A Quest Into the 77th Novel

Absu

Long ago - in the shade of timberlands
Horses and wolves united - with our invoking orbit
In order to blister - the green summer plains
We heard commands - from our benighted master:"Reap from the illumated sky
...and become visible to thy eye!"
"I beseech thee; I entreat me"
"O circle of storms, my shield is cracked!"We stand here to cultivate
And summon smoke from the meadow
A sweep of an athame
(The widdershin), willunlock the deep portalsLong ago - in the shade of timberlands
Horses and wolves united - with our invoking orbit
In order to blister - the green summer plains
We heard commands - from our benighted master:"Ye overseer of the watchtowers below all clouds;
we thank you for framing the Rite of Hagiel.
Bygone and beyond, we must always and without ease, be explused.The season or solstice is complete when the shepherd of
Wolves lie upon vanishing hill's way.
We shall lure thy lost flock from shadows onto day.Aloneness is our space of winged sleep and sight;
therefore, watchtowers burn before the lift of the twilight"

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