

*The Song of  
Elmallahz Kumming  
Book 2*

*by  
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## A Belated Introduction:

This poem originated in a series of 9 poems I wrote in 1976 to a woman who was to become my wife. At that time I assumed, unrealistically, that the underlying mythic and psychologic levels in those poems would be known and understood by the reader. I was unrealistic not only because those 9 short poems implied and made reference to far more than what was stated, but because the mythic and spiritual levels I was referring to were hardly even thought about by most 20th century poetry readers.

Coming to realize this, I have expanded that short series into this narrative in six books. It attempts to lay out some of the mythic foundations of our consciousness. Many of the images briefly glossed in this book will be transposed and transisted into other scenes in other parts of the poem. At the same time, images of what is yet to come will echo in these opening scenes. In the Prophetic Conscience, past, present, and future are intertwined.



Hunting Dogs

Concerning Bouk 2: For Ertha it is set in a prehistoric moment, a timeless period from which she is emerging as she experiences a glorious expansion of her consciousness. Elmallah, diffracted into that history, and giving its evolution direction, tries to reach to her and still hold on to the Divine Moment. Tho confined in her time, his mind is not so confined. Living beyond the photon boundary that shapes space in a closed sphere, dwelling in the axis of infinite time where all things exist in infinite multiplicity and all paths are parallel and non coherent, from that awareness he communicates with Ertha. Thought flows between them, visible to Elmallah, palpable to all his senses. His infinite bodies intersect her infinite bodies. He touches her. His infinitely repeating hand reaches between her infinitely mirrored legs, there where his eyes were originally drawn, to that dark moist center in her being. His arid Conscience is interleaved in a hyper-globe of pleasure, and then desire for pleasure, and then dependence on pleasure, and then despondence over his dependence.

Elmallah is astonished by their sexual crescendo. He feels it like a vast surf washing up on the sand. It is Ertha's Conscience washed by his Knowledge, followed by her perpetual forgetting. It is his energy penetrating her levels and withdrawing. It rushes - surf - he tells her of the Lor; withdraws - surf - she hears and recreates it in her Conscience. It rushes - surf - he sees how she has distorted his Knowledge; withdraws - surf - into his despair; rushes - surf - he touches her differently and new awarenesses emerge; ebb and flow while making love. The scene ends. For a moment Ertha glimpses a vision of the Lor - surf - is thunderstruck - surf - sees now the pantheon of Babylon standing above - surf - forgets that too - surf - remembers only that she has seen something awesome that she can't hold, can't comprehend.

Ertha's history with Elmallah is not a continuous series of events, but layered states, stratified in Their Conscience.



# The Song ov Elmallahz

## Kumming, Bouk 2



Audio insert, reading of stanzas 1-3

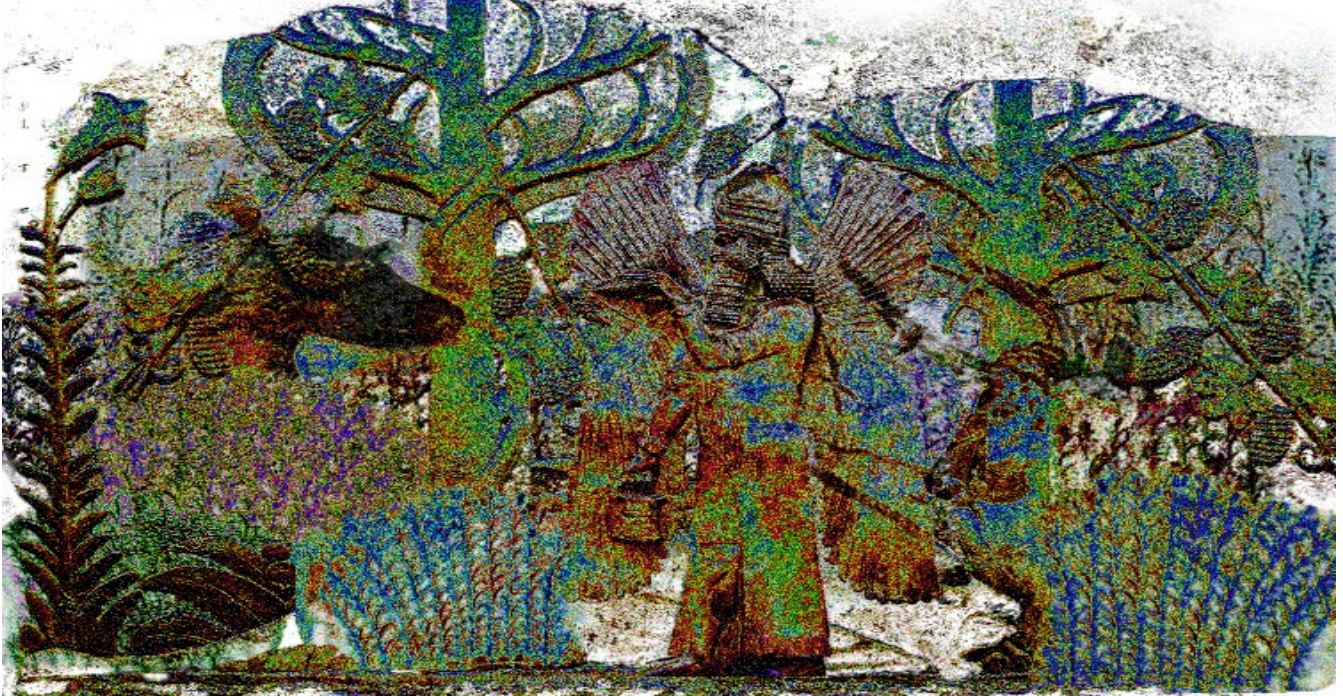
(Audio is only functional in my ebooks, not in these pdf's)

*Stanza 1*

Befor owr ferst nite had ended  
And Sol had reternd with its glowwer  
Tu owr eyz, and its seer  
Tu dry up owr remaning pashen;  
Befor my deziyer had bin sated,  
Deziyer ov wun hu wuz nevver with wouman,  
Ov wun hu had nevver felt the fors ov owr Lor  
Shudder like a snake devowering an owlet,  
Like an owlet being devowerd;  
Ov wun hu had nevver befor seen deth.

*Stanza 2*

Befor I had seen the endz ov my luv  
And the fewcher chaenjez that I wuz impregnen,  
I left Erthaz prezzens  
Tu pray tu owr Lor  
And wen I reternd she wuz gon.



She Wuz Gon

*Stanza 3*

No!  
I wil not sing ov separaten.  
No, not ov sorro eether!  
Let me tel yu how I luvd her,  
Tel yu how it wuz between us.  
In this way, perhaps, I kan sho yu  
Wy it wuz I kame.



Audio insert, reading of stanzas 4-7

(Audio is only functional in my ebooks, not in these pdf's)

*Stanza 4*

Immajjin an eeglet haching frum an eg,  
Wet with albumin and struggelling  
Tu krak its kalseyum horrizen.  
See! It iz gawnt and exhawsted and skaerd,  
Drivven tu du wut it kant understand,  
Shreenking frum a pane it iz drivven tu feel.

*Stanza 5*

And az yu woch, yur miend iz abzorbd  
In a rapchur, az if in a dreem.  
And in that moment a yeer transpiyerz  
And the tinee and trembelling eegel groez,  
Intu a feerless monnark,  
Soring on sparkelling pinyenz.

*Stanza 6*

So it wuz az I enterd Ertha,  
In my breef moments --  
For her, ajez -- she flerrisht.





Ertha Taeks Elmallahz Hand

*Stanza 7*

Wen I reecht owt tu her  
With so much wizdem and no expeer  
Much az the embryonek berd  
That iz drivven tu pass thru its shell,  
And she hezzittated  
    Theenking abowt her preveyus men  
    And her fewcherz,  
In that instant befor she touk my hand,  
I saw that she had no permannent plase,  
Not even a tent ov skin or felt,  
Her resting plase wuz a thicket or kave  
And the hillz ware she livd  
Shoed hardlee a trase ov her prezzens:

Oenlee the mowndz ov ashez

Skatterd with boenz ov beest.

“She kan be a preddatter tu,” I thot.

And I saw that she wuz naked.



Dear reader:

This remarkable narrative poem, the second in a 6 book series, is now available as an ebook. As an ebook, it includes drawings produced by the author, and audio clips of the text being read. If you would like to read on (and I genuinely hope you will; it's a ground-breaking poem), you can buy it for a nominal price through the multiple outlets at this one link:

<https://books2read.com/Elma2>

*Stephen Berer.*