

CREATION CHRONICLE

THE FIRST AGE

Deep and dark the void silently slept, no sound disturbed its slumbers, no light caressed its ageless sleep.
Desolation brooded over an embryonic mass and as the darkness dreamed on, the god of light pondered moodily over the deep.
Lost in the memories of another world, of a goddess who loved him long into the night, 'ere now she haunted his dreams.
A maiden so sweet she softened his heart, her features so fair as to lay siege to castle keeps, their ramparts before her stood bare.

But he had spurned her love tho' she begged him to see, the depth of her feeling as she plumbed her despair.
Till at long last wearied with grief she had lain down to sleep ragged and worn, an ocean of tears had she cried.
And tho' he would not have her still he grieved for her need, in the midst of the void he entered her bier.
Laying the seeds of life within her womb he silently fled, to witness from afar the birth of the world.

The emptiness surged and turned as she groaned in her sleep, it pulsed as the life within her grew.
And as she arose the void gave birth, and in the cold grey dawn of that first early morn, she took to herself the birth of the new.
The sun was born first and his light pierced the dark, separated the shapeless mass, she screamed when she saw the desolation all around.
She strove to bring forth the orb of the world from deep within, the world took shape and form as she cried out to the sun.
'Twas more than she could bear, so great were the pains.

With a mighty push she gave birth to the world so round and full was it, she gasped with delight as it turned in space.
Groaning again as she split the dry land, her birthing waters flooded the gaps, surging rivers and restless oceans filled the earth.
Rising and falling in time with her sighs, cool tranquil lakes mirroring the contentment of her soul.
Again she cried out as the rushing air broke away, she stretched it out over the land and sea, a gigantic dome to shield her child.
So it was the earth was formed, from the womb of the goddess as she lay on her bier.
Her eyes ran with tears as she gazed down on her newborn child, so cold and forlorn, no life to divine.

Rising up from her bed she fled to the earth, her arms outstretched as she soothed its want.
From the likeness of her breast she formed the mountains so high, from her valleys of pleasure came the canyons and vales.
Moving over the earth she planted the forests, shaping them to the shape of her legs,

so straight and tall and with her hair came their clothing.
She bade the sun set on that first new day and retired to her bed to contemplate more,
the beginnings of life and the end of her strife.
That night she dreamed of frolicking fawns, oceans of fish, a sky filled with all
manner of birds.

Refreshed from her sleep she arose early that morn and descended to earth, her steps
were firm yet light as she walked the eternal paths of life.
In the dawn's early light she scattered around the remnants from the basin of life, the
remnants of her birthing waters once it had held.
And as it touched earth, air and sea did she see a most wondrous sight, the beasts of
the field came forth her beauty to behold.
The birds soared high into the air, their throats filled with their first sweet song to
their maker in praise.

The deep surged and roared as the fish poured forth into the watery depths, so many
were they, the seas willingly gave up a portion to the rivers and lakes.
She cooed with delight at the life all around, such was the variety t'would have taken
but years to count their number.
But still she was not yet done, wearied from all her work she returned to her bed and
rested in peaceful slumber.
It was then that her lover came a flitting through her dreams, she cried out in vain as
he passed from sight.
And in the morn when she awoke, 'twas with a heavy heart she recalled the love that
once they'd shared.

But he was nowhere to be seen tho' she lighted the way with stars, she set the moon
and heavenly bodies in place.
He hid his face from her in shame and bitter regret, for the life she'd brought forth had
humbled his throne of might.
She slept that night in fitful repose, she dreamed of the one who once she'd held so
close and so dear.

That next morn' she arose, her path set before her as she descended once more to the
child called earth, for 'twas from his seed it had come.
Taking the clay from the shores of a lake, she formed the first man, in the likeness of
him who had lain on her bed.
A portion of his heart she took, and from the flesh, fashioned the woman who would
dwell at his side.
In memory of the love she once had shared, each upon the other wouldst ever remain,
no more would they roam.
Her desire was only for him, under the shelter of his arms did she sleep, two hearts
beat as one in the darkness of their first night on earth.

All through the night she watched o'er their repose, by the crackling fire she stirred
the pot of desire and hope.
When the first morning rays kissed their virgin brows, she bade them come drink from
her well of desire.
When the two did as the goddess bid, 'twas then their eyes were opened to the wonder
around.
When they looked into the eyes of the other, they saw the image of those who once
had been heavenly lovers.

THE SECOND AGE

Their first age was innocence when in paradise they did roam, unbounded by borders, as their new world they explored.

Of food they had plenty, of want there was none, their children abounded as they danced in the sun.

No shame stole their hearts, no fear haunted their dreams of greed, there was no need for all had their fill.

But from his dwelling place in the trackless deep, the goddess's lover brooded over her deeds.

Of guilt they knew none for as yet the goddess had not awoken from her heavenly sleep, from her labours of love was she so wearied.

Leaving her jealous lover to wreak his destruction, of boundaries he knew none as he stalked through the land.

Everywhere he looked from the mountains, streams and the surging oceans, he saw her hand.

Resolving to ruin what she had so patiently done, he desired only to kill her newborn child, which was the earth.

He desired in his heart to foul her creation, 'ere she pine no more for his bed of thorns, so dark was his need.

'Twas when she retired to her berth in the sky, he strove to undo her work of life, jealousy clouded reason as he descended to earth.

And through the spreading clouds of doom he brought on decay, engineered the seasons of want and desire.

The summer provided their every need, but the winter was dark bringing on the night and the cold bitter sleeps.

An eternal winter did he bring on, the water he froze and many of her children died from the bitter cold.

His foul deed hastened his fiery descent, from the heights of heaven to the dark of the deep.

So blind was he to the hatred within, as he raged against the goddess he once had loved so dear.

The children of innocence sought to hide within caves, erected dwellings against their need.

THE THIRD AGE

Those who dwelt in the depths of the earth, saw the wealth of the ones who lived in their princely abodes.

The god saw their want and clothing himself in his lover's disguise, appeared to their eyes and bid them take what was theirs.

Reaching far down into the bowels of the earth, he brought forth the metals of copper and bronze.

Fashioning weapons where once there had been none, instructed them in the black arts of war.

Sending them forth with an unholy command, to take what was theirs from the

villages and towns.

The children blinded with jealousy and rage, overturned the towers and slaughtered their foes.

But they knew not what they had done, for of guilt they knew naught, 'ere their goddess awoken and bid them come worship.

The god of the deep heard her groan in her sleep and hurried on, his evil deeds to complete.

With his jealous rage he fueled the furnace of war, with blackened arms he struck the unforged iron.

Stronger weapons did he bring forth, all the more death to deal her children.

Riddled with fear lest their foes return the destruction they'd visited, the errant children begged the god for more.

An evil gleam crossed his twisted face as he brought out the weapons of iron, glinting wickedly by the furnace of hell.

He sent them forth to destroy their kin, bidding them not to mention his name, 'ere the goddess brought down heavenly fire.

The rivers ran red with blood and shame the armies marched forth their will to proclaim, wresting the wealth the god had brought forth.

Such were the beginning of the days of doom.

Driven on by greed, malice and strife, the errant children of doom fell upon the children of light, rivers ran red and they cried in fear.

But he who had sent forth his emissary's of death was blind to their plight, his revenge was complete.

And as the battle-axe sang its song of death he plotted more ruin for the newborn world, 'ere the goddess of life awoke from her bed.

He commanded the forests be laid bare instructing his children in the building of ships, for yet more peoples lay over the seas.

Conquest of the earth was his only desire, to wrest back control from the one he'd loved so dear.

And so the conquerors set sail to foreign lands where peace still prevailed, the innocents cried out as the funeral pyres rose in the air.

The smell of death rose higher and higher, so engrossed was the god in his dance of death.

That he failed to notice the stench of the dead as it moved up through the heavens, wafted over her bed.

And awakening the goddess from her heavenly slumber, 'twas with fury she arose, her right arm bared.

To take up the sword against those who dared lay waste to her offspring, the joy of her desire.

The errant ones shrank back in mortal fear, when questioned as to who had blackened their stony hearts.

They held their silence, spoke not a word.

THE RETURN OF THE QUEEN

'Twas then she relented of all that she did, and with fire and flood she did vent forth her rage, tho' the children of innocence cried out in fear.

Her rage had blinded her to all but the crimes of the ones who had, defiled her holy shrine.

All would have been over had not it chanced, that a man and his woman sought shelter high on the mountaintop.

Heard the blackhearted god boast of his triumph, no remorse felt he for the hapless souls.

As he girded up his shawl and prepared to leave, to accuse the goddess of her terrible deeds.

Not a passing glance down did he think to cast, 'ere he would have seen the cowering pair.

As the goddess brooded over the roaring deep, lamenting the destruction she had uttered in haste.

She longed to hear the cries of her little ones once more, but no sound was heard save their whimpering pain.

Her eyes swam with tears when she heard the cry, saw the two who had climbed so high.

Gathering them up into her arms she left for the skies, hushing their moans and soothing their cries.

The black god awaited when she returned to her throne, his heart grew dark when he saw whom she had brought.

Accusingly pointing out the destruction she'd wrought, the goddess hung back as he raged through the heavens.

'Twas then that the pair held close to her heart, whispered his deeds of darkness into her ear.

Of the dealings with men by the blackhearted god, of the destruction he'd brought when he descended to earth.

Dark grew her countenance as she realized his deceit, 'twas when he was found out, that he fled from her sight.

Back down to the shattered planet fled he, with his one time lover at his back, she drove him down through the waters and into the earth.

'Twas then she hit on a master plan, shutting off the water, she commanded the mountains come obey her desires.

With their skirts she sealed the god within, no more could he ascend to the skies.

Banished forever by his crime of malice.

THE BIRTH OF THE NEW

The goddess now mourned for her lost creation, no comfort was there to be found in revenge, so empty was it.

She heaved back the waters with a mighty shove, parted once more the dry land from the seas.

Fashioning once more the mountains and forests, she carefully nourished their birth, watched as the great trees took root and reached for the sky.

From the wreckage around she gathered what memories of life still remained, patiently searching till she found her desire.

The animals, birds, and the fish for the seas were all sent forth to populate the land, now teeming with anticipation at her loving touch.

She smiled with delight as she moved through the land, bringing life where once there had been death and despair.

But still she was lonely, no beasts could praise her in heavenly song, she wept for the destruction she once had wrought.

‘Twas as she walked upon a moonlit beach, that she chanced upon the man and women whose life she had saved from the god of death.

With wonder she gazed upon the two as they slept by the fire, so lonely and forlorn with no companions at their side.

From the remnants of their leftover meal she fashioned the womb, placed it within the woman whilst she slept.

From the embers of the fire, she placed the seeds of desire within the man’s loins.

So as when he awoke in the dawn’s early light, his only desire was for the woman at his side.

The seeds placed inside her nourished by the womb of life, ‘twas from that first loving that the race of men grew to a people of strength.

But ‘ere the goddess knew her lover would escape his tomb below, as she stared out upon an endless sea.

‘Twas with craft and guile she mixed her final gift to them, a curse so terrible as to cause them to shrink back in fear, lest they fail her desire.

And disguised as an old woman, she bid them come dine from her pot of mystery and life.

With hesitation the two partook of the feast of life, their eyes were opened in the dawn’s early light.

A bittersweet remedy from beyond the mists of time, her wonders to perform or the darkness they once knew.

With her work of restoration now complete, the goddess returned to her throne in the sky.

And from her berth she awaits the end of time, her jealous lover she set free to walk the land.

Like a caged lion, he stalks the children nourished under her wing.

Carefully she watches her children upon the child called earth, her gift to them was the ‘curse of choice.’

‘Tis said that at the end of time she will return with her armies in the sky, with the souls who have walked in freedom and light.

To bring battle to the god of death who still walks the earth, whose evil desires have perverted the children of light

And in the first new dawn of her triumph, she will make again a new earth, untainted by her lover's touch.

His face will ever be shut up in the dark of the deep, ne'er more will he roam, his darkness to weave.

These are the chronicles of the days of man.

Alastair Rosie © 1998

Published in *Divan*

<http://www.bhtafe.edu.au/BHI/Divan/>