

Theogony II: The Birth of God

by [Paul Martin Freeman](#) (April 2024)



Untitled, Max Ernst

Prologue

Now all this *Thought* as yet was mere potential
Existing deep within *the Dreamer's Mind*.

In order to advance it was essential
That some with *Form* be presently combined.

The first of those to join with *Form* was *Evil*,
And from this union was *the Devil* born.
But this required the birth of something equal;
Thus *God* appeared, its foe eternal sworn.

We've almost reached the moment of *Creation*,
But now we need to pause our tale awhile.
Accounting for that primal vast explosion
Requires acquaintanceship with something vile.

First, *Evil* fraternised with willing *Form*
And from that act emerged a hideous shape:
Of every wickedness a toxic swarm
From *Bloody Murder* to *Incestuous Rape*.

And many *Archetypes* were there as well
That screamed and squabbled for supremacy.
And these became those *Denizens of Hell*
Of which are *Woe* and *Death* the legacy.

Embedded was this shape in all existence;
Forever after now this thing was there.
Contending with it strengthened its resistance
As gleefully it spread to all *Despair*.

This thing would soon be called by many names,
As many as the empty desert's sands;
But always was it constant in its aims
While spreading like the plague in ancient lands.

The Devil, though, is what it's mostly known by;
The Fiend or *Satan* also is it named.
Its poisoned fruit is always what it's shown by;
With *Hate* and *Lies* its presence is proclaimed.

And now this thing, or *Devil*, started working,
Not ever resting while it hunted prey;
And always somewhere in the background lurking,
Or striving actively to lead astray.

Thus *Satan* in *the Dreamer's* world appeared
To which henceforth a name was now accorded;
With *Woe* and *Death* this *Heaven* thus was seared,
As is forever afterwards recorded.

But his appearance had *this* consequence:
Duality required a twin for *Evil*.
And thus was born from *Form* and *Providence*
A *Spirit Satan's* opposite and equal.

This *Spirit* Man has always known as *God*,
Begotten of the *Dreamer's* timeless presence.
And none should take offence or find it odd
That *God* derives from something else's essence.

For *God* is but *the Dreamer's* active phase,
Embodying Its kingly power in action,
And born to battle *Satan* and his ways,
Not cause uncaused but only caused reaction.

Alone *the One*, existing prior to *Thought*,
Persists in isolation on its own.
All else in twins *Duality* has wrought,
And even *God* thus doesn't stand alone.

And this we see in all the world about us:
Where *God* is found is also found that other.
And though no doubt some kindly folk will doubt us,
In truth, *the Lord of Hosts* is *Satan's* brother.

By other titles is He also known:
As *Yahweh*, *El*, *Jehovah*, *Adonai*.
Our *God Almighty* sits upon a throne
As *Elohim*, *Tzevaot* and *El Shaddai*.

And so were born the two antagonists
Whose struggle would the Universe create:
The two incomparable protagonists
Who would determine all of human fate.

And each now girds his mighty loins for battle,
Their preparations all portending war,
The Devil howling like a hideous jackal
And *God* responding with a lion's roar.

Let none be either shocked by such an image
That *God* is hereby likened to a beast.
The world we know is but a temporal visage
In which the greatest hide inside the least.

For *God* and *Satan* live in all we see;
In all we think and all we do and say.
And all that happens in *Eternity*
Is always here, alive and well today.

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Paul Martin Freeman is a former art dealer in London. The poem is from *The Bus Poems*, currently in preparation. His book, *A Chocolate Box Menagerie*, is published by New English Review Press and is available [here](#).

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