

LIBER ARINNA

I dance with Hadit Sunstar, Daimon of morning sun
, lighter of aeons , banisher of the Seven
Archons.

I/He blast the heavens clear, we soar as Fool
and Star , a brilliant globe of blue and red,
lightning plays about the spinning globe-
azure amidst the Pit.

I see the vessels filled, hear the symphony
created upon the lutes of flesh dancing in cells
of gold spurning freedom of lead and mercury.

See not reflection, speak not the words of
wisdom, the script writes faster than the mind
can Flow-ir.

Still raging, the storm resides therein- BOLT
cleaving the eyes, splitting heaven and earth
with the sound of one million dying- the Aeon
has come , I am the mask come stalking through
the jungle of Trees to devour the gazelle,
I am the Lion afire, the bright Bird Ba
of flame.

Nowhere silent endless flight onward throughness
of which time-space know not nor sees not-
flow-ing betweeness thought form impression
leaves songs to sing , tales to tell the Chela.

Hawking, worm fed, screams for blood and many
crowd upon his wings, filling endless sky he
cries WER God, eyes of sun and moon.

Mountain phallus, waterless womb, ocean desires
theland forming the life therein erupting,
formed by the dancing currents singing to a
symphony of endless star cycles.

The Early Ones call me, they erupt through my
hands, eyes and tongue...

I am the Star cast upon the endless sea,
rushing forward into the oblivious goal of
all creation, the gate of the Beyond-Sun and
one link one chain shall then bind the rebellous
Angel FREED.

The Pyramid, the four phallus swastica of
fire alight the touch of the pinnacle.

First mound of creation, first lit at dawn-
Point of All atop the obelisk becomes the
centerpole of pyramid therein a teaching
as seed/aethyr center conjoins with goddess
four-square, the levels are intermixed
thus a third formed.

Thus the point who is NOT is Pan to Chaos-
Babalon of endless possibilities, four-square
womb of reification, cancerous Whore of the
slime, brittle blackened mummy of death and
the shattered wheel -Genetrix.

I call the mystic Womb-an 418, Golden One
who is the beginning and the end of patterns
sparkling weave spin the webs of Hadit amidst
the incarnated cosmos

ARI - N - NA

Mysterious One
Opener of the Gate
Wherein I shall die.

Scribed by my SELF unto AXIL ,Noon;

5/6/80

A KA DUA TUF UR BIU BIA CHEFU DUDU NUR
AF AN NUTERU.