

Day 6

Bristol

Saturday 31st December 1842

Wa-Set

4 (Mesore). Shemu. XXX. 6 Thutmose I

Music,
myth,
'n New Year's Eve.

"Daghada's harp 'n harper, captured by the Formor'yuns! They fled – bad luck to their coward-flight, feasting in their flame-lit hall! Aengus accompanied his father, out to the camp o'the dishonoured king; they came upon the tent wherein the feast was held and peered along the flick'ring fire..."

"Dear Raconteur: please take yer ale!"

"I shall continue on a watered belly! [.....] ggahhhh 'n so! They saw, unmistakable, upside-down upon their ret'nas 'n then rightside-up, Oo-aith-nay sitting tied beside the instrument of Irish song!"

"An' they took it back?"

"Do the valley's roll on, a lush-green tide, b'yond the cliffs beside the foamy sea?! Aye, they took it back! Daghada – broad 'n tall 'n stern – brushed aside the canvas door... He stood there, with his son, afore their foe-ly gaze, speaking with an awesome voice:

Come, apple-scented murmurer!
Come, four-angled frame of harmony!
Come summer, come winter,
out of the mouths of harps 'n bags 'n pipes!

In immense immediacy, soundwave-swift, the harp sailed upon the fire of the candlelight, cutting through nine men along the way!"

"[An awed, well-practiced hush.]"

"You all are right in your silence, stunned! For that is how the hall – right to the fat, old king – held their faces as the nine men toppled! And then..."

"Thuh thr

"three strands o

"of Ireland!"

reland!"

of Ireland!"

"Yuss! And the first of 'em was?"

"Goltra!"

"Th'weeping enchantment! All Formor'yuns present wept 'n mourned their failure! And the second?"

"Geantra!"

"Turning all to drunken merriment; fool's laughter! Finally?"

"Suantra!"

"Under the drowsy spell they all fell off into the deep, foreboding, terrorsome blank map of cold, uncharted slumber!"

The laughing lads then raised their mugs; their cups – the laughs they made made their wand'ring way through late-afternoon sky. They heard the music of the Celtic isle they shared within their fam'ly lines; well-Irish coffee kept their red-blood warm. In tin it crested – black – against the walls that held its heat; from tin it tore its heatway through the air.

A December ends as the cycle-year, its seasoned travel coursed, treads on from its mid-winter peak to the valleys of the distant spring. In hours hence, the human soul, that midnight marks with meaning, will watch the stars as the planet turns to face the past-approaching future.

Lean, anchor, low
your oxidated grappling beam;
sunken chain-link laid,
its mass upon
the Great Western dockyard.

Bind your barreled
wood, you rings of
rustsome iron; reaching...
Contents kept.
The grain is mismatched 'cross the breaks.

kkcoo coooo?
kkcalling 'dustrial dove,
'long undulating urban stone
it steps 'n stops 'n, flut'ring, flies,
to perch 'top tattered post.

Sun, searing;
th'ocean atmosphere refracts.
Gull glides o'er river's surface.

Over th'rippled-wakeweave, labyrinthine, listsome layers lulled's the lapping lapis, swelled 'n swept from its beak-broken centrepont, counterpointed 'gainst the crash of echoed-impact's surface signs, all while she entertained the children b'side the reeds.

"Telluss!"

"Doowitt!"

"Such demanding little monkeys..."

Her tilted head
held em'rald eyes;
her countenance – false-furrowed.
Her mouth mixed signals:
hold, unstable frown!

The temple in the eve'ning skyline, scaffolded in silhouette, sears with the fire of the fallen sun, blazing 'cross th'orizon – herald night. Up upon the boulder she was standing by, climbed a boy with nearly nothing on.

"Be"[He]"fore"[leant]"it's"[against]"too"[her]"late!"[back 'n giggled.]

Letting him topple neatly over to the ground below, she sat upon the stone 'n sighed.

"The cosmos, then, was chaos..."

Shrieks. Giggles. Silence.

"The void – its dancing blackness
bleak; its inf'nut bleakness
black –
did spread-suffuse
its chasmic fugue
with pandemonia!

Disorder – dread ‘n dire –
drove its droning plainchant
dirge;
th’atonal clash
of storm-cloud tide
tore taut timpanic surge!

Over all the rolling
chaos came, conducting
calm,
she whom’s beloved,
with lotus/reed;
outstretched’s her gest’yring arm.

Cosmosis song on soundwaves:
pure ‘n po’erful pulsed
her voice!
Engendering
– Dance, Maer’t, ‘n sing! –
Ma’at in order joy’us!

Observing her arrangement
made – harmonious;
divine –
the ibis did
enhance her work
with instrument sublime!

Whilst Merit mused melod’yus,
Thoth, his feet upon two
stars,
a lyre made,
with seasons strung;
on yoke-beam held – cross-barred.

With this, together they
traversed the heavens,
newly born.
Out of the east
the Aten rose
and bless’d the primal morn’...”

Silence. Giggles. Shrieks.

“The cosmos, then,” [She smiled ‘n bowed.] “was order.”

Now that their world was right again – mused melody made Ma’at – those children up-leapt,
mimed the song, ‘n ran home when their names were called.

The girl – someplace between the ones who call ‘n those who run – took to the well-worn way
beside the houses, here where all the ink is set. She’ll live/She lived/She’s living as the year begat,
became; the year fell fast, funereal, ‘n festive.

“It’s close...”

“It’s closer still...”

“Ra re-born.”

"Aahpep about his heels."

"To slither off to wait in the Tenth Region of the Night."

"Issfet adorns the World Encircler."

"Sibling serpent, umbilical born, waits in th'western mountains – th'evil gaze."

"But! Not for now's fear of the enemy of Ma'at!"

"Now's for getting drunk 'n jubilat'ry!"

"As Isis spills her tears upon the black 'n green Osiris"

"– the pieces of his person sown about –"

"the river rises"

"– running –"

"for to flood our fallow land,"

"as Hapi guides the inundation thr'out the fields!"

"The cycle culminates..."

"... fertility afresh..."

"... a new year!"

The women, in their linen clad, did clasp each other's hands 'n bow to their applauding audience – all merry. Hand in hand in hand in hand they danced on dustsome earth, their revealed thighs tattooed with Bes 'n Beset. On kemkem's kept the rhythm – masculine 'n manual beat – their barrel bodies made of laced wooden-boards.

Our girl – our she; our her – our woman wondered at the telling, sat enrapt as rev'llers joined to move with the performers, pacingprance upon the waves of vocal melody – khesu; khesit – as the flutes 'n lyres faded 'neath the noise.

"To the Queen of Sexuality!"

"Of Drunkenness 'n Dancing!"

"Lady of Fertility!"

"Supreme!"

Held to Hathor high – the bowls of beer; spirited souls. The night sky knew the space between the moments.

At the edge 'n cusp 'n border, her two hands between her legs, she heard a soundless space spread – soft – 'n dim the present. Flitflicker flame w'thin mud-brick pit flew high 'n wild 'n tempered, lusting after ox'junated life.

Who are you?

Amongst her firing chemistry came choruscalling cadence – one voice, replaying layered; 'luminary.

When are you?

Were you?

Though through her throat-housed vocal chords no exhale's shaped 'to speech, she speaks her name then asks back:

"Who were you?"

Who was I...

*The one who watched you dance,
through misted eyes.*

"You'll be the one who plays those strings."

Yes.

"You'll map your *mind in scribbled shapes.*

"Yes..."

Though through his throat-housed vocal chords no exhale's shaped 'to speech, he speaks his name and tells her:

"Happy New Year."

Seeping, spilling o'er 'n into th'bubble 'bout his person – its soundless sphere circumvents lin'yur time – did fall his sound-surroundings in cascades of coursing cheer, until he came to be – again – then, there, 'n now.

Fiddle – frenzied; feen'yun – fastly furied from'is friend, for whom the lunar-lumined language lit the way.

In Scotly-Gaelic balladry did croon a new acquaintance, querying the starlight 'pon the river.

"Yarrinnarruminnffyoosid koemuh, lad!"

"Nmeh?"

"Hah!"

"Ah... pffff."

"Mhmm."

"Gyyuhhhh."

"Hup!"

"Oooff!"

"Right!"

"Kay."

KUHLINKUHLINK

Bottle – bare on its outer side; inside, its shipless ocean – strikes the stone step b'low its lookout perch 'n breaks 'gainst rope-coiled shore.

"Gaaaahhh, molasses!"

"Hah! S'new one. Cannaye steal it?"

"Y'can't steal what's yours."

Dark, did spread
the ocean – red,
it seemed, as seeped its stain.

What, will these cobbles,
liquor-drenched,
e'er ne'er be clean again?

"Ah!"

"Huh?"

"Who'd've thought that heat-hewn sand t'v'ad such blood-red rum inside?!"

"Yeraltering Shakespeare now?"

"The scene... I was forced – fain – to remember."

"Well, stand the bottle, shattered fist yet raised, 'n leave 'er on the sleepless stone."

There on the corner where the Frome doth spill its fair, fine, hidden waters 'pon the Avon – captured; tideless; wild – they stood 'n sat 'n sang.

Back 'n forth the story fell, in throes of narrative, between perceptions parsed 'cross space 'n time.

Overwhelmed, she was, w'thin sexualistfulusting air, by th'stark terrawe 'fadulthood – libeedomism bare. Their countenances cruel in rapt, animalismic fit; ecstatic states of wild, delyric song.

Singing, now, the words with tenor-tones of vibrance born, he leant into the moment, weight upon the air.

The cycle set in motion new. She and the land did shuddering he braced the breeze. Newly born,
the morning night-time knew its natal breath. A twinge in the side of time – th'future released

"Ahgottasong fahyooz." Said a young, Scots, worker man.

Cheers 'n exhortations.

"Scalled *Tymz Gon By*."

Looks 'n smiles 'n eyebrows.

"Sangaloong iffyahget thuh gist."

The men were silent as the riv'ring stars.

"Shid ald akwentans
bee firrgott an
nivir brocht ti mynd?
Shid al akwentans
bee firgot an
ald lang syne?"

Though he spoke his
truest accent, words,
and cadence – Scots suffused –
he painted such th'we
saw so clear the
daisyed-slopes and streams.

"Fir ald lang syn, ma jo!
Fir ald lang syn...
Wil tak a cup
o kindness yet,
fir ald lang syn."

He told so sure-
ly of the dusk
o'er Alba's wand'rous peaks,
held-high land 'tween
her sea c'ressed shores, that
pint cups we few raised.

"An thers a han,
my trustee feer!
An gees a han o thyn!
And we'll tak a richt
gude willie waucht
fir ald lang syn!

Fir ald lang syn, ma jo!
["For old lang ziiiiiiiiiiighn!"]
Wil tak a cup
o kindness yet,
fir ["Old!"] lang syn!"

*Should old acquaintance
be forgot and
never brought to mind...
Thus sang the year's last*

breath and first in
these old times gone by.