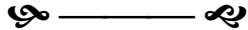


Erebus Press
Monmouth, Illinois
– 1916 –

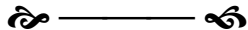
People of the Monolith

By
Justin Geoffrey

A collection of Dreams & Poetry

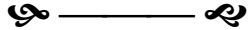


They say foul things of Old Times still lurk
In dark forgotten corners of the world,
And Gates still gape to loose, on certain nights,
Shapes pent in Hell.

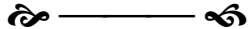


Shocking and uncouth black things
With smooth, oily surfaces,
Unpleasant horns that curve inward,
Bat wings whose beating makes no sound,
And barbed tails that lash needlessly.

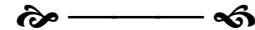




Soon from the sea a noxious birth began;
Forgotten legends, and truths best left untold.
The ground was cleft, and mad auroras rolled
Down on the quaking citadels of man.
Crushing what he chanced to mould in play,
The Daemon Sultan blew the dust away.

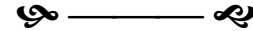
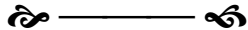


Could you see these by your oath
You would confess without hesitation
That all and everything shall be carefully
Put into new form.

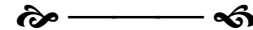


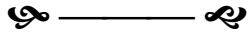


This is my third journey
Which I have completed with zeal.
Therefore have I rested a day
Because the rain without ceasing
Has delayed me and the weather is wet
Which has prevented me,
So that I could not get away.

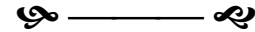
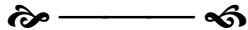


We have in these times many things
Which were invented by the Ancients,
Which we admit and experiment with
And readily allow them to pass,
Which if rightly looked at
Are hardly to be comprehended by human mind.
At times also the inclination takes hold of me,
When I can hardly help being idle.
Idleness being a bad counsellor,
So that I write Poetry
And in this enjoyment kill my time.

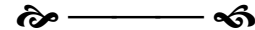


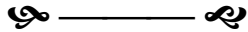


You godless bumblebees do not err
Your hive troubles us little
Leave our Beehive undisturbed
If you cannot please yourselves otherwise
For your iniquity will be brought to light
By Us in a very short time

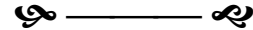
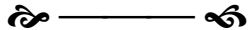


In order to avoid their jaws
And look well after our affairs
And that thou shalt not become the prey
Of these unmannerly wolves.
We have always to be careful
And not make ourselves too public.





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And look well after our affairs
And that thou shalt not become the prey
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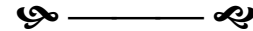
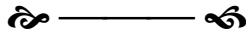


O holy and powerful Gods
Save me from this wicked lot
Cast down their godless impudence.
Keep me in your protection
If so be that you are pleased
At this time with all my works,
Turn away, turn away all my enemies
Who have become wickedly wrath
That they in no wise on you may
Satisfy their great hatred





My Thoughts being once seriously busied
About the things that are,
And the things that shall be,
All my bodily Senses being holden back,
As it is with them that are very heavy of sleep,
By reason either of fulness of meat,
Or of bodily labour.
Me thought I saw one
Of an exceeding great stature,
And an infinite greatness call me by my name,
And say unto me,
What wouldest thou Hear and See?
Or what wouldest thou
Understand, to Learn, and Know!



Here it is well also to bear in mind,
Unfairly I am often thought of,
That we do not make ourselves known
And call ourselves after our first father,
But his name clearly do not discover publicly,
Indeed those altogether do us an injustice
Who say freely and without concealment
That my name be only a dream.

