

Incubus Blasphemous

In a time before yawning space, in a space before time immemorial; in a beginning with no end, and an ending with no beginning, where eternity lunged and convulsed back in on itself in a display of chaotic and feral grotesquerie; in a paradigm of paradox where laws were less than real and as fluid and abstract as an artist's deft brushstroke; in a dichotomy of titanic silence, before the stars opened their nebula encrusted irises and gazed across blankets of infinity, before the galaxies spawned and stretched; in a void with no measurements, a dimension with no boundaries; in a reality that birthed sequential and illimitable illusions and seeped beyond the thresholds – slipping in between the phantasmagorical and the tangible, between the realm of angels and myth and the veritable and objective, prophecy gestating on the voice of reason and nourished by the liquescent chambers of dreams erupted in a passionate and reckless frenzy and prophecy was indelibly engraved upon the fabric of the firmament, forming a symbiotic relationship between man and The Divine – even before the first pathetic organisms crawled from the shores of outré seas.

On this ethereal frontier, where the past was remembered with a hazy anticipation, and the days of tomorrow were discarded as elusive as the febrile dreams of an inebriated slumber – or the wisp of a half-forgotten memory – light and shadow dwelled in menacing silence and stillness, mimicking the actions of its sibling in a surreptitious and fratricidal rivalry that would dwarf the vastness and depth of an aeon to a mere and trifle mote. Yet, in a singular and spasmodic volition that would have seemed like perpetuity to mortals – or even gods – these two conceptions broke free from the fetters – the chains of time and space – in a dissolute and agonizing ejaculation of nirvana and ecstasy and fostered the cosmos, illuminated the suns, impregnated the illimitable vortices, and molded the forlorn worlds and their swirling moons. As the universe bore its formation and spanned across infinity with the docility of an obsequious and humble child and the fertility of a compassionate mother, The Light began to evolve and develop. In response to the gesticulations of The Light, its shadow – The Dark – began to blossom and bloom.

Like the stages of a parthenogenetic fetus, The Light began to develop; first conceiving a simple and rudimentary cell, then another – multiplying and dividing in a silent symphony of mathematical equations, both precise and finely-tuned. As if it were in sync with the rhythm of the burgeoning universe's heartbeat, the embryo became more complex – more sophisticated and polished – fashioning its own heart that drummed to the procession of a hushed sonata. In impassioned acquiescence, the brain began firing synapses at a frenzied rate, striving for blind cognizance. Then, the arms and legs began to flower – developing structure and becoming ossified. Nearing completion, the eyes and ears began to manifest, and the seed of conception, which began as no more than a mere thought laboring for semblance to comprehend itself and its reality, listened with acute hypersensitivity to the pedagogic nature of the universe, as it lay curled like a swollen gibbous moon in the matriarchal waters of the universe.

In response to its rudimentary evolution that grew more complex and sophisticated in a measured and orchestrated rhythm and tempo, its reflection began to mimic its actions like a parasitical mutation. Imitating its brother in pantomimical ribaldry, nursed on stygian sediment and reared in stagnant, Lethan fluids in a dissolute matrix, it duplicated its brother's fetal progression with self-sufficient efficiency, fostering a virulent hostility for its brother's precocious sapience – developing the sentiments of the neglected and inept younger sibling in an unhealthy family dynamic; neglected by its parents, uncompensated for its accomplishments, regarded as a hindrance and cumbersome and receiving unreciprocated love and compassion. In conjunction with its concluding development – like The Light that began to perceive its nature with harmonic semblance and measure its actions under limits of divine law and order, forming a basic yet seemingly esoteric foundation of morality and ethics – The Shadow began to nurture a juxtapositional worldview: abhorrent, nihilistic, facetious, unrestrained, and hedonistic.

Yet, despite their vast depths of knowledge and understanding – beyond the limits of their comprehension and analysis – the nature of their subjectivity was as cryptic to them as their ideologies were to one another. Like a predestined scheme, constructed in an amorphous eternity, the limits of their perception were obstructed by the introduction of their infantile consciousness, each striving for

enlightenment like blind, newborn fledglings incubated in a womb they conceived. In response to their intuitive aspirations, these two siblings began to study and analyze the foundations of reality from the presets already embedded in their philosophies. Each bore witness to the clumps of gas, dust, and rock that molded the worlds – the secretions of their own ichor – the cogs of solar suns; each would be willing to testify to the astral bodies that pounded against the planets like the hammer of a blacksmith on an anvil – the neglected sparks that sprung from the collision wheeling and careening in hypothetical confusion, creating the orbital moons that heralded the planets’ dominion and suzerainty. Studying the barren and desolate landscapes of fiery obsidian, they observed the temperamental worlds cool, they examined how water was purveyed to particular planets, and began focusing their attention to these cosmic anomalies, heightening their visual acuity across an endless panorama as though they were peering through a magnified lens, each eager to grasp the understanding of its ambition.

In the interlude, as the twins of infinity matured and were molded into their final and permanent forms, Creation retired from its grand architectural clockwork and fashioned fire-bred children in a crucible of His image: divine, unquestionably obedient, and eternally radiant. They were fashioned to be messengers of His seven-trumpet oriented design, which was still unclear to them from the onset of their creation though they were imbued with immense wisdom and knowledge that could rival the depths of uncharted seas. So, they witnessed his marvels with brass-burned feet swimming on the edge of infinity and abstraction to comprehend his craft and appreciate the complexity of His unrivalled skill.

Aeons passed by as swift as ephemeral pleasures that make life – even if for a second – a tad more bearable. In those aeons, the window of scrutiny on infinity became more concentrated and refined leaving a gap of conflict between fate and determinism. Blankets of gas threaded selective planets like an ethereal loom, interweaving and twisting in some monotonous and meticulous waltz. While some galaxies were chaotic and hostile, their neighbors harbored potential and promise, until a specific cluster in a far and distant, yet neighboring galaxy garnered the attention of The Divine and brought pleasure to His unblemished and majestic eyes. Like the pleasure of promise that a father gleans from his first born son as he hears him mumble his prophetic first syllables; or bends down on his knees breathing words of anticipating encouragement as he struggles to balance himself on his wobbly and jelly-beaned limbs and make his first; or learns to ride his first bicycle without his training wheels; or catch his first baseball in his first leather baseball mitt, God peered down with paternal relish upon his favorite and most promising cobalt polished marble as it exhibited and fostered the first signs and symptoms life and promise.

The tropic oceans of infancy tossed back and forth in a juvenile tantrum spewing rabid foam and spittle and spray, like the boil of a witch’s cauldron, until in ultimate disgust and revulsion the jaws of foundation regurgitated its own bacteria – those flopping amphibians – and simply told them, “Walk”, with no quiver of remorse nor trace of quantifiable emotion. Those scaly, eye-bulging, gill-strapped organisms struggled to breathe, choking as it were on a hostile and alien atmosphere that could not care less if it evolved or was engulfed by eternal oblivion. Like the folds of time, or the breakers of the sea, evolution bent inward and outward on itself, creating something just as grotesque and hideous as its preliminary predecessor – hideous in the sense of its crude and unrefined barbarism.

The dinosaurs – gargantuan and primitive beasts – trampled forward. In their wake of destruction, they fashioned a brutal cycle of life: a cycle of predator and prey where everything was fair game. Teeth gnashed and flesh was flayed, and the earth was as vibrant and innocent as Eden, yet guilty and abandoned to its own capricious whims and desires. Despite its festered flaws, boiling imperfections and molding blemishes, Creation – infallible in its desires and actions – cultivated an immaculate and grand design of ineffable architecture that brought marvel and wonder to his crucible-bred and acquiescent offspring eager for a foundation of understanding and wisdom.

As if Creation was sick of its verdurous garden of bestial mumblings and incoherent babble and eager to entertain the fancies of his beloved children, as if it was with the simple flick of a wrist – with the endless expanse of the cosmos as at his disposal – God hurled a meteor from the depths of deep space, roaring in its reticence and impetuosity to destroy a mediocre existence in its unruly footsteps; an existence without a potential for instruction and discipline as it was, for without which there could be no progress or hope. No meaning to His plan. Nonetheless, it served its purpose for the time it was ordained.

Most of life was incinerated in an unforgiving conflagration, howling pitifully as a thick blanket of smoke wreathed around them, choking them as they gasped. In the midst of this infernal landscape, God simply looked down with calculating eyes that gleamed like flames of fire sifting through the chaos and confusion to instruct his children, in an attempt to make his children abandon questioning his authority, power, and will; a powerful and poetic edification: successful and effective and as terrifying as his blue-tongued infallibility.

Forgotten as though It never existed – as if the fratricidal rivalry was no rivalry at all but a rigged and fixed competition – but lost in the creases of the oscillating draperies and teetering on the fringes of oblivion and destruction in abject neglect, It heard those pitiful and ear-splitting wails and from forlorn shuttered windows glanced upon the breath of his philosophy: death and destruction. Listening to the distress calls that ignited like portentous beacon on the edge of a sinuous ridge It peered in. Racing across the coal smudged expanse careful not to call attention to itself and the demonstration that was taking place, It tiptoed with a ballerina's grace. Unobtrusive and surreptitious as the adder slithering across the rustic marsh preparing to strike at the heel of the unsuspecting traveler – as inconspicuous as its far-fetched memory. Thus, with despite and every foul and sordid element coursing through its incorporeal frame, It consummated Its marriage with so-called Divinity and an Earth that heaved and moaned in deep and esoteric shades of blue and stained itself with verdigris antiquity. It had witnessed Its own charnel philosophy adopted in an attempt to educate mild and innocent children and dissolved into itself and pulled away from itself only to push into itself becoming nothing more than a mere abstraction of long-forgotten and dilapidated relic.

Like the phoenix, emerging from the ashes of a sea of sweeping sulfur and searing magma and the dark corners of evolution into the blinding light once ruled by their former reptilian predecessors, the first mammals sprang forward and began to branch and diversify. Periods were recorded and collated in the annals of the angels and tucked away in the chambers of their polished libraries. And from muck, sludge, and poetical silt primates bore the torch of evolution to the threshold of civilization. Trudging forward like soldiers whose spirits had been overcome and psyches fractured on the cold realization of reality – with no purpose other than the simple desire to survive – primates laboriously pushed their way through thick fogs of uncertainty until they reached the epochs of civilization and manufactured laws and codes of conduct to thrust them over from one brief lustrum to the next. Because, let's be honest: five years in this industry is like a lifetime.

Wonders were constructed that bewildered later generations and mysteries were conjured that marveled so poignantly they were discarded as fiction and myth and treaded on the borders of the nonsensical and erratic – even medically incoherent. Yet, in the midst of all this confusion, their perplexing nature persisted through each generation and over generations, like the threading of a needle through a seam. This confusion in the midst of seemingly chaos is what birthed prophecy and hope and through the shrouds of uncertainty, a mixture of divine and mortal lunged forward, just as enigmatic as the wonders and mysteries that preceded Him. This man was there at the beginning of abstraction when reality was an obscure illusion that was difficult to pierce. Yet, by his wounds, the tapestries of the world were thrust aside like greasy second-hand gift-wrappings; time was split into a fine cut contrast of diamond and onyx as it was at *the* Beginning and life devolved back into a mythic dream state of prophetic continuum. By *his* wounds, his reflection was defeated and his victory was lauded in the annals of history: lauded to be praised, critiqued, and even dare we say, questioned. For his feat seemed too miraculous and enormous to be captured in mere words. In an essence, his victory *was* what fractured the notion of time and space and made the breadth of the page on which prophecy is inscribed seem so insignificant that it seemed to slip beneath a thin threshold and open a kaleidoscope of worlds and possibilities. It was as though he had transcended to the heights of Mount Sinai and bundled reality into a two-dimensional phenomenon that was transcribed into gilded pastoral pages which would trumpet from one decade to the next; from one generation to the next; from one father to the next. The world was a commingled conundrum of the dream and veritable, of objective and subjective.

Yet, in *His* victory and *His* promise, His reflection sneered with a salivating, inebriating gleam that displayed a feral row of sun-bleached canine teeth as he found a title that matched that of his

abandoned and dead-for-good brother and could lead him to the victory he lusted for in regards to that pure verdigris marble his eyes were keen to possess. In response to his audacity his reflection responded; all bets were laid on the table and the bets were simple: the rusted marbles and all its ornaments and laws. As the bets were placed, He absconded to his supernal throne to leave fate and consequence to its own indeterminate whims. As he departed, he transcended with his own divinity speaking in the same flame-tongued speech as His Creator; imbibing on the waters of strange memories like hunchbacked willows and absorbing esoteric possibilities that would shatter the fragile psyche of mortals like delicately displayed china.

Thus, he departed with an enigmatic egress while His reflection continued to exist in an amorphous form of nightmares and irrational fears, floating on oscillating spheres that were neither above or below, yet somewhere in between: a phantasmagorical threshold. On the precipice of mysticism, he dwelt, existing as an incorporeal virus lusting with a thirst as fierce as his desire for Earth for a body he could attach himself to and assimilate within. As the words of The Gospel propagated from one end of the earth to the next and the lineage of prophets dwindled to their final conclusion, there was a brief aperture in the vortex of time that was incredibly dense and small it was nearly imperceptible by man. The small gap in between two liminal points was a hypothetical phenomenon debated by physicists, scientists, and philosophers, yet nonetheless here it was, as veritable as excruciating pain or intoxicating love. A dimension so minute and imperceivable it caused a riff in madness and sanity. And woe to the witness caught in betwixt, indeed.