of aquatic grasses

stir and sway a seductive dance,

drawing the unsuspecting herds

into deeper water.

The silver-blue mirror of the lake surface ripples,

foam-edged waves

intrude further up the silty shore.

A doe raises her head in alarm.

What menace beneath the surface

has arrived to disturb my pleasant scene?

# **Yoked by Name**

From their black and oily pit, deep within the core,

my legion of archangels rises in the lake.

Their sinister laughter blends with the bellow of bulls,

and their clawed limbs thrash at the fleeing herds.

In demonic voice,

they declare,

*Your umbilical has taught us*

*a most intoxicating secret.*

*A blessing*

*and a curse,*

*it secures any claim,*

*of one, over the other.*

The archangels hover at the crater’s rim,

they herd your docile animals

towards dark and dangerous gorges.

*This one’s mine and that one’s yours,*

*for all time we will claim them for our own.*

*No this one’s mine not yours.*

*We need more!*

Chaos ensues among the gentle beasts,

they panic, buck, kick, and bite,

and breed.

Transformed behemoths

fight and procreate at hideous pace,

scatter in every direction.

The grass is thick with amniotic waste

and the narrow gorges clog with

slick-coated offspring, braying.

 My beautiful garden is surely spoilt.

Archangels! Can you not see, I am distraught?

This gruesome propagation must be harnessed.

But how?

The feral general is quick to answer.

*With our voices of course.*

*We will name them.*

*We will call them.*

*-hyena cheetah jackal dog-*

*And, most clever, viper.*

*They will heed their masters,*

*-us-*

I am bewildered.

With my lack of voice,

I cannot bestow the blessed curse of names

and become their rightful herder.

How am I to tame this unruly garden?

# **What Sacrilege is This?**

Far across the savannah,

I see your crystal light

radiate from behind steep swirling clouds,

a tower that roils with thunder

and furies with lightening.

Rain draws a veil across an orange horizon.

 Fierce toothed lions, tiger, and panther

 slink into caves

or climb the trunks of trees, docile,

 where herds huddle in the shelter

beneath the leafy canopies.

All seems subdued, have you arrived to save us

from this violent turmoil?

Your voice rumbles from the maelstrom.

*What sacrilege is this?*

I confess that my army,

malignant in their fear and greed,

has performed abomination

and stained my lovely garden.

I beg for your forgiveness.

A frightening wind, infused with screaming trumpets,

sweeps the legion of archangels

across the continental plain to the sea.

I only meant to tease,

not to lose your favor

nor to commit unholy deeds.

I love you!

Your towering clouds evaporate,

sunlight emerges from the clouds,

white-hot on the Serengeti,

the plains and ponds dry out,

but flapping fish and frogs are stranded.

Vulturous predators gather with delight.

With their angel masters absent,

the magnificent herds trot aimlessly,

raising choking dust as a poor defense.

The sun blazes but your voice is mute,

all seems yet in jeopardy.

Must I demonstrate my good intent

to reform the troubled anarchy?

I chase after the archangels

 to will them to return.

At the sea, I find the legion

 dividing whales and fish.

Shouting out their selfish claims

from great waterspouts,

wielding swords of crystal salt,

fighting with each other.

They do not heed my heart’s command

to cease their ghastly combat.

What use is this disorder?

My power has diminished.

I need you!

*My daughter, I am with you always.*

*If left to fester,*

*even dreams magnificent can go awry.*

*We can begin again the planting of your garden.*

# **A Purifying Storm**

With a mighty thunderclap, the veil of rain returns,

with a surge not gentle,

but urgent and affronting.

Mud from mighty watercourses pours into the sea.

Vast herds are swept up helpless,

eyes rolled back, afloat,

their mighty thrashing hooves

fail to find a purchase.

Coats of lions flinch

as they swim beside their prey.

Overwhelmed by the mighty current, predators are thwarted.

Winds buffet the archangels,

and all the birds of wing,

they tumble in a spiral

from their lofty strongholds,

to plunge into the wave-whipped sea.

All will soon be

-drowned-

I feel the choking desperation

of each and every plant and creature.

No, no! We wish to live,

grant us your salvation!

I vouchsafe that all creation

will worship and obey

in accordance with divine command.

*You foolish child,*

*their will cannot be shackled*

*by any bond but love.*

But I am bound by love to you and these to me.

*Your yoke is an elusive mist,*

 *weakened by your fear*

*and your desires.*

The storm instead of ceasing as I hoped,

intensifies.

The petty bickering of my disobedient army

is no match for the wail of hurricane.

I wrestle with a wall of winds

to appraise the danger.

Trees and brush are scourged and broken,

every jeweled branch is splintered.

In the storm’s quiet eye,

 I find a tiny calf of wildebeest,

smeared with flowing mud,

its mother smothered as she struggled to escape

a sinking bog.

The baby cries to no avail.

Is my dream of love’s expanse

now severed from its source?

Will there be nothing left of my newborn life?

Must the path to virtue for my creatures

lead to the dark abyss?

I plead.

If I re-bind the growing things of this verdant land

 more tightly to my loving heart,

and bind the creatures, both of heaven and of earth,

more tightly to their kind,

and if we all bind more tightly to celestial orbs

as they trace across the heavenly vault,

I swear that we will sing

more harmonious from your enchanted score.

*Daughter,*

 *if you wish to cease the storm,*

*out of love or loss,*

*beware.*

*The garden and its creatures*

*are an image of your self,*

*they can make no choice from love*

*they only mirror you.*

# **You Must Know**

I hesitate.

The burden of my fate

settles in my heart.

I am cold and dense as stone.

The storm has turned to blizzard,

expanses of both sea and land become domain of ice.

Great mammoths fall, are lost and buried.

I mourn the behemoths

and the herds that follow to their graves,

with snow upon their shaggy brows.

But you must know

I worship you, not them,

and need your holy council.

I could not halt rebellion in the angels,

who learned to name my creatures

into bondage

from my own viperous want

to be close to you again.

You must know

how to entice the creatures to comply

and act in loving ways.

*Since you are more precious than rubies to me.*

*I will grant your every wish*

*and show you how to walk with creatures that adore.*

I feel my heart expand.

All that belongs to me,

I must take into my care.

They may not return my love,

or obey command,

but I can love them well.

I yearn to give them names anew,

they are surely worthy,

to serve a caring master.

Across my face

a warm and gentle wind caresses reassurance,

the storm has ceased, ice begins to melt.

The trees that beckoned helplessly,

above the line of ice and flood,

now waft in tender peace, a gesture of affection,

for those forever buried.

The dome of heaven illuminates

with sunset gold and purple.

Your promise delivered,

your bright and shining spirit

is fading from the sky.

My heart content,

I bask in soothing cooling eve.

The sound of harmony returns,

I join the nightingale and angel chorus

to rejoice and celebrate

 in what remains of my salvaged garden.

The raging flood has channeled

into starlit waterways,

I name them,

Nile, Tigris, Ganges, and Euphrates.

With soft fluttering and cooing serenade,

flocks of birds, pink and white and grey,

settle from the sky.

Herds of rhinoceros, antelope, and bison

 shake their hides and kneel in fields of grain.

Tigers doze on branches.

The otter, seal, and whale

flip and dive on moonlit seas,

swim through countless schools

of flashing fish.

Celestial harmony is restored,

I cradle them in loving care.

I live in every iridescent scale,

each tuft of fur,

and delicate unfolding petal.

# **A-dah-mah the Rival**

I know that you have left

this thriving place to attend your other realm.

A haunt of chill recurs as I accept

what you have always known:

I cannot hope to follow you,

I am fixed, by my own dream, beneath this dome.

I am phenomena and wispy trails of cloud.

My northern seas are tinged ice blue

with the strange indifference

of my chosen loneliness.

I recall my daughterly form,

lithe limbs and glowing locks,

will you miss my childish dance?

 I will.

As I fall asleep, I dream that I will walk with you

in my garden pure.

As a new dawn turns the horizon palest pink,

night turns to day,

and sleep to awakening,

I hear a rustling in the brush,

beside the spring that feeds the purest river.

Is it you, or just a waking dream?

Blue herons take to flight,

protesting with a barking croak,

while possums and a shrew-tailed rat

scurry into hiding.

Thundering footsteps shake the ground.

A giraffe halts her forage,

her nursing calf akimbo with alarm

as the herds stampede.

A strange new creature strides onto the plain.

He flaunts a vague resemblance

of my former limbs and torso,

but thick and without grace, a naked hairy giant.

Have you filled this monstrous mud

with your holy breath?

He proclaims with booming voice:

*I am A-dah-mah, blessed to walk*

*this garden with its evening breeze.*

*I intend to name this place and care for all within.*

How can it be that A-dah-mah speaks

when I have not been gifted with a voice?

How can it be that A-dah-mah is allowed

to cast the blessed curse of names

upon my face?

Will these names enslave us all to this awkward beast?

This is an outrage.

How can it be

that A-dah-mah’s sole will press

a print into my soil

and walk with you

in our sacred evening breeze?

Deep within my bowels I feel my umbilical eel

twist its way to the surface.

I hatch a scheme to defeat my unexpected rival.

# **Ish-shah of the Evening**

I gather all the beasts and command archangels to attend,

I hush their noisy clamor to hear my vengeful plan.

We shall bring forth

an equal

to befuddle him,

distract him from his duties,

 and, therefore, he can be dismissed

to join the great abyss.

All creation rumbles, screeches, bangs, and brays

in a mighty cheer.

That evening, when the Lord, so named by the A-dah-mah,

 comes to walk the garden, as is his custom

when he takes his sabbath time of rest,

the Archangel Uriel, so named by the A-dah-mah,

will convince the Lord with a whisper

that A-dah-mah too should sleep,

having earned a respite from naming and tilling and eating.

Soon A-dah-mah and the Lord

repose upon a field of my purple blossoms.

Enchanted by my fireflies,

they revel in a deep unconscious slumber.

My great umbilical, named Viper by the angels,

kisses A-dah-mah to steal his breath,

sneaks into his heart to take his rib and strength.

From these I mold a most beautiful creature,

innocent of her powers

and graceful in her dance.

When the Lord departs

and A-dah-mah has awakened,

I lead A-dah-mah to a springpool

where she bathes.

Her blue-black raven crown of hair

cascades across her curving back,

when she turns, her eyes catch his,

too amber-bright for him to fail to fall.

A-dah-mah names her Ish-shah of the Evening.

When you discover what has passed,

you are pleased.

 A-dah-mah has found love,

you applaud my masterpiece.

I am astounded.

You say it is the right expression

of our dream of love.

 I fear for my pernicious plot,

can it yet bear fruit?

A-dah-mah worships Ish-shah

every day and every night.

I pray that his distraction will tempt

him to forsake my precious garden.

He must leave my flora and my fauna

to flourish and to sing in peace,

as would be right reflection

of my ripening sovereignty.

But instead, to my distress,

he takes to tilling and to trimming,

 and crafts for her

a canopied wedding-bed

from my fragrant orchids.

You laugh and delight in their blissful pleasures,

shower them with temperate night-time rain

and warm-lit golden dawns.

# **Axis Mundi**

 I ponder as the earth grows lush.

A-dah-mah worships her,

and all the others worship you,

my continent feels void

of the need for my encouragement or vision.

Can you not see that

A-dah-mah has forgotten you,

and you have turned from me?

Is this the right expression of my dream of love?

The Archangels and the Viper whisper

a sly scheme to recover your attention

 so intriguing that I find I must agree.

My umbilical transforms

into a tree trunk, the greatest of them all,

the Axis Mundi,

reaching to the heavens

to reconnect my realm to yours.

A tree of life

that all can climb and find eternal peace

within the womb of origin,

they only need to eat

of its leaves and fruit.

All can live together

in an ancient conjoined world.

I can be with you again!

The army of archangels,

grown tired of their dwelling place

deep within volcanos,

are the first to partake of its luscious apricots.

They rush up to the heavens

to join their siblings

in the choirs of the Lord.

 But the Seraphim discover

the archangel’s selfish intention

to travel to and fro, up and down,

‘tween heaven and earth,

consuming all they please,

until both heaven and earth

are utterly destroyed.

They raise alarm, shout, and sing,

hosanna in the highest, save us!

You descend to the earth within your holy maelstrom.

*What sacrilege is this!*

 You command I shield the axis mundi.

I obscure it with a more outrageous fabrication,

furious and frantic in conception,

the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil.

I fear it will not appease your fury.

I beg forgiveness,

I only want to love you!

You implore me to again expand my love

to all the creatures living here.

*Your dream of love is the very source*

*of every incarnation.*

Do you mean for me

to love

A-dah-mah and his Ish-shah?

And even my own Viper?

Uriel mutters in my ear:

surely, they are abominations,

unlike proper docile creatures.

Surely, I agree,

they are clever but not wise,

and like my ugly judging tree,

were surely created by a strong

but momentary urge, a response in passion,

but not worthy to hold sway.

I plead with you for mercy

A-dah-mah and his Ish-shah are unfit

to wield the power to name names,

and unfit to collaborate on good and ill

with the likes of you and me.

*Daughter, your trees are sacrilege, not the creatures tempted.*

You call to A-dah-mah and his Ish-shah to declare:

*It is forbidden to taste the apricot of life*

*and do not eat the apple of the dark and light.*

# **The Sword of Time**

Dismissed and ashamed of my failure to learn love,

I weep for my forbidden trees.

In mimic of the Viper, they cast crooked shadows

and whisper with their leaves

to Ish-shah as she slumbers beneath their shady limbs:

*Like you, we are delightful to behold,*

*the most exquisite beings in this paradise.*

*Our fruit will beguile your tongue*

*And will provide the offspring*

*that grows robust within you*

*with my wisdom and my secrets.*

*The ban is false, it deceives you,*

*restrains you from fulfilling your glory and your peace.*

 Upon her awakening,

I see Ish-shah prepare a feast for A-dah-mah.

I know that her apple poisons,

but do not attempt a rescue of my dangerous rivals.

After all, you have not given me a voice to convince them

nor the power to bend their will.

The first bite of Ish-shah and A-dah-mah

yields the only thing my viper suffers,

severance

from you, Lord,

and the sting of shame,

which shrinks the future

in the womb of Eve,

renamed by me.

 I do not know if to rejoice or dread

the coming of you, Lord.

Dark clouds brew

on the horizon

of my realm.

*What sacrilege is this?*

You, weeping,

admonish the naked pair

for their trespass

into the knowledge of good and evil.

To my relief,

I escape inclusion

in your divine commands and curses,

you must love me after all.

But then my lush beloved continent

is broken into pieces,

which are circumscribed by seven angry seas.

You set the sword of time aflame,

to constrain the life of all,

inciting death and curse of toil

upon the progeny of Adam,

renamed by me.

Abundant life proliferates on every floating land,

but all my creatures are forbidden entry

to our former jeweled paradise.

 I am bereft.

I miss my former home,

and wander

as a vagabond.

With a fresh and furtive voice,

both a blessing and a curse,

I sing my wares of wisdom.