

William Blake
The Book Of Ahania



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CHAPTER I

- 1. Fuzon, on a chariot iron-wing'd,
 On spiked flames rose; his hot visage
 Flam'd furious; sparkles his hair and beard
 Shot down his wide bosom and shoulders.
 On clouds of smoke rages his chariot,
 And his right hand burns red in its cloud,
 Moulding into a vast Globe his wrath,
 As the thunder-stone is moulded,
- Shall we worship this Demon of smoke,' Said Fuzon, 'this abstract Nonentity,

Son of Urizen's silent burnings.

This cloudy God seated on waters,
Now seen, now obscur'd, King of Sorrow?'

3. So he spoke in a fiery flame,

Length'ning into a hungry beam. Swiftly

4. Oppos'd to the exulting flam'd beam,
The broad Disk of Urizen upheav'd

On Urizen frowning indignant, The Globe of wrath shaking on high. Roaring with fury, he threw The howling Globe; burning it flew,

- Across the Void many a mile.

 5. It was forg'd in mills where the winter
 Beats incessant: ten winters the disk.
- Unremitting, endur'd the cold hammer.

 6. But the strong arm that sent it remember'd
- The sounding beam: laughing, it tore through That beaten mass, keeping its direction, The cold loins of Urizen dividing.
- Deep groan'd Urizen; stretching his awful hand, Ahania (so name his parted Soul) He seiz'd on his mountains of Jealousv.

He groan'd, anguish'd, and called her Sin, Kissing her and weeping over her;

Dire shriek'd his invisible Lust!

- Then hid her in darkness, in silence, Jealous, tho' she was invisible.
- 8. She fell down, a faint Shadow, wand'ring

As the moon, anguish'd, circles the earth, Hopeless! abhorr'd! a death-shadow, Unseen, unbodied, unknown, The mother of Pestilence!

9. But the fiery beam of Fuzon

In Chaos, and circling dark Urizen,

Was a pillar of fire to Egypt,

Till Los seiz'd it, and beat in a mass With the body of the sun.

Five hundred years wand'ring on earth,

 But the forehead of Urizen gathering, And his eyes pale with anguish, his lips Blue and changing, in tears and bitter

CHAPTER II

- Contrition he prepar'd his Bow,

 2. Form'd of Ribs, that in his dark solitude,
 When obscur'd in his forests, fell monsters
 Arose. For his dire Contemplations
 Rush'd down like floods from his mountains,
 In torrents of mud settling thick,
- With eggs of unnatural production:
 Forthwith hatching, some howl'd on his hills,
 Some in vales, some aloft flew in air.
- 3. Of these, an enormous dread Serpent, Scaled and poisonous, horned.

- As he sat on his dark-rooted Oak.

 4. With his horns he push'd furious:
 Great the conflict and great the jealousy
 In cold poisons; but Urizen smote him!

 5. First he poison'd the rocks with his blood,
 Then polish'd his ribs, and his sinews
 Dried, laid them apart till winter:
- Then a Bow black prepar'd: on this Bow A poisoned Rock plac'd in silence. He utter'd these words to the Bow:—

Approach'd Urizen, even to his knees,

- 6. `O Bow of the clouds of Secrecy!
 O nerve of that lust-form'd monster!
- Send this Rock swift, invisible, thro'
 The black clouds on the bosom of Fuzon.'

 7. So saying, in torment of his wounds
- 7. So saying, in torment of his wounds
 He bent the enormous ribs slowly —
 A circle of darkness! then fixed
 The sinew in its rest; then the Rock,
 Poisonous ource, plac'd with art, lifting difficult
- Poisonous source, plac'd with art, lifting difficult lts weighty bulk. Silent the Rock lay,

 8. While Fuzon, his tigers unloosing,
 Thought Urizen slain by his wrath.
- `lam God!' said he, `eldest of things.'

His beautiful visage, his tresses.

Sudden sings the Rock; swift and invisible
 On Fuzon flew, enter'd his bosom:

That gave light to the mornings of heaven, Were smitten with darkness, deform'd, And outstretch'd on the edge of the forest.

10. But the Rock fell upon the Earth.

The Globe shook, and Urizen, seated

Mount Sinai, in Arabia.

CHAPTER III

- On black clouds, his sore wound anointed; The ointment flow'd down on the Void Mix'd with blood — here the snake gets her poison!
- With difficulty and great pain Urizen
- Lifted on high the dead corse:
 On his shoulders he bore it to where
 A Tree hung over the Immensity.
- For when Urizen shrunk away
 From Eternals, he sat on a Rock,
 Barren a Rock which himself,
- Barlett a rock which thinsell, From redounding fancies, had petrified. Many tears fell on the Rock, Many sparks of vegetation.
- Soon shot the pained root Of Mystery under his heel: It grew a thick tree: he wrote In silence his Book of Iron:

In silence his Book of Iron; Till the horrid plant bending its boughs, Grew to roots when it felt the earth,
And again sprung to many a tree,

4. Amaz'd started Urizen when

He beheld himself compassed round And high-roofed over with trees.

- He arose, but the stems stood so thick,
 He with difficulty and great pain
 Brought his Books all but the Book
 Of Iron from the dismal shade
- 5. The Tree still grows over the Void, Enrooting itself all around, An endless labyrinth of woe!

6. The corse of his first begotten
On the accursed Tree of Mystery,
On the topmost stem of this Tree
Urizen nail'd Fuzon's corse

CHAPTER IV

- Forth flew the arrows of Pestilence
 Round the pale living Corse on the Tree.
- For in Urizen's slumbers of abstraction, In the infinite ages of Eternity.
- When his Nerves of Joy melted and flow'd, A white Lake on the dark blue air, In perturb'd pain and dismal torment.

Now stretching out, now swift conglobing, Effluvia vapour'd above In noxious clouds: these hover'd thick Over the disorganiz'd Immortal. Till petrific pain scurf'd o'er the Lakes, As the bones of Man, solid and dark. The clouds of Disease hover'd wide Around the Immortal in torment. Perching around the hurtling bones— Disease on disease, shape on shape, Winged, screaming in blood and torment! The Eternal Prophet beat on his Anvils, Enrag'd in the desolate darkness; He forg'd Nets of iron around. And Los threw them around the bones. The Shapes, screaming, flutter'd vain: Some combin'd into muscles and glands, Some organs for craving and lust; Most remain'd on the tormented Void-Urizen's army of horrors! Round the pale living Corse on the Tree. Forty years, flew the arrows of Pestilence. Wailing and terror and woe Ran thro' all his dismal world: Forty years all his sons and daughters Felt their skulls harden: then Asia

- Arose in the pendulous deep.

 9. They reptilize upon the Earth.
- 10. Fuzon groan'd on the Tree.

CHAPTER V

- The lamenting voice of Ahania,
 Weeping upon the Void!
 And round the Tree of Fuzon,
- Distant in solitary night, Her voice was heard, but no form
- Had she; but her tears from clouds Eternal fell round the Tree.
- And the voice cried: `Ah, Urizen! Love! Flower of morning! I weep on the verge Of Nonentity how wide the Abyss Returned Aboria and theat.
- Between Ahania and thee!
- Ilie on the verge of the deep;
 I see thy dark clouds ascend;
 I see thy black forests and floods,
- A horrible waste to my eyes!

 4. `Weeping I walk over rocks,
 Over dens, and thro' valleys of death.
 Why didst thou despise Ahania.
- To cast me from thy bright presence

- Into the World of Loneness?
- Nor weep on his knees, nor hear His voice and bow, nor see his ever

I cannot touch his hand.

- His voice and bow, nor see his eyes And joy; nor hear his footsteps, and
- My heart leap at the lovely sound!

 I cannot kiss the place
- Whereon his bright feet have trod; But I wander on the rocks
- With hard necessity.
- 6. `Where is my golden palace?
- Where my ivory bed?
 Where the joy of my morning hour?
 Where the Sons of Eternity singing.
- 7. `To awake bright Urizen, my King,
- 7. `To awake bright Urizen, my King, To arise to the mountain sport,
- To the bliss of eternal valleys;
- 8. `To awake my King in the morn,
- To embrace Ahania's joy On the breath of his open bosom, From my soft cloud of dew to fall
- In showers of life on his harvests?

 9. When he gave my happy soul
- 9. `When he gave my happy soul
 To the Sons of Eternal Joy;
 When he took the Daughters of Life
 Into my chambers of love:

When I found Babes of bliss on my beds, And bosoms of milk in my chambers, Fill'd with eternal seed — O! eternal births sung round Ahania. In interchange sweet of their joys! Swell'd with ripeness and fat with fatness, Bursting on winds, my odours, My ripe figs and rich pomegranates, In infant iov at thy feet. O Urizen! sported and sang. 12. 'Then thou with thy lap full of seed, With thy hand full of generous fire, Walked forth from the clouds of morning; On the virgins of springing joy. On the Human soul to cast The seed of eternal Science. The sweat poured down thy temples. To Ahania return'd in evening; The moisture awoke to birth My mother's joys, sleeping in bliss. 14. `But now alone! over rocks. mountains. Cast out from thy lovely bosom! Cruel Jealousy, selfish Fear, Self-destroying! how can delight Renew in these chains of darkness. Where bones of beasts are strown On the bleak and snowy mountains. Where bones from the birth are buried

