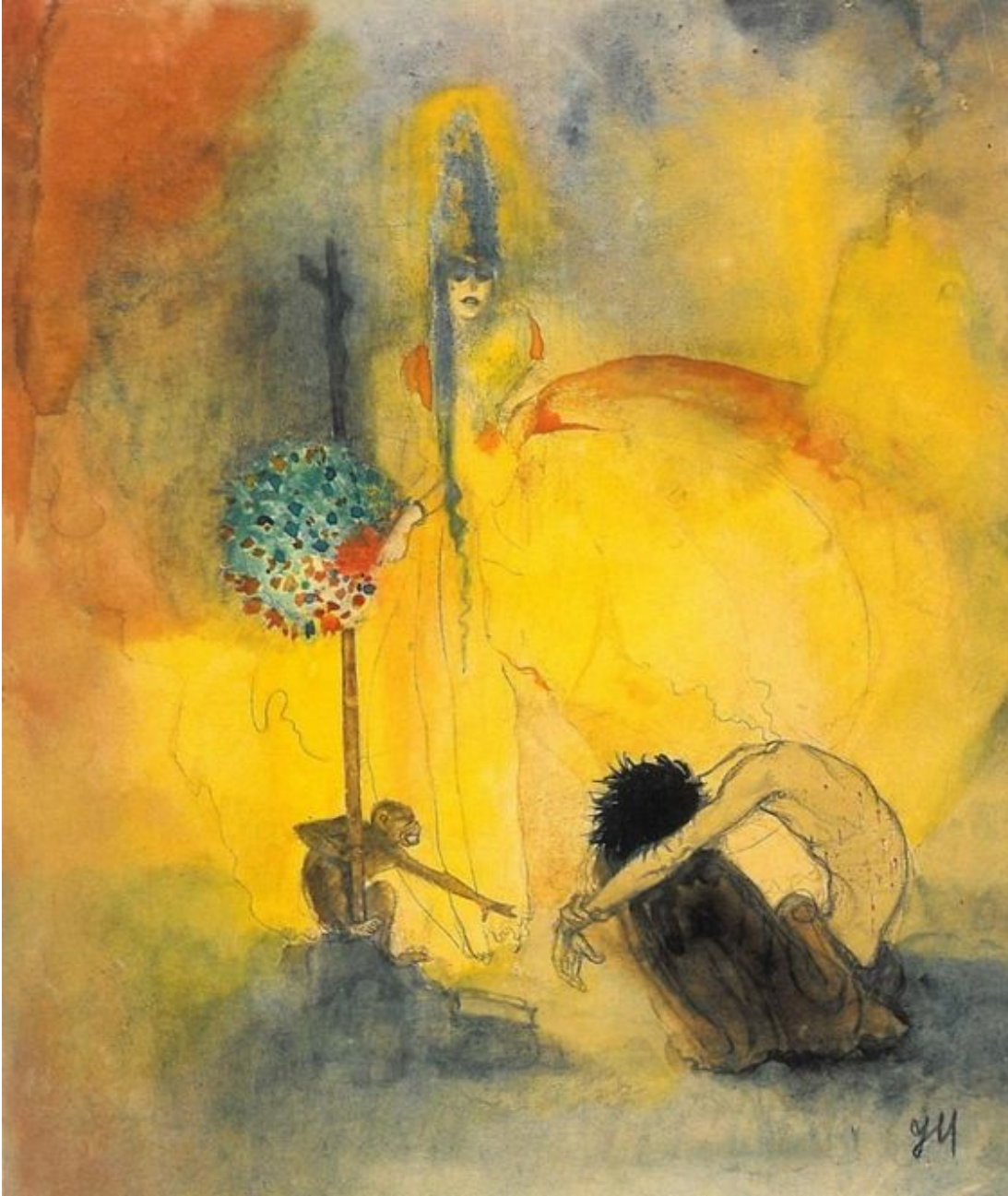


# Before and Beyond the Void

by [Romain P. A. Delpeuch](#) (May 2021)



*Antonius and the Queen of Saba*, Jeanne Mammen, 1910

“Mistold, misheard, despised and scorned,  
in fine apparel unadorned,

lowly and whispered are my prayers,  
languished and wishful, born of cares  
innumerable, and of love  
expected neither from above—  
beyond the ceiling of my cell  
over my head where memories dwell,  
buoyant with hopes unreal—nor from  
beneath that crust of flesh whence come  
yelling desires I don't indulge.  
Befall what may, I won't divulge  
rebellious secrets, those I use  
or let fair Grace on me infuse."

Wherever does she turn her gaze, she sees but shades,  
numb, unaware and blind. Yet, inwards, shines a light.

"However dry and sad my outward days,  
confined within constraints I chose (mitsvot  
unyielding, freeing men from worldly lot),  
egressive, dreamy nights set me ablaze.  
Philosophy has failed to show the ways  
leading to happiness and from the rot,  
essential stench of life. Though I will not  
describe nor understand the marvels rays  
athwart my path reveal of light forlorn  
pertaining to the source of all despair,  
nefarious hope and awe, I'll wait for dawn  
illuminate to cast an earthly glare  
and on my brow becalm the fevers' yawn,  
mark of forbidden sights and holy scare."

On waking, he remembered but a pair of eyes  
refracting godly light in hues his sight could bear.

"Now let me come to you. I saw  
what's on your mind. You'll only yaw  
on currents cross of seas ideal  
rolling with thoughts we'd sail and reel

but for a while. And soon, you'll reach  
your aim and what it has to teach.  
Bequeathed to us, this gift unearned  
besets your peace. Your overturned  
oblivion, chosen silence, bound  
between two worlds, between them wound,  
exhaled you from the realm of life.  
Ignore your qualms. They feed on strife.  
Let me impart to you my might,  
let's save mankind from its sore plight."

In his domain she makes her way, as if to share  
materials darker than his own in unsound sighs.

"Repellent thorns of barren briers were spread  
over the dismal wasteland, intricate  
marsh of my dolent fate. Though desolate,  
a simple look of yours has turned that dead,  
interior, mirrored landscape to a red  
never beheld: the one of isolate  
pilgrims of hate and love, of duplicate  
allegiance solved in blood aplenty shed.  
Delights in common nature found and claimed  
embosom us in one another's nights.  
Lavatic depths of passion have us maimed  
perhaps before we met, before the flights  
even of fanciful delusions aimed  
untimely at our hidden inner heights."

Caresses, even mental, can in truth alight  
helobious hearts, and kindle souls that love evades.

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Romain P. A. Delpuch was born and bred in south-west France

where he still lives.

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