**WORDS AND THEIR MEANING**

**Ihluön!**

Look at these glows still radiant even when we are stripped of the illumination of the sun!

From those below our feet and sometimes even outside our doors, in those same people who prevent, deprive, steal and remove the shining thread behind what was said - or like the infected air trembling from their putrefied throats in spells: "Among the dead and the strangers to thought abstracting the meaning of the words of our thoughts" - so among them we imitated and sometimes still imitate these lights up there as well as everything that moves, with a one and the same seal: \*.

They point out, name and chisel in the clay these “stars in the night” into… “gods” or even into… “life”. Not only thus hiding the pastures of our finds by burying them in their clay, but also and from then on preventing the seizure of our preys which fled their sil desert they dust down, enraging our once bounded herd from such dying terrain, ragingly untying themselves from the string which when united them would help carry our riches and assemblies on their backs. Or once again according to their words, they "thus destroy our logical understanding of things".

Indeed, they thus veil the brilliance of all this which cannot be seen, the latter since it is sifted within the very splendor of the riches which are most radiant and admired by all at all times or almost. They veil it – this brilliance – because they only name what cannot be tied, or they only name what cannot be pointed out! And by these names then they tie no animal in no pasture, their assemblies and their wealth float, but without anything making them float and thus they continue their trail leaving them behind – they do not “explain” but although appearing to “understand” with a nod of the head – “that which comes from nowhere and without cause”.

What they themselves call "fantasy" - or even... "magic" - they also call, according to us and in their ill-considered exchanges, the... "reason behind the causes"! But yet according to them too, these two threads are other and NOT one - or as they say so proudly: "Magic and Reason are antagonistic and opposed"!

But why then, Ihluön do they declare war between their names of "Magic and Reason" while for us, they seem to speak - but in their words only - speaking with one and the same thread?

I tell you, Ihluön:

Their war is only thus declared because all are guided by the same thread of course, but the latter does not bind any beasts into a single herd - "they speak the same language, but emptied of meaning".

We alone are "right" as they would say, because our strings bind the brilliance of what is hidden in order to draw it from the deepest riches and show it to all, while their strings do not. They attach to nothing and only draw up their thread itself!

So then Ihluön, let me make that which cannot be seen shine behind that which is, that you may see it with your dreaming eyes, to discover, seize and bind the cattle of your thread when you see riches or assembled as if generated by a nod of the head – “from nowhere and without cause” – when you will feel the danse of the HISM.

Indeed Ihluön, let me now and through their words: "Make shine, illuminate, and enlluminate everything that is immemorated, invisible and inexplicable, so that from these magical causes I can give birth through fantasy: their image, now animated, manifest and imaginable by all."

**WHAT IS BUILT AND WHAT BUILDS US**

**Ihluön… Ihluön!**

Do you hear in our inns those who, through their words, name forms never pointed to before, and who, through their rounded phrases, connect forms whose songs no one had heard before?  
Do you feel in our markets the toys that allow those individuals, by touching the air with their fingers, to be inspired to build our tools?  
Do you see in our academies the images drawn by those who show the forms bringing forth all that seems to come from nowhere?  
And our enemies? Those who claim to speak, those who claim to shape, and those who claim to know in our streets – Yes, Ihluön! Do you recognize them when my airs settle on your ears?  
All those who, with their veils oozing their colors, obscure the original brilliance behind all forms, whom today, in great numbers, strive to make shimmer in order to be born, to guide, and to form adventurous men through the night that those individuals continuously cause to fall again.  
The first exclaim their power to name forms, betraying today’s poets by extracting the primordial names of the pointed forms that ours connect every day. The second revel in their power to increase forms, betraying today’s artisans by hiding all the small forms that make the larger ones rotate, which ours re-expose during our festivities. The third exalt in their power to predict forms, betraying today’s sages by groping the contours without seeking their origins, which ours redraw in our time.  
Thus, through their lies or ignorance, the first orphan the names of forms, and their released volatility distract the passionate hearts, leading them to madness. The second, through their cunning or tolerances, rot the health of forms with their intoxicating pleasures, depraving the eager hearts until the fatality of all. And finally, through their pride or aberrations, the third obscure the order of forms, and by separating effects from their causes, divert curious hearts, making them hate the entire world.  
These traitors are born in apathy that never tests their actions. In the battle, the victors are born and the losers die, and thus truth and utility are born while lies and falsehood perish.  
Ihluön, I tell you, it is through war, struggle, and blood that gold in all its forms overflows from our lands at these moments. It is through this fertile gold of suffering that all that is true was born, and it is through the peace of these traitors that all truth dies. Beware of any calm not resulting from any effort oozing pain, Ihluön.

**THESE SIGNS THAT GUIDE US**

**Ihluön!**  
Do you know how to grasp the directions pointed out by the marks once carved in our dunes, inscribed on our tree rings, and now engraved on our family seals?  
Know, Ihluön, that before the oldest trees of our lands, this writing was lived as it was rather than imposed upon it today. Ancient peoples traveled through the rocks beneath our feet, and the only ones who emerged victorious from this torture were those who remembered the forms of the cavernous passages they glimpsed from the shimmering waters, the shining beings or bright rocks in their paths defying the sun.  
Thus, the contours of each entrance and the luminescences of each wall marked their lands and those of others. And it is only by passing under each of these illuminated entrances one after the other and recounting them like a journey that the first stories of one could be rekindled with another who also traveled under their illuminated entrances, like the faint embers of our songs.  
Many times these illuminated paths led them nowhere, and sometimes towards their certain death, however bright it may be – like those predators who attract those who seek the light and whom we hunt. Thus, Ourophaès was born, by her entrances and lights, guiding her traveler to their destination – true or false it may be.  
They so hate this writing when it wounds us, but love it just as much when it guides us.  
For within our families, our tales once danced like flames, alive. Today, they are captured by writing on the cold surfaces of engraved stone and are no longer held within the warm circle where our stories breathe and grow. Thus, by crushing with our hands the charcoal of our tales on the rock rather than blowing on their embers, each sculpted line would take a whisper from the common fire, a spark that would otherwise ignite our forge fires. Now imprisoned on silent stones, the burning tales of our forges would cool and weaken the tools made there to harvest our lands, build our roofs, and slay our enemies.  
But when written with deliberate strokes and disciplined edges, calligraphic writing then ignites our forges through the precision and rhythm of the wood it feeds them. Thus, writing then guides our hammering towards our finest tools, which all erect alongside the statues of our temples, to guide those who seek to conquer the pursuing mists.  
Thus, Ihluön, Ourophaès can kill us or serve to kill. We must feed the hottest fires of those who know best how to temper them to forge tools worthy of the 12 artifacts of Yekkwuî and Âpsebjum – from Saksag’s hatchet cutting the walls of our enemies, to Shtrult’s auger digging the verdant rivers of our plains.