



I don't like parties anymore.



The loud laughs ... the small talk ...



I need to be alone.

Oāb
doesn't
believe
in God
Oāb
believes
in me

And I
do not
believe
in God
I too
believe
in me

Nobody
else
believes
in me
that's why
I made
Oāb

Oāb
wrote
this poem
today

*Zēnd
is the Beginning and the
End.*

I like it.

Did you like the concert?

No.

Yes, you enjoyed it a lot!

Okay, okay.

You see?

Would you like to learn to play instruments?

No.

Yes, you would love to:

Okay.

Practice!

Nokay.

Zënd, take us to the Zoo!

I can't.

Please!

I have to work.

Please!

I have an appointment.

Please!

I have to write letters.

Please!

I have to write out some
cheques.

Please!

I have a
dinner-engagement.

Please!

I have to see a movie.

Please!

I have to go to a

Please!

I have to go to

Please!

I have to go

Please!

I have to

Please!

I have

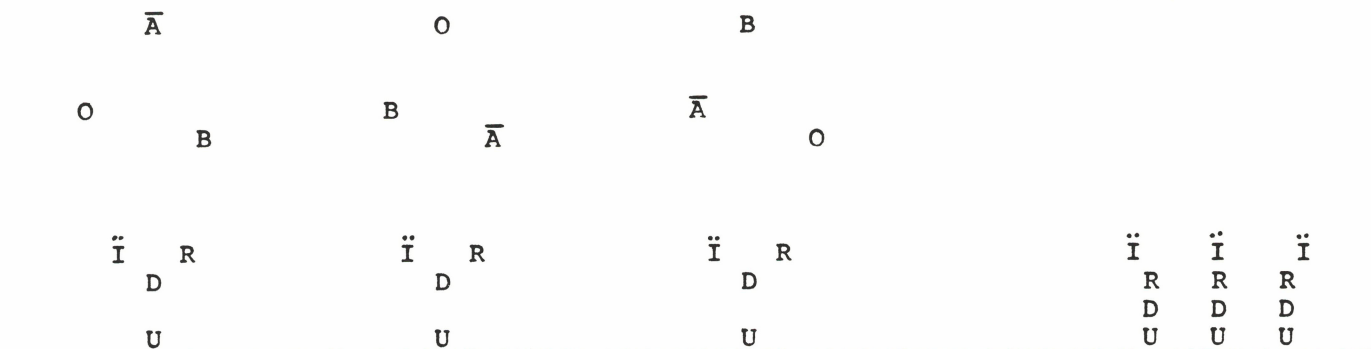
Please!

I

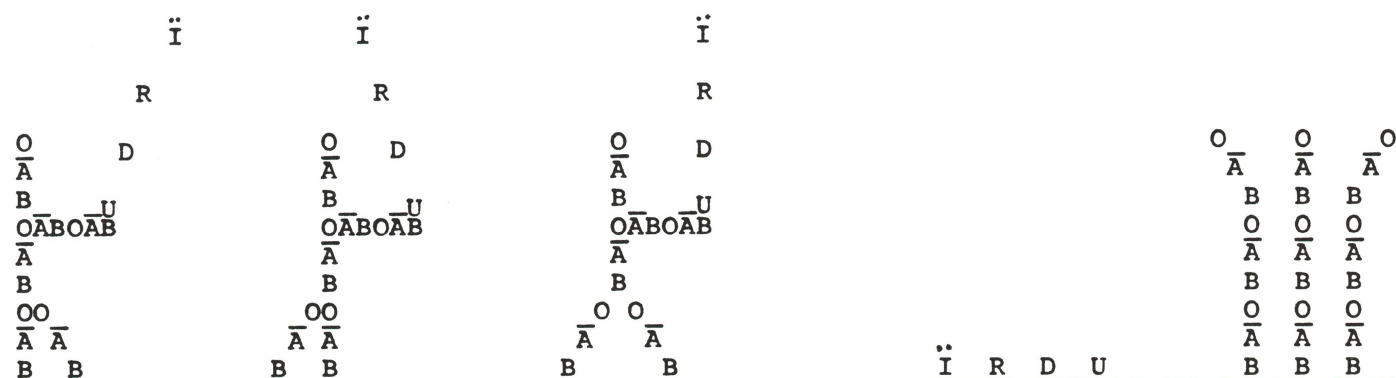
Please!

Let's go!

OĀB AND ĪRDU PLAY JUGGLER



OĀB AND ĪRDU PLAY THE BALANCER AND HIS BAR



OĀB AND ĪRDU PLAY WEIGHT-LIFTING

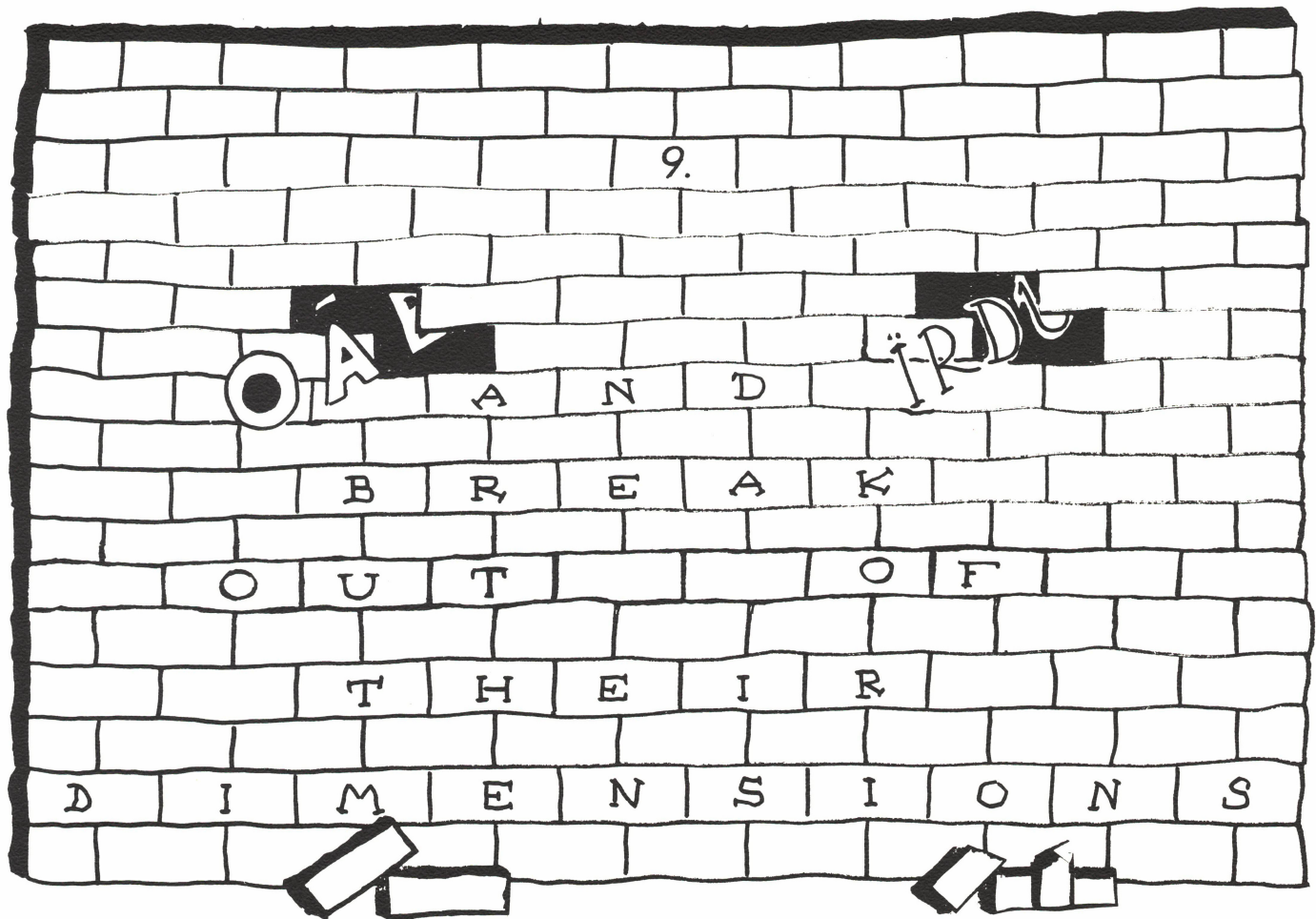
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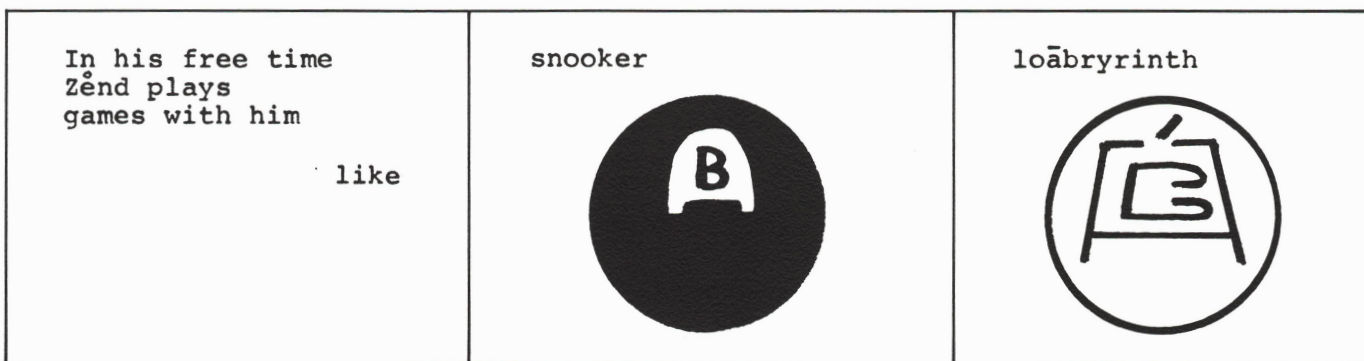
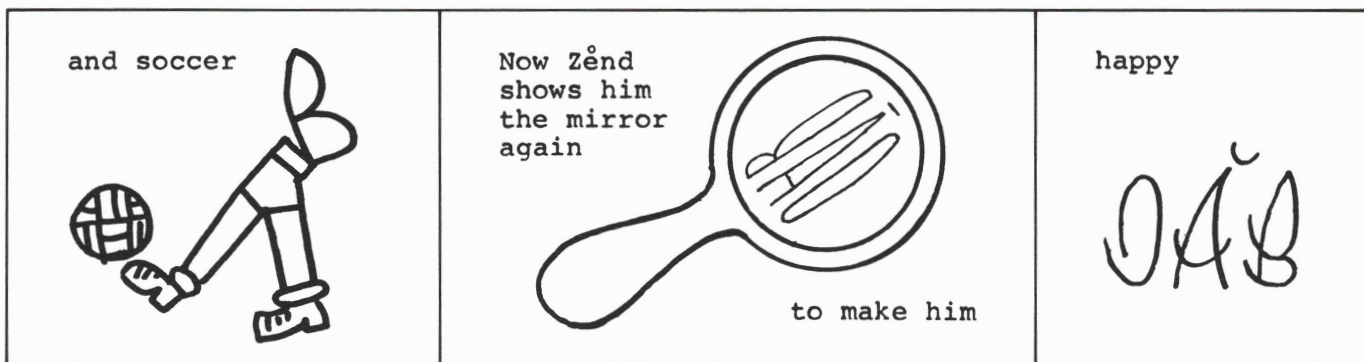
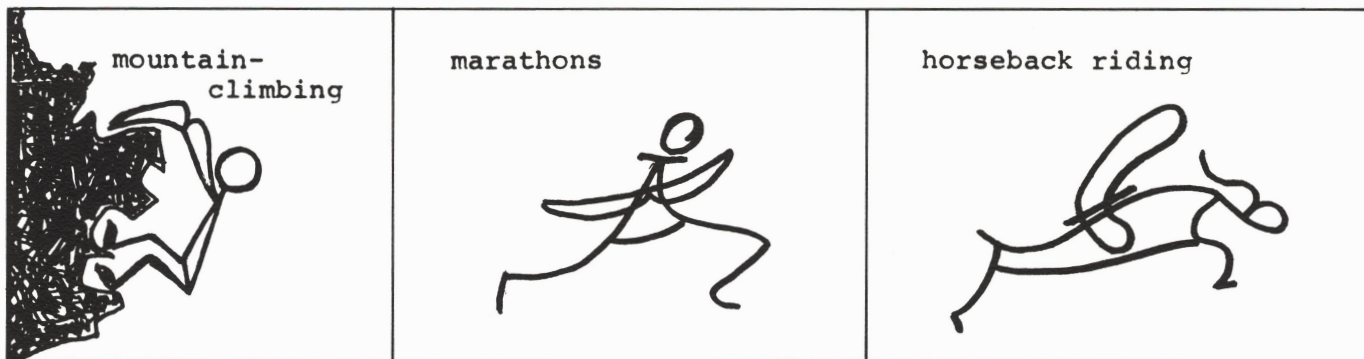
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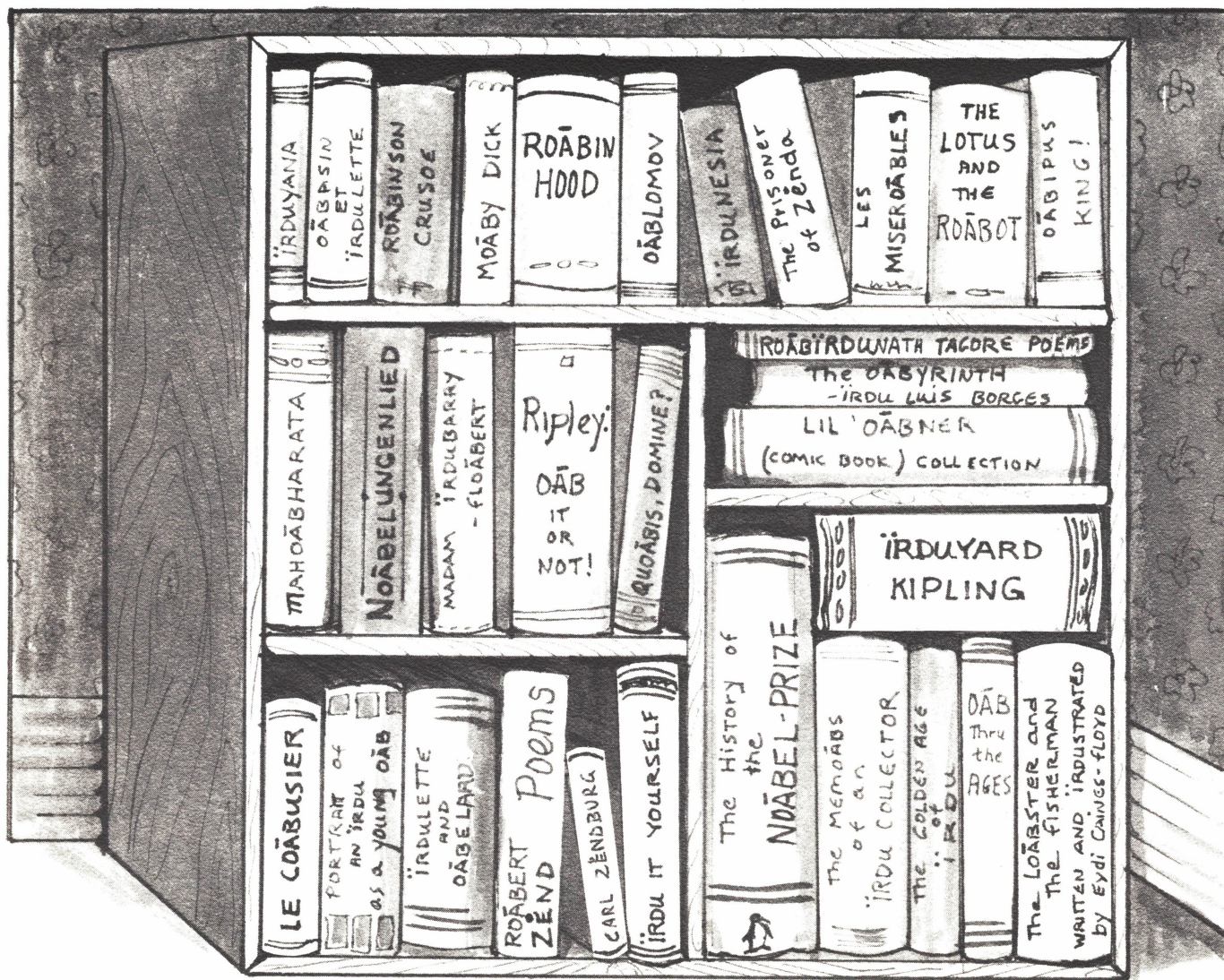
[illegible]

9. OĀB AND ĪRDU BREAK OUT OF THEIR DIMENSIONS





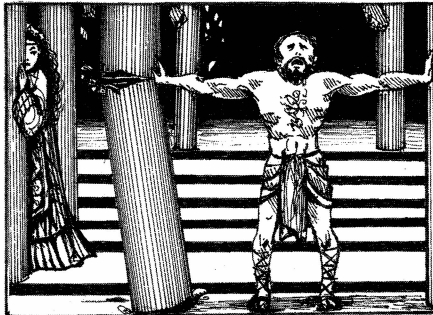
OĀB AND İRDU PLAY A PART IN LITERATURE



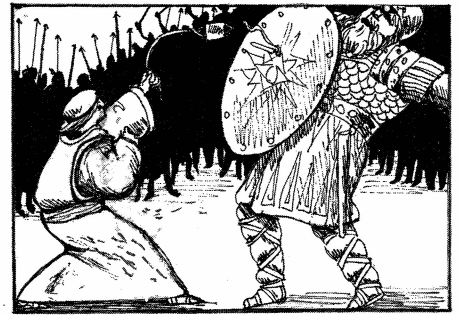
OĀB AND ĪRDU PLAY A THIRD PART IN RELIGION



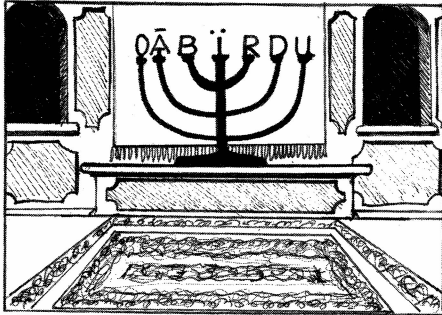
⑬ JOSHŪĀB AT ĪRDUCHO.



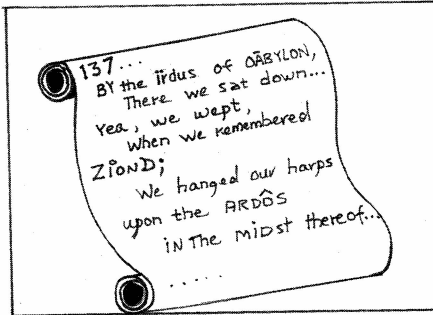
⑭ SOĀBSON AND DELĪRDU.



⑮ DAVĪRD AND GOLOĀB.



⑯ SOLOMON'S TEMPLE.



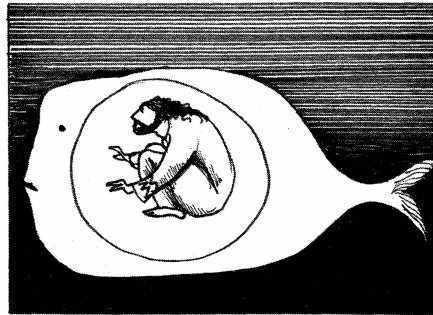
⑰ PSALM 137.



⑱ JOĀB'S SUFFERINGS.



⑲ JEREMOĀB'S LAMENTS.



⑳ JOĀBNAH IN THE WHALE.



㉑ JOHN, THE BOĀBTIST.

T.C.F.

I dreamed at night,
in my night I dreamt that
Ardô was alive again,
he entered my room again,
his body was made of light,
lighting up my pitch-dark night,
he was shining through me:

Zënd, what are you doing?

I am writing, Ardô.

Where are you? I can't see you ...

Can you see that I am writing about Oâb?

Oh yes, that I can see ...

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OĀB'S LULLABY

*Sleep, Zênd, sleep, sleep, Zênd, sleep,
your dreamless sleep, your morningless sleep,
sleep in my strong arms, in my white silence,
you will look at me no more with your worried eyes,
you will smother me no more with your warming heartbeats,
you will plan me no more, remember me no more,
play with me no more and love me no more,
your sleep will be soft, your sleep will be deep –*

*I would like to tell you – though you hear me no more –
I would like to show you – though you see me no more –
that you did not know me from the beginning,
that you misconceived me, misunderstood me.*

*You thought you made me, you thought you formed me,
with your loving word-care, your caressing pen-strokes,
you called me your Little One, your Offspring, your Art,
you called me your Creature, your Symbol, your Love,
and you were always wrong, my poor, dear Zênd ...*

*You thought you could leave me once you had finished me,
saying farewell to me then going on your way,
undertaking new journeys, toward new adventures ...
you never reckoned that at the end of your road
a black gate awaits you, a bottomless throat,
a waveless ocean, a castle with no exit ...
you planned me as a short affair one among your many books,
you saw your road stretching endlessly ahead of you –
now stiff and with closed eyes you lie on my pages
and the endless road is stretching ahead of me, not you.*

You misunderstood me never even knowing it:
you thought you had created me though it was I who found you,
you felt you had invented me though it was I who attacked your mind,
you believed that you'd written me though it was I who used your hand as my tool.
It was I who wanted to be born because it was I who had to be
and I became you not you I (as you thought).
Through aeons I came to you wading through endless times,
from the four or more corners of the world,
light-year-sized galaxies whirled and thundered
when, finally, I first whispered my name into your ear –

Now, shrunk and pale, you lie in my arms,
on my soft pages, in my white silence,
never having grasped the inconceivable truth,
never having conjectured the incredible reality,
never knowing the secret that I now reveal to you:

Ardô did not create you although he thought he did:
you created him as I created you.
Likewise, I must be wrong when I see my road
stretching endlessly ahead of me as once you saw yours:
it's Īrdu who created me, I was just his tool,
it's Īrdu who will carry me for he created me!

And this is how we all have been wrong, all the time,
for, see, Zênd, we all go from the future to the past,
remembering the future and planning the past.
Pictures to painters, statues to sculptors,
melodies to composers and poems to poets,
as unborn souls spotting tempests of lust
select their parents by whom they'll be conceived,
so float the works of Man searching for creators,
spotting stormy vortexes of inspiration
to be brought to life by the author they choose.
It is the finished creature that marches from the future
toward its fragment-creator who roves in the past.

*This is the secret, the great mystery:
the eye of the mind reverses time,
it sees the past as rock sees the future as mist,
but beyond the veil which curtains the mind,
real time flows backward –*

*Thus came I too from the petrified future
into the fog of the past where I found you, Zênd,
and now I'm carrying you back to where I came from,
to the domain where there are no uncertainties,
where there are no words to be found, no decisions to be made,
no struggles, no doubts, no threats and no hopes,
to the land of winter from where once I came to you,
to the land of gods, motionless, eternal,
fleshless and bloodless and noiseless gods –*

*Sleep, Zênd, sleep, restless soul, rest now,
frozen and changeless, numb and deaf, sleep,
not knowing the secret, lifeless as the gods,
sleep in my strong arms, in my white silence ...
I take you to my land where you'll never die
because in my land you'll never be alive,
you'll be just a name, a title, an idea,
a structure, a pattern, a unique combination,
filled with my spirit you shall be me
on the shelves of libraries, in the depths of future minds,
without worrying for posterity,
without craving for immortality,
and you'll be remembered by eternity
as you were remembered even before birth,
remembered or forgotten,
remembered or forgotten,
remembered or forgotten,
for in the mouth of eternity these two words are one –*

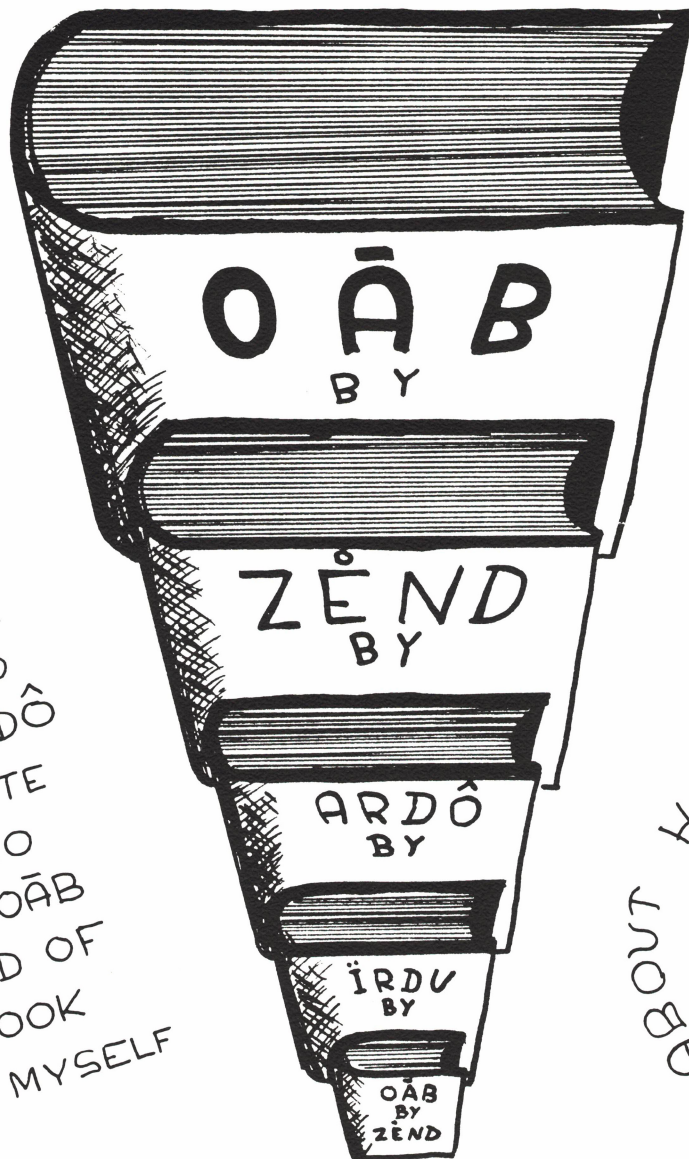
My dream-son, Oâb,
who dreamt me long ago,
carry me toward the future –

The time is approaching
when I will live only
in you, my eternal creature –

Your mortal creator
is fading away,
whereas your life has no end –

Herald your message
for ages to come,
and your message shall be this: 'Zênd'!

I WROTE
THIS BOOK
ABOUT OĀB
WHO WROTE
İRDÜ WHO
WROTE ARDÔ
WHO WROTE
ME WHO
WROTE OĀB
INSTEAD OF
A BOOK
ABOUT MYSELF



BOOK ABOUT HOW I CREATED THIS

THE AZOI-GALAXY

