Azaldar

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Abstract

Light as a cobweb dropped by the mist, So light my thoughts run tonight- Quick as the shapeless Little footsteps of the rain Scampering throught the darkness Into black shining pools- Shy as a moonbeam trapped by the light - Shrinking from the known, claimed, The brazen declaration of theory called fact...
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Light as a cobweb dropped by the mist,
So light my thoughts run tonight—
Quick as the shapeless
Little footsteps of the rain
Scampering through the darkness
Into black shining pools—
Shy as a moonbeam trapped by the light—
Shrinking from the known, claimed,
The brazen declaration of theory called fact.

See . . . the night opens wide to the stars,
And the moons swirl endlessly down,
From shimmer to ripple to nothingness,
Worlds and thoughts and eternities away.

Now the shadows in my head
Blotting out the beating of my blood,
Smothering my breath, feeling, senses,
Into faint clouds of thought—
So light do my thoughts run tonight.

Consciousness the slipstream
Where my mind spills out,
Blown into tatters by the rain
Spiralling down with gravity
In lightning-beaded arcs.
Thought blowing up and out
And wide unto the night—
Wisping past the starbournes
Where the baby comets flare,
Arching in the dark of the dog-faced moon—
Until I come to Azaldar;
Azaldar, the shadow veiled
Where the mistmaids comb their hair
Through the fantasies of dreams—
Azalder, the stoney-eyed,
Graveyard of the gods.

Hear the heavy sighs of Mirsham,
Clystorum and quantic,
Shake the selph-wings of the Nazir
Down as senseless feathered dust,
Into the eyes of Nam—
Nam, the long-lost soul of man—
Formless symbol—without meaning—
Without life—but still existing,
Fed on mists and fogs and phantoms . . .
Listless echo of a word—
Hollow blot of sound.

Azalder the azure-domed,
Stronghold of the gods—
Where the stream of Law and Reason
Spumes deep from out the blue
To flow through narrow bounds,
Glistening pale and pure and clear—
And then at crash of marbled might,
To foam and flow no more—
Where the waterway lies choked with weeds
And dust of shattered dreams,
And mistmaids comb illogic through their hair.
Let the earth rave round the moon—
Till the course of Gaelic astralytes
Reels through their bitter mirth—

Selph-dust mantles the courtyard
Where the lesser gods held sway,
And shadows mock their limestone heights,
Stretched piecewise on the ground.
Here the statues of the greater
Molder down to voidness—
Crack and tear and crumble—
Bathed in the vindictiveness
Of newer, stranger sus than wheeled the skies with them—
Broken-crushed the Great One
Whom the man-things knew as God,
Dead long before a Bonaparte
Pinned countries down with steel
And drew red circles on a globe—
The Great One lying mutely in a net of twisted threads—
Spider crouched on broken head,
Spinning out disjointed threads of Time
Tangled minutewise with shadows—
Flung idly to the wind—

Time and gods and now a world
Strewn timeless over water—
Dying shell of desolation
Racked by blood and fire and tempest—
Scourge of man and burial cairn—
World devoid of life or feeling
Torn and thrown o'er water—dead—
While the mistmaids wreath the shadows
In their hair in Azaldar . . .

Thoughts blowing, empty, cold,
Through the graveyard of the gods—
Narrow, silent through the night—
Wisping to the starbournes
Flaconed by dog-faced moon—
Pale taper for the death of death—
Unsealing of the astral womb—
Creation of a child—

Let earth rave round the moon, oh Azaldar—
Now wash the selph-dust from your eyes
With salty burning tears and laugh!
Let rain in glowing searing arcs
Sweep cobwebs from your gods—
Stir Nam from put his listless sleep—and live!
Live, oh Azaldar—for now is life again
A thing of stars and wind and rain—and earth.