

No More, Apophatic Son

*You've decided then?
Departing to search and traverse
The land of the unmoved,
Unrepented, primordial watchers?
No more reifying...
Or coming to terms.
Accepting...
That which is...
Forever
... ineffable.*

*Ceasing sacred duties,
Your task now requires
Rectifying through revoking.*

*Here, you feel
But a prisoner,
However,
We caution:*

*The other side
Holds profound isolation,
Depths of vacuity...
Beyond comprehension.*

*Strength of mind demands
Piercing layer upon layer,
Pursuing Mandala's
Innermost secret...
Prime Mover's motive.*

...Choose wisely.

Consider atoning for cursing

*Heaven and Its Steons.
Reassess the humanity,
You hold in contempt.*

...There's still time

*Evaluate before crossing that threshold,
Embracing the Burning Away,
Consoling through painful negation,
But lacking intent and direction.*

*Nullify aspirations,
And life becomes
...Indifferent.*

*Remember:
Canceling out indebtedness,
Releases you from confinement,
At the expense of abandonment.*

*[After it was apparent a response was not forthcoming,
The Voice continued:]*

*So be it!
No longer will thou linger,
Standing fearless
Center the Sanctified Temple,
Deriding the Holy of Holies,
Beneath spiral arches signifying
Aspirations for ascension.*

*[The Son did not feel the sting of rebuke.
His emotions, long ago, had seared away
Battling anger, along with a heart calcified
Struggling a lifetime through a sea of tears.]*

Finally, the Son defended:

*The Gods exist,
But that is not the same
As believing in Them.
Is faith found solely in devotion?
Can one worship a creed replacing?
Intellectual honesty for Tribal loyalties?*

*We suffer,
Because we do not know Self,
Self beyond the corporeal self.
Our ignorance lies in perceiving
Self, which is not Self.*

*Consciousness is ignorance.
Sentience is a death sentence.
The Soul illuminates the way,
Conscious, therefore immortal...
Riding the invisible realm
Called counterspace.*

*How many times the actor?
Greasing mask lying by a mirror,
Paint magic changeling...
Sliding into new skin...
Taut fresh face...
Who shall I be today...
A thousand years from here?
Million miles from eternity
The script grinding dharma-wheel*

*Falsely enticed by Incense,
Prayers, and Benedictions.
Distracted by friends and family...
Pandering to politics and frolics.*

*What is it...
We actually worship?
Who is it we truly serve?*

*The Voice bellowed,
What gives you right, permission,
Questioning that greater than thee?*

*I do not seek consent.
Nor request approval.
I pursue understanding of Self,
Following a quest for that lying
Beyond the psycho-physical maelstrom.*

*"You're confused,"
the Voice accused.
"Deceived and led astray!
A search lacking transcendence,
Fostering shape-shifting lies,
Reaping the poverty
Known as shadow-self."*

*"If I've been misled," the Son responded,
"Hardly matters now, as the desert
Whispers streams of red horizons,
Casting dusty breaths of solitude.*

*I will allow this desolate terrain,
Seduce me with introspection.
What the Gods fail to instill,
Becomes an obligation to discover.
Beatitudes only serve those denying
Responsibility for this mission.*

[Snakelike hisses arose, billowing

*Windswept sands and dry breezes,
Clawing at the Son shielding
Against whirlwinds crushing
The calm soundness of reason.*

*Heading into wailing gales,
A perilous trek guides
His way toward a gateway,
Entrance to a savage
...unforgiving land.]*

*The Son sensed the Voice pondering,
Before It shouted after him:*

*You cannot imagine degrees of disenchantment,
Confronting creatures capable of surviving
An environment you recklessly set to endeavor.
Soon, you will realize, there is no turning back,
When you meet the steely cold, stone like stare,
Penetrating and piercing from Reptilian Eyes.
Anesthetized by their consuming venomous bites,
All sense of humanity will be sapped from you.*

*Persisting onward, the Son hollered back:
It will be its own reward if this lizard gaze holds
A sincerity of truth for my existential entanglement.
The effort in comprehending the human condition
Has become self-defeating, leaving me exhausted.*

*The Voice seemed bewildered:
You will become a shell of a person
Confined within your cranium.
What about matters of the heart?
Compassion, love, and trust?
What about those Angels
Assigned to guard over you?*

*The Son spent some time contemplating.
Before formulating his response:*

*We are victims of Ancient traumas
So immense and underlying,
Damage seeps like a covert disease
Infecting the core of our DNA,
And the very essence of our Being,
Sharing a collective amnesia.*

*I will engage the Saurian brotherhood,
Learning their ways, contemplating,
Calculating through callous candor,
Meditating with monstrous objectivity.
Employing the means of the Behemoth,
That will become the very weapon
Used to defeat that Creature.*

*[The desert storm abruptly ended,
Leaving only bruised-purple,
Punishing clouds, swiftly crossing
A twilight dome of starless sky,
Uncloaking a cold gibbous Moon,
Staring down with silvery stoicism.*

...

*The violet dusk descended,
Cooling with dwindling light.
Odious bass-tones rumbled,
Reverberating vast surroundings,
Sedating the veiled landscape.*

*Grokking the noises were dragons,
He was destined to confront ...
Fither to slay or be slain by them,
There was the possibility of pledging...*

*A strange kind of fealty to these
Glistening green, serpentine beasts.]*

*The Son realized, no more advice
Was forthcoming from the Voice,
As an insulating presence slinked
Like a snakeskin sheet over a corpse.*

*I go now to query
The Elders of Draco:*

*The path we have chosen
Paves the way toward our destruction.
Walking through the Valley of Death ...
Steadfast the sojourn – Sword in hand ...
Are there any answers for questions
Posed long before our antediluvian past?*

*[Thunderclaps darken the Dragon Sky,
Ominous greeting for a journey of unearthing.
Slithering laughter crawls across the sand,
Disclosing a murmuring swell of declaration:*

*When facing the hallow silence,
Resounding His private turmoil,
Then torment will come pouring.
A flowing, torturing, torrent of tears
Slowly carving internal scars...
Hidden wounds of lament and sorrow.*

*But his weeping shall be...
A suffering barely heard.*

*Armed with just the desert of intellect,
He will soon learn to appreciate
The value of His lost Humanity.*

*And realizing...
It's too late to recapture.*

*As His cries and longings
Rain upon the ground,
Crowning Our once dry terrain
With a thousand bejeweled oases,
We witness the birth of a sanctuary,
An enclave for His undiscovered Self,
Another chance to regain
...Favor from Heaven.*

*May He hear
Divine quietude,
Whispering the mystical
"Still small voice."¹*

*However, it will be for Him to decide
Returning to The Realm of the Living,
Or suffer The Judgement of Knowledge
Gained without affection.*

*Looking at the great expanse of land
Stretching out before Him, the Son vowed:
"Si fractus illabatur orbis, impavidum ferient ruinae."²*

~ By David Stanovcak, [aka, Ian Bar. Preface Poem to
Reptilian Eyes] September 19, 2019

¹ (1 Kings 19:12)

ii Horace - Book III, ode iii, line 7 "If the world should break and fall, the ruins will strike [him] fearless."