

# The Book of Ahania

William Blake

1795

## I

1. Fuzon, on a chariot iron-wing'd,  
On spiked flames rose; his hot visage  
Flam'd furious; sparkles his hair and beard

Shot down his wide bosom and shoulders.

On clouds of smoke rages his chariot,  
And his right hand burns red in its  
cloud,  
Moulding into a vast Globe his wrath,  
As the thunder-stone is moulded,  
Son of Urizen's silent burnings.

2. 'Shall we worship this Demon of smoke,'

Said Fuzon, 'this abstract Nonentity,  
This cloudy God seated on waters,

Now seen, now obscur'd, King of Sor-  
row?'

3. So he spoke in a fiery flame,  
On Urizen frowning indignant,  
The Globe of wrath shaking on high.  
Roaring with fury, he threw  
The howling Globe; burning it flew,  
Length'ning into a hungry beam. Swiftly

4. Oppos'd to the exulting flam'd beam,  
The broad Disk of Urizen upheav'd  
Across the Void many a mile.

5. It was forg'd in mills where the winter  
Beats incessant: ten winters the disk,  
Unremitting, endur'd the cold hammer.

6. But the strong arm that sent it re-  
member'd  
The sounding beam: laughing, it tore  
through  
That beaten mass, keeping its direc-  
tion,  
The cold loins of Urizen dividing.

7. Dire shriek'd his invisible Lust!  
Deep groan'd Urizen; stretching his aw-

ful hand,  
Ahanian (so name his parted Soul)  
He seiz'd on his mountains of Jealousy.  
He groan'd, anguish'd, and called her  
Sin,  
Kissing her and weeping over her;  
Then hid her in darkness, in silence,  
Jealous, tho' she was invisible.

8. She fell down, a faint Shadow, wand'ring

In Chaos, and circling dark Urizen,  
As the moon, anguish'd, circles the  
earth,  
Hopeless! abhorr'd! a death-shadow,  
Unseen, unbodied, unknown,  
The mother of Pestilence!

9. But the fiery beam of Fuzon  
Was a pillar of fire to Egypt,  
Five hundred years wand'ring on earth,

Till Los seiz'd it, and beat in a mass  
With the body of the sun.

## II

- 1: But the forehead of Urizen gathering,  
And his eyes pale with anguish, his  
lips  
Blue & changing; in tears and bitter  
Contrition he prepar'd his Bow,
- 2: Form'd of Ribs: that in his dark soli-  
tude  
When obscur'd in his forests fell mon-  
sters,  
Arose. For his dire Contemplations  
Rush'd down like floods from his moun-  
tains  
In torrents of mud settling thick  
With Eggs of unnatural production  
Forthwith hatching; some howl'd on his  
hills  
Some in vales; some aloft flew in air
- 3: Of these: an enormous dread Serpent  
Scaled and poisonous horned  
Approach'd Urizen even to his knees  
As he sat on his dark rooted Oak.
- 4: With his horns he push'd furious.  
Great the conflict & great the jeal-  
ousy

In cold poisons: but Urizen smote him

5: First he poison'd the rocks with his  
blood

Then polish'd his ribs, and his sinews  
Dried; laid them apart till winter;  
Then a Bow black prepar'd; on this Bow,  
A poisoned rock plac'd in silence:  
He utter'd these words to the Bow.

6: O Bow of the clouds of secresy!  
O nerve of that lust form'd monster!  
Send this rock swift, invisible thro'  
The black clouds, on the bosom of Fuzon

7: So saying, In torment of his wounds,  
He bent the enormous ribs slowly;  
A circle of darkness! then fixed  
The sinew in its rest: then the Rock  
Poisonous source! plac'd with art,  
lifting difficult  
Its weighty bulk: silent the rock lay.

8: While Fuzon his tygers unloosing  
Thought Urizen slain by his wrath.  
I am God. said he, eldest of things!

9: Sudden sings the rock, swift & invisi-

ble  
On Fuzon flew, enter'd his bosom;  
His beautiful visage, his tresses,  
That gave light to the mornings of  
heaven  
Were smitten with darkness, deform'd  
And outstretch'd on the edge of the  
forest  
  
10: But the rock fell upon the Earth,  
Mount Sinai, in Arabia.

### III

1: The Globe shook; and Urizen seated  
On black clouds his sore wound anointed  
  
The ointment flow'd down on the void  
Mix'd with blood; here the snake gets  
her poison  
  
2: With difficulty & great pain; Urizen  
Lifted on high the dead corse:  
On his shoulders he bore it to where  
A Tree hung over the Immensity  
  
3: For when Urizen shrunk away

From Eternals, he sat on a rock  
Barren; a rock which himself  
From redounding fancies had petri-  
fied  
Many tears fell on the rock,  
Many sparks of vegetation;  
Soon shot the pained root  
Of Mystery, under his heel:  
It grew a thick tree; he wrote  
In silence his book of iron:  
Till the horrid plant bending its boughs  
Grew to roots when it felt the earth  
And again sprung to many a tree.

4: Amaz'd started Urizen! when  
He beheld himself compassed round  
And high roofed over with trees  
He arose but the stems stood so thick  
He with difficulty and great pain  
Brought his Books, all but the Book  
Of iron, from the dismal shade

5: The Tree still grows over the Void  
Enrooting itself all around  
An endless labyrinth of woe!

6: The corse of his first begotten

On the accursed Tree of MYSTERY:  
On the topmost stem of this Tree  
Urizen nail'd Fuzons corse.

## IV

- 1: Forth flew the arrows of pestilence  
Round the pale living Corse on the  
tree
- 2: For in Urizens slumbers of abstraction  
In the infinite ages of Eternity:  
When his Nerves of joy melted & flow'd  
A white Lake on the dark blue air  
In perturb'd pain and dismal torment  
Now stretching out, now swift con-  
globing.
- 3: Effluvia vapor'd above  
In noxious clouds; these hover'd thick  
Over the disorganiz'd Immortal,  
Till petrific pain scurfd o'er the Lakes  
As the bones of man, solid & dark
- 4: The clouds of disease hover'd wide  
Around the Immortal in torment  
Perching around the hurtling bones



Disease on disease, shape on shape,  
Winged screaming in blood & torment.

5: The Eternal Prophet beat on his anvils

Enrag'd in the desolate darkness  
He forg'd nets of iron around  
And Los threw them around the bones

6: The shapes screaming flutter'd vain  
Some combin'd into muscles & glands  
Some organs for caving and lust  
Most remain'd on the tormented void:

Urizens army of horrors.

7: Round the pale living Corse on the  
Tree  
Forty years flew the arrows of pestilence

8: Wailing and terror and woe  
Ran thro' all his dismal world:  
Forty years all his sons & daughters  
Felt their skulls harden; then Asia  
Arose in the pendulous deep.

9: They reptilize upon the Earth.

10: Fuzon groand on the Tree.

## V

1. The lamenting voice of Ahania,  
    Weeping upon the Void!  
And round the Tree of Fuzon,  
    Distant in solitary night,  
Her voice was heard, but no form  
    Had she; but her tears from clouds  
Eternal fell round the Tree.
2. And the voice cried: 'Ah, Urizen!  
    Love!  
Flower of morning! I weep on the verge  
    Of Nonentity—how wide the Abyss  
Between Ahania and thee!
3. 'I lie on the verge of the deep;  
I see thy dark clouds ascends;  
    I see thy black forests and floods,  
A horrible waste to my eyes!
4. 'Weeping I walk over rocks,  
Over dens, and thro' valleys of death.

Why didst thou despise Ahania,  
To cast me from thy bright presence  
Into the World of Loneness?

5. 'I cannot touch his hand,  
Nor weep on his knees, nor hear  
His voice and bow, nor see his eyes  
And joy; nor hear his footsteps, and  
My heart leap at the lovely sound!  
I cannot kiss the place  
Whereon his bright feet have trod;  
But I wander on the rocks  
With hard necessity.

6. 'Where is my golden palace?  
Where my ivory bed?  
Where the joy of my morning hour?  
Where the Sons of Eternity singing,

7. 'To awake bright Urizen, my King,  
To arise to the mountain sport,  
To the bliss of eternal valleys;

8. 'To awake my King in the morn,  
To embrace Ahania's joy  
On the breath of his open bosom,  
From my soft cloud of dew to fall  
In showers of life on his harvests?

9. 'When he gave my happy soul  
To the Sons of Eternal Joy;  
    When he took the Daughters of Life  
Into my chambers of love;
10. 'When I found Babes of bliss on my  
    beds,  
And bosoms of milk in my chambers,  
    Fill'd with eternal seed—  
O! eternal births sung round Ahania,  
    In interchange sweet of their joys!
11. 'Swell'd with ripeness and fat with  
    fatness,  
    Bursting on winds, my odours,  
My ripe figs and rich pomegranates,  
    In infant joy at thy feet,  
O Urizen! sported and sang.
12. 'Then thou with thy lap full of seed,  
With thy hand full of generous fire,  
    Walkèd forth from the clouds of morn-  
    ing;  
On the virgins of springing joy,  
    On the Human soul to cast  
The seed of eternal Science.
13. 'The sweat pourèd down thy tem-

ples,  
To Ahania return'd in evening;  
The moisture awoke to birth  
My mother's joys, sleeping in bliss.

14. 'But now alone! over rocks, mountains,  
Cast out from thy lovely bosom!  
Cruel Jealousy, selfish Fear,  
Self-destroying! how can delight  
Renew in these chains of darkness,  
Where bones of beasts are strown  
On the bleak and snowy mountains,  
Where bones from the birth are buried  
Before they see the light?'

*The End of The Book of Ahania*

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