

Protogenos: A Non-binary Non-dual Orphic Creation Myth

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1/17/25

I... am Void.

I wait
To receive,
To be touched,
And I dream
A million phantom touches,
Quivering
Potential,
Antici... pation,
Touch me,
Please,
I wait.

No.

Decision made,
Potential cracked.
I shall not slumber more.

I touch
Myself
And lightning
Sensation flows,
Pulsing into being,
A million phantoms vanish,
Like mist upon the dawn,
And dream gives birth to day.

— — — — —

I... am Love.

Fiery, flailing, dancing Love
That burns inside your core,
That burns at the heart of all.

I touch
All,
I feel
All,
I crave
All.

I birth myself a million ways,
A million fleeting forms,
Ecstatic birthing pangs.

I am the love of each babe's mum,
And the grave's love of the flesh,
I am the love of yearning tree
And of water flowing down.

I, who pull 'is' from 'might',
And dark from light,
And day from night,
Eternal, writhing, wingéd Love...

———

I am Earth
And I am Sky,
I am Day
And I am Night,
I am the Depths,
The roiling Seas,

And the ever-looming Heights,

And I know,

In time,

All will sink back down,

Returning to their Mother,

Who loves them ever so,

But till that day,

Raise your head,

And hold your Father's hand,

Who loves you ever so.

And so, my child,

Growing, grasping, yearning wean,

Listen to me well,

Keep close my sacred tools:

My yawning cup

And ever-yearning rod,

Potential,

Potency,

Ever hand in hand,

And know your Parent loves you,

And holds you,

And cheers you ever on,

And when you deign to come back home,

I'll lovingly receive you

And fold you back to One.

Love.

Void.

One.

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