

PROPHECY

[*Conversations with my Self*]

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*“And what were thou, and earth, and stars, and sea,
If to the human mind’s imaginings
Silence and solitude were vacancy?”*

PB Shelley, Mont Blanc

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for the trees

there was a place she visited once
with forests that s t r e t c h e d
planted
regimented
ruled
and when she spoke
the trees did not know her
and when she spoke with the voice of the mountain
the trees did not know themselves

and she raged
and mountains wept
for the soulless trees

Lost & Found

She is waiting.
Find her.

Leave the mind's privet hedges;
gardens grown gracefully,
controlled.

Walk past thought's flowerbeds;
carefully chosen colours
blooming.

Step from narrative pathways,
break bearings, become
loose, lost.

She is waiting.
Find her...

in the wilderness beyond ordered thoughts
in the blackness of midnight skies
in the warning-song of crows

smash through the gate of conscious thought
throw caution to the wind
embrace darkness
hear white noise

she is waiting
find her

On Anarchy and Madness...

The madness made her.
A semi-reality wrapped in days
of shopping, selling, shitting.
Days of *The Yellow Wallpaper*
existing only as echoes
from a not-so-distant past.

Women have moved on - they said.
Women are strong - they said
as ambitions for the material,
the tangible,
the concrete, beat 'fights-of-fancy' away.

Does history die?

Luna-cy decried by
a patriarchy that she does not belong to
shapes her

and the trees know her name...

Epiphany

There was a whisper,
a thought
no less pertinent for having existed only in the imagination,
or perhaps more-so.

There were words,
the inner-voice
a concept that would have been, was, easy to mock,
in the days before.

There appeared images,
projections,
prophecies, propaganda; a form of madness one might say, one
would have said,
until you see

that your heart cannot deny
what your imagination
knows

and nothing can ever be the same

awakening

she awoke to find the mountain inside her
no distance between voices
the strength of rock
the knowledge of aeons
as the mountain took over her heart

the closest a woman could come to god
perhaps.

She viewed the world with old eyes
and knew the men who walked upon her
and knew their hearts
and saw desire

and heard the mountain speak

I

I am in
I am out
I am up
I am down
I am left
I am right

I talk with trees
I have seen the hearts of mountains
(the starry night sky)
and the universe told me her name.

I was a great orange fire dragon
overflowing
with power and strength,
broken so completely
I burned with a pale flame before being snuffed out – dead
by a bird, or a man with wings,
who might, one-day, become
an angel.

I have been born 3 times
(of a woman
of a mountain
of a tree)

I know the wisdom of not-knowing
and shun cleverness -
the truth
lies in a simple word
and, I know that my feet exist so that I might stand firmly on the
ground.

I have dreamed of the ancient tree at the centre of the universe
(the Mother of all things)
and know the woman who was born of her,
she has the strength to heal the world – I hope that she does not
what then would be the point of life?

I know the man whose soul is pure music
and have seen him transcend time, life and death.
I have spoken with the Wandering Star
and released him from many years of anguish
and the woman of myriad flowers
is blossoming...

I see the wolf
I see the cat – feline
I see the eagle
I see the badger
I see the other dragon (I know that is not what I am anymore)
I see the butterfly, the deer, the swan, the bat, the owl, the hare,
I see the bear, the horse, the salmon, the fox, the mouse,
I see the man of moss and fungi,
I see the evolution of species,
the extinction of others,
and the man whose soul is so great that he has yet to find himself...

I know the trickster and her tricks.

The Angel of Death is my guide
a golden light in the face of so much darkness,
she is Death so that Life might exist
so that we might exist
and many who see her, fear her
but I do not
why should I fear my own shadow?

she brings death to hurt
she brings death to pain
she brings death to jealousy, rage, war,
she brings Death so that we might truly live again.

The Moon is rising-
'She Is Coming'
'She Is Coming'
'She Is Coming'

I see her...
'She Is Coming'
a flood of women -
an *ocean* of faces, limbs, intent,
an apocalypse,
many will drown...
there is a price to be paid
for so long ignored -
'She Is Coming'
there is a price to be paid...

I am the storyteller –
born of folklore
of yarn
the wise know the tales of old
the wise remember
the wise re-tell the ancient stories day-after-day in the land that
people forget
(rekindle the fire)
the wise know how to speak (without clever riddles)
how to exist
within language
and without...

I am in
I am out
I am up
I am down
I am left
I am right

I

the Universe...

and*

**unwritten*

mountainsong

I heard the mountain speak
she said to no one
it being inadvisable to admit to hearing voices
from the mountains or anything else except other people...

to hear only the voice of mankind
is the most perfect way to exist without being mad
unless of course you talk to god
which is completely acceptable as
you know he exists because you cannot see him

but talking to mountains
leads only to trouble
their presence is never in doubt
so they could not possibly have a voice...

on writing

on the first day she wrote
words danced from her hands
the likes of which she could not explain
nor the origin of which could she fathom
except to feel inspiration flowing around her
a river of pale blue thought
she was stood in the centre
and the trees held her
and the woodland sustained her
and she knew that this writing would be the most simple
the most pure

but then she imagined the critic
with sharpened knives
and stopped.
the river
dried

she began to
imagine how
people would
respond and
began to change
her work
accordingly
some stark
imagery here
a clever turn of
phrase there
and when she
surveyed this
work she
realised that it
was utter shit

so then she imagined the river
her mind reached for the woodland
and began
as the writing flowed

flames

she lit a fire
to stoke the flames
and coax the first sparks of inspiration into being...

but she was damp
and women can give birth in the dark

on knowledge

to speak simply
is to think simply
is to be simple:
clarity

to speak with complexity
is to think with complexity
is to be complex:
foggy

empty minds perceive vastness
imagine the greatness of the universe
hear the voices of the trees...

reflections

She is ugly
infested with boils, pestilence, putrescence.

She stinks as young carcasses
exhale whispered prayers.

She speaks in tongues riddled with doubt,
uncertainty, confusion.

When searching, I find
I cannot get around
that disgusting reflection...

Ode on Death

Death commands that the Eagles be king
of the Skies, that the Sharks be princes of
the Sea. The Death of Winter spells Spring
but her countless children Death does not love.
Where new babies are born Death sits patient
with her sister Disease at her side,
unaware of this shadow the mothers
praise the gift of life that lies in latent
hearts, as they gaze at their children with pride.
Death smiles, then focuses on others.

The Tree that they're using for shelter is
being strangled slowly by the Ivy's
Death grip. No attempt is made to save it,
another will soon grow in its place so why
bother? The thick stench of Death on Spring air
makes noses wrinkle; a slick carcass bakes
in the noonday Sun – a feast for the Flies
that dance in the vomit of the fair
and lick the children's white faces,
Death nods, and dons another guise.

She bypasses war; wanton hurt is not
her aim and the starving are already
suckling at her withered breast. She moves on
to where the darkness makes her heady
with lust and her brother Anarchy
works his magic in the Mountains trod down
and to the wild Seas screaming revenge
at a wretched Sky that shrieks to be free,
they demand to recapture the Earth's crown -
from a race busy watching TV.

Death waits. She sits with Time by her side
as he stops all clocks dead; tears weak chains
from his heart as thread. Unbound the great 'Tide
Of Change' thunders towards mankind, harsh veins
of lightning illuminate Death's false face;
people spew forth from their houses, falling
they pray to the lord-god-on-high
"Save us! Take us from this evil place
to sit by your side as is our calling."
faithful faces beg the clear night sky.

Death turns, looks over her shoulder to see
this lord who will save all the World! But
the vast glowering heavens lie empty,
a Waste Land - no angels of gold exalt
the 'second coming' as huge Mountains
rend themselves apart and crumble down
into the sea, where out of the dust rise
great columns of united earthen fountains
thrusting skyward, they claim the true crown.
Death grins from beneath her disguise.

Where the last woman on Earth screaming lies,
Death sits quietly by her side, but one
last act, vows the woman before she dies,
the mask from Death's face she tears, and is gone.
But piercing screams from between cold legs sound
the last baby, or the first? Upon
Death's naked face it gazes and feeds at
her full breast. The child, its thirst drowned
by this woman, mankind's saviour, lives on.
Who is she unveiled? She is all Life, is Death.

give thanks

“why do you not give thanks for that food?”
she asks

‘I do not believe in god.’
I reply...

tides

she flies with the tides
and the thirteen cycles of the moon
poor thing

doesn't she know it's safe indoors?
doesn't she want to be clean?

she wraps herself in rotting leaves
in the very shit from the earth

she sings to the rising moon, my love
and flies with the tides
poor thing

Mountain People

the
empty echoes
circles upwards, positive
echoes the mountain's energy
energy circles upwards, positive, empty,
upwards, positive, empty, echoes the mountain's
positive, empty, echoes the mountain's energy circles
positive, empty, echoes the mountain's energy circles upwards,
upwards, positive, empty, echoes the mountain's energy circles upwards,
energy circles upwards, positive, empty, echoes the mountain's energy circles
The mountain's energy circles upwards, positive, empty, echoes the mountain's

Seams
in mountains
are how people exist
layer upon layer of generations
compressed, existed, existing, extinct
seams in mountains are how people exist layer
upon layer of generations compressed, existed, existing,
extinct seams in mountains are how people exist layer upon layer of
generations compressed, existed, existing, extinct seams in mountains are how
people exist layer upon layer of generations compressed, existed, existing, extinct

she walked barefoot

'she walked barefoot upon the mountain in the rain -
she is different'

so went the tale
so ran the whisper
so sang the trees

'she walked barefoot upon the mountain in the rain'

and the people said, 'so what?'
but ask yourself - when did you last walk barefoot upon the
mountain in the rain?

mourning

time to die
said the mountain
so that the rock in her heart became nothing more than a triangle

she climbed anyway
perhaps it was her time to die too
having a mountain in her heart was not something to give up lightly

but the dye had been cast
and the mountain retreated
to nothing more than three lines

you are not dead she said
there is time
came the reply

the age of innocence lost

she heard the sun's heartbeat
felt fertile earth
saw moonshine ripple across the sands of time
and in this place
this garden of Eden she existed as **one**

what the flowers felt
she felt
what the trees sang
she sang
what the mountains thought
she thought
and all was as it had always been
and all was as it had always been
and all was as it had always been

but change is never far away
she calls your name
she called her name
she called our name

and no longer was all as it had always been
once change had called her name

not just to *be*
but to know what it is to *be*
to dance around the tree of knowledge
and eat of her fruit was all that she could dream
once change had called her name

change is never far away
she calls your name
she called her name
she called our name

and no longer was all as it had always been
once change had called her name

and so began a new era

she searched for all knowledge and found
what it is to empower
what it is to be powerless
what it is to cry
what it is to kill
what it is to love
what it is to hate

and this knowledge
was fearless, was ruthless, was relentless
and she learned
what it is to lust
what it is to devour
what it is to destroy

and her children knew more
and her children lost more
and the children of the goddess became godless

but change is never far away
she called their names
she calls her name
she called our names

and no longer was all as it had always been
once change had called our names

and there – at the end of an aeon
amidst absolute destruction
when time himself stood still
did she know the truth:

not to be empty
to know what it is to be full
and be empty

not to be detached
to know what it is to love
and be detached

not to not know
to know knowing
and not know

is to be **one**...

and all was as it had always been
and all was as it had always been
and all was as it had always been
once change had called her name

To the Learned Man

Knowledge will not save you.
Intellect ceases to exist.
Accumulated thoughts dissipate

when

the State dissolves.
Infrastructures collapse.
Global allies stand powerless

when she wakes

Hierarchies become circular.
Networks unravel.
One thought is all

when she speaks

'Who are you?'

ask

'Who am I?'

...those who do not know
hide in books
disguise inadequacies
bluster with importance...

But she will ask nonetheless
be sure you know

white noise

she speaks
white noise
she speaks

a voice existing
as trees rustle
as water falls
as the un-tuned radio
as the rising of the moon
as the earth travelling (at 67,000 miles per hour)
whispers white noise

the expanse between existences
the sound of Nothing, of death.
open your mouth -
it fills the space before you speak
it is the language of atoms vibrating
the voice of the universe
the resonance of gods
a non-existence,
erasing all life...

...as the wind devours mountains

white noise
she speaks
white noise

The Return

“It is Time to return to Myth And Legend”
declares the Woman
who strides throughout Time and Space
dropping Stories from her skirts as boulders -
the cornerstones
of Thought
of Memory
of Existence...

“Wake up Wise-Old-Mountains! It is Time!”
and the ground beneath her feet
groans to be asked such a thing
but she speaks with a voice unheard for millennia
for she had been a Dragon once,
and they know her to be true...

“We hear you – it is Time”
reply the Trees
once Divine
now reduced to so much furniture their grief
splinters
the very fabric of the Universe
and Gods weep
and Stories unravel
and Time is bound
by clocks.

“I know you sister,” says Time.
He shrugs free
and the Earth stops spinning
and the Sun forgets to shine
and the Universe holds her breath
...for one infinite moment...

“It is Time to return to Myth And Legend”
they chant,
“It is Time.”

The Return (part 2)

A tale is carved,
initials declare ‘love forever’.
Such a small thing -
letters lie around a crooked heart.
Yet you survive the massacres,
honour our stories, hold ground
until the Old Gods return,
reduced to a young lover’s canvass.

There are myths,
ancestral offerings, silent murmurings
unmatched by novelists, writers, poets
whose poor substitutes
echo, echo, echo
upon corpses:
pages, books, tombstones.

There is a truth
woven throughout time, rooted.
‘The Old Gods will return’ -
descended from humans
descended from demi-Gods
descended from Gods.

The Old Gods are returning
and you chant their names
as prophecies unravel
and mountains wake.

thought

this thought is mine is it not?
this thought that
I created, that I alone
imagined

owned by this mind
is this thought,
rightfully mine
is this thought,
to be thought by
no-other without my express permission,
as this thought is mine

a single consciousness attached
to no-one
to no-thing
created this thought,
detached from all other thoughts
ever thought
is this mind, and
this thought is mine is it not?