

# PROPHECY

[*Conversations with my Self*]

SOPHIE M<sup>C</sup>KEAND

[www.sophiemckeand.com](http://www.sophiemckeand.com)  
[www.theabsurd.co.uk](http://www.theabsurd.co.uk)  
*design:* [www.andygarside.com](http://www.andygarside.com)

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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 'flights-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  
stoked the flames  
to 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  
*T*he mountain's energy circles upwards, positive, empty, echoes the mountain's

*S*eams  
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?