

Divina

"Ix. Sphinx"

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(In the first chamber was a Dragon-Man, clearing
Away the rubbish from a cave's mouth; within a
Number of Dragons were hollowing the cave. In
The second chamber was a Viper folding round
The rock and the cave, and others adoring it
With gold, silver and precious stones. In the
Third chamber was an Eagle with wings and
Feathers of air: he caused the inside of the
Cave to be infinite. Around were numbers of
Eagle-like men who built palaces in the immense
Cliffs. In the fourth chamber were Lions of
Flaming fire, raging around and melting the
Metals into living fluids)

As thus that creature had been hidden
Between the stone-cold walls of kloof
And nane se dare to look for this ae -
I'm looking forward the next ae

There are a lot of dark dimensions,
The ninefold darkness hath nae borders
And it's abode is sae self-closed as
Everything becometh this ae.

Those beings stay forever countless.
What kind of them I'd like to show thee?
And lo, this ae's the most important.
Therefore sae little dost thou see

As anyone doth... I'd like to ask thee
What kind of them - I mean that being
Hath four the pillars in the Morning
And two of them - I mean the pillars -

Se be despised by Day and then -
It wilt be taken by the Even
Wha giveth to it the other ae.
Wi' four or two or three it liveth...

What hae I thought to be?
Why wert thou so dear?

You've just erupted as a... curse -
Your mystic name's Nehemiah!

I
DO
NOT
Believe in hell
As it has been seen by people
Things are really very differ
I do not believe in hell
Devil doth exist and dwell
In your fears, deep into night
As his living was described
I could not evoke it's prose 'cause
I could not believe his bride.

By no means I do believe the devil is here
D-d-d-d-devil is here
D-d-d-d-devil is near
Much nearer than thou canst imagine thyself my dear
M-m-m-my mortal friend
W-w-w-when thou see thine end
Thou wilt also see what wad have been enshrouded on
thy bed...

I am a sphinx!
Eternal light inside the dead of night
I am a sphinx
Behind thy stupid mind
Behind thy sight,
'Tis cataract of
My chants in sonorous archangelical tongue
Sweep thee awa' wi' howl
Thus I am to keep thee for aye in awe
I am a sphinx... aloof wi' thee
I wad not like to be the guide of thine anon and for all
time!

Since ye could no longer be alone -
It won't be left undone henceforth.

Why were flowers for Margaux
Not sent for? Sae she hath gone
Shadow fell upon her eyne
Doth she sleep or hath she died?

Winds ye scratch her coffin now
Make it fly, make it fall down:
May she roll onto her way
Sweeping dust and getting grey

May her lash rise suddenly
May she watch what she should be
May she gae frae her ash-bin
Having stared at the welkin

She doth wear much larger size
Of the corpses for disguise
She se fly frae dress like that
She se fall and blow awa'

May she graze amid the trees
Wi' inherited greediness
May the rope be wanton's tie
'Tis not hard for risen ae.

Hast thou e'er looked through the mirror?
Hast thou ne'er tried to see her?
Hast thou e'er seen as a suit
Her verisimilitude!

"Ye cannot stay the way ye used to be
Ye cannot stay the way ye are
This ae hath kept you trembling, hasn't he?
Hath kept you kneeling to your God."

Wert thou ne'er being seduced
By suspicions when they came wi' night to thee?
To thee who swarmest up to be
The crown of all the wights?

"I ran to gorgon like you.
I wish I hadn't sped to you
Suddenly I came -
I wished I'd never come to gloomy lair"

My curse is my pride is to devour devil's brew
I am feeling abhorrence but speaking to you
As your fiend he does lurk at the most hidden glade
Of your mind - I'll be able to show you your fate

'Tis so hard to believe - you have not understood
Can you see? -
"No, I can't but I wish I could...
If it were so easy I would really drain
The soil o' my tomb..."
And escape far away!

Have you not vivified your religion and kneeled
To the power of GOD?
"Did you not ask me
If it made me be scared..."

If it makes you believe
You will never visit the gorgon like me!

Do you feel like flying - and so shall we fly!
You tear me asunder and lo - so do I!
You'll get your wight torn by the celestial wise
Amongst howling skies fall adown anywise!

Why is being cold in here?
The answers were sent for.
Kloof hath begotten thousands riddles since chaos...
(For aught I know)
Am I those wha ye have not as yet seen before?
And ye are pale reflections
So looking glass am I
Asquint ye stare though my surface
And ask 'self: Wha am I
My voice is only icy wind
Upon thy lips - 'tis dirge of thine

Voracious stranger!
Anyhow
Se thou have seen what I hae seen?

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