

## Eniautos Daimon

### After William Blake's *The Book of Urizen*'

A Priest on either side of her, mauve-veil'd  
And trembling, Pythia rose from miry depths Of Castalian Spring; her shadowy visage,  
While hid by violet gauze, could not obscure Impious trepidation. Vultures gather'd above, Reviling  
with vicious shrieks the vivisected sun, Which, like a haemorrhage, upon the dim Translucent sky  
smear'd gouts of wine dark,

As if Apollo's chariot wheel'd across the Heavens The corpse of a bleeding god.

With quiet steps she led the congregation Unto the sunken, darken'd sanctuary, The adyton. Upon the  
tripod stool  
She sat in dignity, as five priests stood

In solemn stance, stone-faced and grave, Their gazes blank and vacant. Speaking In utterance clear  
but tremorous, Pythia Call'd into the tenebrous space.

Γνώθι σεαυτόν  
Μηδὲν ἄγαν  
Ἐγγύα πάρα δ'ἄτη  
Surety brings ruin, surety brings ruin, Brings ruin!

At once the stone floor crack'd and rifted;  
Sulph'rous smoke surg'd and seep'd through the chasm; Pythia shudder'd convuls'd ope'd her lips  
In silent scream! gaping eyes flay'd unfolded  
To visions sublime and merciless; myriad  
Revelations fell and crash'd, like thund'rous Storm-clouds thrust upon the earth by wrathful Ouranos,  
rolling and rolling across the chamber, Erupting in clamorous echo.

Pythia howl'd and howl'd, gnash'd her teeth,  
Black bile pouring from her mouth down her neck; Direful dirges tore themselves from her throat,  
Entirely unintelligible, raucously ecstatic;  
Which finish'd the elusive Prophecy, barely Discernable amid the frightful din, like the Ravenous sea  
straining jealously to devour again The bloodless cadavers it had return'd so Reluctantly to the dusty  
desolate shore.

Pythia's ravings grew more frantic still;  
Her hands seiz'd locks of her hair, pull'd And twisted with force; her teeth ripp'd into Lips and  
tongue; all bled; under compulsion Pythia sobb'd as she chanted, wiping her Cruor-stain'd arms lips  
face neck onto  
The ruin'd white garment.

Shaking violently she exhaled sweet sickly  
Rot. Groaning choking thrashing a great Serpent burst from the Oracle's mouth;  
Rearing its terrible head while she sputter'd  
In pain. The Python dragg'd itself out; wreathing Itself upon her, like Ophion wrapp'd round

A Cosmic Egg of gnosis, it rent her chest Asunder! Ribcage crack'd and fell apart; In anguish the  
Oracle wept through the

Throes of laborous Propheying, words Tumbling out as cataracts of blood and gall Gush'd from her;  
throttled in the coil

Of the great scaled Beast her lips mov'd Without her will; ages roll'd o'er, as the  
Snake twisted round and round, sinking

Its teeth into its barb'd tail, a constricting Cradle, until half-consum'd, it choked and fell Writhing  
onto the dusty ground, pulling Pythia Down from her tripod; the Python lurch'd, Disintegrated,  
leaving her spill'd on the

Floor of the sanctuary.

The Priests regarded her impassively;

As she collaps'd one walk'd forth, examin'd

The spill'd o2al, and scrawl'd a word on his papyrus. So they left in slow and order'd arrangement,  
And left her viscera spread upon her abdomen, Limbs splayed, her eyes still blank and piteous  
And gazing upon the Unseen.

Pythia was unburied for four weeks in the adyton, Which, seal'd and lock'd, remained unperturb'd;  
As temple-goers pass'd its entrance they  
Turn'd away from odours of saccharine

Festering decay, and quicken'd their steps.

The moon wax'd and wan'd; the Priests assembled Again on seventh day of the month  
And open'd the door to the chamber.

And lo, Pythia there stood silent. They dress'd her And led her out the Temple. Soundless she  
follow'd; In the ruddy dusk the Stygian waters stream'd along, Like a great winepress flooding the  
ravine.

The laurels fleck'd the murky spring with leaves, Which spirall'd into miry depths like wax-wing'd  
Icarus. Draping on her violet veil, Pythia  
Dipp'd her feet in Castalian Spring and knelt

On the shadowy river bed.

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