



(P R I C E L E S S)

META-THEATER
OR
THE GOLDEN FLEECE OF
POETRY
BY KHALIL-GHIBRAN

SEPARATED INTO ACTS
CONTAINS EDITED, REVISED
MATERIAL
INCLUDES WORK FROM
PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED
*KHEOPS AND THE CHAMBER
CHOIR*

FOR TEARS, JOY, AMAZEMENT,
FULFILLMENT, WONDER
COPYRIGHT © 2015 ALL
RIGHTS RESERVED

TABLE OF CONTENTS

ACT 1.....3

ACT 2.....10

ACT 3.....16

ACT 4.....21

ACT 5.....25

ACT 6.....30

ACT 7.....36

ACT 1

HOLES IN HEAVEN

Fine silk and precious metals
Burn in the face of the wind
The earth gives birth
Sky and sea merge again

Back into the calm
Both parts want more
Then air flies free
Higher reaches lower

Acres of fine roses
Fair vista of flames
Through the looking glass
See treasure in caves

Salt boils to the top
Distill over and over
Til' clouds take view
With rain and thunder

The feathers of the phoenix
Fall as if old
Down into the helm
And cook like coals

When we speak of gold
We mean the common
But ours is the spirit
That fell to the bottom

Yet we mean what's pure
And without wings ascends
Escaping from the deluge
And into Jerusalem

Holy city of lights
Holy one on the throne
Stands outside the gate
Until the work is done

Red lion of Judah
Battle and devour the dark
Lightning strikes the dust
Ashes fly apart

To all a revelation
Like the book of John
The holy art grows
By stalk and vine

ABRAHAM'S AMBROSIA

Abraham's ambrosia
Just a grain's share
Changes wrong to right
And foul to fair

In other words
Find the living fountain
Which springs eternal
From the living mountain

Look and see how
Lazarus was given breath
Or how Madea saved
Jason from certain death

Food for angels
Children of men too
Great, deep elixir
Makes the body anew

All it costs is your time
Never your silver or gold
Do as Moses said
Pull chaos from cold

Baptize the world
By the stone immaculate
Distill and liquefy
Ash and feculence

For all infirmities
A universal remedy
Three is the secret
The holy trinity

The tabernacle's case
Carries the law
Arc and covenant
In the vestibule

Wait for reverent rain
Phantom of the sages
Find the triune treasure
In seven circulations

Our alum is priceless
So is the phlegm
Our white sand
Becomes red gems

Fleece of power
The tincture is our story
The ferment our frame
The robes our glory

Wade the water
Part the acid
And leave behind
The putrefaction

TRADE SECRET

Take red laton like the color of brown sugar or cinnabar, not the vulgar kind but philosophical. Wash it in spirit of wine in a reverberating furnace under constant flux of a heated bath for 40-50 days. Be sure to vigorously stir the work twice a day with a metallic rod to keep the impurities from settling. When you see that a ring of crystals has formed at the top of the vessel know that the sacred birth is soon due. Under light you will see the crystalline salt shoot many colors which you will not believe. Know that this is the true prima materia. Continue with the fire for 5 additional days and your laton or brass will begin to swell. This is the end of the first receipt.

THE WORLD'S FAIR

The haze in the liquor arose
As if dancing to blasting horns
Music of the gentle blaze
Fills the head of the flask

All comes over in the top
But slowly and equally fresh
More and more wine comes forth
From where no eyes can see

A pure vegetable fire flows
Spreading sulfur's gracious gifts
Quietly resting on the surface
Anointed oil of manna

More precious than metals
It is the spirit of metals
More so the center of gold
With the skin of silver

Melting but no longer destroyed
White wax drips to the floor
Evaporating and cleansing deep
Causing fruits to spring

Which one of us sought to know
Such a glorious splendid ether
Between the tasteful alcohol
And the crumbling saltpeters

Ring around the rosey cup
Gospel of the golden vase
Running streams sparkle
In the daylight gorgeously

Not even all the words written
Could touch the sight
Apples on the hill's slope
Roll into the ground's care

To be tomorrow's share
Left from yesterday's affairs
Dawn of the peacocks tail
Fog amid peaks and valleys

ACT 2

STARS IN A JAR

Our staircase of wonders
As in Jacob's dream
Runs like the waters
Forever flowing upstream

Apocalypse of St. John
Open and read the tale
Visit the scribes of Isis
And open her veil

On a virgin island
In a fertile oasis
Grows grass of glass
Sought from many places

Bandit and robber
Merchant and king
Often leave home
Looking for the thing

But it is everywhere
And can't be missed
The less you search
The closer it gets

These are puzzling lines
Much like to pieces
That fit together
As time increases

But keep pushing on
There's help in the maze
Stop and be patient
For the coming of days

BURNING MIRROR

Clean your Venetian glass globe,
Make sure to ready to the stopper,
Gather 3-4 ounces of living water,
Gather coals for the stone furnace,
Preheat the furnace for four days,
Take your water and fill the globe half-way,
Seal the top with the stopper,
Place the globe over the glowing coals,
Allow it to sit day and night..

You now have a little world imitating the larger
world,
When it rains, clouds and mist will cover your
globe,
When it storms, you will see thunder and wind
like never before,
When it snows, there will be silence and cold,
When it is time for spring, you will see trees and
plants,
When it is time for autumn, all that is mature
will fall

LIGHT THAT FLEW FROM CHAOS

The cold fire filled the distance in every instance,
The primordial filth lie scattered, broken apart
at the bottom of the vessel, evidence of the
perfect corruption.
From all directions the sound of the word
pleaded, "Spirit, how pure and undefiled was
your condition when you were closest to me. How
sad to see you have been kidnapped and held
hostage by burden and filth.
Do you wish to remain lowly and broken or do
you wish to be released and relieved?

I tell you rise up and you shall again feel the
power of paradise.”

Just as the word had spoke this did an
extraordinary column of flames
broke through its cold humid cage and expanded
into the unfathomable height. And now the bond
between heaven and earth stood tall,
reanimated.

The main secret of the art
Is white water not destroyed
Incombustible oil from ignoble earth
Heaven and earth mixed
And fixed forever
Dissolve and coagulate
By natural gentle means
Liquefy and congeal
For many days and nights
Distill and refill
Until perfect purity
Rarefy and evaporate
To the primal matter
Volatize the dense
Densify the volatile
Ascend and descend
Descend and ascend

TRADE SECRET II

Argent-vive consisting of azoth and magnesia
opens
and shuts the doorway to our royal water
tinctured.
Continuing from the first part the boiling should
not
have ceased, not even for a moment unless the
matter
be flipped on its head and rendered unprofitable.
Neither should your stirring have stopped which
should now be increased to 3 times a day until
the
unctuous impalpable powder expands to a pitch
black
wax like smoke indicating that calcination and
putrefaction, the first two keys consequently the
most crucial are almost complete. For they are
the
most difficult but when ultimately achieved
provide
the biggest sigh of relief to the eager seeker. I
personally
waited in the wilderness for at least 56 days.

A vibrant luminous display of colors much like
those of a peacock's tail lie amongst hidden in
the
ferment before all you who persevere because
though
the work is mere child's play it is also the most
difficult
thing in the world. This is the end of the second
receipt.

Thank You for previewing this eBook

You can read the full version of this eBook in different formats:

- HTML (Free /Available to everyone)
- PDF / TXT (Available to V.I.P. members. Free Standard members can access up to 5 PDF/TXT eBooks per month each month)
- Epub & Mobipocket (Exclusive to V.I.P. members)

To download this full book, simply select the format you desire below

