

An Invocation for the Cessation of the Plague

O gods, what have you done? what have we done to deserve it?

the fields are full of the expendable
the shops are full of the expendable
the factories, hospitals, kitchens, plants, docks, rails
the riverwalkers, fruitpickers, the drivers & the mailers
all are expendable
as much as essential

to the maintenance of the rich, white
shield which holds strong as steel
& keeps the colonists cozy
& so much less than real

whose doors are painted red
whose hands & pockets are dripping red
from boiling harbors & lakes of coagulated red
to oceans soaked & roasted with red, evaporating into red

O gods, what have you done? what have we done to deserve it?

who is we

the we of white wonder at its own wide reflection?
not the we of which to eat food or pharmaceuticals
not the we of essential workers essentially in a trench
not the we in the white imagination, like a monkey with a wrench
twisting at cogs with malice aforethought

o gods & trees & highest Spirit who Sees,
how can you let this world be so shaped
by the least righteous among us?
who is among us? who is us?

o gods & trees O asherîm & oak

how many years since the world really spoke?

O Yah, El, Zeús, & double-axèd Teššup,

o Enki of the Abzû, o Bellower of Ásgarðr, Amun-Ra the Horus, the Sîn, & the Hadad,
the agents of the Deep, the prophets of the Steep, the keepers of the Groves,
the sleepers of the valley, the eaters of the lotus, the modus of the Uncreated Dream!

O Astártē, Aphrodítē, Alilat, & Anat,

Tammuz & Persephonē,

Lord oh Ba'al oh Master oh Adōnaî, o Adonis of the Kur, o Hathor-headed Hera,
branch-headed Kernunnos, & the sacred stags of Day & Night, o Hekátē & Hausōs!

o Thrice-Great Teacher, o Moses of the Mount, & the Sitters of the Tree-Shade,

the billion-lidded throng of the Ōphanîm's gyred song,
Utu al-Gabal, & the Gazers of the Deep,

O dark matter O Tártaros the Free!

oh, Kháos! oh, Krónos! oh, Eros Most High!

O great Gaña's womb & the four souls of horned Osiris,
the holy labyrinth of the Apis & leaping virgins of the Bull of Heaven

O Cow of the Enclosure! o Moloch of the Greenless Eye! o Ruin & Wrath!
o pandemonium pandemica, unseeing god of Sophia, & the howling of the devourers of Bákkhos
o! the Hunter & the Hunted!

O Poseidōn Gaiêokhos & the holy river Ocean, widest Thalassa & the children of Yam,
oh the Tiamat & the Thetys, Jordan the First Immerser, the Yellow Léthē & Bluest Nile

O eternal shadow of Dyēus Patêr, the atmospheric fasces-bearer,

O open arms of the earth, the Korē & the Kybelē, the reunited horizon,
Dēmētēr the Mother, O Matêr mine, the late great bride of humankind
who sucked her dry, at least those who would try,
the least righteous among us?
who is among us? who is us?

O sacred assembly,

who has desecrated you?

what pain should be their penance?

this plague which has sold sorrow across the globe *aims low*, o holy sky,
the righteous & the meek at funerals twice a week from a distance,
while the maskless hordes demand the order of the world they kill but never die for,
what kind of justice is this? what is the meaning of bliss
when all we know is this? what do we imagine we deserve
when this is the world we serve? who is we? who serves whom?
this old world is full of hope but theirs is full of doom
doom for the fallen & trampled never the towered & gated
now is the time o gods to reap what the fated have sown
& save them *Mother* who can be saved
& gather all the pain the rest have wrought & shatter every bone of every last throne