

## Arcana

### "Anachoret's Orisons"

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[Verses by Demether; music by Eugen]

Hearings 'bout the devil's coming spend as faster as  
the sunlight  
It hath reached the ancient village near the city of  
Aவில்  
There has lived the aged friar who has almost lost his  
eyesight  
But he not dement his reason and the power for his  
years

He was praying at the icon of God in the monastery  
Hung on shoulder the bag with the Gospel, and  
modestly  
Took the verge and went toward macabre Nebelforst  
That towers ruefully in the heart of Black Forest

He made the inconspicuous grey tabernacle  
On the rivage of silvan warbling brooklet...  
Francis bode there peacefully (two days and one  
night),  
Just berrying and gazing as birds and bees flit

Francis was ware, and every crackle  
As the prick of the profane morglay  
He was afraid the temptation of soul  
But not that his flesh would be slain

Walking one day in the forest and banished the drear  
fancies  
Francis was suddenly startled -- He discerned a  
spectral silhouette  
Which forthright vanished amid the trunks of the  
gleamy trees,  
Seemed that in the sullen wood (was performing) a  
magical frondage's minuet

He stood unto the stool thereat the menorah, ignified  
the flames  
The old monk settled his mind and set to exalt the  
prayer to the saints

The reason was sereneed and he plunged into the  
deep sleep's waves

Barely he felt formication -- He heard the horissonant  
voice  
As Tartarean trump it tanged, and the blood curdled in  
veins  
"Thou art outlander!" -- it said -- O it was the atrocious  
noise  
Francis tried to gin to pray but he leaned to the  
hithermost teil

"Let wit ye that my soul had embrewed with blood of  
thousands"  
"My soul is so old and I hope that "Jhesu's sword" have  
found you,  
All-father's clemency ain't fineless and your soul will be  
(as sure as fate)  
Haunted by hellhounds"

"Let thy flesh and blood be devoured by terrene  
cerastes  
Dost ye want to enhalo thy caitiff soul?  
Thy omnipotent deity isn't hearkeneth thy orisons and  
pleas!"  
"Nay, I mere the meek theopathic thrall!"

"Oh lawks, empower me this even!  
Behold, I apostrophize to you  
Avaunt, the varletry of Devil!  
Erebus in this wield I've viewed"

Francis, with name of God in mouth, aspersed the air,  
which broke and ostended the bloodcurdling sight --  
armoured "demons" were squirming and yowling; King  
Germanareh's standing hardily afore, wincing at fury.

"Well, you quasi have my army  
But now my great suzerain citeth me  
Don't think that your god is mightier him"

"SIX LUCEAT LUX!"

In the same flash of time all is perished...

"My faith won despite that my word was despisable,  
Oh God, why, his thersitical orations were so damnable  
That I couldn't listen them, my heart was cowered by  
awe  
The evil was permeating into my forworn reason more

Dei gratia I have prevailed this horrendous fiend!"

[Awakening of Newborn Light]

Francis took his belongings, left the loaf's crumbs for squirrels, sained himself and went out.

Next morrow he saw an auroral dawn  
And his martyred soul began to moan  
(That many slain people wouldn't see it)  
Yes, blackened evil took their souls  
But I believe that Love is law in our world  
(And beauty of this planet shall not wilt)

He knocked in the soil  
At the marge of the wood  
The blest timbered cross  
Which put out the roots...

And we'll return into the rood!

After several years the marvelous oak grown there, it's vast branches shielded the grassy path to the fragrant pine forest. Every man may rest in the shade of this magnificent tree. If you stare intently to the bottom of the trunk, you may decipher a small cross, etched in the bark by one's ungraspable design, and nothing can abolish it, nor the time, men or natural elements.

Already three hundred years peace and tranquility are reigning there. No animated being is frightened of ancient nighted horror, but the legend lives on the mouth of local inhabitants.

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