

Canto I: The Pits of Goth

*"He keepeth back his soul from the pit,
And his life from perishing by the sword."*

– Job 33:18

ARGUMENT *Uriah Khan prepares – together with his ally Huddibras Walpurgis, a Hob champion – for gladiator combat. Both are slaves owned by Telamon Molech, a lanista of the planet Goth. Uriah and Huddibras dialogue on issues of faith and ancestry until summoned by Telamon to a new battle in Orcus, an arena in Arheimar, chief city of Goth. They represent Ammon, Telamon's enterprise, each bearing the stage names of Blitz and Macht. Entering Orcus, they are beset by three Horse-weres (Mezu); they defeat the chief Chimera, but Uriah is wounded and knocked senseless by a second Horse-were.*

EWIGLIED

Whom later as Hagibor was renown –
 That in nascence by the birth-name was known
 As Khan Uriah²¹ (his nomenclature) –
 Did prostrate kneel in piety's posture
 'Pon the flag-stones cold in dread's reticence,
 And gasped in pantomime of penitence
 The chilly dungeon air within his pit.
 Naked terror and mind's revolt did quit
 Respiration's twitch, otherwise fluid.
 Yet the warrior's poise shortly ensuéd;
 Temper'ment and cool mastery of state
 Become pain's captain and misery's mate –
 He did his gaze project via faith's why
 Beyond the current predicament nigh.
 "The past recall with comforts close at hand,
 And its dangers disclosed in hourglass' sand,
 Yet overcome through blast of grace and will,"
 Came the voice internal, his spirit's thrill.
 "The omens of a destiny supreme
 Be recalled in adversity extreme;
 Shall it be Hakoah's²² rigid ploy
 For me to perish beyond hope and joy
 In this trench by suffering circumscribed,
 In this wretched abyss by woe described?"
 Then did Khan's emotions primal subside
 Before the radiance of aims oft tried.
 At zenith of cubits four stood the man;
 A stature athletic at his command,
 Imbuéd with his kin's dormant power.
 Of green and brown his complexion's flower,
 As twere some shambling monster rendered sane,
 For thought equipped, but beyond culture's fane;
 A trellis' trim drapéd his canopy –
 Woven braids of hair in a panoply
 Did cascade from an intelligent crown,
 As midnight's tatters torn from moonshine's frown.
 This doughty skull would in prophesied years

STROPHE

TIERCE: He is four cubits
 {unit of measure equal to
 half a meter} tall.

QUINT: He has his kin's
 physiological gifts: Uriah is a
 Demi-Hob, of both Human
 and Hob {also known as Imp,
 or Troglodyte} ancestry.

²¹Hebrew for *The Lord is my light*; 2 Samuel 11:3

²²Hebrew for *strength*

The impact absorb of majesty's tears,
 Fealty and service commanding with zeal
 From a census' billions, polity's weal,
 Now scattered wide in furrows of empire.
 The deep-set eyes glowed as torches afire²³
 Within caverns hewn from the chiseled face,
 Their golden hue portending the dawn's chase,
 Hinting of gloried deeds discharged with skill –
 To civilized folk, an unbroken will –
 But enlightened by his brow's tones of peace,
 Glittering with splendor of virtue's lease.
 No mindless fury did inflame his gaze,
 But a stern discipline enjoined to raze
 Tribulation's indifferent terrain
 Through tutelage in younger epochs' pain,²⁴
 Unto the manful contention with fate.
 Against hardship was squared both jaw and pate;
 Confidence displayed – absent arrogance –
 Through manhood's robe was capacity's dance;
 Twas diminished from demeanor brutish
 By contours of morality prudish.
 His ears were verily pointed and poised –
 To epithets of destiny far noised –
 In the manner of the quickened Hob race,
 As twin harps plucked by a zephyr's grace,
 'Gainst strife a portent of alacrity.
 Of his nose and mouth, the Impish city
 Of countenance denied that frailer beauty
 Sown in Human lads by Cupid's duty;²⁵
 Yet his features a charisma attained
 With a martial appeal, all charm disdained –
 A summons urgent to masculine hearts
 That companions sustained through onus' smarts.
 Was he not a double-edged scimitar,²⁶
 Cutting souls' fabrics (which sins' blots doth mar),
 Encountered on his advance through the Sheaf?
 The mandibles were pointed against grief,

²³Revelation 1:14

²⁴2 Samuel 7:14

²⁵Isaiah 53:2

²⁶Hebrews 4:12

Betraying by well-fangéd dentistry
 A carnivore's begotten artistry,
 Which inhibited not the agile tongue
 Its office of vocalized thought oft sung.
 Truly the man could rally friends at length²⁷
 By composition in rhetoric's strength;
 This throat was a bugle of life and hope,²⁸
 Trumpeting Sabaoth's²⁹ breath in wide scope
 'Pon a world besieged by death and despair;
 Herald of Blazewreath, preaching Omni's care.
 The Demi-Hob of twenty years was short;
 His mingled physique had attained youth's court.
 Of action's diet? That perfection full
 Of bodies quickened to Adonis'³⁰ pull,
 When the vital juice in vexation roars
 As dew unburdened by high thunder's stores,
 Through ev'ry aperture and interstice,
 Infusing to the soul whispered hubris:
 "Yea seven-fold you may again arise
 From the arena of failure's demise."³¹
 Yet Uriah did summon his power
 Not from the fountain of vigor's tower
 Upon a young man's ascent attending;
 Rather recruited he a fount's wending
 Of tremendous love – a fatal demand –
 That every compartment did command,
 Of feeling, thought, being, and existence;
 Storge beyond rational resistance.
 Lo, twas his individual folly,
 Whereat the world's wise make judgments jolly:³²
 A love of life and kin, his Untergang³³ –
 That singular purpose trumping all wrong;
 It was a deadly fiat internal,
 Which when revealed in glory eternal

HUM: His power arises from
 an inner love, which is his
 Untergang {a driving
 compulsion that gives life
 meaning, even unto
 destruction of the self}.

²⁷1 Corinthians 14:8

²⁸Joshua 6:5

²⁹Hebrew for *Lord of hosts*

³⁰Handsome youth of Greek mythology

³¹Proverbs 24:16

³²1 Corinthians 1:20-21

³³"Also begann Zarathustras Untergang." *Also Sprach Zarathustra*, F. Nietzsche

Shone as Omni's glow from a broken shell.³⁴
 As lightning that the tempest's clouds marshal,
 Pregnant by Zeus³⁵ in undisclosed thunder,
 So did soon emerge this latent splendor,
 And from a covert unsuspected hatched
 ('Mongst myriad worlds) – 'gainst Hell's host was matched.
 Now did he wrestle with trepidation,
 Panic preaching trauma's validation,
 Or the spectacle public written plain
 Of his fragile mortality in wane.
 "Tis thy blood Apiru,"³⁶ did boom his friend
 With a strophe taut of masculine trend,
 An octave lower over timbre's lawn
 Then the tenor speech of Uriah Khan.
 But Demi-Hob glanced with amuséd grin
 At bigotry's herald (beyond chagin),
 Huddibras³⁷ Walpurgis³⁸ his ally true,
 A pure-bred Hob that Goth's³⁹ lineage grew,
 And Riah's fellow the past halvéd year.
 The men of the Imp race know little fear
 'Fore battle's chaotic environment.
 Instead: anger's volume doth increment
 Within their volatile cerebellum
 (Well utilized in peace' antebellum),
 As a cavorting by ire's ignition;
 Truly, unleashed, a monstrous cognition
 Erupting with prodigy's violence
 (To gentle decorum's bitter offense)
 Within the bloody pitch of melee's scrum.
 But Huddibras was calm 'fore conflict's drum,
 Channeling passions sociopathic
 To vicious reserves held coolly static
 And duly sequestered for urgent fight,
 Each breath deliberate in awful might.

TIERCE: Huddibras is a Hob of Goth {a planet ravaged by the Gnostic War}, and the companion of Riah {epithet of Uriah} for the past half year.

³⁴2 Corinthians 4:7

³⁵Greek god of thunder and storm

³⁶*On the Reliability of the Old Testament*, p.165, K. Kitchen

³⁷Greek for *Rashness*; *The Faerie Queene* Book II, canto 2, 17.
 E. Spenser.

³⁸Walpurgisnacht is the night of Walpurgis (April 30), the witches' sabbath; *Faust*, J. Goethe.

³⁹A Germanic people

Briefly did Uriah then contemplate
 The apposite poise of his bosom mate,
 Drawing calm by draught from answering calm
 E'en as the echoed rhythm of deep's balm
 Traversing icy gulfs of ancient night.⁴⁰
 The carnivorous jaw! Set against fright,
 Triply cleft in the edgéd chin below
 As common trait in Troglodyte fellow.
 Betwixt ferocious mouth and paltry nose
 Arose a gap conveying bestial prose
 To the warrior's foreboding countenance;
 Twas a snout fitted with a grave sentience.
 Belligerent eyes glittered in grey ink
 Within caves of danger, a doubled sink,
 And the finer horns – verily twined hair –
 Upon his forehead broad had sprouted there,
 Ruggedly 'mongst the eye-brows' thick swish.
 The grey-skinned frame was massive beyond wish,
 Corded with muscles springy and ample,
 Adapted as a stringent example.
 Idolatry of masculinity!
 Inflated to raw extremity,
 Was this mortal harsh, sprung of Ares'⁴¹ dust,
 On an unreceptive world rudely thrust.
 For brood of Marduk⁴² bring chaos ever –
 The daemon Impish doth peace' cords sever!
 He confounds order into disarray,
 And tramples on the venerable way,
 The nascent road clearing for novelty.
 His energy in virile assembly –
 Disruptive, dissonant, disconcerting;
 To potentates giving disrespect's sting –
 Was to establishment's alignment hidden
 Offensive, unwelcome, and forbidden;
 Drawing opposite natures by rigor
 To its bosom, the orbit of vigor –
 E'en as the bride clings about her lord's throne,
 Her groom's neck as a tower girt in stone.

QUINT: Huddibras' jaw has
 three clefts, forming four
 small bulwarks jutting below
 his mouth {a common Hob
 trait}.

HUM: He is like a son of Ares,
 rudely forced upon the world.
 As an heir of Marduk {an
 ancient Hob hero}, he brings
 chaos.

⁴⁰Psalm 42:7

⁴¹Greek god of war

⁴²A Sumerian god, who battles and defeats Tiamat

Is Hob an evil race? Are they wicked?
Among the minions fallen, a picket;
Tainted they are, as Titans's brood corrupt,
Partaking of malice since birth abrupt.
But Huddibras did covet and harness
The abundance of his ember's char-ness,
Blazing as a pit's coal unquenchable
In the drama of doom eventual;
A witch's cauldron simmering in grime
A brew of onslaught, restricted in time.
An astonished witness was Uriah
To the sanitized world's shunned pariah,
His vitality broached in defiance,
And was grateful of the Hob's alliance.
"Aye, of the parent Human that moorage;
My mother's endowment: moral courage –
The fear of evil, and death its dire fruit –
But in strength my father conceived branch' root,"
Spake Uriah, tracing remembrance dim
About the Sheaf's circuit, its rind and rim;
From family beloved this exile,
Poverty's bondage he could not revile.
His virtuous parents did claim love's right,
Within his heart's bosom as angels bright,
Having instructed him in storge's tracts
Distance transcending, which affection cracks;
The emotion was a foundation stone
To his psyche's office, his ego's throne.
Surpass must love survival's dogma rude
Within a broken world's flats parsed crude –
The consequence of selection's nature
Apparent in calamity's nurture –
For its pursuit doth usher virtue's brave
Through trial's onus to the chilly grave.
Our hero often faced imminent death –
The righteous fool's choked upon Sheol's⁴³ breath
(Requital of fraternal bond entailed,
Gone awry through error and valor failed).
"What uses hath fear?" the response did grate,
"Better was your father's gift, to my pate."

⁴³Hebrew for *Hades*, or the grave

Reflecting spoken word with word bestowed,
 An answer measured by thought's circuit flowed,
 "Can storge exist without fear's panic?"
 What otherwise is the terror manic,
 But a dreaded premonition of loss,
 Presc'ent regret delivered by pain's dross
 Aforetimes through the eclipse of a good;
 But indifference nullifies fear's would,
 Though fidelity its bitter pangs trump.
 To anticipate woe's disgraceful slump
 And the deprivation of stable ease
 Is to compass anxiety's disease.
 And had Uriah not relinquished all –
 His brother, the younger, the prodigal –
 To this pit of Goth, bloodshed's terminus,
 Iniquity's den in murder's service?
 But manful Huddibras only snorted
 (His biceps flexing, discourse aborted),
 Disdaining lovers that the gods afflict.
 "Imps to fear are dumb: this thing we inflict!
 But enough of knowledge subtle and talk –
 I long for action's work," his tongue did walk –
 That athletic hulk, a captain's feast;
 The warrior arose as a fretted beast
 Within murder's ante-chamber unclean,
 And hefted his favored battle-axe keen:
 Trauma's leverage to shaft's length wedded,
 For reverséd assault double-headed.
 The brief conversation terminated,
 Demi-Hob surveyed, incarcerated,
 That armory cruel – twas Arheimar's –
 Accoutered in the gallant limbs of Mars.⁴⁴
 To the port-side flank a portal reposed,
 Stoutest oaken flesh by iron enclosed,
 Which beyond their spartan quarters did sit:
 Lacedaemon's⁴⁵ dormitory? A pit!
 But on the right a portcullis by grid
 Did partition the pair, presently hid,

⁴⁴Roman god of war

⁴⁵A region of ancient Greece, ruled by the city Sparta

PRIME: The chamber
 resembles the austere
 architecture of Lacedaemon {a
 rocky world once ruled by
 Earth Giants, under their
 martial king Lycurgus}.

From the arena of Orcus⁴⁶ in Goth,
 That baleful enterprise in slaughter's sloth.
 Why had their master – both teacher and foe,
 A merchant in the gladiator's woe,
 Molech⁴⁷ Telamon⁴⁸ the avaricious,
 Adept in butchery meretricious –
 Only exemplary pupils divulged,
 From those dozens that his greed had indulged?
 What enemies would threaten the captives
 Beyond that grate, their souls run through its sieves?
 Telamon assumed a delight perverse
 In the martial affinity obverse,
 Apparent in the warriors so apprised,
 Between the twin companions synchronized,
 Huddibras Walpurgis; Uriah Khan!
 Killers adroit of monsters and men's spawn!
 Would orchestrate this fiend the Hobs in choir
 As a pair against battalions entire
 Of much feebler combatants encouraged
 By whip to brutal slaughter assuréd –
 Barbaric Rat-weres and Naga folk
 Purchased of Arheimar's pitiless yolk,
 The heartless vendors of spectacle's food;
 Alone contending all the multitude,
 Shattering the rabble with heightened craft.
 For entertainment contrived – Molech's draft
 On stolen souls⁴⁹ written, bound to their lord –
 Did the descendants, effete and bored,
 Of the Gnostic Horde, crushed by heroes bold,
 Pay Molech a rich tithe of lustrous gold.
 Uriah with faculties rational
 Reflected on worlds multi-national,
 In the raging tempest's framed aftermath,
 A diversity of hate's polymath:
 Forty years in the wilderness of Gog,⁵⁰
 Ten trillion souls with bigotry agog,
 Harrowed by a tenth, the Mad King's grim tithe,

HUM: Telamon would pit
 merely the pair against squads
 of weaker opponents – such as
 Rat-weres and Snake-weres
 {also called Naga} – for the
 spectacle of carnage.

⁴⁶Roman god of the underworld

⁴⁷Leviticus 20:2

⁴⁸Father of Ajax and Teukros, *The Iliad* 2:528, Homer

⁴⁹Revelation 18:13

⁵⁰Deuteronomy 1:3

The Gnostic wars – of beast and man, to writhe
 In race' feud by Oblivion driven.
 Did Hud not fume with ethnic pride riven,
 At spectacle disgusting of his race,
 Spirits broken by their conqueror's grace?
 Dispersed and beaten, ignominy's chains
 Plundering their souls, while addiction drains
 A generation's acme in decline;
 In Gnosis' withdrawal each did repine,
 And ichor craved of diabolic lords!
 The flood-waters roiled, hungry at the fords.
 Yet the Walpurgis clan did inculcate
 That the virtue of combat found sate
 In the noble cause, for valor alone,
 Each scion raised to champion's zone,
 For helpless masses unjustly oppressed.
 Therefore the violence here Hud distressed;
 This casual carnage (their standard fare)
 To the killers enslaved was sinful ware.
 Gladiator? Aye, with thyself converse,
 Antecedent to slaughter's scarlet verse:
 "Forbear to slay," in defiance pious
 Of the arena's law (mercy's why us?).
 Yet desperately in the sequel fight
 By survival's creed, mortality's plight,
 To dissociate that unwelcome sleep?
 But in reprieve follows guilt, when psyches weep.
 Rising from his prostration in faith's feat,
 To members imbue with bodily heat,
 Uriah whirled each slashing scimitar,
 Talismans of pain in old Arheimar,
 Twin vipers in whetted steel, stinging doom,
 And cut the cavern's icy morning gloom.
 This Telamon did grant patronymic
 "Macht"⁵¹ and "Blitz"⁵² (as twere power's panegyric)
 To the frothing mob's blood-lusting acclaim.
 But how didst the pair those epithets claim?
 Huddibras from barracks ovarian
 Erupted by birth – a barbarian

TIERCE: Huddibras {his
 epithet is Hud} is disgusted
 by his people's moral
 degradation, by both the
 Gnostics, and later in the era
 following the defeat of Goth.

⁵¹German for *Might*

⁵²German for *Lightning*

Dashing his enemies to earth's embrace.
 A contrast: Riah, the dervish in grace –
 A battle-dancer in Impish parlance –
 Entered a symphony of whirling dance,
 Of dizzying speed and danger bladed,
 Slashing throats unclean, to pity jaded,
 With a leaping gazelle's agility
 Discharging lives of their fragility.
 Then battlefield anxiety would wane
 Before destructive pleasure's cresting bane,
 Which Uriah held in moral terror,
 His own capacity become sin's error:
 The melee's jig was murder kinetic
 Unhindered by obstacles of ethic.
 A hated voice intruded their vigil,
 In dialect vile, a spoken sigil,
 Issued beyond a portal fortified
 That a single iron grille's hole defied:
 "Now, me lads, is the time!" piped their lord,
 His timbre endowed with the lust of hoard.
 "O Macht and Blitz! Arise and kill!" the call –
 The summons to a profession of maul –
 Which devolved into a laughter reckless
 Heralding the mirth of slaughter's feckless,
 Delighting in bloodshed and mangled flesh.
 "What hath the old mule now?" did quoth afresh
 Huddibras of the indifferent air,
 By the soldier's rugged cant and throat's flare
 To cite their garrulous master's' mixed deck.
 Of mingled parentage was this Molech,
 Sharing in Hob and Goblin genes alike,
 Vitiated natures past conscience' dike,
 In disadvantage and negative frame:
 Rapacious was the merchant in greed's fame,
 Leveraging commerce of male physique
 To extract plunder's profit from death's reek.
 Such the Hobgoblin named Telamon,
 Profiteer in pain, Arheimar's own son;
 Ammon's⁵³ proprietor, to no vice loth,
 Master over the bloody pits of Goth.

QUINT: Telamon is a
 Hobgoblin {of Hob and Goblin
 parentage}.

TIERCE: The owner of Ammon
 {Molech's business} is a
 villain.

⁵³Genesis 19:38

The gate relaxed in a grimace pithy
 With the clamor of a Dweorg smithy,
 Clanging in a havoc of gears and chains –
 Such was the eclectic craft in Gob brains.
 Gathering avidly their gear of war,
 The pair did exit that den by doom's door
 For the blazing sands of Arheimar's pitch,
 And lifted their eyes above Orcus' ditch
 To an orange star – as barracks' parson
 The stanch'd sun preached celestial arson.
 Here lay fallow that meadow of carnage
 That Telamon cruelly did manage.
 Packed were the stands with apathetic scum –
 Of Kobold thralls, and Ogrish masters some,
 Nomadic Trolls and scoundrels of Hob's race,
 Characters diverse with sentience' grace –
 Addicted to blood, drunken and insane;
 Congregation of idiots inane!
 Besotted by dregs of Gnosis' chalice,
 Chanting with fervor of twain, Macht and Blitz.
 Disgusted by the spectacle corrupt,
 Riah scorned the rabble and turned abrupt,
 To behold their opposition contrived,
 Who in parallel vanguard had arrived
 At the center of Telamon's dire trough,
 A scratch in Goth, tranquility's cough.
 But what perversity did them regale?
 What moral horror to impinge morale?
 The trio's massive torsos did portend
 A centaur's twin which madness did distend:
 A chevalier's dream, the Horse-were physique,
 An amalgam gowned in withers' mystique!
 In stature alike to his childhood friend –
 Scythian Bucephalus⁵⁴ from steppe's end,
 Beyond the breasts of Bozrah,⁵⁵ the Khan's home –
 A cavalry's gait under conscience' dome.
 How might Uriah be straightly compelled
 To disperse their vigor, cisterns unquelled –
 Noble scions of mesa and prairie,

PRIME: The portcullis of
 Dweorg {also known as
 Dwarf, or Zwerge}
 manufacture opens with a
 clatter.

TIERCE: The stands are
 packed with Kobolds {another
 term for Goblin, or Gremlin}
 and Ogres.

QUINT: Also there are Trolls
 {a plant-like race, also
 called Kodama} and Imps in
 the crowd.

PRIME: There are three Mezu
 {a Horse-were (a type of
 Chimera), or hybrid between
 horse and biped} warriors
 opposing them.

⁵⁴The horse of Alexander the Great

⁵⁵Isaiah 63:1

Of the horizon's deep ever wary –
 By decree of Orcus tolling woe's bell
 In Molech Telamon's artificial Hell?
 Huddibras did the topic tactless broach
 Of tactics' venture before time's encroach,
 But the discourse did little register
 In faculties where shock was minister:
 With mounting horror the dervish beheld
 The lolling eyes from reason's mountain felled,
 The fleshy lips in mime of what brains leached,
 The gnashing jaws that dominion impeached –
 Disputing the bridle unknown to sight,
 But imposed by Orcus' summons to fight.
 Voided was intelligence' joyful spark,
 Soon extinguished by the world's callous mark;
 Uriah's mate unlike, these centaur men,
 No kin to the Boanerges⁵⁶ stallion.
 Here remained from the burning a singed brand –
 Senseless rage by Oblivion's command:
 The fretted mane did drape the corded neck,
 Mighty and heedless of ethical check,
 While puissant legs did stamp the shifting ground,
 Its Orcus corral to angrily pound.
 Then against his conscience did Uriah
 Objectify those orphans of Gaia,⁵⁷
 Dissecting their anatomy from Gog
 With tactical aplomb spared conscience' fog –
 The more easily to butcher the meat;
 Now absent was procrastination's seat,
 An armchair jurisprudence made remote
 By survival's decree, which conflict wrote.
 Tripled their contention's incarnation
 (Triumvirate of cavalry's nation),
 The lead equipped with chain 'bout thorny ball:
 An ebon stallion close six cubits tall –
 Though the hybrids do crouch as a spring pent
 On bestial hocks, for action poiséd bent,
 Their awkward frame easing – and epic bulk –
 To contortion's anatomy; Gog's hulk!

NOMINAL: These Mezu barely
 resemble beautiful
 Bucephalus, of the Boanerges
 {the name of Bucephalus'
 tribe}!

PRIME: Uriah begins to view
 these children of Gaia
 {another name for the
 Gardener, also known as Eve,
 and Womb} as enemies to be
 defeated.

⁵⁶Greek for *sons of thunder*; Mark 3:17

⁵⁷Greek goddess of the earth

With deadly sphere now urgéd to disc's flight
 In fatal radius by fulcrum's might,
 Circumference marking territory
 Scribed with a bludgeon's impetus gory.
 To anticipate the whirling arc's trace
 Thus protracted by the dynamic mace,
 And assiduously duck out its berth –
 Twas paramount in the warrior of worth.
 At starboard flank loomed a bay, of that team,
 A quarterstaff twirling, thick as a beam,
 Adornéd with hooks, to net cunning prey;
 But towards port looméd a piebald fey,
 Clutching buckler by sword with patent skill.
 In unity of Ormuzd's⁵⁸ triune will
 The equine trio did straightly advance,
 Absent trepidation or remorse' dance.
 Voices the warming vapor did adorn:
 The rumble of Molech by sunbeams borne,
 The feminine titters of matrons Gob,
 The sustenance loathsome of vendors Hob;
 Distractions tuned of audible format
 From the dervish' mind by battle's fiat –
 A fever of spirit, a soul's sickness,
 Eager for slaughter and gory slickness.
 Riah his windy spiral began
 Amongst desolate terrain of tired sand,
 Threshing grains of gold in his reaper's breeze,
 A kinetic byrnie, a smithy's frieze,
 An armor dynamic for Impish flesh.
 Hesitation the piebald did enmesh,
 In opposite stance some ten cubits hence,
 Ambivalent before the falchions' fence.
 With fervor endemic of his mettle
 Did Huddibras raise his passion's kettle,
 A spiky mass of chitin barbs and brows,
 And his chest disclosed to folly arouse;
 The heavens austere in his embrace wide,
 Bellowing as the rutting ox in pride.
 His arrogant gaze did provoke the black,
 A challenge offered (humility's lack!)

NOMINAL: With a unity
 likened to that of Ormuzd
 {another name for the
 Triple King, also known as
 Shamash, and Augur Old}, the
 trio advances in rank.

⁵⁸Chief deity of Zoroastrianism

In that forum of spirits masterful;
 As Aeolus'⁵⁹ wind issues wonderful –
 Tis harbinger of tropics' hurricane.
 Uriah recalled this animate bane,
 How the warriors Walpurgis could summon
 Upon an inkling puissance uncommon
 From the tempest of youthful bravado,
 Ferocity's increase by war's motto
 With each resistance of proffered assault,
 Until the cumulation 'neath Sheaf's vault
 Of violence vanquished the foe at last.
 Unnervéd was black, a stallion aghast –
 The Impish glint from eyes emanated –
 In valor faltered, his rage abated.
 The opportunity was adopted
 By Macht and Blitz, as omen co-opted,
 And implacable the pair did advance.
 Unspoken were tactics in combat's dance,
 Yet pursuing the strategy proper,
 To swiftly dispatch the stable's pauper,
 The captain ebon of the Horse-were crew;
 At morale's eclipse a remnant's rout grew.
 How shall bard remote describe and recount
 Such conflict unleashed by hatred's fount,
 With which this epic chronicle hath fill,
 Replete in scenarios of gore's mill?
 Our style pursued in these annals transcribed:
 To choreograph that waltz circumscribed,
 These quarrels urging superlative dance.
 Cohorts adverse in broken queues do prance
 As partners dismayed in stadium's range,
 Their spirits diverse a tapestry strange
 In Cosmos' fabric woven, warp and woof,
 A story for gods beneath Asgard's⁶⁰ roof.
 On the dance-floor they contend to remain,
 Jousting there in mortality's disdain,
 Their portion of Sheaf a terrain now frayed –
 Residents in shackles of a decayed
 And vitiated galaxy, our home.

NOMINAL: The striving spirits
 are threads in a vast tapestry,
 which is a story for the gods
 of Asgard {home of the
 Titans, also known as
 Olympus and Elysium}.

⁵⁹Greek god, keeper of winds

⁶⁰Home of the Norse gods

It is a contest beneath Heaven's dome
 Profound in consequence and legacy,
 Predation's cruel legitimacy,
 An intersection ordained, from ancient days,
 Of immediate and eternal ways.
 Within the broader scope and progression
 Of the Stalk in destiny's regression,
 These conflicts: a predestined jig of fools –
 Yea princes and peons bereft of rules,
 Hopping to Metatron's mad beat, from whence
 Measured step doth manufacture cadence –
 In the festival of labor's relic,
 A spectacle fit for hosts angelic.
 Hud's chariot grey did issue beneath
 The miniature planet in orbit's wreath
 Flung 'bout the flail's rigid staff distended,
 Which radius a danger portended,
 Generating opportunity's room
 Betwixt the fellows and their sergeant's plume.
 So the Hob entered a proximity –
 For combatants a fatal amity.
 This impetus lent cumulative force
 To Walpurgis' halberd, whetted for horse,
 But the hybrid did avoid by retreat
 (Flung the warrior's paw by a horse's seat),
 While urging his weapon downwards oblique
 'Pon the unshielded Impish pate in pique;
 With nimbleness his crude mass belying,
 Huddibras dodged meteorite's dying,
 Tethered to descent by cavalier will,
 To impact in sand's spray the desert's spill.
 Uriah to capitalize was poised
 On chain's counter, its failure duly noised,
 And gashes crimson scimitars did rend
 In equine flank, buried in muscle's bend.
 To the vanguard! Succored by Horse-weres twain,
 And the whirlwind dervish did dance in vain,
 An impasse made wooden by buckler stout,
 Held as an aegis 'fore cavalry's snout.
 Huddibras bore velocity's mantle
 To deliver threats by axe-blade's handle

HUM: Battle is a dance
 enacted to the beat of
 Metatron {name for the
 Throne of Dance, also called
 Tron, Old Hob, and the
 Ancient Spiral}.

At the hampered black, whilst countered the bay,
His martial talent in doubled array.
Then did Uriah choreograph space,
The ecstasy of movement a stag's grace;
A trance enveloped his conscious being.
This sally 'pon the Mezu – each seeing –
Diminished as the piebald, out-fiercing
That metal zephyr by buckler's piercing,
Did the dancer blunt of his threat implied;
But Blitz' vortex of battle to flanks fled
To counter his disemboweling thrust,
To whet a falchion above the hoof's crust;
The creature snorted in contempt of pain,
And resumed his prosecution of bane.
So the combat endured beneath Goth' star;
Bloodied were pagan sands of Arheimar,
Even as the spring rain sprinkles the steppe.
A quintic jaunt adopting Ares' step,
Each spirit by its partners jeopardized –
Might they else be friendly aggrandized?
Of greater challenge was this encounter;
More fatal than their typical banter
By combat's reproof of unransomed slaves,
Their habit to dominate unskilled knaves.
The Mezu: possessed of a Clydesdale's strength,
Developed by Gnosis' breeding at length;
The stamina of the Mustang's raw fane,
A laughter of weakness caught in his mane;
Arabia's indomitable will,
Which no drought of deprivation could still.
Into a best'al ignorance devolved,
Sentience with misery convolved,
Unbroken stallions yet galloping on,
Heedless trampling all trespassers anon.
The Hob destroyed the Mezu ebony
By increments plotted as symphony
By general's craft, a campaign conjoined;
Systematic demolition enjoined
'Pon the architecture of Gog's design.
That public to Ares' law (war's ensign)
Would not perceive the flow of martial fate:

The melee appeared as dancer's stalemate –
Unseen the hobbling delivered by axe.
Then in muscle's congress comes crux's wax,
When athletes urge each sinew to glory
And wrestlers yet static in the story,
Then resolve into victor and victim
By application of talent's dictum,
The nuances of the contest hidden
Toil's screen behind, in contortion's midden.
Huddibras made ascendancy engraft,
Catching the taut chain links upon his haft;
With grip inverted the blunt iron butt
Did buffet the midnight jaw in pain's glut,
And the Fauna-were reeled in drunken pangs;
But the razored top did urge doubled fangs
Against the tottering ebony hulk,
The bulging neck disgorged of crimson bulk
By blade's fiat, a cargo untethered.
But Macht to onus' climax was weathered,
And merciless sought mortality's fate;
The descending arc of his weapon's weight
Flung from Heaven as Omega's judgment –
Confusion was the stallion's sentiment,
And futilely raised as protestation,
A limb against final devastation,
Yet night's oblivion was him endowed.
A moment elapsed, and his lifeless shroud
Sprawled undignified on its final bed.
The rabble's cheers! Epigraph's written red.
Though the odds were balanced in their favor,
The posse's spirit retained its savor
Of herd unbroken by ruin's result,
Rather riled for vengeance at death's insult.
Much of the champion's inner reserves
Of mystic energy and psychic nerves
The meticulous duel expended,
And dervish wearied of dance distended,
Enervated by antagonists' force.
Too long Uriah lingered o'er the corpse,
By his adversary mottled outflanked –
Gladius gaped for viscera embanked.

Backwards leaping: proximate to the bay,
Who charged the dervish as Sleípnir⁶¹ fey.
Batting axe aside with fury's disdain,
The Horse-were smote his staff above hips' main,
Where a leather cuirass shielded the boy
From trauma's grief on digestion's employ,
Yet agony offered its reverie
Within torment's diverse menagerie;
Past and future mingled (immediate),
Present's onus disclosing panic's gate.
No further advantage could claim the bay,
For Huddibras renewed his butcher's play;
But the piebald cruised with battering shield
Employed to smother feeble falchions' field,
Obliterating all offered defense
With o'erwhelming mass, sinews' network dense,
And flung the Demi-Hob by impact's paw
Upon the desert ground, breathless in awe –
A daze seized his being with talons clenched,
And all awareness fled the dervish benched,
In a daydream immersed before the horse;
Surveyed the gladiator life's concourse.

⁶¹Odin's horse