THE BOOK OF
AHANIA

LAMBETH
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Ahuna

Chap. I

1. Funkon on a chariot iron-wings'd
On spiked flames rose: his hot visage
Flamin' furious, sparkles his hair & 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.
Son of Uryan's silent burnings

2. Shall we worship this Demon of smoke, said Funkon: this abstract non-entity
This cloudy God, seated on waters
Now seen, now obscured, King of sorrow?

3. So he spoke in a fiery flame
On Uryan frowning indignant.
The Globe of wrath, shaking on high
Roaring with fury, he threw
The howling Globe: burning, it flew
Lengthning into a hungry beam. Swiftly

4. Oppossed to the exulting flamid beam
The broad Disk of Uryan upheav'd
Across the Void many a mile.

5. It was forg'd in mills where the winter
Beats incessant: ten winters the disk.

Unremitting endured the cold hammer.

6. But the strong arm that sent it, remember:
The sounding beam; laughing it tore through
That beaten mass: keeping its direction
The cold lins of Uryan dividing.

7. Dire shrieked his invisible Lust
Deep round Uryan: stretching his awful hand
Ayana (so name his parted soul)
He seized on his mountains of Jealousy.
He groaned, anguish'd, & called, her Sun,
Killing her and weeping over her:
Then hid her in darkness in silence:
Jealous she was invisible.

8. She fell down a faint shadow wandering
In chaos and circling dark Uryan
As the moon anguish'd circles the earth;
Hopeless, abhor'd: a death-shadow.
Uryan, unbodied, unknown.
The mother of Pestilence.

9. But the fiery beam of Funkon
Was a pillar of fire to Egypt
Five hundred years wandering on earth
Till last seized it and beat in a mass
With the body of the sun.
Chap. II.

1. But the forehead of Urizen gathering,
And his eyes pale with anguish, his lips
Blue & changing; in tears and bitter
Contrition he prepared his Bow.

2. Form'd of ribs: that in his dark solitude
When obscure in his forests fell monsters
Arose. For his dire Contemplations
Rushed down like floods from his mountains
In torrents of mud settling thick
With Eggs of unnatural production
Forthwith hatching; some howld on his hills
Some in vales; some aloft flew in air

3. Of these: an enormous dread Serpent
Scaled and poisonous harrowed
Approach'd Urizen, even to his knees
As he sat on his dark rooted Oak.

4. With his horns he push'd furious
Great the conflict & 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.

6. O Bow of the clouds, of secrecy:
O nerve of that last form'd monster,
Send this rock swift, invisible there
The black clouds, on the bosom of Fuzon

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 source! plac'd with art, lifting difficult
Its weighty bulk; silent the rock lay.

8. While Fuzon his tygers unloosing

Thought Urizen slain by his wrath.
I am God, said he, eldest of things!

9. Sudden sing the rock, swift & invisible
On Fuzon flow, enter'd his bosom.
His beautiful visage, his treasurers,
That giv'd light to the mornings of heaven
Were smitten with, darknels: deformd
And outstretched on the edge of the forest.

10. But the rock fell upon the Earth,
Mount Sinai in Arabia.

Chap. III.

1. The Globe shook: and Urizen seated
On black clouds, his sore wound averted
The ointment flow'd, down on the void
Mix'd with blood: here the snake's got her poison

2. With difficulty & great pain, Urizen
Lifted on high the dead corpse:
On his shoulders he bore it to where
A Tree hung over the Immensity

3. For when Urizen shrank away
From Eternals, he sat on a rock
Barren; a rock which himself
From redounding fancies had petrified
Many tears fell on the rock,
Many sparks of vegetation:
Soon shot the painted root
Of Mystery, under his heel
It grew a thick tree; he wrote
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. Amsid, startled Urizen, when
He beheld himself compass'd round
And high rooted, 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.
Enroutin itself all around.
An endless labyrinth of woe.

6. The corpse of his first begotten
On the accursed Tree of Mystery.
On the topmost stem of this tree
Usien raised Fusjon's corpse.

Chap: IV:

1. Forth flew the arrows of pestilence
Round the pale living corpse on the tree

2. For in Usien's slumber of abstraction
In the infinite ages of Eternity;
When his nerves of joy melted & flowed
A white lake on the dark blue air
In perturb'd pain & dismal torment.
Now stretching out, now smite & gloomling.

3. Effluvia vapor'd above
In noxious clouds, these hover'd thick.
Over the disorganiz'd Immortal.
Till petrific pain, secur'd o'er the lakes
As the bones of man, solid & dark.

4. The clouds of disease hover'd wide
Round the immortal in torment.
Percussing around the hurling bones
Disease on disease, shape on shape.
Winged, screaming in blood, & torment.

5. The Eternal Prophet beat on his anvils
Enraged in the desolate darkness.
He forged nets of iron around
And Las threw them around the bones.

6. The shapes screaming flutter'd vain
Some convulsed, into muscles & glands
Some organs for opening and fast
Most remained on the tormented void.
Usien's army of horrors.

7. Round the pale living corpse on the tree.
Forty years flew the arrows of pestilence

8. Wailing and terror and woe
Ran thro' all his dismal world.
Forty years, all his sons & daughters
Felt their skulls harden then Asia
Arose in the pendulous deep.

9. They reptilize upon the Earth.

10. Fusjon ground on the tree.

Chap: V

1. The lamenting voice of Ahania
Weeping upon the void.
And round the Tree of Fusjon.
Distant in solitary night,
Her voice was heard, but no form
Had she, but her tears from clouds.
External fell round the tree.

2. And the voice cried: Ah Usien! Love!
Flower of mornings! I weep on the verge
Of Non-entity; how wide the Abyss
Between Ahania and thee.

3. I lie 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 & thro' valleys of death.
Why didst thou despise Ahania?
To cast me from thy bright presence.
Into the world of Lamenels.

5. I cannot touch his hand.
Nor weep on his knees, nor hear
His voice & 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
But I wander on the rocks
With hard necessity.

6 Where is my golden palace
Where my every bed
Where the joy of my morning hour
Where the sons of eternity singing

7 To awake bright Urizen my king
To arise to the mountain sport
To the hills of eternal valleys

8 To awake my king in the morn
To embrace Ahania joy
On the breath of his open bosom
From my soft cloud of dew to fill
In showers of life on his harvests

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

10 When I found babes of bliss on my beds
And bosoms of milk in my chambers
Filled with eternal seed
O eternal births sung round Ahania
In interchange sweet of their joys.

11 Swelled with ripeness & fat with fatness
Bursting on winds my odors
My ripe figs and rich pomegranates

In infant joy 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 verges of spring and joy
On the human soul to cast
The seed of eternal science.

13 The sweat poured down thy temples
To Ahania reborn in evening
The moisture awake to birth
My mothers-joys, sleeping in bliss.

14 But now alone over rocks, mountains
Crest out from the lovely bosom:
Cruel jealousy, selfish fear,
Self-destroying, how can delight.
Renew in these chains of darkens
Where bones of beasts are strown
On the bleak and snowy mountains
Where bones from the birth are buried
Before they see the light.

FINIS.