

Theogony V: Creation

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



Creation (detail), Cabinet panel of the ancient

sacristy of Bramante, Basilica di Santa Maria
delle Grazie, Milan, Italy

Prologue

Now all these wonders happened instantly
Although in sequence here their story's told:
The Plains of Heaven in Eternity
A realm where old is young and young is old.

Events that followed though are part of history
As now in plodding time our tale proceeds.
And though *Eternal Truth* is wrapped in mystery
Yet science records those long-forgotten deeds.

For of a huge explosion scientists tell us
Creating *Matter* in expanding *Space*:
A bang that ever outwards will impel us
That formed the *Cosmos, Time* and *Human Race*.

Now stand we at the moment of *Creation*:
The scene is set and all must take its course.
The *Archangels* assume their place and station
In lines of golden chariot and horse.

And *Principalities* and *Seraphim*
And *Giants* that dwarf the tallest mountain peak
With every visor down and visage grim
All imminent and dreadful war bespeak.

Dominions, Thrones and *Powers* in gleaming armour
Vast phalanxes of *Light* and *Beauty* form;

And in the van, all pure untrammelled ardour,
The *Cherubim* advance towards the storm.

And other *Spirit Beings* are present too,
Of types and kinds unknown today to Man,
Their names forgotten now which once we knew
When in a world apart our world began.

For mortals only see what mortals see,
Confined to what their senses apprehend,
But these are *Creatures of Eternity*
Where *Time* and human understanding end.

And yet they live inside us still as *Feelings*
And *Presences* that overlook our lives,
That witness all our daily human dealings
Where *God* eternally with *Satan* strives.

And these as well are on *the Plains of Heaven*,
Equipped with all the furnishings of war,
Prepared to meet aggression with aggression,
For *Angel Blood* exacting *Demon Gore*.

And *Virtues* soar aloft with blazing shields
And dazzle with the brightness of their arms;
They climb in fire above *Unblemished Fields*:
No fear these *Spirits* entertain nor qualms.

And *Angels* on the wing ascend *in Glory*
In certain knowledge all will surely die,
For death for these is central to our story
In which must all with *Destiny* comply.

For all is present in *Eternity*,
And time is thus primordially preset;
And all that comes to pass is meant to be
As thus to *Destiny* we pay the debt.

And facing them is *Satan's* rotting army:
All viciousness and wickedness obscene;
A vile and putrid, bestial hierarchy
That smells of *Death* and everything unclean.

And these have come for fun as much as battle
For killing is the thing they most enjoy;
And yet themselves as well they see as cattle
Which *Angels* in their fury must destroy.

So much, indeed, does *Evil* hate itself,
It cares not whether killing or being killed.
In loving *Death the Fiend* is most himself
Who ruins worlds because he cannot build.

And as he stands there in *Eternity*
And looks across and sees his hated foe,
He points to this malign fraternity
And pledges an *Infinity of Woe*.

And so, as though according to a script,
The sides in deadly combat now converge,
And for their endless war with arms equipped
Like two titanic battling oceans merge.

And just as tiny atoms forced in fusion
Create enormous energy and light,
That mighty shock induced a huge explosion
Which formed the wondrous starry world of night.

The joining of unyielding opposites,
Of twins impossible to reconcile,
Producing thus that flash of scientists
Our wanting lines *the War in Heaven* style.

Events occurring on *the Plains of Heaven*

Prefiguring those of trudging *Father Time*,
For all that passes in his long procession
Is merely one eternal, endless rhyme.

And so that timeless conflict, now we see,
With all its struggles and enduring fray,
Is fought forever in *Eternity*
And in and all around us every day.

It's here, it's there, it's everywhere at once:
It never stops nor takes a moment's rest;
The *Universe* is all its many fronts,
As life and human history, too, attest.

Epilogue

Yet this is but a story that we tell,
And things, we know, are never what they seem;
And *God* and *Satan*, *Heaven*, even *Hell*,
And we perhaps ourselves are all a dream.

For mortals only know what mortals know,
And made of *Matter* are to *Spirit* blind;
And all there is is just an endless show
That runs and runs inside *the Dreamer's Mind*.

Finis

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Paul Martin Freeman is a former art dealer. This is the final part of *Theogony* which concludes the writer's collection of

stories, *The Bus Poems*. His book of whimsical verse, *A Chocolate Box Menagerie*, is published by New English Review Press and is available [here](#).

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