

As He Creates So He Destroys

Nile

At the seething and fiery center
He sits upon his ebon throne
Within his halls of darkness
Which no man has seen and survived the vision

Both blind and bereft of mind
He pipes unceasingly on his reed flute
And the notes that rise and fall in measured patterns
Are the foundations of all the worlds
Ever calculating in sound the structure of space and time

Were his flute ever to suddenly fall silent
All the spheres would shatter into one another
And the myriads of worlds
Would be unmade
As they were before creation

The flute of the blind idiot
Both makes and unmakes the worlds in ceaseless
Combinations
Spinning on the woven carpet of time

No creation without destruction
No destruction without creation

To unmake a thing is to make another
Each time a thing is made
Another is destroyed

The idiot god on his black throne
Does not choose
What shall rise into being
And what should pass away
He cares only to maintain
His mindless unholy music of
Random creation and destruction

No living creature can look upon his face
And endure its terrible heat
And black radiance
That is like the reverberating unseen rays of molten iron
Which strike and burn the skin
Of those who would dare
Gaze into the countenance of the idiot god

Never does he receive supplicants
In his black halls of uncouth angles and strange doors
Nor does he ever hear prayers or answer them
Endlessly he pipes
And endlessly he devours his own substance
For his hunger is insatiable
As he consumes his own wastes after the custom of idiots

As the god creates
So he destroys