

X

The Serpent Breaks The Gods

Iteru

I lap at the east;
I lap at th'west –
my Black Land either side.
Eight deities stand next to me,
mustering their powers!

My waters swell
to drown my western reach –
I'll swallow whole
the beings that besiege
the living night!

The underworld approaches...
Death roams across the desert,
unto Khemet!

Su-Tekh

Still apart from the others, watching as
the void-tide terrortumults t'ward 'n up
'n over, pestilising Nut's nightshroud,
the Lord Of Thunder communes with The Peak:
*You Who Loves Silence, Cemetery Guard
Of The Peak Of The West – pounce now on prey
who are puppets of the serpent Darkness!
Th'humankind of th'City Of The Sceptre
glorify your protection; fear your wrath!
Strike both in savage'ry at th'roaming dead,
knife-bearing wanderers, 'n slaughterers!*

Out of the dire mass embodied comes
a thousand-thousand grotesque entities:
hordes of horribly hybridised monsters
forth-driven by the Swallower Of Souls!
Unseen, the Encircler Of Th'World mind-whips
its army on – lionesses whose necks
unfurl serpentine slobb'ring salivid;
reptilic/felid/canid/porcine heads
on human shoulders, bodies bearing blades;
gazelles deformed into bipedal apes;
mace-wielding walkers topped with heads of flame!

Guttural moans screamscreech like violent rain
rolling in its torrential momentum!
Harrowing the gods, the contagion comes...
Mer-Et-Seger, from w'thin her peak, responds:
with quaking earth, ferocious cracks erupt!
Hundreds by hurtling stone decimated!
Howling yet, issfet's army crashes on,
falling 'cross the fields of agriculture!
The roaming dead forced forth from the abyss –
hundreds 'n hundreds more devoured by
the life-drenched soil the river animates!

Isis & Nephthys

Sister, come –
we'll wade into the water!

Hand in hand, th'sisters bring their feet
deeper into the reedrush mud.
Their robes soaked t'ev'ry thread 'n pleat,
their hips submerged,
they twin heartbeats
that surge with divine blood,
preparing to perform a purge
of th'nether-netjer flood!

See She Of The Peak
rain down her vengeful stone!

Her landslide barrage
has broken thousands!

And her debris slows the approach!

Isis looks at Su-Tekh, nearfar.
Th'Duat continues to encroach
'cross his Red Land.
T'was he that spoke
the mountain unto arms...
Isis, lifting her sister's hand,
resuscitates the stars!

The plague across Nut's skyshroud burns
as th'sisters pull the fire of suns
incomprehensible! They turn
those distant throes
f'which humans yearn
o'er all generations
to blaze in columns 'pon their foes –
vast incinerations!

Thoth & Horus

As the mighty work their magic,
breaking the hordes with stone 'n flame,
the other mighty fast prepare –
the far bank th' army gains!
Straight through their tens of thousands dead
the puppets of Darkness come fast!
Though swallowed up 'n scorched 'n crushed,
inev' table – With violent lust! –
the overwhelming mass
arrives like endless night begun!
At th' river's edge? Oblivion!

Nebet-Hut! Aunt!
Mother! Fall back!
The King Of Egypt shouts
as he readies his war machine:
a chariot summoned
out of golden light! Horrid howls 'n screams –
through the river battle comes!

Iteru

Darkness
suppresses me...
I am made
shallow;
still...

Darkness
suppresses me...

Su-Tekh

Out of thund'rous clouds summoned, Su-Tekh's own
machine of war chariots him away
from th'lapping waters. Led by two horses
matching those of Horus – ephemeral
are the spell-steeds of the two god's power.
Though th'river remains wide 'n far to cross,
the serpent quells her fierce, defencesome flow!
The rays 'n the wisps of their reins tied 'bout
their waists, uncle 'n nephew nearby stand,
with their focus turned to th'war upon them;
their contention just below the surface!

Wadj-Et & Ou-Bast

The cobra coils;
unfurls – erect!
Standing taller
than a soldier's shield,
she stakes herself
at th'frontier!

Her eyes
lock livid
on th'approaching mass
that wades on
through the water.
She whispers,
slitherhissing,
to the depths
'n the creatures there within...

The sand cat lionessly leaps
to join Wadj-Et at th'eastern bank.
She braces; 'pon all paws she keeps.
She snarls at the oncoming ranks!
The broad stretch of th'vast battal'yun –
reduced to a still great number –
seeks t'surround th'deific ones
to put out their fire 'n thunder!
But the cobra's call stirs the river's beasts
'n th'sisters throw their magic's reach...

Isis & Nephthys

*Iteru – she is shallowed! See,
sister – the arch-enemy's slaves
come on too vast 'n broad! Let we
stand either side
'n channel these
daimonian, hell-crazed
abyssid-netjer t'where th'feline
'n th'cobra bare their blades!*

Aru-Sa'at –
I am ready here!

Send your power west 'n south!
I send mine west 'n north!

See the river-beasts rise up
to tear them down!

Tjehau-Uti; Haut-Hor –
we funnel them to you!

Thoth & Horus

*Ah – see them fall
gainst th'barrier
unseeable 'n vast!*
Th'One Upon High speaks from his perch
of golden light as to
his hand, that the air to his side does search,
a bundle of grass is booned.

Th'Reckoner Of Time's close-set eyes
turn to the water as he leaps
in sprinting strides t'where Su-Tekh waits.
A new bundle he reaps
e'en as he moves. He hands this o'er –
the King 'n th'Crownless armed! They drop
th'grass to their sides, where it becomes
jav'lins; arrows with heads of bronze!
T'ward th'lapwing th'baboon trots.
Back to his shoulder she descends,
as th'roaming dead assault the fens...

The Battle Of The Floodplains

Thrashthroes of hippopotami 'n crocodiles teethtusk teartorn rending ripful th'river guardians
aghast is the mass movement of slaughterers a-puppeted in piles of pressing hordely legion
daimoniatic 'mbodied death dragged drowning to t'multuosity of whirling shallows shatterbone 'n
flayflesh falls in gloopy gore gushing gathering as blades of jagged bone 'n stone 'n metal rain down
storms of stabbing thrusts unto the throethrash raging skulls 'n shoulders shanks gaping gruesome
maws made vicious beyond nature murd'rous torrents taking anyall about barrel wrecking charges
jaws unhinged crackcrushing k'netic blows breaking hundreds hundreds heaped up in horrific
deathless death as the charge keeps on on through up over through o'erwhelming Highborne
standard waves as th'lapwing's wings loose th'chariots a-charge earthquaking hooves haul wheels of
clattering rotation terrible the flight of javelins from left 'n right 'n right 'n left crisscrossing are the
paths of the throwers looping back after devastating th'frontline clamberclimbing up the rise 'n flat
of the citted-side of the waters of the riverrun rank ruin still the endless pressing pulsing pushing on
to rage in mindless wrath at the gods eight-gathered Speedwhipping sprinting as the runners at the
skirmish fighting fierce out at the front the cobra coilwraps 'n strangles dislocating limb-joints
crushing vertebrae she's slashed 'n grabbed but her rearing 'n power pure unleashed stays free
spitting venomous flames farflung that acidburn 'n break skin tissue organ bone Hail down do the
arrows of the charioteers making pass in their swiftsweep run for the cobra to retreat at the
exponential growth of the troops this side a-reaching rabid foam fanged tuskhorned howling
screams as the harrowing advance beats assault against the sister-gods' great wall of magic driving
them to face against the sand cat snarling staring with her impossible poise even faster than the

sound-speed striking of the snake who recovers ready to join in this infantary clash claws unretracting reflex muscle power hip-spinal turn tremendous light-speed with a flawless feline equilibrium fast-twitch tearing at the wielding hands 'n arms 'n lashing 'cross 'n biting through animid necks to loose the black bile bleeding many of their animation mauling as the cobra throws her venom fire But backward-facing fierce fanatically frenzied men make sudden surge drowning th'gods' frontline as the sand cat 'n the cobra vanish under mounds of malice Now the heads of amphibians 'n cattle apish vultureskullish garish haunted dead flood forward bounded less by the narrowing of the sisters' forcefield coming running with their weapons baying baring Pegged unto the ground by the blazing force of new javelins by thunder thrown 'n by gold-light loosed as the two from their war machines make last destruction with artillery 'n jump as their steeds stampede past back away 'n land upon the black-lush green-life land there the falcon with his mighty spear 'n shield there his uncle with a long meteoric dagger 'n a great bronze sword in the shape of the foreleg of an ox sickle sharp 'n curving skewering from distance th'spear plunges through ranks uncounted as the king push-thrusts it driving on until he looses it 'n grabs from his waist a mace of a density impossible 'n bashes with his cartouche shield an avalanching tide of blows that break bludgeon blast vast cavernous cavities where stood collarbones strong sternums socket-joints 'n the heads of all broad kinds hook-beheading 'n disarming twists by the bronze blade stabbing strikes efficient with the dagger thus the deshret thunderer dispatches th'creatures of the netherworld not of night but of dawnless night now threatened by the enemy of all Hear the primate speak unto the earth with his baboon barks 'n the banks beyond the skirmish swallow th'lower halves of the ones that breach the river 'n the land slides Sweeping from beneath the assault rage the snake 'n the feline furiously oscillating dancing violence to the harmony of sound 'n light seeming legion The barrier it fumbles flitter-falters to the south 'n the north but the baboon reaches up his arms to his left 'n his right to resuscitate the fading magic of the sisters Blazing with a white-hot translucency the walls at either side that direct the army through now erupt in a shockwave radiating 'lectrostatic'ly electrons rapid flash in burning energy the moisture of the air 'n the earth 'n the water of the river bring its message to the serpent's horde which incinerates three hundred thousand Falling to the mud both the sisters 'n the baboon collapse in utter fatigue as less than half of the army that the serpent sent still charges to the river spreading out 'n plunging in without the threat of the beasts that lie destroyed among the many they ensured never stepped upon the eastern bank as the son carries his mother 'n his aunt is by his uncle brought to where the cobra 'n the sand cat stand before the fallen scribe The lapwing swoops beyond the battle-worn

Hathor

The Duat fords the bloodied stretch.
Hathor alights atop a corpse.
They come – shriek-howl they spew 'n retch!
She disappears beneath their force...

Lost to sight;
in death subsumed.

Guttural ragefire 'rupts!

Sekh-Met

She Who Is Pow'r!
Lady Of Life; Of Terror!
The One Who Detests Evil sears
with the heat
of the height
of the midday sun,
raging through the breaking horde!

Swiping through th'bodies within reach –
the lioness tremendous! Vast
shoulders shudder strong; primal teeth
'midst broad, gore-laden muzzle gnash
'n snarl snap! Paws that shatter th'bone 'neath th'flesh
vicegrip, clawclamping prey who're doomed
to the Red Lady; Lady Of The Tomb!
Th'scorching wind of the wastes, her breath!

Drunk-maddened on her bloodlust, Sekh-Met roars,
gaining control over half of the horde!

A plague of violent
pestilence
she looses 'cross the fields; the river!
Destroyer Of Rebellion –
now slave to her,
wanderers 'n slaughterers
make mad attack
upon the very ranks
that they moved amongst!

Rampaging through th'waters, Sekh-Met's
vision glazes o'er – blood-red blind!
Now to all a terrible threat,
her gold coat – blackened; reddened – shines!
Suddenly, th'Duat-dead scatter, released!
Th'seven's fear of the lion grows...
A freezing, horrid breath toward them blows;
the movements of the gods are ceased!

Pitch-black resurgent, th'land is purged of noise.
The gods are broken by the serpent's voice.

Apep

FALL

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