

DISCOURSE OF GRAVES

VERSE 1

My name is Aryan Franklin Graves, I know not my age nor how long I've been lying in my cot. I must at first start from what I recall as the beginning of my experience. If the act of describing omnipotence were so effortless, there would be no need for life and death.

I awoke from a deep slumber. I had not known how long I had been asleep nor had I any recollection of my time before sleeping. My only sureties were I had traveled far and seen much with my time away from my current form.

I gasped at the feeling of a body once again. It had been countless ages since the weight of mass and muscle had been in my control. Matter and organs responding to my commands. My place in the universe restored to its natural state. Indeed, a welcome regression.

The revelation echoed in my mind and I recalled a memory. A stupendous memory that racked me with awe as I even lay in my mortal shell. The image of a vast sea of light and dark. Stars beyond imagining. Churning and spinning around one another and within them, more stars. Around them from the left and to the right. And all together they formed a single star that in and of itself was accompanied by many others that could not be counted. My mind groaned in the vast exercise it took to keep it all from swallowing my sanity.

I could not even be sure if I was sane. For within one of these stars I saw myself laying on this very bed, and I lay for eons not moving or waking. And in an adjacent I saw myself laying yet again, only I had been roused shortly after only to look upon this infinity once more and be lost. Many instances of myself I saw, with slight difference and nuance. I saw them simultaneously, I only now can process one at a time. My vision now limited.

I now seem to be locked in the limitations of a mortal. Only able to remember linearly my experiences. It is difficult to return to such a small existence. After embracing eternity and becoming the infinity, one contemplates the meaning of existence.

VERSE 2

And so, I make a record of my experiences. As long as I have the memory to do so.

I being a mortal man with a wife and daughter, found myself at the end of my nightly ritual in a deep slumber where then I was swept away in a vision. Whether my body had traveled with my mind I can not say even after the fatigue of the it all. I found myself stripped and naked upon a precipice in time.

Out of time walked a figure of a tall women of just complexion. From toe to nose the embodiment of perfection. From the bridge of her cheeks to the crown of her skull her head lay wide open with a splinter of long horns curling out over time's vistas. And sitting within, a bright red blue eye, forever watching me. I recalled her only as the Watcher.

"This one has found you, Aryan. And with you it will impart its knowledge." The

women spoke in an alluring genderless voice not her own. *"What say you, Aryan"*

Having a desire to know the things this creature possessed I answered *"What must I do to receive this knowledge?"*

"The currency of power by which intelligences converse is through the bonding of matter. This is the way you will commune." The voice from the women said and she stepped close to me.

Whether it was mere instinct or some spell put upon us. Together we embraced. Our kiss was a gateway to an ocean I had not seen in a lifetime. The currency of power flowing through us both. As our bodies began to tangle and our spirits stared into one another I had forgotten all I had lived up till that fateful moment.

I began to see time much more clearly. Back to the time where the currency was a much different form. A form in which intelligence battled over matter. And beings where made and unmade. Not one of influence could exist among this chaos to govern over them.

I found myself lingering too long on these small minds as the pale women folded into me to show the other intelligences watching and laughing at these. They had power to govern the small but instead chose not to. They gorged themselves on the spoils of this vast cosmic battlefield. And the small minds could not see nor hear them.

"Behold the greater beings who have ascended beyond those lesser. How they revel in the pain and death of the weak. Their power remains idol and stale."

For eons these greater beings, calling themselves gods, grew fat and drunk on the remains of the lesser. For the universe

was endless and the fields where never empty of the pain and suffering.

The women groped at my mind and I saw the canvas upon which this picture was painted. A vast churning well of infinity in which the souls of the lesser and the greater where chained.

"Look and behold the Well of Souls," The Watcher said. *"The vast infinite none can grow beyond nor tame. See it propel those beneath and swallow those above. It's foundations across every realm."*

I looked and saw this Well of Souls, after eons of stagnancy began to quake. The fissures of which could be felt across the whole of the universe. *"It shakes."* I said. *"It is not indulgent of damnation."* proclaimed the Watcher. *"It rejects this currency of power."*

VERSE 3

And as the foundations of space and time began to crumble the women slid up and down across my body. The gods rolled from there gorged daises in a panic. *"The Great Well means to undo our kingdom!"* Their world was ending and a plan needed to be made.

"We must feed it and please it or there will be none left to watch over the little ones!" Across the crumbling reality they flew gathering their faculties while the Well of Souls wailed in mad unrest. I stared into that great red and blue eye as our lips moved in sync with the moaning of the Well.

There was then a focal point given where the gods had met with these other greater beings. One appeared in fire, another out

of earth another still from the winds and out of the deep waters came the final.

They had the abilities to govern the elements but had not the permission to do so, until now at the end of times. They became the masters of the warring intelligences and there was a small pause in the Well as for the first time chaos was given direction.

The Watcher and I paused with the universe as the moment became solidified as the first sacred moment in time. And in the stillness and peace the elementals worked.

Earth brought her children to Water whose own children embraced them in friendship for the first time and made clay. Wind came together with Fire to create the breath of life which shaped the clay into the living figures of the first man and women.

The Well of Souls looked and was pleased and gave a soul to each figure. Life became realized and Man saw one another but there was no action. With dead lazy eyes they stared at the world and knew not love nor ambition. Hollow shells of the greater gods that ordered their production.

"See these Gods how they know not the devices of prosperity. Their hearts of murder and feeding, none of nurturing and paternity." Said the Watcher and we embraced once more. *"Man is the likeness of their creators."*

The Well of Souls cried out in agony and all began to crumble once more. The Gods wept in sorrow and the elementals fled to their realms to prepare for the unraveling of all things.

The Watcher then began to press upon me harder and faster and I saw in the far

corners of the universe a forgotten elemental. An element of the nothingness. She strode from the void in thunderous satisfaction as she came a new form shone round about her. A form never known before. A form of bipedal duality. Two arms, two legs, two eyes and so forth. This new form was attractive to the doomed Gods and they wished to know it before the end.

"I will share with you this form. But first the one who gifted it demands an audience to save our world." Void said. The Gods agreed and Void brought forth a fair and beautiful maiden from the nether regions of the aether.

The Gods recognized this maiden's presence from long ago and did not trust her and demanded she return to the cursed realm she crawled from. The Maiden looked upon the Well of Souls and upon Man then to the play Gods and smiled. It was here the pale women held me tight in ecstasy. *"It is desire that Man needs to feel the spark of life."* The maiden said. *"Without it, Man is nothing. I will give Man desire on one condition. The Seed of Man is mine and mine alone."*

The Gods refused and as they did the Well shook the foundation of the Heavens and the Hells. As the worlds cracked and crumbled and the play Gods wept, the maiden smiled. *"It is the only way to avoid destruction."* With their worlds in jeopardy the Gods agreed to the maidens demands and she gave Man desire.

Man arose and looked upon one another and loved each other. They began to multiply and the Well ascended lesser souls to this new plane and was satisfied. *"See the Soul Well's anger quelled. As the currency of power is reborn into desire."* The grinding hips of the Watcher moved

slower. *"See the Well fall into it's deep slumber once more as a new age begins."*

As she road me I saw the old gods crawl to their new Goddess, the fair and mysterious maiden and she being the entity of great power, foreign to this realm granted the old gods the bipedal forms that was promised. The forms that she first gave to Man. The forms that bound the universe to the currency of power. The power of Lust and Desire.

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