# Chapter 1 - Enki



### Preface

In the bustling city of Ur, where the streets are as lively as a festival and the air is thick with the scent of spices like cinnamon, cardamom, and saffron, I, Naram-Sin, a humble scribe from later Sumer, find myself in quite the predicament. You see, I've been handed the monumental task of organizing the journals of the legendary voyage to the new world by none other than our esteemed King Shulgi. And let me tell you, it's no small feat!

As I sit in my modest chamber, surrounded by clay tablets and scrolls, I can't help but chuckle at the irony of it all. Here I am, trying to make sense of a world that was once so advanced, it makes our current civilization look like a bunch of toddlers playing with mud pies. The journals, penned by the great Enki himself, tell of a time before the Fall of Lemuria, the Fall of Mu, and the eventual fall of Atlantis. These were civilizations of immense wisdom and power, each contributing to the harmony and prosperity of the world in their own unique ways.

Lemuria, a vast continent in the Pacific, was a place of spiritual enlightenment and deep connection to nature. The people of Lemuria lived in harmony with the Earth, their cities adorned with lush gardens and crystal structures that resonated with the energies of the planet. However, power corrupted Lemuria when a fight broke out over a manifestation crystal, a powerful artifact that could bring desires into reality. Despite their long lifespans, many perished in the conflict, leading to the downfall of their once-great civilization. Talk about a bad day!

To the west, the continent of Mu flourished in the Atlantic. The Muvians were master architects and engineers, their cities built with precision and grandeur. They possessed knowledge of the stars and the cosmos, using this wisdom to guide their society. Yet, their brilliance could not save them from the tragedy that befell them, as their continent too was consumed by the sea. I guess even the best architects can't outsmart the anthropomorphic God of the Abzu, or as we Sumerians would say, the Mother Goddess Ninhursag.

And then there's Atlantis, the most renowned of these ancient civilizations. Situated in the Atlantic Ocean, Atlantis was a hub of trade, culture, and innovation. The Atlanteans were skilled in various arts and sciences, their society thriving in a golden age of prosperity. However, their hubris and misuse of power led to their downfall, as the island was consumed by the ocean in a cataclysmic event. It's a classic tale of "pride comes before a fall," quite literally in this case.

As I read through Enki's journals, I can't help but feel a mix of awe and amusement. These tales are not just stories of lost civilizations; they are warnings and guides for the present and future. The world before these cataclysms was a place of wonder and harmony, but it was also a world that was vulnerable to the consequences of its own actions. It's like a cosmic joke, really.

With a steady hand and a smile on my face, I begin to inscribe the words onto fresh tablets, ensuring that the legacy of these ancient worlds will endure. The stories of Lemuria, Mu, and Atlantis are a testament to the resilience and wisdom of humanity, and it is my duty to preserve them for future generations. After all, someone has to make sure we don't repeat the same mistakes, right?

As I sit here, I can't help but draw parallels to our own time. The bustling city of Ur, with its vibrant markets and diverse people, reminds me of the modern cities we know today. The challenges we face, from environmental crises to social upheavals, echo the cataclysms of the past. Corruption and the misuse of power continue to plague our societies, and the efforts to rebuild from a broken world are as relevant now as they were then. History does have a way of repeating itself, doesn't it?

So, as I continue my work, I do so with a sense of humor and a touch of humility. After all, if there's one thing I've learned from these ancient tales, it's that no matter how advanced we think we are, we're all just trying to make sense of this crazy world. And maybe, just maybe, by learning from the past, we can create a better future.

Signed, Naram-Sin, Scribe of Ur

Dated: 15th day of Shabatu, the 10th year of the reign of King Shulgi, under the Waxing Moon

### The Voyage

We have already wandered for so long, we have journeyed in my little boat along the coast, heading for the land of Dilmun, the area of destination that my brother Enlil had pointed out on his map, so long ago. My brother has left on foot and is traveling across the land, living in tents. Surely his scenery is better than the vast spaciousness of the ocean, the glistening waters of the Absu. The small waves crash against the Stag of of the Absu endlessly, day and night lulling one into a contemplative mood so I choose to record this journey and why both of us have intended on making it.

By following the coastline and keeping it on my right hand, we should arrive in the Gulf of Dilmun. Only the strongest of boats and human alike could make this journey, I am proud of myself and my crew. There were no problems with this voyage, it is almost relaxing, if only the events were different. My little boat is so luxurious, at times I feel more at home on The Stag than I do at my actually home.

My trustworthy boat the Stag of the Absu is finer than I could have ever expected. I had tested the mighty Stag on rough waters, but the journey that we have almost completed has been a magnificent test for the little boat. Little but strong, I think to myself. Not since I was a child had we ventured this far from home however. Never as I child would I have expect for these events to have occurred.

I am still shaken from undergoing the extreme change in how things have been for so long. The shoreline on my right hand side seems to calms me as my trustworthy ship carries me gently over the waves and my sail propels me forward. It is comforting having the shoreline to navigate with, this land has existed for so long however it seems that it could not change. I know physically, we are wandering along the southern portion of the land mass that my father An and brother Enlil are traveling on foot.

The vastness of the Absu, Nammu my mother manifested is so wonderfully overwhelming to view. Her spirit embraces any who dare gaze at her, those with inner courage of that of a lion dare to travel out on her fair skin. I was born on these salty waters, my sister, Ereshkigal, to the sweet waters.

My father had always had a deep admiration for the gorgeous waters of this planet. Traveling across the mysteries of Nammu; the oceans, the rivers, the canals, the mighty Absu of fresh, sweet waters his mind began to swim as his little boat bobbed on the water, like a leaf gentle guided downstream. The boat itself, The Stag of the Absu, was a marvel of maritime perfection.

He had worked so very hard, trying to find the strongest wood to create the bow. This adventure had been a good test for the boat, at time he was concern too hard of a test, but it came through with flying colors. Nammu must have approved to the Stag of the Absu. The waters were a sweet goddess but unforgiving for the foolish ventured out onto her skin unprepared. But for the trained, for the wise it could be an amazing adventure. Whether he was a wise or a fool in the voyage, in these wanderings so far from home, was yet to be seen. As the waves gently caressed the coastline in its cleansing waters, as the might Stag of the Absu pushed forward as was its course and fate, Enki at the helm dreamed.

“Listen, my son, you were born on these waters.” Enki seemed to hear his mother’s voice, Nammu coming from the midst of the deep. “You are mine and I am yours, I sit in esteem of the intelligence that you have become. You have learned well your Arts.” He recognized his mother’s voice. She continued as he sat, pondered and sailed. Quietly Enki sailed towards destiny, he sat quietly and thought about the words he heard from the deep waters.

“You are traveling to a distant land and even though you don't know why, I do. You have told yourself that you are just wandering but know that there is a bigger plan behind the scenes. This manifest existence is brought about because of necessity. I need you, just as you need me.”

“Establish in this land standards. Do not be greedy, do not horde, but instead take care of the items that you hold precious. Give the items a spirit, take care of them as if they were alive as they actually are alive, they are part of the manifested existence that you are a part of, vibrating at a much lower frequency than you.”

“Establish in this new land, this manifestation existence, this existence that is entirely created out of necessity, fresh water through out the land so people may stop and refresh themselves from there travels in the land. Establish shrines in the north and the south, east and west, establish the House of the Blessing of your father An and his most cherished wives throughout the lands, in the lands of heaven and of earth. Let it never be said in the land of Sumer, “I am thirsty.” Make ovens at these places of the land, let the ovens be made to work, let the people be made to work, have the people working in the travelers shrines be as a mother and father, brother and sister to strangers, friends or family alike. Let them bake bread for their friends and strangers alike. Let it never be said in the land of Sumer, “I am hungry.” These things son are very important, do not forget these things, Enki, write them down, and do not delay!”

“Know that I will use you to protect the peoples of this planet. That is your one and only purpose here son, to watch over the peoples of this land as a shepherd. The rest will come with time. You must trust me that these troubling times are for a greater purpose one that will bring Life to this planet, bringing ideal such as Freedom, Truth and Justice to civilization for there is Freedom in doing what you are supposed to be doing, there is a truth but it will always be veiled so as to keep you searching and inquisitive and Justice so that this Life may continue.

“Without these ideals, my son, and the times will come, over and over again to keep their *spirit* alive, this world will fall into tyranny, oppressors of the people whether it be a man or an ideology, hatred for others and other ideals because they are different than oneself, without justice the mighty will overtake the weak, the orphan and the widow will go without, there will exist “those that have” and “those that know” in juxtaposition to “those that have not” and “those that know not.”

These, my dear and only hope for success, will certainly be a time of despair for most of the people of the planet. Protect the fool and the wise one alike, for they both elevated the definition of fool and wise at times. They will think they are alone, they will hide in their house afraid of weapons, criminals, weather, the sun, afraid of who they have been told to be afraid of. Instead of love they will only know fear. Instead of hope, they will only know hatred. Instead of faith, they will only know money. Truly they will live in fear, without belief, faith, or hope. I expect you to protect all the people, my spring of hope eternal, better than you protect your wife, sister, brother, father or mother. Listen to these words, remember these words and you will see how you can help them, and in turn they can help those that come.”

“There is a *spirit of truth* and it is not subjective but is alive. It is very simple, so simple that it is confusing to many in this world of manifested existence, in this world that was created entirely out of necessity, and the righteous hold the secret of truth. There is a *spirit of justice* and it is not entitled but is alive. It is very simple, so simple that it is confusing to many in this world of manifested existence, in this world that was created entirely out of necessity, and the humble hold the secret of justice. There is a *spirit of freedom* and it is not obligatory but is alive. It is very simple, so simple that it is confusing to many in this world of manifested existence, in this world that was created entirely out of necessity, and the cheerful hold the secret of freedom.”

“The *people that have* of these times, in their ignorance and arrogance, will use details of difference for their prejudice; skin color, eye color, whether a person is tall or short, large or skinny. You will know these times of ignorance in the lack of knowledge of truth, justice and freedom. You have all been created equally, what you choose to do in action will shape this world and your own *spirit.* What you choose to do in *action*, in this world, in this manifestation of existence that was entirely formed out of necessity, creates *effect* on this world and on your spirit. These effects shape this world. Let your *effects* benefit the life of this world, not be malevolent.”

“There is only one true race, human. It is why we use the words the *human race.* There is only one way to experience kindness, through humans, hence we are called *humankind*. There is only one way for life on this planet to experience *liberty*, that I through action and the *freedom* of doing what is your part in this world. In the worse times of this world, *freedom* will come to mean *there is nothing left to lose*.”

*“Freedom, justice and truth* must walk hand in hand through out the ages in order to be effective, loss of one enables the others to dominate all. My dear son, create a world, create your world, so beautifully that people will never be able to forget it, so in those times of despair, when *justice* only means the ability to enslave others, when *truth* means some persons insane thoughts, when even speaking the word *freedom* causes the ignorant to hang their *fears* in trees, to burn their *fears*, to feed their *fears* to lions, in those times my son, they will remember your words, your ideals and your world, that world that you are about to create.”

Enki stirred uneasily in his seat at the helm as he dismissed the voice to the long voyage, the hypnotic effect of the waves crashing against the side of the boat. He was in such a philosophical mood as he came into the gulf, the end of his journey. He expected to be exhilarated but instead he felt anxious. Where he expected to find exaltation, he finds concern for the future. “I need beauty in my world.” he thought to himself, “I need to feel the elements of creation at work. I need to feel the gentleness of the air bringing ideas and hints of new beginnings or the ebb and flow of the pull of the lovely moon and it gently caressing the world into action.”

“The richness of the soil, the very earth in my hand feels the essence of life teaming, a waiting potential more fierce than any power. Just to feel the sun shine down from its fiery sphere of influence against my face as I wake in the morning will make all these events and travels worth it. To exist, to question, to frequent the shrines, to consume, to enjoy the bounty of the land, to be thankful and openly give thanks for everything that has been provided for us. I will be an instrument of creation and, in turn, destruction.”

In this new world, I find my own beauty to be appealing and erotic, to myself and others. Actually, everything recently has been making me *feel erotic.* It must be the an effect of the salt air that boosts my libido, or just progressing in a positive direction, an overwhelming sense of urgency, anxiety and excitement builds with each wave the pounds against the ship.

I am amazed at the vastness of the oceans of this world, the seeming gentleness that the oceans hold the land masses in gentle embrace. My first feeling of amazement was my beautiful queen who has been with me since my earliest years. I grew up with Ninsikila in a very far distant land, one that slips from my mind now and leaves me with an empty, haunted feeling. I look forward to the future, look forward to the future with her, looking forward to the future here in this new land with her. These things bring me comfort.

Sometimes I think she believes more in me than I believe in myself. She sits across from me amazed in her beautiful white wrap; it shines like a metal against her chocolate skin. Such a strong heart she has, a heart of a lion. She will be my strength in this new land. She content to eat and drink our rations that we have brought along even though they are meager, to enjoy the new lands and waters and everything about this land seemed new, teaming with life.

She is truly amazing that she has adapted so well to traveling aboard the Stag. She will serve as a gracious queen in this new realm, a model to the queens throughout the Sar cycle to come of this realm. She always cares for her people first, she is my perfect ideal of a queen.

This manifestation existence, brought about through necessity has created for her a new potential, perfect for her, a place I like to call Dilmun, which is located on an island east of our current destination, in the marsh lands. I am positive that it will turn into a beautiful city with hard work.

Hard work is still a complex idea for my mind, this manifestation existence, brought about through necessity, to work to manifest things into existence. It is quite easier just to manifest them through the tablets of destiny but the action of doing and creating brings many variables that have never been in existence. People don't take care of things that they are given; I have seen it with my own eyes.

If they were not involved in earning through work that item, they very seldom care for it as they would something they created or had to earn to be in possession of. The tablets of destiny are limited to the infinite possibilities of it existence but only what is known in its existence. This Great Work creates that which never before had Need. The necessity of the situation creates its own solution, that is, existence. It augments the weave of fate mixing destiny with colors rich and vibrant of the unknown element of this reality.

I have noticed, as we get closer to the destination, more and more people can be seen. They seem to gather into tribes then into small villages. The once sparse land, of rolling hills and bluffs which seemed as if no foot had ever tread upon it now reveals it secret of nurturing the local inhabitants that had quite successfully adapted to their environment. I will bring them gifts if they are neighbors.

I can see land where we are to land so I will stop recording this journal for the time being. I need to remember to journal these thoughts and experiences. My brother Enlil was correct, I may remember the old ways but this new perspective of things make it hard to remember the details of the linear reality of manifestation in the time and space.

### Meeting the locals

[Voice of Ninsikila – first person]

We met Martu in the new land. I had been so excited to get off that damned boat. It was a wonderful boat but it was still a boat and I didn't seem to be born of the water like Enki was. He seemed to be a fish when he was a young boy, always in the water, always wanting to go to the lake. His latest obsession with this boat is magnificent. He calls it little but we bring 3 massive bulls, 10 cows, 1 baby calf that is mine named Gracie, six goats, four sheep, two horses along with vast quantities of water, mead of course, and our rations. Enki brings the Martu people a bull and three cows. He told them how to milk the cows, he told them how to breed them, and they knew how to eat them. They were a very bright people, very intelligent; they understood him right away and thanked him profusely.

Martu's people's eyes were so very wide in seeing us arrive on the Stag of the Absu. Enki truly is an impressive man both in stature and wisdom. As Enki disembarked, the Martu's eyes were the size of the moon and their chins seemed to drag on the ground. They seemed as if they saw an alien from another planet disembarking from a spaceship. But soon they realized that we were just as they were, that we enjoyed the same things, that we needed the same things.

My beloved, oh yes that Lord of Heaven and Earth, that ancient wise one from the deep oceans of Nammu, that one with the wisdom of the Absu and the bitter rivers, seas and ocean learned another lesson that day as he blundered forth, excited to meet other people, excited to find the new land. Enki hit a deep spot in the shoreline and disappear under the waves. Back on top and fine but very wet and embarrassed, he met the Martu. The Martu, upon seeing this course of events, lost their air of cautiousness and fell on the ground laughing. They brought him blankets, and food, a mash of garbanzo beans, sesame and garlic paste and juice of lemons.

I remember in those early days, I asked them what they called this mash and they asked me, “What is it to call something? How are we supposed to call it? It just is.” They knew not the art of giving things names so that they can be classify and studied; something totally foreign to my mind. I had to classify everything; I think I got that tendency from Enki growing up. By classification, we can study and understand the nature of things here. By giving it a name, it seems to me, that it gives the thing a spirit, something that our mind can relate with. Anyways, they did not think this way at all. They knew not the calling of name of seasons, they did not track the thirteen moons of the wheel of life, nor the degrees of the sun, but they did track the stars and they could travel by that. The knew that the sun rose in the east and set in the west and in this knowing they were confident to face a very large and foreboding world.

They were nomads, a people that traveled everywhere it seemed, all through the lands, they knew so many ways of saying hello. They truly were a wonderful people. They travel from the lands of the south, the lands of Meluhha, which has vast quantities of gold that they have pledged to our purpose. The land mast to the south is vast and we have made wanderings, as Enki likes to call them.

Enki told me that one day, a long time ago this manifest existence started there on that land mass. Humans started to walk on the earth, on that face of Ki. I giggled and told him that they must have been like monkeys at that point. He glared at me, in my ignorance and misunderstanding, and told me the amazing fact of the situation was that they were just as brilliant as we were but they had not yet understood the necessity of this manifestation. There were reasons why but those mysteries were as deep as the very ocean itself, as lofty as Ki's magnificent mountain peaks her sacred breasts that rolled over the land here.

They have so many magnificent stories to tell us as the day slips into night and the night erupts into brilliant light as campfires consume their fuel giving us warmth and light. They served the beer but they had date syrup that they added to the beer that made it very strong and so very sweet and also lots of fresh water. They knew all the natural springs in this area. I giggle to myself as I write this that my knowledge of this manifested existence I think as that I know is all that is. But the Martu knew all the springs in lands very far and distant from here.

From listening to their stories, I sit in the dust in realization of my ignorance of this new world. So many new adventures I look forward to! Raising a family in the beauty of this new land sounds like a perfect dream to me. Sitting in the dust feel very good to me as I listen to the drums and the beautiful dancing girls swirl around me. Truly, this is a dream. One must dream before it can be thought; only when it is thought can work bring it into manifest existence through necessity, there must be a need.

Long discussions about how things would be arranged in those years, the Martu were very helpful in telling us about the local area, the local peoples. We traveled to the beautiful lands of Meluhha and Magan and they, for some reason, treated me like their queen. They are such a dear sweet people, so honorable and hard working. One night, as we sat around the campfire of the Martu, I think we were on the straights between the continent of Meluhha and Dilmun, I heard the men discuss things, as is their way.

Enki told the Martu, “You can be like the Igigi, the young members of our tribe, the descendants of An, you could serve in the new shrines of the Land. We need help building the canals, growing the crops. We need intelligent minds to work...” Martu interrupted Enki's decree of destiny and told him about the nature of things. “Lord, let me explain it as we explain it to our children, Lord of much wisdom, hear our stories and may it please you ears, warm your heart and inspire your mind.”

“One of our young warriors was on top of the mountain, playing his drum, which smoothed the heart. He spent days up there crying for a vision, for himself and our tribe. When he had seen his vision, he started back down the mountain to meet our caravan. Our caravan was traveling the areas between Meluhha and Magan and the northern regions, where the great east-west trade routes exist.”

Martu continued to entrance Enki with the story, “Our young warrior was traveling downhill to meet us again. Just then, Snake came up and asked him “Oh great and strong warrior, carry me down the mountain! Oh great and mighty warrior of the Martu who travel all the Lands, carry me down the mountain! You are so mighty the journey would take you one day, whereas the journey would take me a month! Oh honorable warrior, treat the humble creatures well and bring honor on your family, carry me down the mountain!” Of course, the warrior told Snake, “If I pick you up, surly you will bite me. If I carry you down the mountain, surely you will bite me. If I carry you to my caravan, surely you will bite me and perhaps you will bite the people of my family!” The warrior continued to walk down the mountain but Snake followed.

“Snake look at him, with his head low and said, “Mighty warrior, how could I bite someone as mighty and strong as you? How could I bite someone who is such a strong warrior? How could I bite someone who is a friend or family of such a strong warrior? Carry me down the mountain! I will tell you the mystery of the nature of things! You can be warrior of the Martu! Carry me down the mountain!” On that day, under that Sun, in that moon, on this Earth, it did indeed happen.” The wise elder of the Martu spun the tale for Enki's amusement.

“The young warrior fell for the cunning of Snake and did indeed carry him down the mountain. Snake, true to his word, did indeed tell him the mysteries of the nature of things. When they got down to the caravan, the young warrior with much joy and excitement came to his elders to tell them the mysteries of nature that Snake had told him. Then, as is the nature of Snake, Snake bit him and he died.” The wise one of the Martu and the wise one of Nammu and An starred into the campfire quietly, contemplatively.

Enki fell on the ground laughing. I love his laugh, deep, resounding like the sea, bellowing like the winds here. He seems to glow golden as he laughed so much with the Martu, I can see that he is best when he is with people, amongst the masses, talking, dancing, drinking. Enki understood what the Martu meant; the Martu's nature was to travel, just as his nature was to wander. They agree to a friendship that existed for so many years.

We many spent days and nights in the tents of the Martu, traveling with them to the lands of Meluhha and Magan through the straights that connect the land masses. Evermore will I remember those days, those days before sickness, those days learning from the Martu, those days before old age ravaged humankind, before the laws, standards and morals had been establish, We sat with the Martu teaching them before our journey to the east, to our island.

That beautiful island of Dilmun, situated within, what I hope will be beautiful reed marshlands with carp dancing amongst them, now is a stinky swamp. I agree that while it will require work to create what we want, but the reward is in the work itself and the locals are such a wonderful people. We have so much to do, for the people her, for us. Enki has decided that it truly is here that we will live and set up my city, in the marshlands, at the island of Dilmun.

### A Well Deserved Rest

[Narrative transitional voice between Ninsikila and Enki]

Drifting in and out of sleep, inebriated from the last of their mead that they had brought with him, he flirted with Ninsikila. “My lady, my rest is so good here. It seems to me to be paradise. Come here and lay with me! To you, I have given the first city! To you I have given Dilmun! Come, slide into my embrace and feel the security of my protection. Enjoy the sunrise, from the eastern mountains with me. Let us intertwine our arms and legs in an embrace so complete that we are as one. Let us think of beautiful children. My lady, you are such a beauty and adore you.”

**Enki and Ninhursag**

[5-10](https://d.docs.live.net/689095c1ae0a6f14/Writing/Blessings%20of%20Sumer/Oxford%20Collection/c111.htm#line5)He laid her down all alone in Dilmun, and the place where Enki had lain down with his spouse, that place was still virginal, that place was still pristine. He laid her down all alone in Dilmun, and the place where Enki had lain down with Ninsikila, that place was virginal, that place was pristine.

[11-16](https://d.docs.live.net/689095c1ae0a6f14/Writing/Blessings%20of%20Sumer/Oxford%20Collection/c111.htm#line11)In Dilmun the raven was not yet cawing, the partridge not cackling. The lion did not slay, the wolf was not carrying off lambs, the dog had not been taught to make kids curl up, the pig had not learned that grain was to be eaten.

[17-19](https://d.docs.live.net/689095c1ae0a6f14/Writing/Blessings%20of%20Sumer/Oxford%20Collection/c111.htm#line17)When a widow had spread malt on the roof, the birds did not yet eat that malt up there. The pigeon then did not tuck its head under its wing.

[20-26](https://d.docs.live.net/689095c1ae0a6f14/Writing/Blessings%20of%20Sumer/Oxford%20Collection/c111.htm#line20)No eye-diseases said there: "I am the eye disease." No headache said there: "I am the headache." No old woman belonging to it said there: "I am an old woman." No old man belonging to it said there: "I am an old man." No maiden in her unwashed state ...... in the city. No man dredging a river said there: "It is getting dark." No herald made the rounds in his border district.

[27-28](https://d.docs.live.net/689095c1ae0a6f14/Writing/Blessings%20of%20Sumer/Oxford%20Collection/c111.htm#line27)No singer sang an elulam there. No wailings were wailed in the city's outskirts there.

He reached for her wrap, knowing full well she was too tired from the voyage and meeting the people from around the area to grant any of his wishes. As the sea gentle washed up onto the beach Enki’s beloved Ninsikila spoke to him. “Enki, you have blessed my life with this new and beautiful paradise. We have traveled far and my memory of our native land quickly fades. This destiny that you have decreed in this bounty of a land is all I can think of for my future. This city, however that you have given me? You have given a city. What does your giving avail me? There is no river quay, there is no river. I am on a barren island, how am I supposed to build a city out of just this?” Ninsikila sat in the dust weeping, not knowing how to get fresh water instead of bitter salt water to her fields, to her city, to her very people that have already gathered here.

“How is it possible that my city,” the lovely lady Ninsikila continued, “on this island prosper and become a center of abundance without water. You have given a city. What does your giving avail me? You may be able to drink mead all the time but I am thirsty! My city has not even a river quay for passing ship to dock at. We are on an island, it is dry here, and there are no sweet waters for fields, glebe or furrow! How possible can my city, or any of the cities prosper without these things we need. The people will be thirsty my beloved!”

[29-32](https://d.docs.live.net/689095c1ae0a6f14/Writing/Blessings%20of%20Sumer/Oxford%20Collection/c111.htm#line29)Ninsikila said to her father Enki: "You have given a city. You have given a city. What does your giving avail me? You have given a city, Dilmun. You have given a city. What does your giving avail me? You have given ....... You have given a city. What does your giving avail me?"

[33-39](https://d.docs.live.net/689095c1ae0a6f14/Writing/Blessings%20of%20Sumer/Oxford%20Collection/c111.htm#line33)"You have given ......, a city that has no river quay. You have given a city. What does your giving avail me? A city that has no fields, glebe or furrow."

There was so much to do! He jumped up hearing Ninsikila's words. He pondered to himself the actual difference between Ninsikila and his mother Nammu, not much he conclude as they both could motivate him in about ten words. When father An took responsibility for the heavens as his own, and his brother Enlil took responsibility for the Earth as his own, this land had been establish. Two great rivers ran down through this valley from the gorgeous mountains to the north, The Euphrates to the west and the Tigris to the east. By the sea to the south, the land had embraced the river and the sea, creating miles and miles of swamp land.

'Those have to go first', he thought to himself, ‘This land will be fertile and abundant in the future with a little hard work. Canals could be built to drain the swamps and irrigate the land. Over the Land we will divert the rivers into the cities. Underneath the cities, in the great basin that lies under the surface of the earth, we will augment the waters with the water of the Tigris via the water of Lake {} and the water of the Euphrates, via the waters of Lake {}. This will cause the great pool of the palace of Ereshkigal to swell, to sustain the shrines and wells around the countries of Sumer. Thankfully the Martu have mapped these out for us.' Enki mused to himself as the gentle sea cradled his little boat, his Stag of the Absu as he gently drifted towards destiny.

He remembered meeting the Martu and how gracious they were. They greeted him warmly and they exchanged gifts. They were quite different form his and the culture that he was used to but they were strong, brilliantly smart, they knew honor and were fierce warriors when crossed. They would be an excellent ally to keep as there were other tribes in the area that could cause them problems. Some of the different tribes in the area were not quite as civilized as the Martu, they were barbaric in fact. They were fierce wild animals which were very dangerous on occasion.

He had mused to himself as he left the Martu that their skin was lighter than his, still a beautiful rich color similar to the olives his mother grew in the days that he was young. So plentiful was the harvest then, in those distant days of his youth and now all they ate was dates. He was still thankful for the exchange of gifts from Martu. They were a gracious people, very simple and true, like this land here in the new world, so pristine, so virginal.

He took a date seed and penetrated the virgin soil, deep dark rich and abundant with life giving energies. Gently he covered the seed and placed his right hand over it. He could feel the seed awaken and stretch, bursting from its outer shell. Yearning, it reached out for his hand bursting forth from the ground into a sprouted sapling. “How did that happen?” Ninsikila astounded queried Enki.

{Enki ponders not only the fact that there is no water but the island cannot support itself in material goods, gold, wood, etc… Having traveled to these different land, they have already offered to provide each of the goods from their respective cities. Having Dilmun be the collection point, and in turn create the first trace center of the land would not only solve the initial problems but eventually cause the entire nation to prosper}

“Ninsikila, my beloved queen!” He cried out far too dramatically, “Your city shall have water! It is true! You are clever and have a mind for planning! For your city to prosper, it must have water! The Lands to the north have rivers that feed into caves. Those caves create an aquifer under this land. Fresh sweet waters that we can drink, water the crops, and bake with. I will spend the rest of the day here and build a fountain that we, and the people that come here, can refresh themselves with.”

{this needs to describe how he tapped into the water aquifer underneath the island of Dilmun. This should include the actual mechanism for tapping a well into the aquifer, perhaps with the help of Martu who would know how to tap wells}

“We should consider the waters of the aquifer, that region is the Land of Ereshkigal, in the new city that she has claimed as Kutu. None of the Living may venture there just as none of the dead may venture into the Land of the Living. I shall visit my sister, the first born daughter of An. For you my queen, I shall first decree these things for you!”

40-43 “When Utu steps up into heaven, fresh water shall run out of the ground for you from the standing vessels (these fountains here) on Ezen's (the eastern) shore, from Nanna's radiant temple, from the mouth of the waters running underground”

44-49 “May the waters rise up from it into your great basins. May your city drink water a plenty from them. May your pools of salt water become pools of fresh water. May your city become an emporium of the quay for the Land. May Dilmun become an emporium on the quay for the Land.”

“From our journeys with the Martu, we have met the people of the land of Tukric and they have agreed to help us in our plans, they can provide your cities gold and lapis lazuli from Harali. We have met the people of Meluhha, we met the people of Magan, in northern Meluhha and they have agreed to help in our plans, they can provide barges full of precious desirable comelian (for what???), the people of Magan have agreed to present us with *mec* wood and the best abba wood, all loaded and delivered in large ships.”

“Magan can also provide you with all the strong, powerful metal copper, dolerite and two strong stones, the *u and cumin* stone. We met the people of the land of Marhaci and they have sent you topazes, beautiful precious stones.”

“From the Sea Lands, you have the ebony wood fit for a king as a resource. From the Tent-lands, you have the resources of fine multicolored wools. The land of Elam, to the east, has a stockpile of wools that you can consider yours, as the people of that land of Elam pledged to assist us as did all the others. The people have established a shrine to Ninhursag and a manor in Ur and have warehouse that contain sesame, august raiment, and fine cloth.”

“All the people of this new land are very excited about our plans here. May your city be so blessed by abundance my lovely lady. May you be an excellent queen in praise! The very wide sea, my mother Nammu will present you with its wealth!”

[49A-49P](https://d.docs.live.net/689095c1ae0a6f14/Writing/Blessings%20of%20Sumer/Oxford%20Collection/c111.htm#line49A) "May the land of Tukric hand over to you gold from Harali, lapis lazuli and ....... May the land of Meluha load precious desirable cornelian, mec wood of Magan and the best abba wood into large ships for you. May the land of Marhaci yield you precious stones, topazes. May the land of Magan offer you strong, powerful copper, dolerite, u stone and cumin stone. May the Sea-land offer you its own ebony wood, ...... of a king. May the 'Tent'-lands offer you fine multicolored wools. May the land of Elam hand over to you choice wools, its tribute. May the manor of Urim, the royal throne dais, the city ......, load up into large ships for you sesame, august raiment, and fine cloth. May the wide sea yield you its wealth."

[49Q-49V](https://d.docs.live.net/689095c1ae0a6f14/Writing/Blessings%20of%20Sumer/Oxford%20Collection/c111.htm#line49Q) The city's dwellings are good dwellings. Dilmun's dwellings are good dwellings. Its grains are little grains, its dates are big dates, its harvests are triple ......, its wood is ...... wood.)

### Enki Returns of Dilmun

The next morning, after he had built the fountain on that sweet island of Dilmun, that virginal island of Dilmun, which would come to become so much more than that initial date-palm seed. The waters rose up from the depths, the overflowed the fountain. The pools of salt water gave way to pools of fresh water. The island having a river, or a course for the water to flow into lake Hamner cleared the swamps.

What was once a swampy island was transformed into an island, complete with fields, glebe and furrows that could produce grain for her! Ninsikila thanked Enki profusely and congratulated him on his plan. Her dates were big dates, her trees were big trees there in the land of Dilmun, he lay one last time with her before proceeding on, on the path of the destiny that had been set before him.

50-54 “At that moment, on that day, and under that Sun, when Utu stepped up into heaven, from the standing vessels on Ezen's shore, from Nanna's radiant high temple, from the mouth of the waters running underground, fresh waters ran out of the ground for her.”

55-62 The waters rose up for her into her great basins. Her city drank water aplenty from them. Dilmun drank water aplenty from them. Her pools of salt water indeed became pools of fresh water. Her fields, glebe and furrows indeed produced grain for her. Her city indeed became an emporium of the quay of the Land. Dilmun indeed became an emporium on the quay for the Land. At that moment, on that day, and under that sun, so it indeed happened.

### Enki and the Kur

(voice of Isimud, enki's messenger)

I am so thankfully to Enki, that sweet name of Heaven, for teaching me the scribal arts. I am attempting at his suggestion, to record some of my thoughts about the current situation of events in the Land of Sumer. I am Enki's minister, sometimes a servant, sometimes his most trusted adviser. I am trained in all the established laws of the Anuna, the scribal arts, the establishment of name, times and places. I came in service to Enki of my own accord when I was very young. We grew up in the water together. I still enjoy spending as much time as I can in the great waters of the Nammu. Eridu is the city of my heart and here I wanted to record some of the stories of how we created Eridu and those other early cities.

One night as Enki and Nintu sat together, after they had drunk their fill and eaten what satisfied them, they sat talking amongst themselves. In those days before the E.Absu had been built they say in a reed hut, in the midst of the swamps of the new land. In that reed hut, Nintu and Enki laughed and told stories, Enki flirted with Nintu as she ignored his advances. In that reed hut, many moons ago, it did indeed happen.

The reed hut was a marvel in itself but was taught to Enki from the madan people that lived here in this marshy region. Without worry or strife, these people have lived here since before the sun had a name, they had in fact even built a shrine to the holy mountain, the Mother Ninhursag in their region west of Ur. They had taught Enki to take the reeds of the marsh that grew here and weave them in such a way that a house could be created. And not just a small hut but a marvelous house, a house with a sleeping chambers, a kitchen, even a common area for entertaining. Enki, along with the help of the Madan, created a stairway from the reed house to the mooring pole of the Stag of the Absu.

Enki had been attempting all evening to get Nintu into his new bedchambers that he has built in his reed hut. Nintu was a beautiful woman, when she moved it seemed as if the trees moved with her. When she sighed it seemed as if the four winds sighed with her. She was much shorter than Enki, her femininely shapes reminded Enki of the land here, how it seemed to roll into mountains, then into valleys, then into the sea. She embodied softness as opposed to the hardness of his body. She was marvelously beautiful but seemed totally uninterested in him. Enki was shocked at first actually because he had become very accustomed to women finding him quite appealing.

After many unsuccessful attempts at courtship, there fell a silence over the reed hut and the two started to talk about the water situation in the Kiur, the land of Sumer. Enki had already conceived the plan of bringing the waters to the cities of the northern regions. Enki explained to Nintu about the large aquifer that runs through the underground underneath the land, the underworld, and how it cleansed and purity the sweet waters. He told of his plans of increasing this water in the underworld, as well as diverting the waters of the Euphrates to her city, into the Tigris. Enki had created a map of the region and set it on the tale for Nintu to understand better.

Enki explained to the wise midwife of the Land that there were two major canal systems in his plans; The Shuruppak Canal System and the Lagash Canal System. These both end in protectors of the Land, Nergal in Shuruppak and Ninurta in Lagash that could sail up stream all the way to Sippar if any enemies were to come drifting down stream while the life giving waters drift downstream into the cities. From both their realms in the south, with the help of Ur, Eridu and Larsa, all coastal naval cities they could defend the entire nation against sea attack.

Nintu, in a flash, understood the need for this plan and all its ramifications. Instead of the people having to carry water over land from the rivers to the cities, the cities could be bathed in virtually unlimited waters. The fields could be irrigated. The house could have fresh water for drinking, cooking and bathing. All the cities would prosper, as they received the waters of Enki's plan. “We thought of this idea for my city in Umma, directing water from the Tigris through a canal but it would take us about nine months of back breaking work according to my council of elders.” Nintu told Enki.

Enki pondered for a moment and then continued “My sweet lady, with my wisdom and my charms things happen! You have to sleep with me! Come let us embrace, I will bring water to your city! Let me bring my essence to your womb! Sweet daughter of the Holy Mountain, I shall bring in nine days what would take nine months, I will bring the sweet waters into your city so that they overflow, I will fill your city with abundance and prosperity like my Absu. You are so lovely, let me kiss you, let me pour my semen into your womb as I plan to pour water into the wells of your city!”

She giggled at Enki and batting her eyelids she told Enki, “Sweet Name of Heaven, Enki, if you turn my land into a swampland, you will never see my bed chambers.” Enki sat in the dust at what she was indicating, and also the point that she was correct. That much water into the city of Umma would indeed turn her lands into a swamp. If the waters of the Euphrates were dumped into the region, the entire land would turn into a swamp, good for the marsh but bad for the lands of cattle, sheep, and grain. “I will create a reservoir system above, in the lands of the heavenly abode, that will hold he water until we need it, then we can flood the fields and then create another large canal that will carry the waters back to the Euphrates in Adab. This way the two Mothers of the Land can receive the precious waters without fear of flooding”

He revised the plans to include the Umma and Larsa bisect. There would exist connections from the city of Umma to the city of Larsa, any excess water in Nintu's city to the drain down to the south west to the river Euphrates. “This will create a man eating river by Larsa and Erech. We must tell the children to stay clear of this area. Many a younger one will be swept downstream to their death. This plan will only allow one means access by water to the lands of Lagash.” Nintu told Enki as she pondered his drawings on the map. “I will connect with a ferry between Lagash and the emporium of the Land, Larsa. “I do believe that you might even be cleverer than your father, Enki.” Nintu explained to Enki as the midnight hours slipped into morning.

So Enki devised a reservoir between the lands of Kutu and Adab, Ninhursag's city. This will enable regulation of the amount of water coming through from the Euphrates and the controls will be established from the Lake, the source waters of the Tigris that could regulate the sweet waters of that powerful river.

First he created the dry “large canal” systems with smaller connecting canals that brought the sweet waters of the Tigris to the cities of cities of Sippar, Kish, Nippur, Shuruppak, Erech and Ur. Then he created the dry “large canal” systems connecting Sippar, Kutu, Lake Enki, Adab, Umma, [Girsu] and Lagash.

This new confluence of rivers creates the “man-eating river” of Ninlil and Enlil. Three major tributaries; the original Euphrates, the canal connect Sippar to Kish to Nippur to Shuruppak to Larsa and the canal that connects Sippar to Kutu to Lake [Hamner?] to Adab to Umma to Wall of Girsu to Lagash. This created first two positions for the Igigi; the man of the man-eating river, who stands guard at the confluence of the mighty rivers and the man of the ferryboat, who carries people between the land of Lagash and the emporium of the Land, Larsa.

“I have a dear sister in the North that will want to know about our plan. I will take my leave from you my lady and set sail for the underworld.” Enki told Nintu.

We first traveled to Ur and established the Traveler Shrine at Ur. We employed the help of an Igigi from Ur to work in the ovens of the shrine. We established fresh water, for drinking and bathing, we established the tradition of washing oneself before continuing on one's path, reflecting upon the nature of your existence and where you fit into the plan of manifestation. I, as Enki's minister, told the people of Ur of the ways and means of the shrine, and they grew in admiration for Enki. Enki had brought joy to the people there at Ur.

He then boarded his boat and traveled to the very northern region. In Sippar, we established the ways and means of the shrine, and they too grew in adoration for Enki. Enki had brought joy to their people in Sippar as well.

We employed the locals and the Igigi of the region to build the two watercourses between Sippar and Kish, then Sippar to Kutu. First, we built the canal from Sippar to Kish, then onto the lands of his brother in Nippur. At Nippur, we were greeted in most warm fashion by his brother Enlil and his wife Ninlil. Enki informed his brother that he could not stay long but that he would return after building the E.Absu and bring a bounty from his land in tribute to the new city of Nippur.

He brother upon hearing plans of the canal system insisted that we stay. We sat and discussed the matter for some time. He requested that there be an additional canal built through the center of Nippur; it seems that Enlil had just then been sitting down to draw out the plans for his holy city, Nippur with its house the magnificent E.Kur.

Enki realized it would be even more effective in carving water into the arid yet fertile soil and assigns a team of Igigi to establish a canal through An's holy city of Kish, through Nippur to Shuruppak. Enki and Enlil both agreed that they must be protectors of the people in this new land, Shepherds of the land, to watch over the people and the descendants of An alike. Enki told him about establishing the shrine in Ur, how he had established the rites of feeding and watering the travelers and strangers that come through the land. They sat for many hours discussing things as brothers will do.

Enlil treated me personally very graciously and cared for my every want and desire. Such a gracious host he was! He truly is a Mouthpiece of Heaven like all the people had told me. We talked of our mutual success and the hard work of the Igigi, working day and night to bring water and food throughout the city-states. We agreed at how it warmed our spirits to see all the descendants of An and local people alike, to see the Anunnaki and the Igigi alike shoulder to shoulder, coming together to build something so very complex, so very large, something so grand that the likes of which had never before been seen in this land.

We continued on to the Lands of Nergal, the Fierce Lands of Shuruppak, the great Lion of the Land of Sumer. We finish the mighty Shuruppak canal system by connecting it back to the River Euphrates.

We then continue to the city of Larsa. Our teams were very tired and spent some time resting and relaxing in the beautiful city. It seemed as if this city was brighter than the rest, it seem that everyone had a cheery thing to say and a sparkle in their eye. The land around Larsa was already a field of abundance, the fields would be perfect for grazing of cattle. The clay here would create wonderful things. They could establish a standard here for the bricks of the land so that our buildings would not fall down. They could establish, here in the grand emporium of the land Larsa, the standard for humans so that our society would not fall down.

### Enki battles the Kur

Already exhausted, we traveled back to Sippar. Above on the River Euphrates, we created a canal from Sippar through to Kutu, Ereshkigal's holy realm of the dead. Now I have heard a lot of stories about this realm and I do understand that Ereshkigal, who rules in the land of Kutu, is the Enki's sister but I don't understand how.

All I understand is that Nammu is mother to both of them, the Queen Ereshkigal and the King of Eridu. This I know as well, the rules of this Land that Ereshkigal has claimed are very strict. One you set foot in the palace of Ereshkigal, you die. There is no second chance. You are dead and you exist for a time in that realm. If people remember you well, you get to drink clean water. If the people remember you awfully, then you drink waters of mud. These things about these realms do not make any sense to me, no the manner in which we live and die but perhaps it is too complex for my mind to comprehend. Strange things happen there in that realm, nevertheless.

On the way to Kutu, a massive storm gathered, it seemed to bubble up from the very mountains themselves. We contained along, building the Lagash Canal System as Enki sailed along in the Stag of the Absu. The storm ravaged the land. The storm ravaged Stag of the Absu. Against the little boat, small hailstones like hammers pelted its bow. Against the little boat, large hailstones, stones as large a boulders slammed into the hull. I worried for all of our safety as our team ran for cover under a local grove of trees. Enki, at the helm of the Stag of the Absu, pushed forward toward Kutu, Enki alone in his wisdom push forward through the storm.

As he passed from our vision downstream, the storm ceased as fast as it had started. I don't know to this day whether it was a deal that Enki had made with his sister for passage through the realm or if it was Uttu's prayers to her brother, Utu the Sun. Either way, the storm ceased its raging battle against our incursion into its sacred realm. Our teams continued a bit quicker paced and frequently looked over their shoulders as they built the canal through the region of Kutu. Everyone except Enki seemed nervous and worked quickly. Never once in the city itself, may my years be long and blessed with many children before I travel again to that realm, but we did built the canal that furnishes the essential waters to the realms of the dead.

After Enki had rejoined us, I did question him, due to the rules that had been established he could not go and return from the land of death. “I offered her a river full of water and a field of grain, how could she resist?” Enki told me as he prepared to set sail. “What did she say, if I may ask?” I asked the King of Eridu. He glared at me and told me not to question the ways of the underworld. Truly, the Sweet Voice of Heaven is wise and I understand the ways naught.

Enki battles Kur

1-25In those days, in those distant days, in those nights, in those nights, in those distant years; in days of yore, when the necessity of things has been brought into manifest existence, in days of yore, when the necessity of things had been for the first time properly cared for, when bread had been tasted for the first time in the shrines of the Land, when the ovens of the Land had been made to work, when the heavens had been separated from the earth, when the earth had been delimited from the heavens, when the fame of mankind had been established, when An had taken the heavens for himself, when Enlil had taken the Earth for himself, when the netherworld had been given to Ereckigala as a gift; when he set sail, when he set sail, when the father set sail for the nether world, when Enki set sail for the nether world – against the king a storm of small hailstones arose, against Enki a storm of large hailstones arose. The small ones were light hammers, the large ones were like stones for catapults (?). The keep of Enki's little boat was trembling as if it were being butted by turtles, the waves at the bow of the boat rose to devour the king like wolves and the waves at the stem of the boat were attacking Enki like a lion.

### Birth of the Earth Goddesses

So having mastered the realms of the Mountains and Ereshkigal prize, Enki and I continued downstream towards Adab, the region of the Holy Mountain of Sumer, Ninhursag. What a joy Ninhursag is, she at times seems so old that she seems to be as old as the mountain. At times, she seems as young as the baby animals that she always seems to have around her city. There is a beauty in her that is beyond anything else in the land. She seems to have the ability to understand and speak to the animals. She says that she is not speaking but just being a good ear that the animals can discuss things with.

Her city will be the bolt between the Heaven and the Earth regions. Her city, Adab is absolutely beautiful. The Lagash canal will link to her city first, after the reservoir of Kutu. Nintu was there when the *spirit of the city Adab and Umma* was born; truly Nintu is the midwife of the Land. Nintu will rule in mercy in Umma, Ninhursag in Understanding at Adab. Next we established a canal link the newly created reservoir of Kutu to the House of Rule in Nippur. Nintu gave birth to the *spirit of the city Nippur*, Ninsar, the Lady of Rightful Rule.

Enki and Ninhursag

[63-68](https://d.docs.live.net/689095c1ae0a6f14/Writing/Blessings%20of%20Sumer/Oxford%20Collection/c111.htm#line63)All alone the wise one, toward Nintud, the country's mother, Enki, the wise one, toward Nintud, the country's mother, was digging his phallus into the dykes, plunging his phallus into the reed beds. The august one pulled his phallus aside and cried out: "No man take me in the marsh."

[69-74](https://d.docs.live.net/689095c1ae0a6f14/Writing/Blessings%20of%20Sumer/Oxford%20Collection/c111.htm#line69)Enki cried out: "By the life's breath of heaven I adjure you. Lie down for me in the marsh, lie down for me in the marsh, that would be joyous." Enki distributed his semen destined for Damgalnuna. He poured semen into Ninhursaja's womb and she conceived the semen in the womb, the semen of Enki.

[75-87](https://d.docs.live.net/689095c1ae0a6f14/Writing/Blessings%20of%20Sumer/Oxford%20Collection/c111.htm#line75)But her one month was one day, but her two months were two days, but her three months were three days, but her four months were four days, but her five months were five days, but her six months were six days, but her seven months were seven days, but her eight months were eight days, but her nine months were nine days. In the month of womanhood, like juniper oil, like juniper oil, like oil of abundance, Nintud, mother of the country, like juniper oil, gave birth to Ninsar.

[88-96](https://d.docs.live.net/689095c1ae0a6f14/Writing/Blessings%20of%20Sumer/Oxford%20Collection/c111.htm#line88)In turn Ninsar went out to the riverbank. Enki was able to see up there from in the marsh, he was able to see up there, he was. He said to his minister Isimud: "Is this nice youngster not to be kissed? Is this nice Ninsar not to be kissed?" His minister Isimud answered him: "Is this nice youngster not to be kissed? Is this nice Ninsar not to be kissed? My master will sail, let me navigate. He will sail, let me navigate."

[97-107](https://d.docs.live.net/689095c1ae0a6f14/Writing/Blessings%20of%20Sumer/Oxford%20Collection/c111.htm#line97)First he put his feet in the boat, next he put them on dry land. He clasped her to the bosom, kissed her, Enki poured semen into the womb and she conceived the semen in the womb, the semen of Enki. But her one month was one day, but her two months were two days, but her nine months were nine days. In the month of womanhood, like juniper oil, like juniper oil, like oil of abundance, Ninsar, like juniper oil, like juniper oil, like oil of abundance, gave birth to Ninkura.

[108-116](https://d.docs.live.net/689095c1ae0a6f14/Writing/Blessings%20of%20Sumer/Oxford%20Collection/c111.htm#line108)In turn Ninkura went out to the riverbank. Enki was able to see up there from in the marsh, he was able to see up there, he was. He said to his minister Isimud: "Is this nice youngster not to be kissed? Is this nice Ninkura not to kissed?" His minister Isimud answered him: "Kiss this nice youngster. Kiss this nice Ninkura. My master will sail, let me navigate. He will sail, let me navigate."

[126A-126K](https://d.docs.live.net/689095c1ae0a6f14/Writing/Blessings%20of%20Sumer/Oxford%20Collection/c111.htm#line126A) Ninkura in turn gave birth to Ninimma. She brought the child up and made her flourish. Ninimma in turn went out to the riverbank. Enki was towing his boat along and was able to see up there, ....... He laid eyes on Ninimma on the riverbank and said to his minister Isimud: "Have I ever kissed one like this nice youngster? Have I ever made love to one like nice Ninimma?" His minister Isimud answered him: "My master will sail, let me navigate. He will sail, let me navigate."

[126L-126Q](https://d.docs.live.net/689095c1ae0a6f14/Writing/Blessings%20of%20Sumer/Oxford%20Collection/c111.htm#line126L) First he put his feet in the boat, next he put them on dry land. He clasped her to the bosom, lying in her crotch, made love to the youngster and kissed her. Enki poured semen into Ninimma's womb and she conceived the semen in the womb, the semen of Enki.

[126R-126CC](https://d.docs.live.net/689095c1ae0a6f14/Writing/Blessings%20of%20Sumer/Oxford%20Collection/c111.htm#line126R) To the woman its one month was but its one day, its two months were but its two days, its three months were but its three days, its four months were but its four days, its five months were but its five days, its six months were but its six days, its seven months were but its seven days, its eight months were but its eight days, and at its nine days, in the month of womanhood, like juniper oil, like juniper oil, like oil of abundance, Ninimma, like juniper oil, like oil of abundance, gave birth to Uttu, the exalted (?) woman.)

We then continued the finished the Lagash Canal System in Lagash, after bringing waters to Girsu. Lagash is a mighty lion in the land a protectorate of the people. We established the Lagash to Larsa ferry canal and then in Shuruppak upstream we created the diversion of the water, to keep the lands watered yet dry, from Shuruppak to Adab. In Larsa, Nintu joined us again to give birth to the *spirit of the city Larsa;* Ninimma seemed a fitting choice for me, which made me proud because Nintu is much wiser than I.

It took about nine days for the canals to be established per city it seemed from looking over the logbooks, that in comparison to the nine months that it would take for the towns themselves to build the canals sections themselves. Those teams back then, Anunnaki, Igigi and local people alike, the Martu who have no house save for a tent, even pitched in to help build the beautiful cities. I cannot stress how much we stood in awe of those teams back in those days building the nation. I shall remember those days forever.

To finish up the watercourses of the Land, we traveled to Erech. We built a special canal divert below Shuruppak off the river Euphrates, exclusively for the sweet one Uttu, who already grew such lovely vegetable for the entire land of the KiUr.

### Fifteen Miles in all Directions

We continued onto the land of Erech. In this land the women of the tribe had developed the most exclusive art of spinning the wool from the neighboring Bad-tibra where the sheep were raise. In creating this wool, they can take it and weave it like a spider.

What words could describe the beauty of meeting Uttu for the first time, she seem to glow with an aura of gold, all the time, morning and night. Her magnificent nature glorifies the heavens themselves! Her golden hair in those years was so fine it seemed as if the town elder woman had spun the gold from the neighboring lands to create a wig for her. Her eye blazed into your at first sight and seemed to stay transfixed just your you the entire time that you are in her company, even though other will tell you that she was looking at them. Her majesty, as a queen, could already be understood at first sound uttered from her lips. How sweet the nectarous words become as they fall from her lips. The gentle breeze even seems to be excited as it plays amongst the bangs of her brow.

She had already established vast beautiful gardens in her city. It seemed to me that fifteen miles in each direction had been developed. The people seemed to be very happy and even *proud* that they were citizens in the city of the loveliest ladies in the countries of Sumer. Enki giggled at the idea but I saw with my own wide eyes that it was true, so many lovely women lived here it was unusual. I had been on board ship or on a canal checking for leaks for months. Yet I was still on the job, no time for play.

The people here had built the reed house and also the new brick-house, which was very appeal to both the eye and the mind. The land was bursting with vegetables and fruits, cucumber fields, apple trees and grape vines seemed to be as far as they eye could see.

The sun was so hot bearing down upon our teams as they removed the dirt and packed the canal and dyke molds. Sweat was rolling from our skin, dripping onto the ground creating pools. The skies were clear with no clouds to be seen at all. Utu, the power of the Sun, was so bright and seemed so very close to the earth this day. It was so hot, that as it shone down upon our frail cracked skin and upon the ground, not frail but it cracks just the same as our skin.

Utu was born when the Anuna, the descendant of the father An, had came down from the original mountain and after Enlil had met Ninlil. The Lord of Air and the Lady of Air, Enlil and Ninlil, both now sit at the head of the Anunnaki, the divine assemble of the descendants of An. The council of Anunnaki decrees the destinies for all the people of the land. Utu, has three brothers, two older; Nanna and Nergal, respectfully the power of the Moon and the power of the planet Mars. His younger brother Ninurta is the farmer of Enlil. Utu has houses in Sippar and Larsa, he establishes the measures of the land, for example the weights used in weighing our grain or standardization of the bricks that are used in house building. Utu is also very knowledgeable about the time too reap thing, he understand when the grain is at the perfect height, no more yield will be produce and it will start to die on the stalk.

As An has taken responsibility of the heavens, Enlil the responsibility for the earth regions and Enki the regions of the swamps, Utu has taken the responsibility for the powers of the Sun. This is part of the mysteries for the DurAnKi, the bond between heaven and earth. In the same way the moon, which watches over all the spirits on this planet when the sun cannot see any longer, with responsibilities assigned to Nanna watch over the ethics, morals and laws for the land.

As I send water around to the people of the teams they thank me gratefully. The land here, about 20 miles from the shoreline of the gulf, was very fertile. The loam that the soil had created was amazingly deep and rich soil. It seemed as if you could taste and smell the life that was contained within, just waiting to spring to life.

We would establish the canal system, and then we would build in the dykes. Only then could we loose the bolts that hold back the water and let the waters fill the canals to the field gates. We would then release the field gates on the dykes which would fill the fallows, watering the fields entirely.

We had flooded the canal system for the second time, when a fair maiden, dress quite fine walked up behind Enki. “Well, I guess they will let anyone work on these canal teams, even those that are hung-over!” she said to Enki. Enki glared up at me, before realizing who it was. He then smiled knowingly, a smile that seemed to stretch his ear and said, “It does seem so indeed my lady, it also seems to me that a woman that came from the streets, woman that had no significant mother in her life has gone on to create a most lovely city. This city is beyond wonder Uttu! How have you been?” Uttu, the beautiful lady, reached out to be in Enki's arms as she said, “We have all been good, after the shrine of Ur was built, people started to gather in this area. It does seem that this city does have somewhat of a *spirit* does it not? Would you not think this would be the perfect city to represent your ideas on how this divine assembly should be seen? It is truly lovely. It is a jewel of heart of all the KiUr!” Enki pondered her statement.

It was true that Uruk had created itself in one of the finest aspects of the divine assembly. These cities sprung up in glory from the ground like plants, the enthusiasm exhibited by the locals was an incredible sight, one that he could have never imagined when he stated the planning for this. But Uttu was still young to rule an entire nation. What had once been a dream, in the very near past, had almost instantly increased itself and to the point that already there is the hustle-bustle of bazaars in the city, couples, whether arm in arm or arguing, manors, shrine, canals. His head was swimming; this was the fourth of four canal system, the last of the canal system that they will install at this point. “I need a break. Isimud, how does some beer, cheese and bread sound to you?” “Best idea I have heard all day, my Lord” I told him. “Uttu, would you honor us with your company?” He asked Uttu. She replied, “No, not quite yet, I still have much to do now that you have established the Uruk canal bisect. If you would care to join me this evening for dinner, I would enjoy discussing things a bit more.”

Enki and the beautiful lady sat and spoke for a while. She told Enki that Nintu had come by too see the city the other day and that she had cautioned her about Enki. Ninlil had told Uttu that Enki could see up into Larsa, Ur and Erech but that is all that he can do. The distant between the lands is like ten miles and if they were attacked, Enki could not reinforce them fast enough. Nintu had told Inanna to establish Bad-tibra, where the King Dumuzid had already established his city. “I am not too worried about foreign invaders here in this city, Lord Enki. It is perhaps the Rightful Rule, the blessings of Ninsar that concern me more. Tell me more about these tablets of destinies that you have access to in your library that you mentioned?” The beauty sat across from Enki with unwavering gaze. Enki, on the other hand, squirmed in his seat “well, my lady, some of the local marauding tribes in this area can...” She cut the wise lord short “Don't get me wrong lord, I can hold a blade of three different sizes, I have been well trained in the arts of defense and attack. I was just wondering how the rule was going to be allotted across the land.”

{Enki explains how any could rule if they were to get the blessing of Nippur, the blessing of the divine assembly. King or Queen? Of course, why not? Why would gender play a role? Which is better to be the Lord of a realm? Inanna is forcing an issue about the patriarchal terms of the new arrangement, very cozy of Enlil and Enki being allot the divine heaven and Earth. The Goddesses of the land had established the cities, why is it that the men get to take over the cities? “ I am firstborn son of An.” we will establish as shrine of An, you can be mistress of An (since she is not a citizen of the country of Kish, yet there by establishing her tie to the power of An) My lady I am not here to disparage you, I am here to bring the Erech it's watercourse. We have not come to establish that which can only be established by the mouthpiece of An, your father.” “well, I was just saying, if there comes a time that rulership should be decided, I would like my city to be at least considered.” Interesting different queen, always looking to put her city forward of the rest, for her city to be successful. Not in defiance of the Anunaki but she wants to real already at this time.]

[Reference the World Order myth, and the disparages that Inana think that she incurs.]

[This almost seems like an argument but Inana is just trying to charm Enki, perhaps for a more lofty position than the weaver of the land. It's essential Inanna create the beautiful garments that will be the renowned on the west-west caravan line, in the southern region and those areas way north in the ice.]

Enki tries to set the destiny of the new trees outside even though Uttu and Ninhursag were growing new trees for the nation of Sumer.

Enki gets sick of course

Ninhursag tells Enki of the destinies the trees

Nintu came by the other day and informed me that “Nintud said to Uttu: "Let me advise you, and may you take heed of my advice. Let me speak words to you and may you heed my words. From in the marsh one man is able to see up here, is able to see up here, he is; from in the marsh Enki is able to see up here, is able to see up here, he is. He will set eyes on you."

Enki approached Uttu house, who is it, “It the gardener bearing lots of cucumbers, apples and grapes!

[127-146](https://d.docs.live.net/689095c1ae0a6f14/Writing/Blessings%20of%20Sumer/Oxford%20Collection/c111.htm#line127)Nintud said to Uttu: "Let me advise you, and may you take heed of my advice. Let me speak words to you and may you heed my words. From in the marsh one man is able to see up here, is able to see up here, he is; from in the marsh Enki is able to see up here, is able to see up here, he is. He will set eyes on you."

10 lines fragmentary

......

Uttu, the exalted (?) woman ......

3 lines fragmentary

[147-151](https://d.docs.live.net/689095c1ae0a6f14/Writing/Blessings%20of%20Sumer/Oxford%20Collection/c111.htm#line147) (Uttu said:) "Bring cucumbers in ......, bring apples with their stems sticking out (?), bring grapes in their clusters, and in the house you will indeed have hold of my halter, O Enki, you will indeed have hold of my halter."

[152-158](https://d.docs.live.net/689095c1ae0a6f14/Writing/Blessings%20of%20Sumer/Oxford%20Collection/c111.htm#line152)When he was filling with water a second time, he filled the dykes with water, he filled the canals with water, he filled the fallows with water. The gardener in his joy rose (?) from the dust and embraced him: "Who are you who ...... the garden?"

[159-166](https://d.docs.live.net/689095c1ae0a6f14/Writing/Blessings%20of%20Sumer/Oxford%20Collection/c111.htm#line159)Enki (said to) ...... the gardener:

4 lines missing

[https://d.docs.live.net/689095c1ae0a6f14/Writing/Blessings of Sumer/Oxford Collection/c111.htm - line167](https://d.docs.live.net/689095c1ae0a6f14/Writing/Blessings%20of%20Sumer/Oxford%20Collection/c111.htm#line167)

[167-177](https://d.docs.live.net/689095c1ae0a6f14/Writing/Blessings%20of%20Sumer/Oxford%20Collection/c111.htm#line167)Enki made his face attractive and took a staff in his hand. Enki came to a halt at Uttu's, knocked at her house (demanding): "Open up, open up." (She asked): "Who are you?" (He answered:) "I am a gardener. Let me give you cucumbers, apples, and grapes for your 'Yes'." Joyfully Uttu opened the house. Enki gave Uttu, the exalted (?) woman, cucumbers in ......, gave her apples with their stems sticking out (?), gave her grapes in their clusters. (1 line not in the ms. from Nippur: He poured beer for her in the large ban measure.)

[178-185](https://d.docs.live.net/689095c1ae0a6f14/Writing/Blessings%20of%20Sumer/Oxford%20Collection/c111.htm#line178)Uttu, the exalted (?) woman, ...... to the left for him, waved the hands for him. Enki aroused Uttu. He clasped her to the bosom, lying in her crotch, fondled her thighs, fondled her with the hand. He clasped her to the bosom, lying in her crotch, made love to the youngster and kissed her. Enki poured semen into Uttu's womb and she conceived the semen in the womb, the semen of Enki.

[186-189](https://d.docs.live.net/689095c1ae0a6f14/Writing/Blessings%20of%20Sumer/Oxford%20Collection/c111.htm#line186)Uttu, the beautiful woman, cried out : "Woe, my thighs". She cried out: "Woe, my liver. Woe, my heart." Ninhursaja removed the semen from the thighs.

[127-146](https://d.docs.live.net/689095c1ae0a6f14/Writing/Blessings%20of%20Sumer/Oxford%20Collection/c111.htm#line127)Nintud said to Uttu: "Let me advise you, and may you take heed of my advice. Let me speak words to you and may you heed my words. From in the marsh one man is able to see up here, is able to see up here, he is; from in the marsh Enki is able to see up here, is able to see up here, he is. He will set eyes on you."

10 lines fragmentary

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[159-166](https://d.docs.live.net/689095c1ae0a6f14/Writing/Blessings%20of%20Sumer/Oxford%20Collection/c111.htm#line159)Enki (said to) ...... the gardener:

4 lines missing

He brought him cucumbers in ......, brought him apples with their stems sticking out (?), brought him grapes in their clusters, filled his lap.

[167-177](https://d.docs.live.net/689095c1ae0a6f14/Writing/Blessings%20of%20Sumer/Oxford%20Collection/c111.htm#line167)Enki made his face attractive and took a staff in his hand. Enki came to a halt at Uttu's, knocked at her house (demanding): "Open up, open up." (She asked): "Who are you?" (He answered:) "I am a gardener. Let me give you cucumbers, apples, and grapes for your 'Yes'." Joyfully Uttu opened the house. Enki gave Uttu, the exalted (?) woman, cucumbers in ......, gave her apples with their stems sticking out (?), gave her grapes in their clusters. (1 line not in the ms. from Nippur: He poured beer for her in the large ban measure.)

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2 lines fragmentary

[190-197](https://d.docs.live.net/689095c1ae0a6f14/Writing/Blessings%20of%20Sumer/Oxford%20Collection/c111.htm#line190)She grew the 'tree' plant, she grew the 'honey' plant, she grew the 'vegetable' plant, she grew the esparto grass (?), she grew the atutu plant, she grew the actaltal plant, she grew the ...... plant, she grew the amharu plant.

[198-201](https://d.docs.live.net/689095c1ae0a6f14/Writing/Blessings%20of%20Sumer/Oxford%20Collection/c111.htm#line198)Enki was able to see up there from in the marsh, he was able to see up there, he was. He said to his minister Isimud: "I have not determined the destiny of these plants. What is this one? What is that one?"

[202-210](https://d.docs.live.net/689095c1ae0a6f14/Writing/Blessings%20of%20Sumer/Oxford%20Collection/c111.htm#line202)His minister Isimud had the answer for him. "My master, the 'tree' plant," he said to him, cut it off for him and Enki ate it. "My master, the 'honey' plant," he said to him, pulled it up for him and Enki ate it. "My master, the 'vegetable' plant," he said to him, cut it off for him and Enki ate it. "My master, the alfalfa grass (?)," he said to him, pulled it up for him and Enki ate it.

[211-219](https://d.docs.live.net/689095c1ae0a6f14/Writing/Blessings%20of%20Sumer/Oxford%20Collection/c111.htm#line211)"My master, the atutu plant," he said to him, cut it off for him and Enki ate it. "My master, the actaltal plant," he said to him, pulled it up for him and Enki ate it. "My master, the ...... plant," he said to him, cut it off for him and Enki ate it. "My master, the amharu plant," he said to him, pulled it up for him and Enki ate it. Enki determined the destiny of the plants, had them know it in their hearts.

[220-227](https://d.docs.live.net/689095c1ae0a6f14/Writing/Blessings%20of%20Sumer/Oxford%20Collection/c111.htm#line220)Ninhursaja cursed the name Enki: "Until his dying day, I will never look upon him with life-giving eye." The Anuna sat down in the dust. But a fox was able to speak to Enlil: "If I bring Ninhursaja to you, what will be my reward?" Enlil answered the fox: "If you bring Ninhursaja to me, I shall erect two standards for you in my city and you will be renowned."

[228-234](https://d.docs.live.net/689095c1ae0a6f14/Writing/Blessings%20of%20Sumer/Oxford%20Collection/c111.htm#line228)The fox first anointed his body, first shook out his fur (?), first put kohl on his eyes.

4 lines fragmentary

[235-246](https://d.docs.live.net/689095c1ae0a6f14/Writing/Blessings%20of%20Sumer/Oxford%20Collection/c111.htm#line235) (The fox said to Ninhursaja:) "I have been to Nibru, but Enlil ....... I have been to Urim, but Nanna ....... I have been to Larsa, but Utu ....... I have been to Unug, but Inana ....... I am seeking refuge with one who is ......."

7 lines fragmentary

[247-253](https://d.docs.live.net/689095c1ae0a6f14/Writing/Blessings%20of%20Sumer/Oxford%20Collection/c111.htm#line247)Ninhursaja hastened to the temple. The Anuna slipped off her garment, made ......, determined its destiny and ....... Ninhursaja made Enki sit by her vagina. (1 line not in the ms. from Nippur: She placed (?) her hands on ....... and ....... on its outside.)

[254-263](https://d.docs.live.net/689095c1ae0a6f14/Writing/Blessings%20of%20Sumer/Oxford%20Collection/c111.htm#line254) (Ninhursaja asked:) "My brother, what part of you hurts you?" "The top of my head (ugu-dili) hurts me." She gave birth to Ab-u out of it. "My brother, what part of you hurts you?" "The locks of my hair (siki) hurt me." She gave birth to Ninsikila out of it. "My brother, what part of you hurts you?" "My nose (giri) hurts me." She gave birth to Ningiriudu out of it. "My brother, what part of you hurts you?" "My mouth (ka) hurts me." She gave birth to Ninkasi out of it.

[264-271](https://d.docs.live.net/689095c1ae0a6f14/Writing/Blessings%20of%20Sumer/Oxford%20Collection/c111.htm#line264)"My brother, what part of you hurts you?" "My throat (zi) hurts me." She gave birth to Nazi out of it. "My brother, what part of you hurts you?" "My arm (a) hurts me." She gave birth to Azimua out of it. "My brother, what part of you hurts you?" "My ribs (ti) hurt me." She gave birth to Ninti out of it. "My brother, what part of you hurts you?" "My sides (zag) hurt me." She gave birth to Ensag out of it.

[272-280](https://d.docs.live.net/689095c1ae0a6f14/Writing/Blessings%20of%20Sumer/Oxford%20Collection/c111.htm#line272) (She said:) "For the little ones to whom I have given birth may rewards not be lacking. Ab-u shall become king of the grasses, Ninsikila shall become lord of Magan, Ningiriudu shall marry Ninazu, Ninkasi shall be what satisfies the heart, Nazi shall marry Nindara, Azimua shall marry Ninjiczida, Ninti shall become the lady of the month, and Ensag shall become lord of Dilmun."

[281](https://d.docs.live.net/689095c1ae0a6f14/Writing/Blessings%20of%20Sumer/Oxford%20Collection/c111.htm#line281)Praise be to Father Enki.

### Enki builds the E-Absu

### Enki Prepare to Return to Nippur

[93-95](https://d.docs.live.net/689095c1ae0a6f14/Writing/Blessings%20of%20Sumer/Oxford%20Collection/c114.htm#line93)Enki had oxen slaughtered, and had sheep offered there lavishly. Where there were no ala drums, he installed some in their places; where there were no bronze ub drums, he dispatched some to their places. [96-103](https://d.docs.live.net/689095c1ae0a6f14/Writing/Blessings%20of%20Sumer/Oxford%20Collection/c114.htm#line96)He directed his steps on his own to Nibru and entered the Giguna, the shrine of Nibru. Enki reached for (?) the beer, he reached for (?) the liquor. He had liquor poured into big bronze containers, and had emmer-wheat beer pressed out (?). In kukuru containers which make the beer good he mixed beer-mash. By adding date-syrup to its taste (?), he made it strong. He ...... its bran-mash.

### Enki Returns to Nippur

[104-116](https://d.docs.live.net/689095c1ae0a6f14/Writing/Blessings%20of%20Sumer/Oxford%20Collection/c114.htm#line104)In the shrine of Nibru, Enki provided a meal for Enlil, his father. He seated An at the head of the table and seated Enlil next to An. He seated Nintud in the place of honour and seated the Anuna gods at the adjacent places (?). All of them were drinking and enjoying beer and liquor. They filled the bronze aga vessels to the brim and started a competition, drinking from the bronze vessels of Urac. They made the tilimda vessels shine like holy barges. After beer and liquor had been put out for libations and enjoyed, and after ...... from the house, Enlil was made happy in Nibru.

[117-129](https://d.docs.live.net/689095c1ae0a6f14/Writing/Blessings%20of%20Sumer/Oxford%20Collection/c114.htm#line117)Enlil addressed the Anuna gods: "Great gods who are standing here! Anuna, who have lined up in the place of assembly! My son, king Enki, has built up the temple! He has made Eridug rise up (?) (1 ms. has instead: come out) from the ground like a mountain! He has built it in a pleasant place, in Eridug, the pure place, where no one is to enter -- a temple built with silver and decorated with lapis lazuli, a house which tunes the seven tigi drums properly, and provides incantations; where holy songs make all of the house a lovely place -- the shrine of the Absu, the good destiny of Enki, befitting the elaborate divine powers; the temple of Eridug, built with silver: for all this, father Enki be praised!

Enki's journey to Nibru

[1-8](https://d.docs.live.net/689095c1ae0a6f14/Writing/Blessings%20of%20Sumer/Oxford%20Collection/c114.htm#line1)In those remote days, when the fates were determined; in a year when An brought about abundance, and people broke through the earth like herbs and plants -- then the lord of the Absu, king Enki, Enki, the lord who determines the fates, built up his temple entirely from silver and lapis lazuli. Its silver and lapis lazuli were the shining daylight. Into the shrine of the Absu he brought joy.

[9-17](https://d.docs.live.net/689095c1ae0a6f14/Writing/Blessings%20of%20Sumer/Oxford%20Collection/c114.htm#line9)An artfully made bright crenellation rising out from the Absu was erected for lord Nudimmud. He built the temple from precious metal, decorated it with lapis lazuli, and covered it abundantly with gold. In Eridug, he built the house on the bank. Its brickwork makes utterances and gives advice. Its eaves roar like a bull; the temple of Enki bellows. During the night the temple praises its lord and offers its best for him.

[18-25](https://d.docs.live.net/689095c1ae0a6f14/Writing/Blessings%20of%20Sumer/Oxford%20Collection/c114.htm#line18)Before lord Enki, Isimud the minister praises the temple; he goes to the temple and speaks to it. He goes to the brick building and addresses it: "Temple, built from precious metal and lapis lazuli; whose foundation pegs are driven into the Absu; which has been cared for by the prince in the Absu! Like the Tigris and the Euphrates, it is mighty and awe-inspiring (?). Joy has been brought into Enki's Absu.

[26-32](https://d.docs.live.net/689095c1ae0a6f14/Writing/Blessings%20of%20Sumer/Oxford%20Collection/c114.htm#line26)"Your lock has no rival. Your bolt is a fearsome lion. Your roof beams are the bull of heaven, an artfully made bright headgear. Your reed-mats are like lapis lazuli, decorating the roof-beams. Your vault is a bull (some mss. have instead: wild bull) raising its horns. Your door is a lion who seizes a man (1 ms. has instead: is awe-inspiring). Your staircase is a lion coming down on a man.

[33-43](https://d.docs.live.net/689095c1ae0a6f14/Writing/Blessings%20of%20Sumer/Oxford%20Collection/c114.htm#line33)"Abzu, pure place which fulfills its purpose! E-engura! Your lord has directed his steps towards you. Enki, lord of the Abzu, has embellished your foundation pegs with cornelian. He has adorned you with ...... and (?) lapis lazuli. The temple of Enki is provisioned with holy wax (?); it is a bull obedient to its master, roaring by itself and giving advice at the same time. E-engura, which Enki has surrounded with a holy reed fence! In your midst a lofty throne is erected, your door-jamb is the holy locking bar of heaven. "

[44-48](https://d.docs.live.net/689095c1ae0a6f14/Writing/Blessings%20of%20Sumer/Oxford%20Collection/c114.htm#line44)"Abzu, pure place, place where the fates are determined -- the lord of wisdom, lord Enki, (1 ms. adds the line: the lord who determines the fates,) Nudimmud, the lord of Eridug, lets nobody look into its midst. Your abgal priests let their hair down their backs.

[49-61](https://d.docs.live.net/689095c1ae0a6f14/Writing/Blessings%20of%20Sumer/Oxford%20Collection/c114.htm#line49)"Enki's beloved Eridug, E-engura whose inside is full of abundance! Abzu, life of the Land, beloved of Enki! Temple built on the edge, befitting the artful divine powers! Eridug, your shadow extends over the midst of the sea! Rising sea without a rival; mighty awe-inspiring river which terrifies the Land! E-engura, high citadel (?) standing firm on the earth! Temple at the edge of the engur, a lion in the midst of the Abzu; lofty temple of Enki, which bestows wisdom on the Land; your cry, like that of a mighty rising river, reaches (?) king Enki."

[62-67](https://d.docs.live.net/689095c1ae0a6f14/Writing/Blessings%20of%20Sumer/Oxford%20Collection/c114.htm#line62)"He made the lyre, the aljar instrument, the balaj drum with the drumsticks (some mss. have instead: the lyre, the aljar instrument, the balaj drum of your sur priests ) (1 ms. has instead: your lyre and aljar instrument, the balaj drum with the drumsticks) (1 ms. has instead: the lyre, the aljar instrument, the balaj drum and even the plectrum (?)), the harhar, the sabitum, and the ...... miritum instruments offer their best for his holy temple. The ...... resounded by themselves with a sweet sound. The holy aljar instrument of Enki played for him on his own and seven singers sang (some mss. have instead: tigi drums resounded).

[68-70](https://d.docs.live.net/689095c1ae0a6f14/Writing/Blessings%20of%20Sumer/Oxford%20Collection/c114.htm#line68)"What Enki says is irrefutable; ...... is well established (?)." This is what Isimud spoke to the brick building; he praised the E-engura with sweet songs (1 ms. has instead: duly).

[71-82](https://d.docs.live.net/689095c1ae0a6f14/Writing/Blessings%20of%20Sumer/Oxford%20Collection/c114.htm#line71)As it has been built, as it has been built; as Enki has raised Eridug up, it is an artfully built mountain which floats on the water. His shrine (?) spreads (?) out into the reed-beds; birds brood (1 ms. adds: at night) in its green orchards laden with fruit. The suhur carp play among the honey-herbs, and the ectub carp dart among the small gizi reeds. When Enki rises, the fishes rise before him like waves. He has the Abzu stand as a marvel, as he brings joy into the engur.

[83-92](https://d.docs.live.net/689095c1ae0a6f14/Writing/Blessings%20of%20Sumer/Oxford%20Collection/c114.htm#line83)Like the sea, he is awe-inspiring; like a mighty river, he instils fear. The Euphrates rises before him as it does before the fierce south wind. His punting pole is Nirah (some mss. have instead: Imdudu); his oars are the small reeds. When Enki embarks, the year will be full of abundance. The ship departs of its own accord, with tow rope held (?) by itself. As he leaves the temple of Eridug, the river gurgles (?) to its lord: its sound is a calf's mooing, the mooing of a good cow.

### Words of An

“I came to this new creation and viewed the waters and fell in love with them...

*And the face of God moved of the waters...*

beyond imagination the oceans seemed alive unto itself

and the world was formless and void

And in that deep moment of connection with Nammu,

there way no thought, yet thought was everything

I was lost, I only felt love.

And in that moment, on that spot, in the absence of thought but only through feeling, I was blessed with my first two children, Ereshkigal and Enki.

Ereshkigal is more beautiful than I could have ever envisioned. She striking dark hair again her pale skin.

This world of swirling planets above the whole randomness, chaotic essence of the situation led me to speculate that from Chaos new thing would flow without concern of our resistance. The stagnation of the old ways will be as the deserts of this new world, eventually reclaiming all.

I then spent the next seven days making things more comfortable, separating day from night – establishing the 12 hour day and night, separating the Land from Water. This is when I met Ki, the original mountain essence. In my union with her, Enlil was born.

The lands and seas developed for many years as my boys and girl grew into fine young men and women.

Ereshkigal is my princess, a strikingly beauty with a dark completion on a skin as white as the Krillian sun. She was blessed with long dark hair that reminds me of that ancient bird raven who was one of the first. Her eyes are remarkable through the ages, in all time, those that meet her will notice her eyes. They seem to understand everything decision right or wrong that you made in you *spiritual* existence. She was given the underworld as her price when she asked her favor, which is perhaps very fitting.

She was a morose child but upon fulfilling her interests and desires, she if happy most of the time. She loves and thrives but no longer in any of the regions of the above. They struck a deal of authority that none should enter her realm, nor those in her care will not return to the earth until they have gone through the transition into that *spiritual essence* once again. She could have had anything but choose the mysteries of death and rebirth to be her greatest tribute to the Arts.

The Arts are very strong with Enki as well. He brought writing down from the mountain very early in his whole plan. [Insert more] He took as his talent the ways of his mother, the large oceans, the Absu, the aquifers of sweet water so essential to our survival. He is so very clever, cleverer than I. He envisions and manifests the most complex structures and works. Look at his house on the Absu, the e.engulu I think he calls it. It has the ability to rise and lower according to the levels of the sea.

Enlil my striking eagle, my great lion whole looks only for the good in all things. He seems too arrogant to most people, it is his nature. He sees how easy it would be for people just to be good, to only do good things, he truly understands the Arts of Manifestation. He speaks out when he sees injustice no matter who. He understands the subtleties of tack, demeanor, glamour and diplomacy. All my children have made me most proud, I never thought, at the moment I was born, that I could be instrumental in something as amazing as their involvement in the progression of this manifestation.”