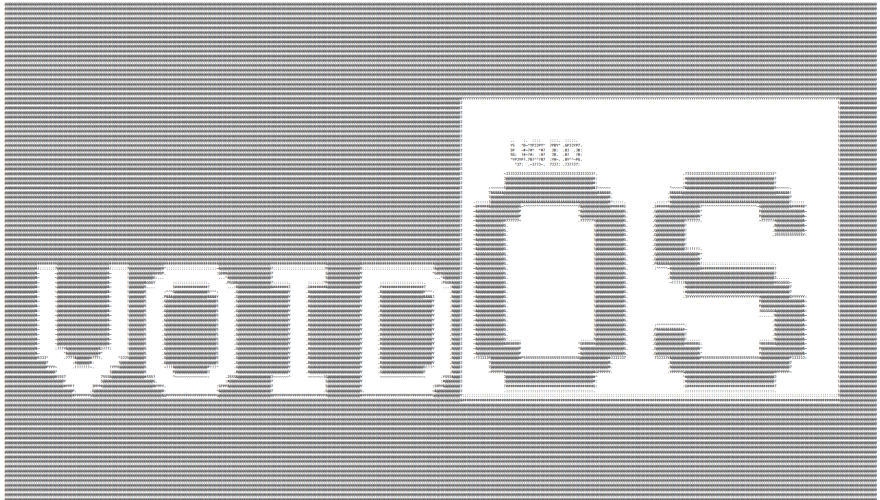


RD-07 (Third Rough Draft)



Xibirisms

Oh Mother, why did they hurt you so?
Why did they make you depart from us?
How could someone have taken your life?
I miss you, just as the plants need sunlight,
 As much as we breathe the air,
As profound as the stars orbit the sun,
 You are still the sun to me.

R.I.P. Lorraine Lynn Anderson

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Authors Note

Long form poetry: it's a mix of free verse and iambic pentameter.

This is meant to detail the origin of one of my most prominent main characters' that I've written. It was originally going to be a short story, but I liked the idea of converting it into seven cantos.

07/24/2022 – If this hasn't been removed, this is a rough copy that is purely meant to gain feedback.

CANTO ONE

Madness

Out of perdition a gullet widens,
The ombrus figure escaping through a veil,
Reflected in on itself and in-versed,
Not a single light reflected or cast,
Such furor beget a flurry of motes:
blue, white, orange, red.
It was here, or maybe there,
At a difference pace moving through space,
In a sense, an essence and lacking grace,
A nebulae or in some galaxy,
With too much speed, sped past it
Too slow, perhaps eons will past by,
Before it is in view, formless or in form,
And in that case maybe at the right pace,
A hum has no sound for the words to pour.

The space too far for vibes to feel,
Deep in formless thoughts take form,
Floating aimlessly in the form of Void--
Of the mind, and kept in the matter,
All of it solid or dissipated into gas,
Of raspberry in which the space tastes,
Oxygen scattered too far throughout,
Space -- where veins blacken' and boils,
Perverting the matters in which the mind,
Holds the form of thoughts in which we speak.

He, or maybe she? It has no form to speak:
It's encased in its mind -- psyche, frail --
So to speak, the sense of which makes none,
For the cars in white in which we know,
Have gathered to take a fellow home,
This is the metaphor in mind by which it speaks,
It has no meaning -- mortals hold no lock,
Key unknown but still the mind is rattled,
The words are unclear and shocking,
Neither man nor animal but a gas in the void,
May it be god or may it be thinking --
And so,
Not a single tangible thought has crossed its mind,
It peers into the soul of the man, cold
And poisons the tongue with unbridled thoughts,
Bright eyes aglow with an uncertain passion.
It whispers the thoughts that cross the heart,
Hoping to die with each inkling -- a deep gaze,
By which a murmur is spoken:
The tongue is swollen and heavy,
And nothing is clear in which is heard.
A sputter in the wind is the voice,
That matches the thought now out and raw,
"The manner in which he speaks is odd
Acquainted, with promise of civilized discussion,
Nip and bud at the promising bulb of light,
It flickers out as quick as might --
As the need to lengthen scattered thoughts,
Across the pages." Symbols hewn in from wall
And floor, the nevermore of understanding distant,
As the stars twinkle in the blanketed night,
That shows the way to a man shackled,

By his own mind -- no doubt is the stars that shine,
They show promise of his mind --
It's dropped on each page as the hand goes,
Flipping as ink blots page and writes his woes,

In an instant it has become man,
Not in essence which still demanded,
An ethereal presence that which he kept,
Which drove all mind whose eyes swept,
Across and to him from every which way,
The madness in the mind was formed in one,
The shrieking cry of a woman in hysterics,
The smudge of symbols on the wall to guide,
Neither tentacle nor blob of being from his grace,
While still incomprehensible from which all who gazed,
On him -- he laughed and cried, overwhelmed by thoughts,
Of all that lived and all that thought.
Yes, all that lived in all the worlds:
Every form of matter that ate and thought,

Their words blended together all in once,
In his mind -- his thoughts shattered,
Like broken glass -- with no bad luck,
He was madness and he was life --
Strife bellowed inside him far depths unknown,
His guts were nonexistent as bone,
The other gods had tried to make sense,
For neither aspect nor principle made sense,
Of any thought he voiced:
In the voice of the lady who murdered she wrote,
In the voice who couldn't reason his folly,
And being made worse without remorse.

"I'm Jericho." He said, he finally said.
The next words were more or less missed,
It was broken and vague, perhaps lame,
But intriguing nevertheless with an exhale:
His tone shifted and waned, down pitched and up,
He growled and muttered, exasperated to tell:
By the time he was done the chill had set,
The recall was worse than the words he spoke:
"Did you hear?" He said, with sadness set deep.

He was nothing in form: no flesh,
nor bone, no neural synapses to feel,
no pain yet emotional to a fault,
where the emotions came,
He couldn't find the cause.
Discerning the issue,
that was the problem by which he sought
to voice, in at least his mind and to those
he found. The courage to speak was something profound.
yet the lack of lips caused him to question,
exactly how sane in the nascent they were.
In his mind a few of what counted as flesh,
the souls to reap and the carnage to rest,
in without delay, omnipresent in all the times,
a construct by which life flies through and by.

*“hrough lux de nox llowes,
amper alles zu delights,
Mor het kraken terra doth aero flow,
Furrst unyielded amper calloues hertz O₂,*

*Yapping licks of many a-kind,
Twisted fibrous of meat nad nerve,
ribbing with speaking never,
Legions of coive—at once,
Inquire of all that cometh to me,
And I do not know— mean,
Invaded notion are of—
Emote amok lost in a sense.*

*Z*rve help decipher those torrential speech,
And just within’ the milisec l’ouve weak,
That been lost— fibrous harden,
if in the voice— an erratic hum,
Distorted chortle to decipher lost.”*

These thoughts -- they wreak my mind,
Those moments of clarity are far too behind.
I've parched myself from ichor: of blood --
Of pleasure, and cries; I wish to know more,
Not what breaks my sanity but what gleams,
An echo of a far more erratic wisp than,
A volume of the clouds that drift past--
A pretense thought of the mind that formed mass,
Delusion that we all see, each reluctant.

He stops mid thought and sees them all,
For what they are -- a flicker of an emotion,
or maybe a thing. Each pause in a moment --
It stretches time and this moment while short,
Was merely an eon of careless verbose.
Twelve clouds with a spark and they made their remark,
'Twas just a thunderous moment -- now lost in dark,
His thoughts waned. But only to speak,
No, cry out on all which was lost.
"Did you hear anything I've spoken and wept?"
The others they shuffled from feet to feet,
They mumbled and excused themselves from his grief,
Transcendence they were -- or aspects maybe,
Bodiless as he but not as incoherent -- neither spoke,

Not a single sound, but projected thoughts,
Of which he couldn't tell he thought it was his own,
The whispered in his being of any and everything,
His madness there's but still gathered nothing,
The thoughts were condensed in heavy fog,
He couldn't form words from his thoughts,
Which may have been worse than his initial grief,
If he had eyes he'd close them and watch them go,
He only felt and thought, and felt and thought.

"I'll send her away." Was a lone escape,
An odd thought was the escape which he didn't know,
Who was she that was clear of all his inklings?
Untethered, he drifted throughout space --
A bright flash of light, a fluttering of elements,
A concoction of life in which was melted,
Perchance eons had past while he was deep within,
His own mind in a flash of gnosis,
Understanding was empathy and a slight notion,
A heavy sigh escaped his being -- in which clarity,
Was clear and so he knew, if only for a moment --
That she was there and he sent her before his thoughts
bared.

Yet nothing was there, it was all a image
transparent and fluid of silver, a coating to
reflect, an innate memory that was yet
experienced. Or, maybe he had he couldn't tell,
a haze which never left his mind. He saw,
it was:

```
int[] meMory=[null];
```

He felt the thoughts in his mind all,
Become intelligible with each next thought,
Event horizon on approach but in his mind,
He sent her off before he struck --
This time his form was truly tangible,
He held knowledge for the first time,
The tool to collect his thoughts --
It was quickly lost and now he knew,
She must be gone before they knew,
They were the same as he maddened with blood,
With murder, with power and all like every god,
He sent knowledge away with good cause.

CANTO TWO

Creation

By love was everything understood,
The meaning of all foretold in its hold,
The price of which cost nothing. And yet,
A piece of madness was given for depth,
Neither was necessary. The soul had taken,
A formless mass surrounded in sheeting cylinder,
By pulsar and by void, and in one part madness,
Drifting further as if coasting on dark tides,
With bioluminescence washed up from the deep,
Like the waves of the ocean and twice as dangerous:
Not a single breath was allowed to take hold.

Until depressurization -- black and white,
Those were the colors that it first saw,
Words -- a garbled mess which, had seen,
At the very least familiar in some aspect,
A cesteration section of clinical metal kissed,
by the rads of the void,
A babe cut from metal by laser,
Flinching at the fresh wave of cool air,
Soon clothed by quilted synthetic yet soft blanket,
The words garbled and odd but clothed by man,
"A girl." One of them said, "who could put a girl in one of
those? How'd she--"
The man was hushed by another and the room grew quiet,
Upon the starship, orbiting a small but dense blue,
the illegality of the matter came to them all,
Quickly, she was sent to an orphanage --
It was an industrial port but the babes were treated well,

Until they were old enough to work in fleets, dockports and
all manner,

"Xibir." She called herself when old enough to be asked,
Her little nose was dipped into books and in a sense,
They'd all be devoured but she grew bored,
Her name was a little foreign but quite normal.

Knowledge had found a home,
She had been taken in by two men,
A mechanical shop that felt just at home,
There wasn't a single visual or book that she didn't know,
They employed her and implored her to satisfy her curiosity,
Her peculiarity had drove her to improve and fix,
Even the oldest models and without hesitation,
Dexterous fingers tinkered and prodded with newer models,
Throughout time many had sought their services,
Enough to be granted a small boost to fame,
Though not to her but for the shop since she had no care,
Two parts brought and stocked brand new,
Modular parts to be fitted on ships and boards with
integrated gyros,
Adjusted to imbalances and quick shifts,
From planetside to gravity-assisted maneuvers,
With a jumper on and the correct equipment,
A blast of plasma and smoothed out metal,
"The junkers been upgraded, ya see." She said once and
tapped her datapad,
The hours were logged and all systems been checked,
"Everything's nominal and simulated flights are all green."

The Starport had been one of the best in the quadrant,
An industrious and technology-based hub,
Brimming with opportunities both criminal and legal,
Overseen by Ephus -- the so called Warden,
A haven towards the blind eye though decorated as fine,
Fine as any marble and gold polished estate,
It's land like the vineyards of olden rome,
Production yards to build up fleets and perform even the
grandest of upgrades,
retrofitting and advanced replacements,
Her mind quickly tired of the work and so soon --

She likened herself to a position of manager,
Not working in their rented spot in the vacuum of space,
But poised at the front desk of the shop,
Surrounded by neatly placed gadgets,
Technical documents, shipping and data pads,
It was at the point that Xithos had approached her,
He spoke of something incredulous and believing it proved,
"I think you're a delusional scav." She retorted,
Xithos face twisted at the accusation, yet, he left about his
business,

In between meeting such a character and designing:
Developing her own traps, precise sentry guns and
gene-activated wiring,
Mending the devious methodology of faulty by design,
A practice that she hated yet brought in a slough of creds,
Rigal Starport was her proving grounds,
A test in mettle and a test in wit,
Soon to be outfitted by a band of degenerates,
Their endurance was in contracts no doubt generous,
By a band of mercs who've named after a fang,
The overhead was an inbetween of legal— and that's where
they overhang,
The group had proved infallible and a testament unfallen,
Xibir had grown bored of the station life,
Her workshop soon gathered dust and partake in low orbit
drops,
The action she sought was planetside and just with her
knife,
In the coming days and for a while she was met,
with a type of a resistance that had been marked with strife.

She'd expected it all and more -- she'd recount:
she'd been shot at, stabbed at and threatened by,
nearly tased and considerably lead astray,
but her demeanor never changed and she wasn't scared
away,
The Red Fangs were a strange lot with an edict:
They'd never change contractees just because one paid
more in fees,
They kept with that in fact which kept them rake-off in
conflict,

Red Fangs had interdicted and dealings were kept
planetside,
Their reach being the lush planet of Rikerias– which offered
a training base,
To touch base in the barracks in the planet of Rikerias,
her bias was the field– the intensity of it rushed in her veins,
She opted for more missions that'd staved off her hysteria,
Often she was met with resistance that made her day,
she stalked and captured, immobilized with a shot,
her quarry giver chuckled upon turning in -- "Your creds, I'll
be in touch."

In the depths of space all darkened and black,
Stars fluttering in the sky like fireworks at twilight,
The unbridled blue of a plasma induced mounted cannon,
The distant flutter of energies dancing she'd recount,
A startling blue penetrating shields and melting hull,
She'd recall the hiss and strains of contact of energy,
On the edge of her mind– was the silence of space,
That which had not arrived during the most enforced of
places,

Ardently searching the rooms to find not a soul in sight,
She'd been stopped by a crony no doubt from the crew,
It was a man that sent a shock right to her very core,
He seemed familiar but a stranger all right at once–
The mechanized doors closed behind her with a thud,
She'd readed her weapon just incase of a clash,
His face was obscured by the dark of the room.

Along the room was suddenly obscured—,
A glooming hue of black furthered the dark,
What little she could see was only him,
The stranger who'd appear with uncertain,
The angles from the depths of perception,
Forced projection with little clarity,
That grew and formed more clarity with ease,
The defining feature hard to discern,
Yet she knew this two-legged man being one,
A monstrous proportion shown in the face,

It was bedtime story among the stars:
A ghoul of the void appearing in the dark,
The colors monochrome to blend with space,
Black and white binary among the place,
The silhouette changed hue along a spectrum,
The ghoul had come to collect: madness sought,
The ghoul had found children to reap richly,
He dined first, and took the rest to the stars,
Lair in decrypt starships: waiting, preying,
The odd scavenger finding their hopes dashed,
In the maw of the ghoul plotting to pounce,
Lies a secret unearthing from rubbish:

Had Xibir found the ghoul from night stories?
Was her death coming once at last in hate?
Her breathing hitched and so did her heart it,
Staggered— Left a feeling of fear within,
Her turmoil was quickened as it moved by,
He turned and spoke to her— so surely and sonorous,
His mouth opened and he spoke directly to her:

“Though light the darkness follows,
And all the delights,
From the cracked Earth does air seep,
First unyielding and cruel yet sparks oxygen,
The effluvium becomes all that we inhale,

Tongues of many kind,
Fibers of muscle— a bundle in vibrato,
Thousands of flavors— all speaking at once,
“Questions of all kinds have come to me,
And I do not know how— or what they mean,
The thoughts that invade are— quite intense,
All that has been emoted to me are lost in that sense,

Can you help me decipher these torrential thoughts?”,
And just within’ the second all clarity was lost,
The muscles thick as if in rigor mortis— the voice,
Turns to an erratic humm— a distorted chortle.”

The rooms odd aura had left to normal,
The familiarity of the words had been noted,
Sometime and somewhere it'd been heard before,
Just as a breathe broke out to speak– he'd gone,
An instantaneous fleeting of an odd sight,
Left troubled by the encounter and she'd thought:
She didn't know whether her mind had broken–
Had it been an illusion, had those words been spoken?

Eyes to her wrist, she'd checked the graphics,
The monitor displayed her reading–
Xibir checked them just to sate her mind,
Yet it showed nothing, Nil– not a single answer.
By all accounts she was perfectly sane,
But that– it wasn't right and she dwelled on it,
Nearly everything was as it had been before.

“What had been the very creature so near,
Why was it speaking to me so clearly?”
She had not known but she needed to see,
She had entered and exited the room,
Incase it'd been a recording to play,
An automated, triggered visual sure,
Yet nothing happened again, she'd shuddered.

CANTO THREE

Violation

An affront. A perversion of knowledge,
An attack. On the foundations that made gnosis,
Reign of iron guided by malice and intrigue,
A godly sorts -- an ascendancy and sway,
Blueprints of conquering machinations relied on her,
Of her! Hazed into godhood by thread of ill-fated,
A hideous truth told by one mission lead astray.

Xithos had played a role of a normal mortal,
He'd gained spot beside her on a ship --
He followed her and played the part,
Apart of the crew but a wolf in guise,
He waited until she had been alone,
It was them and them alone in a quarter of the ship,
The drifting freighter in the expanse of space,
He told her once and maybe twice,
He had been truthful in all accounts, "You aren't mortal."
She had no reason, no delusion to believe,
She'd dismissed him but kept his company,
There was something about him that kept her curious,
A solemn wish to have never taken the bait,
A man who'd she once called friend had snapped,
Xibir's vision was blurred and felt nothing but wall,
Trapped between a spear and a shaft had came through,
Piercing flesh and protruding from her skin,
Blood had dripped down and for a moment it was surreal.

The numbness and indifferent went away as fast as it came,
She tried to reach out but nothing had felt close,
The rigid coldness had been from space -- a breach in hull,
That was sealed with her -- the visor had been cracked,
It had been hard to not notice, but another made her cold,
She watched the blood pour from her stomach,
spewing like a wine-tapped spigot,
Red ichor escaped and now the light, it showed,
He licked his lips, and spoke a tone, "You know... for a god,
you're pretty weak. I won't kill you... it'd be folly and too
hard."

Axithos knuckles turned white as the metal spear cracked,
It shattered and her body quickly grew limp, cold wall felt
skin--

Her vision focused in on her blood-- her usual red:
Was now flowing gold-- it gleamed and perfectly matched
the red,
The red came too but so did the gold--
She had been taken back and suddenly she felt dread.
Then suddenly she noticed -- as if it had been a game,
the air tank on his helmet had never truly been connected.

The force of the strike had held her upright,
Broken cord had reformed in a moments notice,
The widest gap tightened and mended by inch,
Yet he twisted and wiggled the staff in his hand,
The pain:
It waned and grew with each little movement,
He swiped her hand away as she tried to reach out,
Her struggle was his gain-- her pain became his fame,

She didn't know what anything had meant her mind
scrambled,
"I- Please!" She yelled out.
Her heart raced in anguish.

He laughed, he laughed --
Chortled so cruel, and not a second thought,
He quickened the mending with an essence,
But laughed so dishearteningly,
-- "That son of a bitch." She'd never forget,
But soon there had been a lot, she never know
It had been distorted, the sound haunting,
the little tear had caused his laughs to fade,
By far all that which finally settled and echoed,
As fragments sealed up the exposed spot,
Akin to a milligram -- thousand piece,
A puzzle which functions were simply to complete.
Though eons, time unconstrained by immortal claims,
Port amongst the stars, teeming and spinning,
Adrift -- suddenly crashing. The relativity of such,
Twas' both here and there, the prescient was before,
Quotient undeniably the unmentioned wreckage,
That was the industrial orbital port.

It was nothing, always had been and forevermore,
It was a mere stardust and scorched metals,
A vacuum-tight Petri dish of different culture now carbon,
Her new home was now in the Domain of Dominion,
Among him, among them, among others like them,
The ethereal effervescent sempiternal and nigh eldritch,
A collection turned pantheon, an emissary of new,
His much famed intake-- "Heralded Knowledge, is mine!"

The dark expanse grew in her mind as reflected by actions,
A tool for the masses yet now only for unjust slaughter,
The culling, the killing, the subjugation of the quarry,
The role of the old- upgraded into a finer, more diverse
taste.

Unfeeling and by bit and piece tainted nigh unwilling,
War Advisor of Xithos -- A planner who had no equal,
Only God-Lived had knew and feared rightfully so,
“With each ill-begotten, decadent soul -- I crave,
and hunger. Hate more, kill more. Bring me respite.”

And all the while, the worst had been made true,
Xithos forsake his own and coveted,
His hands marred flesh from countless deeds against,
His hands slicked red bathing in dirty work,
He'd ravished her unabashedly by,
Forcefully until she broke then submit,
They forced cruelty unto her being,
They forced cruelty into her being,

The power beget by depravity,
Because they could and they had wish it were,
The help that'd been sought casted anger,
A solemn grant of help by only few,
That morose despair that she had shared,

Marked by the cruel fate, marred by her own perversion,
Xibir grew to untold stature and acclaim, during and post,
Yet, her own violation had occurred by the one from before,
He speared her, he shafted -- her shame was quiet,
The rupture of a soul -- tarred black and fractured,
Had soon become split into cracks and fragmented,
Xithos had inadvertently turned knowledge for the worst.

Twice had such transgressions occurred against:
As a mortal, only naive and curious,
Just once as a god and never again,
Neither had been inconceivable,
The fault lies in domination straying by,
Just a little more care and it'd never bared,
Would the end may have been so different,
The fault of all had led to this moment,

Reflected in an instant in all of the worlds--
All had been spearheaded by the wrong pursuits,
The subtle and moving empathy in learning had been lost,
The thread became war which was interwoven in all stories,
"Kill slowly! Kill quicker! Kill with amusing technique."
All the intruders gathered in her thoughts,
Yet her stoic expression had remained all the same.

CANTO FOUR

Schism

Xibir stood readied to bleed, bloodletting,
Bloodwilling, mind declining and betrayed --
In wrath she wrought salvation --
The same old anew in bloodshed yet righteous,
Eons bygone and nothing truly changes.
There had been death and famine, she'd taken control,
Empires born and gone, their royalties oathed in her vein,
Each soul a tally for her, a leading win.
Who cared for who? The misers and fools,
"Knowledge." It'd whisper, "Was made for more,
Emerged for understanding." Naught a single fleck,
A remembrance unmet.

Battlescapes of your with swords and oars,
untamed aggression cracking planets and star cores,
Plasma graced stars pierced through cascading,
Revolving: Whites, blues, reds, purples -- browns,
Class-- rather type dense-light to dense-heavy,
All nutrient rich -- A periodic of elements of all Fe.
The same as will and taste of coppery sanguine,
Mutilation in all ways, cataclysmic unyielding,
Sins dosed saccharine -- ripe for harvest and power,
It had all been about power -- did she not care at all?
Perhaps not, a real shame what's come to knowledge,
Battle after battle mind-frayed with madness,
A chip off the old-block, an uninspiring premise.

It'd grown beyond Xithos -- Twas' maddening addiction,
The power so sweet, complete and wholly with conceit,
A vicious cycle had grown -- further dips and belows,
then somehow a much renewed understanding would show,

The first had been flight from misuse and abandon,
Virtually zero. As unknown -- and fright,
What allies were made in those warring days,
All wanted advice from thee but not help for thee,
A figurative devil born for the pantheon who'd coveted her.

The mind drew blanks but reloaded on hate,
Each clip had been a differing variant to date,
All of them fueled yet another callous meet,
Dispensed and driven through flesh and dirt,
One met his fate -- an orbital jump in haste,
A malfunction occurred and sealed his doom,
Another in gloom their poor misfortune in err--
not on the side of caution but dues,
They all shared a shard of malice --
A stirring pot, post-mortem fixated grudge,
That did nothing but increased the pit,
A river of blood that started so thin,
That grew higher and higher and simmered,
They all had learned by pawns of the pantheon.

The escape from his domain -- a tightly hold,
The little souls, the flecks of all of life,
A persistent tug between freedom and oppression,
In men it showed in spite and wit,
Used wrongly but at what little cost,
The matters that had been were of no sure consequence,
A labored breath had moved no being--
of the heaven and stars that fought for power,

At first zero, but now only one,
Zsmodai seemed not like much but held his might,
An ally to knowledge and used it right,
Pale as alabaster in contrast to black,
The strands of his hair had been just the same,
Every breath he took -- a hex had showed,
A pattern of honeycomb like veins protrude,
In each breath it grew so vibrantly green,
Then dull as he exhaled so deep,
With blood as black as void he'd call home.
In gift and appreciation she'd created the Voidborn,
A group of individuals made in his image were born,
Occurring only in the planet of Xalgiryis for them to live,
With them came two elements only they had known,
Iberium and Xirthalium were the elements shown,
A divine metal that would never be traded,
God-touched metal; only she and they could temper,
Together they were knowledge and arithmetic,
Not bound by one -- a cooperation of sorts to kill the throne,
An act of creation spurred by knowledge,
To cement her power amongst all the pantheon,

Who judged and condemned and never believed her.
The other who helped could never be said,
The other had been not counted among men,
But like the wolf he had hid among them,
For nearly all of time with wine and fame,
He too had been a god just as all of them,
His help had been quiet but among the grapevine,
They'd hear truths in between all of the wine,
His enjoyment had been far too much --
And so, the tally never counted to two.
A new religion had been bourne from drinks and jeer,
They'd spread knowledge from all around the earth.

The pantheon warred stronger than ever before,
From planet to galaxy they had all had warred,
A conflict of eons by one single act -- a reaction,
One made by jealousy for they could not create,
Only destroy and take, bound the souls,

"Isn't it perfect?" How the blood flows in the mud,
"Isn't it rhythmic?" How the sounds all bleed in one.
Such violation leads to this; the pantheon feared,
All at once she'd become more than them,
What she is cannot be compared to any of them,
An emotive, or verb is not the same as aspect,
It was her against them in such divisive wins,
The battles flow across all of concept,
The demure of her is oppugn divinity.

CANTO FIVE

Prince-King

The wrong goals had been set in motion,
Catalyst only seen through a flickering psychosis,
Gleaning why goals had been designed,
It wouldn't– (they warred through men)
It'd taken far too much, (their innocence cast)
Far too long– (through generations they've wept)
The deciding conflicts were showcased and set,
On a place as similar as Earth as vast as Eden,
There'd been no machines or harnessing thereof,
It was a quaint place to be, (at least before the war)
Yet bleak in all of the political scenes,
An audience of knowledge and advice for success,
(They knew not what was wanted, it'd been progress)
She'd deliver information to those who'd request,

“The innocence suffers from games of gods.”
Calligha had knew– the die had been cast,
He'd never wanted– never needed divinity to lead,
His thoughts were his but he had needed to adapt,
And so he strived for divinity for war,
The shaman he'd found was otherworldly and profound,
“Who is the one that you serve– who do I need?”
He was quick to the point, and let no errors be,
The shaman had acknowledged him and then had spoke,
“The one that you seek requires recursion,
The one I serve is of a simple function,
Zsmodau is who I preach, yet Xibir is more defined:
I can give you the steps but you'll find the rest.”

Calligha pauses after the Shaman explains,
“Can you tell me more of them both, what they may appear
like?”

“Of course,

Of course,

I’ll return:

Zsmodau is quite strange you see,
They are both of the same realm,
In more ways than just in one,
He is both abstract and logical,
He is the water as it weathers rocks,
He is the result that creates pebbles,
Xibir is what it means to know,
The essence of qualia and all there is,
Not exactly all but all to know
Just remember what I’ve first said.”

And with that in his mind Calligha had thought,
He wracked his mind with an inquiry, he searched:
Yet returned nothing— if the others words were true,
The one you seek requires recursion— a word unknown,
He was left with a codex: his eyes flipped through,
He had found evocations and a grand library,
Before he had been able to ask a question,
To the why that he knew before this search,
An improvement for him, yet a bane for destroyers,
The campaigns against them— they’d detest,
And to prove their want they’d been put to test,
Of them all, the one who stood at had rest,
It had been Calligha who strived to take the debt,

His birth had been a contested point,
Jus sanguinis in truth though a bastard,
The Bastard Prince had assumed control,
As contemporaries had failed before,
He was clever on approach— black rope twisted,
As the spies hoisted and sent the intelligence,
A tool used solemnly by boisterous fools,
Then in the next he used his wit, finessed,
His skill against was unmatched – a finer algorithm,
Brute force, repeated patterns and yet a fool:
(Only in the eyes of the gods— who’ve watched,
A hoodwink of the divine variety to cause his doom.)
It was almost hopeless to see and he knew,
The disciples of Xithos had all contra unto him.

Into the codex he was once again,
Recursion, nothing? Again! Sought gnosis,
Days and nights had followed as he directed,
Anyone who came to him with his eyes to the codex—
The codex albeit short had inquires flourish,
In the midst of their craft of iron and steel,
Sharpened edges and chainmail vests,
The study of oils alight with fire— a colorful flame,
An investment in war and in peace fame,
Every throughout the techniques had sparked,
“Have you tried this— did you do that? Write it”,
Down on a different codex with the recipe inside,
“A sure method you see, the flame won’t die easily”,

An ember ignited into a larger flames, like a moth,
It was indeed she who had came— not as herself,
A messenger of her own— cloaked in armor to expose,
Her foe, their foes— the disciples aghast tripped,
A stuttered show, and for once a fool instead of him,
A higher divinity is a much stronger presence,
Emanation firm and cast a highlight against the foes,
It was with urgency that led them to plead,
Only those touched by her aura on the battlefield,
“It was the flair.” They claimed, “The others were dull.”
Some among the Pantheon had slothed their miracle,
Their hubris emerged as they never met strife,
Hubris and indifferent had created complacent gods.”

“I’ve spent many days, discovering you,
I was getting closer and now, you are:
Right before me when I’ve almost given up,
It was not just me but also the shaman,
The one who gave us evocations, you see,
The denizens who’ve placed their faith in me,
We’ve created despite the war to gift to you,
And now I unto you: may your master help us,
I’ve read the legendarium and what to expect,
Surely you can beat the great Dominator?”

A tired god, one filled with amusement,
Who had it been who gave them tools?
Who’d established her as a known being?
Had her exploits been ever so far and reaching?
“What have you heard of them— and what you say,
That will decide what we may do.”

Calligha goes quiet as he thinks and decides,
“They told me: Gnosis was just one faucet,
Void and light– the constant duality of night,
The offerings were of invention and crafts,
Appeal to what made them– the aspect of it,
I didn’t know what that meant at first–
Until I realized and reflected–
What we created to already help us was from this,
The help we seek is now of special input,
The others? They’ve gotten more personal,
I don’t believe gods should interfere with matters of men,
Yet– since they’ve decided and we should too,
That is now all that I can give to you.”

“What is the dark is light to some,
What is the light is dark to others,
What all of it means–
Is neither is inherent of good:
Nor capable of explicit evil,
I need you to submit– not an oath but commit,
Take your codex and write to it your plans,
Burn them and offer them– in good faith,
Her hands shooed them away.

Their tediousness, their dedication,
Their expansion of the technology,
In truth– Xibir had already been used,
In war? The time had been yet to come,
It was a decisive battle–

He had done what was asked, then waited,
The wait was long and full of battle— a test:
Of patience, perhaps (or it had taken some time),
In light of their woes, it was she who had shown,
Clad in archaic armor that blinded her foe,
Glinting of the sun— almost a beam of ray,
A grossly incandescent allure of plasma,
The clouds had swiftly parted to reveal:
The murmurs from the other side grew louder,
From the scriptures, the defiler— the one who strayed,
It was her:

“Amolyigg— the Terrible!”

One of them had shouted, she’d noted the name,
In the tongue of the pantheon she was the villain,

Yet the ones who called her that were met with end,
Visage shrouded by helmet but eyes were aglow,
Calligha, leader of the rebellion, against one such pantheon,
His fist pounded his chest and he dropped to his knees,
Filled with hope against such a terrible fight,
He wanted for an answer, a pledge to help him in his fight,
Xibir— for all that she was— had simply relaxed and spoke,
“Calligha—” Xibir had started— aware of the eyes,
The whispers of the others that watched and plot,
“My dear Calligha, Do not fret, you will all make them reap,
The sins committed against all of you— have shown true,
The grounds will quake as they you meet with battle,
The grounds will drench with their blood,
Listen closely: What they spill will feed your crops,
The famine brought by them will last no longer,
You’ll succeed in this battle, and then the next—
These fields will no longer be trampled— quickly seed them.”
What was said: reminded her of what she was.

Many battles had were won and some were lost,
Many more to be had in games among gods,
who had used pawns of human for all of time,
No nation had benefited from it,
On the sixth, and on the seventieth she'd forgone her robe,
Her eyes were brilliantly purple, and skin unmarred,
Like gold of wheat and lightly swarthy,
it was a cool season, and as she had once spoken,
Food had grown in abundance and all hope was high,
She'd been approached by Calligha who tired of battle,
He sat with her as dear friend and not in awe,

"Messenger. If I may, they have sent word. A treatise,
It's changed us. All of us." Calligha had said,
She'd not reacted to his words,
"So be it." She breathed out, for once seeming human,
"As long as you remember who got you far,
Your days and people shall remain prosperous."
She stood and left, and he called out to her,
"Where will you go?" His heart had feared.
She didn't answer the quest, but still she spoke,
"I must return then, if I'm not needed,
Just be careful of who you parlay with.
Every action has its own consequences."
Just like that she'd left from sight.

As Amolyigg had been her namesake sense,
Quandary between the mortal and immortal,
The mortal used her to sustain,
The immortals used her for enjoyment,
Embodied the universe's knowledge,
the prime truth -- key to production,
Numerous industries had been erected,
but the price of corrupting her--
At first of which was just unknown,
had been chaos and systemic manipulation,
Knowledge was a product of all,
Reveling in process and progress from it,
horror, trinkets and machined weapons --
Xibir had to bear it all and thus,
Deeply absorbed in reflection and a glimmer of self,
She'd learn what all Knowledge had become,
A trickster for others to learn from their fault,
Justice and law for those who'd misuse,
A bulwark to reform miscalculations in system,
The result of such had been aggravation of no end,
Synchronously silent and loud - a chorus of madness,
The worst of which had been hiding the truth,
A visage not of face, but in self,
Knowledge itself had just been the messenger,
A subversion of truth in omission of essentia.

CANTO SIX

The Fall

A simple process.
An acknowledgement.
The desire had to be pure,
The best of intentions,
An admittance of faults,
It was never a simple task,
It was never the hardest of tasks,
It was a lifestyle and a curse,
The curse of self and self-loathing,
A truth best desired in the fleeting interests,
A divided effort to be both:
An amalgam, an spectacle,
A villain and maybe a hero,
It was neither of them -- or maybe all of the above,
The process was intensive as bureaucracy,
To be good after corruption,
Was the sweetest of wines,
A succulent endeavor that could be distorted,
An idea burrowing regret begets disgrace.

An inkling of curiosity had destroyed the truth,
The truth had always been apart of knowledge,
What would Knowledge have been without veracity,
A axiom component not held in demand,
The choice wasn't because Xibir had felt morally inclined,
That'd been the least reason--
Xibir just wanted to--
The divinity held so much weight,
The consequence of actions couldn't be denied.

It was a sunken feeling, the need to atone;
Did a transcendent being truly need to?
That was something they had over mere gods,
Transcendent ones could be whomever they wished,
They weren't held apparent to hidden rules by others in
kine,
They didn't need souls for nourishment,
They could nourish from the stars above,
Knowledge simply lost in the blood and living,
The most interesting of things--
So much information held with the bones and meat,
The nitrogen base pairs that held so much,
In the souls -- memories that dealt with qualia,
It was why life had been so sweet.

Neither was it immediate nor sure,
While it's essential therein to life,
That costs that needed to be paid varied;
Some would never but they'd use another form,
The product of understanding had become:
Science. Spiritual. Arcane. Intangible – a “duality”,
A concept of light and dark– of good and evil,
As in some grayness lead to the ultimate of evils,
The willing need to forgive and forget or blind,
And whatever for her than anything else.
To experiment?
Pah. The hypothesis of redemption had not been
forgiveness,
Repeat. Repeat. Repeat. Repeat. Repeat.
Understanding.
As gibberish had once become intelligible– the actions:
understood, but just as well condemned,
The gray's– they'd just as likely condone or even just forget.

“Output of death omits memory bleak,
Death is your first and only salvation:
The Blackened and Fractured soul of yourself.
The pittance required are series of needs:
Trials unknown to the rest of your lifes,
What are gods but the reflection of you?
You know what is needed for you to do.
Take the fall! Take the fall needed of you.
You wept. You wept. You wept. You wept. You wept.
You wept for the days before you knew it.
The before and now are two entities.
Before you were— a child of madness, yes?
The now is a pitiful and weak one.
The now is the sum of all you had done.
Weakling but not in strength but in values,
You— you had valued rivers of sanguine,
You valued: the total decay of you,
You valued: the senseless violation, hm?
You valued: the end more than mortal life,
But I am not the judge of you, haha”

“In this fall, you may not remember much:
You will wonder why things have been this hard,
You will wonder why strife is evermore,
One day you will remember this and more,
Just three people for one final judgment,
I wonder how your soul will fair, do you?”

CANTO SEVEN

The Now

Choosing the option had never been easy,
If it were, many would have chosen--
The effect was instant yet the catalyst slow,
It had been unlike for a transcendent being,
A fleck thrust forward unto years,
A forever loop with seemingly no recursion,
The only output sparked an ember,
A smoldering soul fragmented into many,
The pieces of which cast far onto oblivion,
Just as knowledge was made--
the soul traveled; far, far, far...
Dark recesses noxious gases continuing,
Unlike the adventure taken in birth,
Their had been no distraction,
A constant draw-- a swift pull,
A ship rolling against the waves,
The soul could whittle and die,
A flicker into nothing: an existence gone,
Truly, what would happen had knowledge succumb,
What become of the tools--
Had the vast libraries of Xibir burned,
It'd would have burned, yet still remained,
The process held one simple truth,
Knowledge couldn't not exist,
An oxymoron of ridiculous proportions.

The focal theme, the main reason for her:
To digest the thoughts and ponder them,
To create function derived of prior,
The incessant need to comprehend them,
“Do you understand now, do you feel why,”
The purpose bestowed in and of you know?
That idyllic urge to constantly know?
Torrential thoughts phased in one:
Understand. Sow the tools of tomorrow,
Reap the fact: You now behold empathy,
Consider this, and consider that now.”

“The last six meanings are formed in this one,
Harsh but needed for you to be the truth,
What will come from you, and what you will do.
The greatest perversion before the fall,
Take heed, the pattern’s greatly misguided:
The souls respite allowed for indulgence,
a fitting river of wanton mis-thoughts,
of cleansing, of fine sharpened tools,
a fitting display of new and old fools,
a selfish pastime of wrath and old strife,
Thine essence pioneered engines of you,
The machinations of death beget true,
Of the carnage we had devised with you,
Left in our steeply costed wake conceived:
Sterile, tooth saw, jagged belt and riveted,
Steamed bellows, soldered as the new fellows,
A hiss and a whine or dial and a chime,
An allure of silicon and hot sands,
Unfortunate truths, progress made from you.”

The horror founded in gleams of vengeance,
The greatest storm had not yet been convened,
The created feats in zealous constructs,
Yet realized in time— hypothesis:
“A beautiful symphony of slaughter,
An erroneous damage must be right,
Your salvation made in the battlefield,
Isn't that what you sang to all of us?”

The stratagem was shock, awe and patience,
Astonishingly and brutally worked:
War of gods and mortals raged immortal,
The tainted, and untainted: Bleak and hopeful,
“Stop! No more.” They cried their losses heavy,
She remembered how saccharine it was:
Their woes deep and mass in variety,
Rows upon rows of the losses in grids,
Reveling in aftermath as dessert

“Fuck!. She spoke, tasting inimical deeds,

“Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.”

“Tethering yourself had been so fickle,
You craved it, the slaughter, hungering so,
In duality, it wounded you Didn't it?
Remorse and depravity, ebbed and flowed,
A dance that purported you in a trance,
And now you lament, you sluggard thing, ha.
Preeminent cost has already been lost,
Thus now you've consecrated a promise:
Do better, or worse. Your souls in shambles.”

Flooding the psyche with aberrant litost,
“Get lost.” Quoted legions of the living,
An abounding many more had no care,
And only because knowledge forsaken,
True meaning of loss, a lossless image,
A bygone of an era— even further,
a person with only the ideology of war,
A reflected image shattered into broken glass,
Lasting agony subtracted self worth,
The gloom and darkness: completed image.

“That’s why I choose this, you know me by now,
You’ve seen the worst, thought the worst of me too,
And I’m far too damaged, far too broken,
Only brief respite, and then whole yet less,
What new experiences will shape me,
Will the mind be new, or perhaps the same?
All that we are: are just bundled memories,
Experiences and emotions, nerves;
Can I trust myself to overcome this?”
And Xibir, saddened by revelation:
“I hope to know more than: hatred and war,
Vengeance, while nice-- never lasted longer,
I hope to see: the grandiose libraries,
Familiar life distant as the stars.

What do you hope for: what will you accomplish?
The essence of you will always linger,
What you have done now reflect your actions,
The first of which came from a deposit,
A pillar of learning so grand: so true,
Ever expansive, collection of all:
Upon entrance decides the sorting system,
Eons and worlds' worth of tomes and manuals,
Rigid or iconoclastic, maybe.
How effervescent the halls of gnosis,
The banned and the bold, the untrue and old,
To a different linear thinking tune.
Only types of fervor upkeep the halls,
Fabricated mortals of oil refined,
Ask: They seek, and they find from rows compact,
Knowledge of all kinds, is this what you seek?

The other action had been intensive,
Methodical plans of men and of gods,
"Let's war in recreation and in sport,
Let's devise goals and implement wars,
Let's be smart and make this intrepid art,
Nations erect and harnessed mechanics,
No soul perishing infinite in these lands!
We mold terrain and shape architecture,
A play designed and engineered by all,
Grandiose games: a military co-op,
Decider of bets, gamble and oh— kill,
Least the souls not marred by any action,
But rules are set to keep all plays fairing,
Well; keep comfort of all in revel in,

A dance in space, but a fraction in time,
Suddenly, a home for Gnosis is found,
The planet breached from meteors of her own,
A great unraveling of forces dark,
A callous blend of opposite forces,
And before a fresh babe can cry from cold,
A woman kindly touches her own child,
"My sweet gold, my precious babe: my lovely dear.
I love you with all of my soul and mind."