LIBER ZAHJOUKAH

Fr. Sorath
The following is a compilation of text from an automatic writing session I engaged in during a 2014 group ritual called the Sabbath of Gauguin. I have made no changes to the original writing save for a few: I have rearranged the order of each section (labelled numerically as chapters) so that there is more of a thematic flow between them. There have also been a couple of grammatical changes. Some verses were accompanied by pictures, which are included in their raw form.

My technique for receiving this text involved scrying with a crystal ball, which was mounted on a pentacle inscribed with a personalised sigil for my Holy Guardian Angel. I would close my eyes and enter a mild trance state with my hand hovering over the crystal ball. An idea, image or sentence would arise in my mind of its own accord, and I would write it down.

Let the readers draw meaning from this writing for themselves. I myself am still discovering additional meaning daily; the words and images were transcribed before my conscious mind ever had a chance to comprehend them.
As the day breaks from behind the mountains,
And illuminates the myriad blades of grass in its golden light,
So shall the Coming be.

The Star is four-pointed,
And its four points are as four swords.
Each cuts through the air of its cardinal point as rotor blade, purifying it.
This is the Star of Purifying Knowledge.
There are Three Towers in the Axis of the Earth.

One Balances
One Sustains
One Maintains.

About the glowing sphere there are Three Dragons, also.

One destroys,
One nourishes,
And one strikes the others if they should create or destroy to too great a degree.
III

The Citadel guards the edge of the known Universe.
Its guards watch on the horizon of stars for an evil that will never come.

It is not the outside that holds the enemy.

For, it is the fear within their own ranks that mars them most.

A self-created fear, and self-perpetuating.

The Watchers invented an evil,
And thereby did Evil come into being where before none existed.

IV

Here then is another sign, the sign of the mantis.

For as the Mother of that species devours the Father after the conception of the Child,

So shall the coming of the Aeon be.

The Earth shall rise up and swallow the Heavens

...And the tyranny of the Cosmos shall be no more.
V

Write now of the fertility of the world.
Life is continuous, but it is fragmented.
There is contradiction in this.

In One plus One there is conception of Two.
In Two plus Two the Circle is Squared in Four.
Four plus Four make Eight, the Mother of all continuity...
And so on, until Infinity.

The Universe is as Zygote.
Forever dividing and through division, evolving. Becoming conscious.
God is not yet born, but shall be.
The Universe is but a womb, and life forever multiplies and diversifies,
Struggling to become as God.
Now, at last, in humanity is God perfected.
When the human being becomes aware they are Divine,
Never looking back from that insight,
Then is God born.
This is the Coming of which I spoke.
VI

The Aeons dance and their cloaks of Time billow about them.

The flurry is multi-coloured.
Before them stand the waters,
Forever unchanging, but reflecting their celebrations of Life above.
In the sky great and brilliant nebulae stretch out in every direction.

A Star is born.
It drops to Earth as a fruit, no longer incubated by the Divine.

And in the Star’s death its purpose is fulfilled.

A black hole is formed and thus the Light devours itself,

Bringing forth a portal of possibility.

VII

The vortex.
The inward spiral.
The widdershins at the turning of the seasons.

All must return to the centre.
That singularity which is both particle and plane.

Only a speck to the observer…

But within, ALL IS VOID.