

Theogony: The Origin of Evil

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



Nocturne, by Max Ernst, 1967

Prologue

The Noble Dreamer dwelt in meditation,
Absorbed in Its eternal, timeless essence.
Unbounded, uncreated pure mentation:
Of formlessness the absolute quintessence.

And as It rested in eternity,
In perfect oneness with itself within,
A *Thought* arose that split that unity,
And with that *Thought* would all that is begin.

In timeless time before our world existed,
Before the stars and galaxy were born,
From age to age *the Glorious One* persisted,
All strength and power inside itself withdrawn.

No light nor darkness yet had been created;
No form, causation, matter, time nor space,
While yet *the One* in days as yet undated
Examined still Its own eternal face.

Eternity upon eternity
Would pass It in the twinkling of an eye
As wrapt in dreams It dwelt eternally
Where after and before did not apply.

No this nor that, dimension nor duration
Existed in this primal early state;
No Heaven, Hell, salvation nor damnation,
No angels, demons, destiny nor fate.

Its world was one of empty ghost emotions:
Sporadic fancies adding up to naught;
Inchoate whimsies, embryonic notions,
Which fruitlessly *the One's* attention sought.

And so *the Dreamer* might have stayed forever

With nothing to disturb Its peace and rest
Had not emerged some new discordant pressure,
And what that was our tale will now suggest.

Some fourteen billion years ago, as though
Evolving into more self-conscious substance,
Those dreams, it seems, began to flower and grow
And *Thought* was born in all its rich abundance.

That *Thought*, emerging from the *Dreamer's* essence,
At once began a journey of its own;
And with *Imagination* its quintessence,
Of all that was to be the seeds were sown.

Like bubbles cast aloft by crashing waves
Which soar ecstatically, enjoying their freedom,
Rejoicing that no more the water's slaves,
So *Thought* pursued its destiny and reason.

Thus *Form, Causation, Change* and *Time* and *Space*
Were generated by that primal *Thought*,
Which blossomed into life and grew apace
As greater self-fulfilment yet it sought.

And these now formed the framework of existence:
The basic shape of all that was to be.
With these would any world require consistence
As all to systematic *Thought* were key.

With *Thought* was born its mate, *Duality*,
Which structured this existence evermore,
With *Light* and *Dark* and such polarity
And other twins like *After* and *Before*.

For one could never be without the other:
No *Up* nor *Hot* without a *Down* and *Cold*;
To such was always there a twin and brother,
This iron law of *Thought* of all the mould.

Yet this required a pairing for the *Dreamer*,
And thus was also mundane *Matter* born:
A thing ignoble, dead, of merit meagre,
Of every lofty trait of spirit shorn.

But now begins the problem in our story
With which we humans grapple to this day:
A challenge to the *Nameless Dreamer's* glory
That was to lead humanity astray.

Duality remained dissatisfied;
With *Thought* now from *the One* defiantly free,
The *Dreamer's* unity forever died
As *Discord*, *War* and *Evil* came to be.

Thus *Evil* was, we see, the child of *Thought*:
Inevitable, once that *Thought* was born.
And all the suffering *Evil* since has wrought
Derives from when in two *the One* was torn.

[Table of Contents](#)

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](#).

Follow NER on Twitter [@NERIconoclast](#)