PRELUDE

The nameless shadowy forms pass on, the breath of Orc:

Her snaky hair whirling in the winds of Enitharmon;

And thus her voice arose

And Enitharmon takes from thee, her breath, each other name;

Is anyone so nameless, that no place may not be found,

For I am some with power;

Luke the dark cloud disturbed in the day of dismal thunder.

Its power is boundless in the heavens, my fruits on earth beneath,

Burnt, scorch, and labour into life, first-born & first consumed,

Consumed and consuming!

Then why standest thou accursed mother brings me into life?

I wrap my turban of thick clouds around, my looking head;

And roll the shadowy pavement as a mantle round my limbs,

Yet, the red sun and moon,

And all the everflowing streams rain down prolific pains.
Ou willing I look up to heaven; unwilling count the stars;
Sitting in rude chain by my immortal shrine.
And they, these burning power
And brok'nt heart sorrowing terror, all devouring fire kings.

Downing to downing rooming on dark and desolate mountains
In misery of eternal death, stretching in hollow trees.
Ah! mother Enochman!
Stamp out with solid form this vigorous progeny of fires.
I bring forth from my teeming bosom myriad of flames.
And these I cast upon them with a wight, then they scream abroad.
And leave me void of death;
Ah! I am drained in cloudy wise, and visionary joy.

And who shall kindle the infirm with an eternal hand?
To compare is with everlasting burning, and who shall cherish it
With milk and honey?
I see its smile & I roll noward to my view in pain.

She count & roll her shady clouds
Into the secret place.
A

PROPHECY

Then Eartha

The deep of woe came What time the sev'ry child Descended, tho' the great gates of the eternal day, Far cried, & all the troops like shadows fled to their abodes.

Again the night is come That strong Utthong sinks his rest. And Urgyn unloosed from chains Like an in a mister in the distant north, Stretching from the heavens and strike the elemental strings Make the thunder of the deep
The shrill muse wake, 
All the seers at Uragun look out, and envy Los;
Hear the singing gods to our head spring;
And all the nourishing springs of earth.
To give us bliss, for we may drink the sparkling wine of Los.
And let us laugh at war.
Disposing fat and care.
Because the days and nights of joy, in lucky hours renew.

Arise O Orc, from thy deep den,
First born of Entchaman rise!
And we will crown thy head with garlands of the ruddy rose;
For now thou art bound:
And I may see thee in the hour of bliss, my eldest born.

Then Entchaman dome descending into her red light;
And then her voice rose to her children, the distant heavens reply.
Now comes the night of Enitharam's 70.
Who shall I call. Who shall I send.
But Woman, lovely Woman, may have dominion.
Arise O Rapture thee I call. Pemander thee.
Tell the human race that Woman's love is Sin.
That an Eternal life awaits the worms of sixty winters.
In an allegorical abode where existence hath never come.
Forbid all joy, so from her childhood shall the little female
Spread nets in every secret path.
My weary eyelids draw towards the evening, my bliss is yet but now.
Arise O Rintrah eldest born; know not none but Orc.
O lan Rintrah rise thy eye from thy forest black:
Bring Palambarren fashioned priest, skipping upon the mountains;
And silence Eymitrae the silver bodied queen:
Rintrah where hast thou hid thy bride;
Whose she in desert shadoe?
Alas my Rintrah bring we now jealous Orolithraun.

Arise my son; bring all the brethren O thou king of fire.
Prince of the sun I see thee with thy unvanquishable race:
But when the summer stars:
But when ramping his golden mane shakes
And thine eyes rejoice because of strength O Rintrah furious king.
Pancharmon slept.
Eighteen hundred years: Man was a Dream.
The night of Nature and their harps unwaving.
She slept in middle of her nightly song.
Eighteen hundred years: A phantasmal dream.

Shadow of men in fleeting bands upon the winds.
Divide the heavens of Europe.
The Albions Angel, smitten with his own plight, fled with his bands.
The cloud bears him on Albions shore.
Fitted with immortal, demons of pitying.
In council gather the smitten Angels of Albion.
The cloud bears him upon the council house: down rushing.
On the heads of Albion's Angels.

One hour they lay buried beneath the ruins of that hall.
But as the stars rise from the salt like they arise in pain.
In troubled mists obscured by the terrors of struggling times.
In thought's perturbed, they rose from the bright: ruins silent
This holy King, who sought his ancient temple serpent-formed
That stretches out its shady length along the Island white:
Round him rolled his clouds of war, silent the flying screech
Along the infinite shores of Thames to golden Perseus.
There stand the venerable wychers that high-towering rear.
Their oak-surrounded pillars, formed of eagle stones, uncast
With tools; stones precious; such eternal in the heavens,
Of colours twelve, for known on earth, give light to the snake.
Placed in the order of the stars, when the five senses mellowed.
In delays over the earth-born man; then turn'd the fable, eyes
Into two stationary orbs, concentrating all things.
The ever-varying spiral ascents to the heavens of heavens.
Were bended downward; and the nasturtium roots that
Turn'd outward, barred and petrified against the infinite.

Thought changed the infinite to a serpent; that which perished:
To a devouring flame, and man fled from its face and hid.
In herets of night; then all the eternal heresy were divided.
Into earths revolving in circles of space, that like an ocean roll'd.
And overwhelmed all except this finite wall of flesh.
Then was the serpent temple formed, image of infinite
That up in infinite revolutions, and man became an angel:
Thus a mighty circle turning: God a transient crowned.

Now arrived the ancient Guardian at the southern porch,
That planted thick with trees of blackest leaf, & in a vale
Obscure, midst the Stone of Night; oblique it stood alone.
With purple flowers and berries red, image of that sweet south.
Once open to the heavens and elevated on the human neck.
Now overgrown with hair and covered with a sturdy roof. Ever
Downward its funk beneath the attractive north, that round the
A raging whirlpool draws the dizzy enquirer to its grave.
Albion's Angel rose upon the Stone of Night;
He saw Urizen on the Atlantic:
And he'd broken Book,
That Kings & Priests had copied an Earth
Expanded from North to South.
And the clouds & fires pale roll round in the night of Eternitarian
Round Albion's cliffs & Land's walls; still Eternitarian
Rolling volumes of gray, most involve Churches; Palaces, Towers;
Her Ureian unloos'd his Book; heading her, said with pity
The youth of England had in plain cause the pound heavens; compelled
Into the deadly night to see the form of Albion's Anger.
Their parents brought; their death; aged ignorance prances dancing
On a vast rock; persisted by those senses that are closed from thought;
Blank, dark, and, though; it stands; & overflowing London city
They saw that happy text on the rock, the flash seminal to flames;
They saw the Serpent temple, lifted above; shadowing the Island white;
They heard, the voice of Albion's Angel, howling at flames of Orc.
Seeking the trump of the last down

Above, the rest the land was heard from Westminster banners & leader.
The Guardian of the secret scenes, through his ancient manner;
Drawn out, by the flames of Orc, his lawful relics & false book.
Advent uncertainty; here, with his flesh and terror, and wings shot thro' them.
With damus torment such hangings upon the wind the flood
Corriged along Great George Street thru the Park gate, all the soldiers
Plaid from her sight; she diring her tumours to the wilderness.

Thus was the hand thro' Europe.
For Orc reached to hear, the howling shadows
But, Haldimabron shot her lightning, trenching down his wide back
And Harrow hung with all his legions in the nether deep.

Eternitarian taught in her sleep to see (O woman's triumph)
Every house a den, every man housed; the shadows are filled
With spectres, and the windows were ever with cursors of iron.
Over the doors, thin shall not, to give the changes. Fear is written
With hands of iron round their necks, fastened into the walls
The cursors, in ladderry, the inhabitants, et sabato
Walk heavy, sad and bent are the bones of villagers.

Between the clouds of Ureian, the flames of Orc roll heavy
Around the limbs of Albion's Guardian his flesh consumming.
Howlings & laments, shrieks & groans, & voices of despair
Arose around men in the cloudy
Howers of Albion, Furies.
The red-limbed Angel aged in horror and torment;

The Trump of the Last Day; but he could not blow the iron tube!

Thus he aged presumptuous to awake the dead to judgment.

A mighty Spirit leaped from the land of Albion,

Jumilhau Newton; he shook the Trump, & blew the enormous blast!

Yellow as leaves of Autumn are the myriads of Angelic hosts.

Tell thou the woeful & stilly who sit by their graves?

Rattling their hollow bones in Echoing and lamentation.

Then, Empathamos wake her known that she had slept

And eighteen hundred years were led

As if they had not been.

She called her sons & daughters

To the sports of night,

Within her crystal house;

And thus her song proceeds.

Aris, Vishnu! 'tis the earth-worn call

Let him call in yore;

Till the night of holy shadows

And human solitude is past!
Cytherus queen of waters, how thou shonest in the sky:
My daughter how do I reproach for thy children flock around
Like the gay fishes on the wave, when the cold moon drinks the dawn.
Cytherus she art sweet asconsorts, to my fainting soul.
For now thy white marble round the feet of Euthymene.

Manath-Veytan! I beheld thee dancing in my halls,
Right of thy mother soul! I see thy lovely features round
Thy golden wings are my delight, the flames of thy delusion

Where is my laughing bird of Eden! Letitia, lovely love!
Letitia, the many coloured how delights upon thy wings,
Sweet soul of Letitia! I see thy blushing light.
For daughters urging changing
Rover like sweet pettiness ascending O Letitia silken queen.

Where is the youthful Astaman, prince of the pearly dawn,
O Astaman, why sail they have thy mother Euthymene?
Alone I see thy celestial sky.
Return upon the boward air
With lamentations of greatest desire
As Astaman the seven churches of Letitia seek thy love

I hear the soft Astaman in Euthymene waiting,
Who will thou give up woman's sorrow to melancholy child?
Between two miserable, why pine!
O Thebanon ruby Euthymene, I see thy soul tenet's flew.
Down the steps of my celestial house.

Setha & Xandata, secret dwelling of dreadful ones,
Arise and place the harvest food with your melodious song
Still all your thunder golden head, & bend you horses black.
Orc, smile upon our children.
Smile son of our afflictions.
Arise O Orc and give our mountains joy of thy red light.

She ceased, for All were deaf at sport beneath the solemn moon.
Waking the stars of Ursa with their immortal songs.
Lest nature felt that all her powers the enormous value
All morning opened the eastern gate.
Then every one fled to his station, & Euthymene wept.

But terrible Orc, when he beheld the morning in the east,
Shot from the heights of Eutharmen;
And in the vineyards of red France appeared the light of his fury.
The sun, bloodily red,
The burning terraces flow around.
On golden Charon rages, with red wheels dripping with blood;
The Lions lash their wrathful tails.
The Tigers couch upon the prey & suck the ready food.
And Eutharmen, young & cross in anguish and dismay.

Then lies his head he reared in snaky thundered claw:
And with a cry that shook all nature to the utmost pole.
Called all his sons to the strife of blood.

FINIS