**THE HEART OF THE WORLD**

**Time, Movement, and the World**

Before the forgotten twilight of the twenty-four dead of OM (Past/Subtraction), its ancestral sons…  
After the revealed dawn of the twenty-fourth birth of WO (Future/Addition), its child daughters…

All its children tremble her, Ô (World/Localization), enthusiastic about HISM (Forces/Actions-at-a-Distance/Magic), the dance of the assembly of the tetrarchs in couples so close that each forms a single bicéphalous being, each desiring and animating her through his symphony:

* …HÔI (Disassembly) the thunderstruck-perfumed poet,
* …IÔS (Displacement) the undulating-milking lover,
* …SÔM (Intangibility) the ravaged-flourishing prophetess,
* …MÔH (Disorder) the blazing-freezing she-mystic.

All of Ô’s children pull and push her by her rope, emaciating their sole parent in all her twisted limbs of laughter and pain, through their passionate loves and fanatical hatreds. Thus, Ô’s children—the Wo-d’Ô and Om-d’Ô—some directed and others lost to the charm of her four organizers, torture and then heal Ô, and vice versa. From the tragic emotion of her endured beauty, enchanting and inspiring the tetrarchs choreograph their opposing dances of Hôi-Iôs-Sôm-Môh and hôM-môS-sôI-iôH.

Thus, her children, in their discordance, some antagonizing and others uniting, play with a delirious harmony from which is born and flows from their oozing efforts the sole WÔM (Time/Account), their Siamese little brother-sister, perched afar and reconciling them all by his judgment, establishing each one’s riches and designating how far each kingdom extends. All waltz without ever stopping with one another in the torpor of pain, but dance together in joy through their comforting reunion. All live forever and always, eternal through Ô herself.

(It is said that Ô may not be the only one, and that other Ôs would dance far from her and their own ball, foreign and unbound, perhaps larger or smaller, but with the same emotions, movements, and tetrarchs, though expressing their arts differently. But only the journey of Ka-el'gash gives rise to the dream.)

**The Thing, the Place, and Existence**

Thus drawn from everywhere on her unique golden hair loop, Ô intertwines with all that is loose and between herself; these amorphous and nameless beings until then hidden, now graspable by all because they shine with a tangled form of her golden thread. Thus, Wôm, with his three serpentine eyes attracted by these luminescent figures, locates each of these shined things by Ô before falling upon them, the prey of his curiosity to swallow them. From each of his seeded and shimmering rejections buds and grows one of the trees marked with white bark from the illuminated forest of SIWÔMIZ (Existence/Truth), her iridescent foliage, and whose knotted branches flower her fruits—the RILS (Beings)—the most vibrant in colors and the juiciest in taste to all who they may be.

It is Wo, the daughters of Ô, dancing their round with her and afar, who, from their young playful naivety, then hurry to release one of their light hands to point and name the fruits of Siwômiz, all different from one another, to hum together through their innocent dreams these new names inspiring them—thus ripening and causing to fall the existing riches of the opal forest.  
It is Om, the sons of Ô, swinging with her and around here, who, from their old preachy wisdom, extend one of their shadow hands to gather these fruits falling near them, which they then protect as their legacy—but sometimes also gather those fallen to the ground and mutilated by their falls, orphaned of their precious stone seeds with resplendent gleams—hollowed of their true richness.

Among Ô, Wo, Om, and Wôm, only Ô eats fruits of Siwômiz and always hoards all the harvests of her children without ever granting them a single one, for their own good.

**Error, Image, and Concept**

Thus, having no fruit to satisfy themselves, it happens that the childlike Wo-d’Ô, tempted by Ô’s gifts mixed with her shining ribbons and so that they might perhaps hoard them before their parent’s guard does, name these illuminated ones before Wôm, with his diamond eyes, can judge them and make them into fruits. Similarly, from his insatiable curiosity, Wôm always looks everywhere in search of his illuminated prey from Ô’s thread, whether present or not. Then and always because hungry, it happens that the pretty Wo-d’Ô, being too delighted with their baptizing power, amuse themselves by predicting Wôm’s so astonishing feasts and point and name wherever his eyes fall, wherever he does, even without any of his resplendent prey, so that they might perhaps jump on them before him.

That is why they sometimes name what was never established and judged by Wôm (their efforts), and other times what was never illuminated and revealed by Ô (their origin). But their plans never bear the fruits of Siwômiz that they desire.  
For thus driven, the seventy-two SIÔIZ (Object/Image/Dream), fertile, landless, and with hallucinated shapes, as well as the seventy-two ZIMWIS (Place/Concept/Notion), subtle, headless, and with liberated goods, grow only by dressing themselves or by dazzling with the radiance of Siwômiz’s trees. Never are the Siôiz and Zimwis like her living forest, and never do the first or the seconds bear her revered fruits—they alone, if harmonized in their taste and Rilique brilliance.

But the story does not end there.  
For from the delirious silhouettes of Siôiz and the delivered riches of Zimwis, the Om-d’Ô succumb to the charms of the dazzling lights of the former, which contour their thoughts, and become frustrated by counting the stunning effects of the latter, which surround the airs. Seeing the Siôiz stateless, the Om-d’Ô illuminate themselves through their imagination and lose themselves in their illusion, while thinking of the headless Zimwis, they heal themselves by their luck and wound themselves by their misguidance.

Thus, during their dances in the twilight and their songs wandering the evening throughout Ô, the Siôiz sometimes reveal to the Om-d’Ô many paths, while the Zimwis from time to time point to them many growing remedies here and there by the side of their path. But also and often, the former, homeless, lead them away from the true path until alienating them, and the latter, faceless, hide their real ingredients until poisoning them.

Finally, Siwômiz, offended by each Siôiz and Zimwis born of the jealousies of Ô’s granaries—these disinherited shoots of her sap and seizing the milk from her roots—grows reprimands of tasteless or dull fruits to rot the Wo-d’Ô and Om-d’Ô, forcing them to eat them to survive. Thus, these Rils ripen without Wôm’s talents or Ò’s gifts—never could satisfy them in their needs or desires—then all wander between hunger though sated or satiation though disgusted.

**HôI, IôS, SôM, MôH and Magic**

Far from the quarrels and feasting of her children and each of her undulations, Ô is thus eternally rocked and shaken between the pain and relief of her magnanimous-twisters, orchestrating her symphony to HISM.  
HôI the thunderstruck-perfumed, IôS the undulating-milking lover, SôM the ravaged-flourishing prophetess, and MôH the blazing-freezing mystic are the four king and queen-artists of Ô, who manipulate and play with her singular thread stretched into the melody of HISM that inspires them, thus being the slaves of her vitality and the prisoners of her grip.  
Before and after, these tetrarchs alternately and from one of their heads to the other, torture and relieve Ô. Each of them, from all sides, expresses their virtuosity through their dances by swirling her, pulling her, aligning her, twisting her, and vice versa. They are the ones who thus cause, each in their own way through movement, the different reasons behind all the rilique fantasies of Ô, our world.

**ÉoÀ, Light and Energy**

From these events, Ô the unique is entirely braided into two familial strands – Éo (Electrized) and oÀ (Magnetized) – by the vibrant melody of her four master-artists:  
Through their four consolations, Ô twists from her tears of ecstasy into her first strand – Éo, her first son – while through their four torments, she bends from her laughter of suffering into her second strand – oÀ, her first daughter.  
Thus, Ô finds her joy in pain and suffering, where each of oÀ’s laughed-off debris shimmer with disillusionment, sorrow, ingratitude, and all of Ô’s desires. But Ô also finds her misfortune in relief and pleasure, where each of Éo’s wept tears are crystallized with wonder, happiness, gratitude, and all her interpretations.  
Ô perceives the spark of light emanating from the darkest moments of her past, but she also hides from the shadows cast by the monuments exalted by her future – indeed, her joy sometimes leading to her misfortune – and vice versa – her misfortune sometimes leading to her joy, and both gathering love or repelling hatred the Ril-dust (Atoms) from one another.  
Thus, Éo and oÀ, the two strands of Ô, twist into ÉoÀ (Enlightened/Energized), the unifying and energizing rope that weaves the web binding all of Ô’s riches and goods together. Although Éo and oÀ intertwine into ÉoÀ and stretch it, the latter never intertwines with other parts itself.  
When Ô is thus braided with the joy of Éo and the melancholy of oÀ by Hôi-iôH, Iôs-sôI, Sôm-môS, and Môh-hôM her master-slaves, ÉoÀ, through her emotional twisting, moves energized and shines into a luminescent rope.  
It is ÉoÀ who, through Ô’s emotions and the shimmering Ril-dust in light pulses, guides her through her tensions to illuminate us both by the immense and punctual sun and by the stars whose features disappear into the shadows or beside the sparks wandering from their torches.

**THE PARTS OF THE WORLD**

**The Ril-dust and the Hearts of Things**

For each of her tears of rapture or her shards of pain, Ô sews Éo – her waves of happiness – or oÀ – her fragments of sadness – outside her ÉoÀ braid.  
The former of Éo thus flow into an enchanting embrace weaving the Body (Membrane) each Ril-dust like a cloak, so that only the shards of oÀ’s suffering and each of Ô’s Ril-dusts penetrate them with a heart.  
The latter of oÀ then fall into an emotional whirlwind animating the Heart (Nucleus) each Ril-dust like a star, so that only Éo’s joyful tears and each of Ô’s Ril-dusts envelop them with a body.

It is from the carnal heart of each Ril-dust, vibrating and throbbing (Atomic Transition) to the rhythm of Ô’s emotions, that the luminous undulations of ÉoÀ are born. This braid then transports them to all the other Ril-dusts, spreading from Ril-dust to Ril-dust. Its shimmering and vivid lights animate Ô’s living and sparkling web, guided by the impulse of the four – HôI, IôS, SôM, MôH – all under her banner and all weaving her two strands, Éo and oÀ, into ÉoÀ, which extends and intertwines through these events between each of Ô’s Ril-dusts.

**The Rils, the Things, and the Animated**

The Ril-dusts, these forms that move through Ô, are distinguished by their hearts and bodies more or less wide. Next, the Ril-dusts are most often solitary on one of their many ÉoÀ paths.  
They then become the different forms or Rils of the world – beings, things, objects, creatures, etc. – indeed, all emerge in such forms and no longer as Ril-dusts, although they can always become one again.  
Sometimes they gather into pure families more or less nestled against each other in different Rils of perfect rocks, liquids, and airs. Rarely, they mix together into other Rils entirely distinct from each of their origins, such as in certain minerals, oils, and perfumes. Thus and from then on, moving against their path of least resistance, the Ril-dusts guide themselves into the Rils of aphids, bushes, livestock, and ourselves.

**THE LIFE OF THE WORLD**

**Life and Death**

But that is not all. Indeed, the movements of emotions within each carnal heart of each Ril-dust, those that constitute the entire form of a Ril, harmonize their undulations in a unique way, representing and thus emerging in its image, its shadow, its double, or its spirit that it imitates – a breath blown into the breast of each Ril, animating them by giving them movement - Life (Movement).  
The Ril is the life and the containing form – the internal form that intimately embraces the bodily envelope – but upon the death of the entire form of the Ril, when its body comes to a permanent standstill (whether it is a sword or a king), its life then soars away as one and the same whole escaping into an elusive air around – but not like the amorphous Zimwis of Siwômiz. Its former body is a "dead" Ril like a shell, but its "living" Ril, its peeled form, nevertheless remains always linked to it by the bonds of ÉoÀ as well as with its former needs but often reduced, in order to survive thus.  
The more its Ril distances itself from its shell, the more it fades until it becomes just a simple reflection of its body, and if the latter is destroyed, cut, or separated then the Ril will also be, wandering without its limbs, just as if its body is no longer fed, its linked Ril will starve, and perhaps disappear.

All the whole Rils, living and dead, the Ril-dusts, ÉÀ, and Ô are indeed here and among us or then below or above us and always bearing healthy fruits from the white forest of Siwômiz, but never they are nowhere or outside the shining web of Ò as opposed to the stateless Siôiz, one of the rotten fruits of Siwômiz.

**The Rilie and the Fantastic**

When separated, the heart and body of the Ril-dusts are evasive to all our grasps except by thought, though always fruits of Siwômiz, but they become graspable when reunited into a single whole - in Ril-dusts - appearing to us from an infinitesimal dust of their true rich constitution, itself extremely elusive to our gazes.  
Thus, the Rilie (Magic/Unexplained Phenomena/Mediator Beings of Actions-at-a-Distance), these riches or assemblies as coming from a breath or a nod, or what appears to be born from nothing like one of the seventy-two Zimwis and therefore what is called the fantasy and magic of the world, seems to emerge like a simple dust but in staggering and sudden flows of this same dust with such full entrails, illuminating everyone’s imagination with its possible powers.  
The living Rils separated from their bodies and thus formed with a particular air (Soul/Spirit) are also a form moving among us but as easily as the wind, sometimes underground and sometimes up to the sky. We perceive them only in our greatest shudders, making them appear to our vision even in our dreams, but even thus volatile – they seem to act upon us and the world, and we in turn sometimes seem able to act upon them through our rilique honors.

**THE FORCES OF THE WORLD**

**Why Things Attract and Repel Each Other**

Listen, venerable witnesses, to the enchanting legend of HôI-IôH, the Disassembler Shaper, Thunderstruck with bursts of fragrance. He ties and unties all things through the sacred Rotation (Electromagnetism) of ÉoÀ, the luminous rope that unites each Ril-star like a constellation.  
Thus, through his intrepid rainbow, HôI swirls the force of ÉoÀ in each of his (Mar)rils (Unique Forms/Atom), these solitary Ril-dusts that wander in the darkness. With his thunderous colored streak, he bursts ÉoÀ to tie all his Ril-dusts into the immense Marrilhôi (Massive Forms/Mass), this unique and entire planet, bound by all the Ril-stars of the world, unifying their destiny into the same sacred existence.  
But through the dignity of his fragrant air, Iôh unties the knots of Marrilhôi by guiding each one with their own little string through his majestic cloudy labyrinth. Each (Mar)rils disperses far and elsewhere, taking their own exit, as if disappearing into all the smoky corners of Ô.  
Thus unfolds the radiant symphony of destiny, orchestrated by HôI-IôH, the weaver of stars, who ties and unties the cosmic fabric of ÉoÀ, guiding each Ril-star toward its unique destiny while preserving them in enlightened isolation.

**Why Things Fall and Rise**

Listen, ardent disciples, to the tumultuous saga of IôS-SôI, the Enchanting Displacer! Infinite ocean of honey, he drags and releases all things through the sacred Tension (Gravity) of ÉoÀ, the luminous rope that unites each Ril-star like a constellation.  
Thus, through his integral waters, Iôs pulls from their slumber the (Ver)rils (Immobile Forms/Immobility) with agility, these Ril-dusts of ÉoÀ who rested there, carrying them away in a current, crushing them with suffering. Their shooting stars then blaze, awakened into Verriliôs (Moving Forms/Motion), the unleashed and inspiring celestial bodies speeding by.  
But what can be said of the creaminess of his impartial and dense honey? Sôi then embraces the Verriliôs in a gentle embrace, stopping their course and putting them to sleep in (Ver)rils, thus offering them well-deserved rest. In this moment of serenity, he waters them with creative dreams from his invigorating juice of hallucinatory visions, pacifying them to their almost total passivity.  
Thus unfolds the dance of the eons, orchestrated by IôS-SôI, the guardian of whirlwinds, the master of dreams.

**Why Things Appear and Disappear**

Know, fervent adepts, the legendary saga of SôM-MôS, the Revealer of the Intangible. Shattered mountain of blooms, she directs and disturbs all things through the sacred Alignment (Light) of ÉoÀ, the luminous rope that unites each Ril-star like a constellation.  
Thus, Sôm, in her impetuous rocky rubble, deftly aligns each (Ohr)ril (Invisible Forms/Invisibility) — these Ril-dusts charmed by efflorescences to follow only their own ÉoÀ string. Through her precise rocky yoke, she thins and disciplines them into the dazzling Ohrrilmôs (Visible Forms/Visibility), the sun-assembly, this beam of annexed and stripped light, ordering and imposing itself on all Ril-stars that cannot refrain from seeing her brilliance, wherever they may be.  
But through her most fascinating flower, Môs, with her perspicacious clairvoyance, predicts and warns Ohrrilmôs who bends for her, thus deviating all her ÉoÀ strings. Her solar-rendered blooms scatter far and elsewhere, fascinating the senses of each (Ohr)ril as they follow their unique little string, burying and hiding them from all through her floral palace-roots.  
Praise be to SôM-MôH, the dazzling-flourishing mistress, the guardian of ethereal secrets. May her light illuminate the lost Ril-stars, unveiling their most intimate secrets while concealing unfathomable misfortunes in the scents of her enchanting flowers.

**Why Things Change and Persist**

Listen, disciples, to the fabulous epic of MôH-HôM, the Dazzling Disorder, mistress of cosmic cycles and divine metamorphoses! An ardent and icy forge, she exalts and freezes all things through the sacred Torsion (Transmutation) of ÉoÀ, the luminous rope that unites each Ril-star like a constellation.  
Thus, in a hellish whirlwind, Môh ignites ÉoÀ with her vigorous flames, warming the hearts of the (Lur)rils (Pure Forms/Purity) — the pure Ril-dusts almost consumed by the cold. Gathering these numb and divergent souls around her hearth, she binds them with unparalleled fidelity, spinning a multitude of dazzling forms of Lurrilmôh (Mixed Forms/Miction), until the crackling sparks burst forth, heralding their imminent blend.  
But behold, Hôm, through his glacial pity, spreads beyond distant horizons and snowstorms all the heated Lurrilmôh. His empathetic yet deadly cold then numbs the hearts of each Ril-dust, undoing the ÉoÀ bonds that united them, subjecting them in (Lur)rils to his divine will.  
Thus perpetuates the eternal cycle of change, orchestrated by MôH-Hôm, the mistress of paradoxes, the guardian of fragile balances.