To the Westward Shores

by fresne

Summary

The Great Goddess Ninsun had made of Enkidu's mouth a secret. She made of Gilgamesh, the great King, perfection. And this is what Gilgamesh, the great king dreamed, this is what he wrote, this is what he read.

Notes

The following inspiration for this work and inspiration for my dialogue, where I am not directly quoting, because apt quotes are cool:
Epic of Gilgamesh
ST:NG Darmock

See the end of the work for more notes

Ashurbanipal's passions lay like clay fruit forgotten beneath the crushing stone. Above the stone, the storm-stricken sky raged, but below the fallen pillars and dirt, Ashurbanipal's library of clay tablets lay silently waiting.

There, dust dreamed in ancient Nineveh that was on the easterly banks of Tigris shore. In the dream of dust, lying on tiles of blue lion's pace, a copper tablet box sat watchful, sturdy with a lock of bronze.

The dreamer picked up the box. It was stamped with the face of beautiful Gilgamesh. The Great Goddess Ninsun had designed Gilgamesh, the man, his entire body exuding voluptuousness and perfection. She had designed the box, its lock a depression where the beautiful man's mouth should be.
The dreamer held the box and ran dusty fingers over the face. He streaked dust and cedar ash over the face of mighty Gilgamesh, awesome to perfection. He turned the box and the man away.

The dream of dust in ancient Nineveh that was on the easterly banks of Tigris shore beheld the impression of Enkidu. The Great Goddess Ninsun had designed Enkidu from silence once and the image of Enkidu was silent still. His whole body shaggy with hair and long locks in profusion like Ashnan, like a beautiful woman of Uruk, where the harimtus once stood exuding voluptuousness, full of laughter, and on the couch of night the sheets were spread for their pleasures.

So too like the man, the Great Goddess Ninsun had made of Enkidu's mouth a secret, barely revealed below his bronze eyes under tailing wends of hair.

The dreamer touched the mouth of Enkidu, created by Ninsun, who designed the man, who designed the box. The dreamer touched the mouth of Enkidu and he touched the hidden mouth of Gilgamesh and the secret of the box sprang open. The tablets that it hid fell into the dreamer's hands.

There, surrounded by the clay passions of Ashurbanipal, in ancient Nineveh that was on the easterly banks of Tigris shore, the dreamer opened the box, and this was what the dreamer read, and this was what the dreamer dreamed.

Gilgamesh, the dreamer, opened his eyes with a start. His muscles trembled with the fifty leagues that he and his Enkidu had traveled in bright Shamash's light. He should be sleeping, his body in a circle with his Enkidu, their bodies like grain from the mountains where they now lay. He wondered if a god had descended from Great Sky-King Anu's milky night road down to their tiny fire. He whispered to his Enkidu, "My friend, did you not call out to me? Why did I wake up?" His Enkidu's eyes blinked open round and pale in the dim light of waxing Nana shining down. "Did you not touch me? Why am I so disturbed? Did a god pass by? Why are my muscles trembling? Enkidu, my friend, I have had a dream and the dream was deeply disturbing. I dreamed that I was in a mighty city that was now dust, as I was dust blowing through once wide palm-lined streets at the whim of the wind. I came to a place where twin statues of Ea in his robes of fish-skin stood guarding a mighty treasure house of clay tablets. I came to a place where a copper box sat with a lock of bronze. My fingers of dust streaked our stamped countenances with ash of cedar, and I opened the box, but I woke before I could read what the tablets said."

His Enkidu smiled, his teeth gleamed like bronze beads in the light of the fire. He whispered, as he often did so as not to pierce the night, "My friend, your dream is favorable. The dream is extremely important. My friend, the desolate city which you saw in the dream is Humbaba, the giant that we seek. It means we will capture Humbaba and kill him and throw his corpse into the wasteland and burn the great cedar trees in honor of Shamash."

Gilgamesh did not think this was likely, but as it had been his idea to come on this journey, and his words that had calmed his Enkidu's fears, he allowed the whispers of his Enkidu to comfort him. Once more the sleep that pours over all mankind overtook Gilgamesh like a lion takes a gazelle, but what he dreamed he did not remember in Shamash's morning light. In that light, all seemed possible and the air filled with the scent of cedar on the wind.

Twenty leagues they walked, Gilgamesh and his Enkidu, their every step even in strides, neither one pulling ahead of the other, although Gilgamesh was a king and two parts god and Enkidu was a wild man who did not know his father's name. They did not speak as Shamash of the morning rose in the sky. They let their steady steps speak the rhythm of their thoughts.

After twenty leagues into the red mountains reaching above the wide plains, they broke their travels to eat black bread and dates and drink the finest beer. Gilgamesh fed his Enkidu dates from
his hand.

Then they rested for a time under a cedar. They lay side by side, pukku and mikku to each other, with a sweet stream bubbling nearby to the birds of the day. As they rested, Gilgamesh told his Enkidu about all the things that they would do. Each thing more outrageous until his Enkidu laughed and called him an idiot. Even though Gilgamesh was a king awesome to perfection and Enkidu was a wild man slighter in body, but stronger in bones.

His Enkidu was his equal; his own reflection, his second self, stormy heart for stormy heart. The storm in his heart laughed and was answered. They wrestled like lions in the shade. They raised a dust cloud with their laughing blows. They struggled like rushing wind that meets the rushing wind. Laughter flowed from one heart to the other, until finally Gilgamesh was victorious, his foot still on the ground. His Enkidu grinning at him from the remnants of the cedar tree, toppled in their struggle.

Gilgamesh helped his friend to his feet. They dusted themselves off and walked thirty leagues more. Their feet taking each step together, they climbed the mountain, fifty leagues in a whole day, a walk of a month and half. Then they stopped for the night. They dug a well facing Shamash of the setting sun. They dug a well for the travelers that would come after. Then Gilgamesh climbed a rock pointing like a spear to the heavens. He made a libation of flour and beer. He said, "Mountain, bring me a dream, a favorable message from Shamash."

Then his Enkidu prepared a sleeping place for him for the night. A violent wind with long ice fingers passed through those high mountain passes. So Enkidu, kind to Gilgamesh for his lack of hair, and chuckling at the shivers of mighty Gilgamesh, attached a covering to their shelter. His Enkidu made Gilgamesh lie down. They lay in a circle to each other, like grain from the mountain. While Gilgamesh rested his head on the knees of his Enkidu, the sleep that pours over mankind overtook him like the waters of the flood rising from the deep.

On far away Elandril of dusty grasses and moss bound oaks, the dream of smoke drifted from a campfire and up toward stars that did not belong to Great Sky-King Anu. The dream of smoke was filled with fear at that sky. At those disordered stars that did not belong to the sky-wheel. Where was the bull of heaven? He was gone. The ground upon which the smoke stood was not the red earth of Enki and the grasses were unknown to him.

The dream of smoke saw two men by the light of the fire, though one was not a man, but a child of Tiamat, his skin rough with sweat and blood. The other man was old, but of mighty voice. He spoke to the child of Tiamat, he said, "Gilgamesh, a king. Gilgamesh, a king. At Uruk. He tormented his subjects. He made them angry."

The dream of smoke felt shame, such shame at those words. That he had not left a girl to her mother! The daughter of the warrior, the bride of the young man, so great was his striving heart. That he had not left a son to his mother, but blown with them to the edges of the world, leaving every companion dust. The smoke wept within the cloak of his own billows there under the stars of an indifferent sky.

The man of mighty voice continued, he said, "They cried out aloud, 'Send our king a companion! Spare us from his madness!' Enkidu, a wild man from the forest, entered the city. They fought in the temple. They fought in the street. Gilgamesh defeated Enkidu. They became great friends.

Gilgamesh and Enkidu, at Uruk."

The dream of smoke ceased in his weeping. He smiled and chuckled in the crackle of the fire to listen to the story of Gilgamesh and Enkidu, to hear the end to the restless wandering of a seeking heart.
The man of mighty voice continued. He said, "The new friends went out into the desert together, where the Great Bull of Heaven was killing men by the hundreds. Enkidu caught the Bull by the tail; Gilgamesh struck him with his sword. Killed him. They were victorious. But Enkidu fell to the ground, struck down by the gods. And Gilgamesh wept bitter tears, saying, 'He who was my companion through adventure and hardship, is gone forever...’ Gilgamesh wept." As the man spoke, as the stars that did not belong to Great Sky-King Anu moved in the sky, the child of Tiamat died.

Gilgamesh, the dreamer opened his eyes with a start. His muscles trembled with the fifty leagues that he and his Enkidu had traveled in Shamash's light. His heart pounded to hear of his Enkidu's death, though he felt the warmth of his Enkidu at his side. Gilgamesh should be sleeping, his body in a circle with his Enkidu, their bodies like grain from the mountains where they now lay in the warm shelter that his Enkidu had built. He wondered if a god had descended from Great Sky-King Anu's milky night road down to their tiny fire. He worried that outside their shelter the stars had shifted from their places in justice for the cries of his people. That once more the companion of his journey must surely pay the price for his restless spirit's quest. He whispered to his Enkidu, "My friend, did you not call out to me? Why did I wake up?" His Enkidu's eyes blinked open round and pale in the dim light. "Did you not touch me? Why am I so disturbed? Did a god pass by? Why are my muscles trembling? Enkidu, my friend, I have had a dream besides my first dream, a second. And the dream I had was very disturbing! I was in a meadow where the stars were unknown. Beside a fire, there two men there, though one was not a man, but a child of Tiamat. The second man told the child of Tiamat, who was dying, the story of how we met in the city of Uruk and how we fought and how we became friends, and also that the Great Bull of Heaven would kill you. And as the child of Tiamat died in the dirt, I woke."

Gilgamesh sat up. His temples throbbed and his throat was parched. His Enkidu encircled Gilgamesh with his arm. He gave Gilgamesh a drink from his own waterskin. He whispered, as was his custom so as not to pierce the night, "My friend, the god whom we go to kill is not the wild bull. He is totally different. The fire that you saw is Shamash, the protector; in difficulties he holds our hand. The one who told our story is your personal god, who brings honor to you, Lugalbanda. And as the child of Tiamat died, as Tiamat was slain by Marduk, so will we slay Humbaba. We will join together and do one thing, a deed such as has never before been done in the land. So you urged me in Uruk, and so we will do."

This did not seem likely to Gilgamesh, but as it had been his idea to come on this journey, as it had been he who had the blacksmiths make the weapons for their journey, he allowed the whispers of his Enkidu to comfort him. Once more the sleep that pours over all mankind overtook him like time overtakes youth, but what he dreamed he did not remember in Shamash's morning light, where all seemed possible and the air filled with the scent of cedar on the wind.

Twenty leagues they walked, Gilgamesh and his Enkidu. Gilgamesh rested his hands on his thighs to feel the muscles move under his skin. He knew that under his Enkidu's hair and skin, his muscles moved just the same, for their every step was equal in strides. For all that Gilgamesh was a king of men and Enkidu was a wild man who had not known how to speak until Gilgamesh had sent the harimtu, Shamhat, to tame him, to remove her robe and expose her sex to him, to show her voluptuousness and be unrestrained and take his energy into her for six days and seven nights.

Far below, Gilgamesh saw the wild antelope on the plains run before the wind of the morning. Far below they ran fleet as the wind itself. He saw the face of his friend, his Enkidu grow pale. Gilgamesh knew that his friend, his Enkidu remembered that he could no longer run so swift as they, that he had spent his energy in the harimtu, Shamhat.

Then Enkidu grinned at Gilgamesh, his smile like bronze beads in the market. He whispered, as
was his custom so as not to pierce the day, "My friend, it is far too beautiful a day to walk," and then began to run up the mountain, fleet as a mountain goat, and swift. Gilgamesh laughed and ran after him, ran at his side up the mountain, their feet finding the way among the stones and beating a rhythm on the earth.

Finally, chests heaving like a blacksmiths bellows in delight, they broke their travels to eat black bread and salted lamb and drink the best beer. Gilgamesh fed his Enkidu meat from his hand.

Then they rested for a time under a cedar. They lay side by side, pukku and mikku to each other, with a sweet stream bubbling nearby to the birds of the day. As they rested, Gilgamesh told his Enkidu about the dreams that he had had of his coming to the city of Uruk. He told his Enkidu that he'd dreamed that he was a rock that fell from the sky that Gilgmesh loved as a wife. That Enkidu was an axe in his marital chamber. That he laid the axe at his mother's, the Great Goddess Ninsun's, feet and loved the axe as a wife. Each dream more outrageous until his Enkidu laughed and called him an idiot, even though Gilgamesh was a king and Enkidu was a wild man who learned speech by lying with the harimtu, Shamhat, who Gilgamesh had sent to tame him.

Then they stood up and walked thirty leagues more. Their feet speaking to each other in a steady rhythm against the red clay trail as they climbed the mountain, fifty leagues in a whole day, a walk of a month and half for lesser men. Then they stopped for the night. They built a well for the travelers who would come after them. They dug a well in honor of Shamash of the setting sun. Gilgamesh knelt beside the well. He made a libation of flour and beer. He said, "Mountain, bring me a dream, a favorable message from Shamash."

Then his Enkidu prepared a sleeping place for him for the night. A violent wind with claws of snow passed through. So Enkidu, kind to Gilgamesh for his lack of hair and solicitous to the shivers of Gilgamesh, built a shelter. His Enkidu made Gilgamesh lie down. They lay in a circle to each other, like grain from the mountain. While Gilgamesh rested his head on the knees of his Enkidu, the sleep that pours over mankind overtook him like a spear overtakes a soldier in battle.

In the westersands of Dalmasca, the war chariots of the mighty king of kings, Gramis, were haunted by the dreams of mist. From orange skies, stained with the blood of Shamash, the dream of mist tumbled on the hands of the wind. In his hands, and he had nine hands in all, he held swords, each of which had a mighty name, but they slipped from his fingers on the slightest breeze. Enlil in his heavens flung lightening from the backs of his sky swooping birds. From the land, the mighty war chariots rumbled the earth in answer. Then all the world paused, on earth and in heaven, as a darkness of abyss loomed, and a white name was written in the sky. A row of names, each mighty in their recitation, but which each in turn became as ash. Flickering on the lightening, falling through the dream of mist, and into black.

Gilgamesh, the dreamer opened his eyes with a start. His muscles trembled with the fifty leagues that he and his Enkidu had traveled in Shamash's light. He should be sleeping, his body in a circle with his Enkidu, their bodies like grain from the mountains in the warm shelter that his Enkidu had built. He wondered if a god had descended from Great Sky-King Anu's milky night road down to their tiny fire. He worried that his swords of new making had cracked, that his axes had disappeared. As the swords of all who had followed him had cracked, leaving no sons to their mothers. He whispered to his Enkidu, "My friend, did you not call out to me? Why did I wake up?" His Enkidu's eyes blinked open round and pale. "Did you not touch me? Why am I so disturbed? Did a god pass by? Why are my muscles trembling? Enkidu, my friend, I have had a third dream, and the dream I had was deeply disturbing. The heavens roared and the earth rumbled. Then it became deathly still, and darkness loomed. A bolt of lightning cracked and a fire broke out, and where it kept thickening, there rained death. Then the white-hot name dimmed, and the fire went out, and everything that had been falling around turned to ash. Let us go back down into the plain
so we can talk it over." There was such fear in Gilgamesh's heart for the fate of his friend, his Enkidu. He wished he'd never asked for the journey.

Gilgamesh coughed and his Enkidu gave him a drink of water from his own waterskin, circled his shoulders with his arm. His Enkidu whispered, so as not to pierce the night, "The dream that you had is favorable, it is extremely important. My friend, this is Humbaba, before it becomes light, we will achieve victory over him. Humbaba, against whom we rage, we will triumph over him."

This did not seem likely to Gilgamesh, and it had been his idea to come upon this journey. His advisers had urged him not to. His mother, the Great Goddess Ninsun had wept that his spirit had wandered so. His Enkidu had wondered that anyone would want to make the journey. The harimtus of Uruk, in their voluptuousness, their night beds turned down in expectation, had called to him as he had left the city, but still he had gone, left his city with his Enkidu, companion to his madness. In his mind, Gilgamesh could still see the name of Enkidu fading from sky. His tears were running in the presence of Shamash, just now peeking over the horizon. He said, "What you said in Uruk, be mindful of it, and stand close by me."

His Enkidu, made by Ninsun from silence, smiled at him with his teeth like bronze shields shining in the light of Shamash rising in the sky.

Enkidu whispered, as was his habit, so as not to pierce the morning, he said, "I am mindful of what you said in Uruk. You told me that you always wanted to climb Cedar mountain where dwells fierce Humbaba who is evil and fearsome to look upon. That you wanted to slay him and banish what is evil from the land, but that you did not know the way. My friend, we have crossed over all the mountains together. My friend, you who are so experienced in battle, you need not fear death. Let your voice bellow forth like the kettledrum, let the stiffness in your arms depart, let the paralysis in your legs go away. Take my hand, my friend, we will go on together. Your heart should burn to do battle, pay no heed to death, do not lose heart! The one who watches from the side is a careful man, but the one who walks in front protects himself and saves his comrade, and through their fighting, they establish fame."

His Enkidu took his hand. They walked together, as friends do, down from the mountains and into the cedar forest that stretched for a hundred leagues. Their footsteps in steady rhythm made conversation with the red earth and each other.

As the two of them reached the evergreen forest, they cut off their talk and stood still.

They stood at the edge of that mighty forest, where the trees loomed as giants and the whole of Uruk by the Tigris could have fit in the mightiest of them. They saw the path where the great Humbaba would walk, and the red road led straight on through the green wood. They saw the Cedar Mountain, the Dwelling of the Gods. The cedar cast a shadow on the earth, and it was extremely pleasant. The boxwood and the brush and all the green that lived under the mighty trees yearned for a place in Shamash's light.

Gilgamesh and Enkidu set to cutting cedars with their axes, toppling them that they might bring back cedar to treeless Uruk in the plains, that the light of Shamash should pierce the wood.

Humbaba heard the trees falls. How could he not when the fall shook the great forest, when he could hear a sparrow fall at a hundred miles?

They saw Humbaba, too. How could they not when he pushed the trees aside with his steps? Humbaba yelled with his seven great yells. He yelled, "Who is it who has come, come and interfered with my trees? My trees which have grown on my own mountains? And has also felled the cedar?"
Suddenly the sword of Gilgamesh found its way to his hand. His axe was gripped in his other, but his heart trembled. He said, "I have taken the way of heavenly Shamash. I have trod the way he said." But his voice was weak as it spoke the voice of his heart.

In his heart, in his ears, Gilgamesh heard the voice of Enkidu rising far above a whisper into a yell, mighty as the thunder of Enlil and the storm of Marduk. His Enkidu said, "Humbaba, one alone is like Shaka, when the walls fell, but a slippery path is not feared by two people who help each other. Twice three times, a three-ply rope that cannot be cut will be sliced by the work of two. The greatest beast, the mighty lion - two cubs can roll him over." His Enkidu smiled at him, his teeth like pale shadows in the green of the forest. "Be of good heart, Gilgamesh. He is mighty, but we are two."

The mighty Humbaba crossed his arms and poked Enkidu with a toe. He spoke to them, saying, "An idiot and a moron should give advice to each other, but you, Gilgamesh, why have you come to me?" He poked Enkidu again with a toe. "Give advice, Enkidu, you 'son of a fish,' who does not even know your own father, to the large and small turtles which do not suck their mother's milk! When you were still young, I saw you but did not go over to you; you have brought Gilgamesh into my presence, you stand, an enemy, a stranger." He poked at Gilgamesh with a great toe. "Gilgamesh, I would feed your flesh to the screeching vulture, the eagle, and the raven!"

Gilgamesh, his chest sore from the poke of Humbaba's toe, spoke to his Enkidu. He said, "My friend, Humbaba's face keeps changing!"

His Enkidu, his dear friend and blessing in his madness, rolled his eyes at Gilgamesh, for all that Gilgamesh was a mighty king and Enkidu did not know his father's name.

Gilgamesh took heart. This was not the bull of heaven. Enkidu would not die. They confronted the giant. The ground split open with the heels of their feet, which pounded in perfect unison, like the song of their hearts. As they whirled around in circles, Mt. Hermon and Lebanon split. The white clouds above turned to darkness, death rained down on them like mist that becalms the sailor that dares to make away from sight of shore. Their blades were as mighty winds that blew in from the mountains. Gilgamesh moved as if he had nine arms, each armed with mighty blades, while his Enkidu, his dear friend, moved like a lion of might, his long locks flowed in the wind of their passage like a mane of might and power. Their movements so swift they brought forth the winds of Shamash down the mountain: the Great Wind, the North Wind, the South Wind, the Whirlwind, the Storm Wind, the Chill Wind, the Tempestuous Wind, the Hot Wind - eight were the winds. So mighty was their passage that Hambaba could not move.

Finally, they stopped. Gilgamesh's sword lay on the neck of Humbaba.

Humbaba lay in the shadow of the great cedar and begged for his life. He said, "You are young yet, Gilgamesh, your mother gave birth to you, O scion of the heart of Uruk, King Gilgamesh! Gilgamesh, Gilgamesh, let me go. I will dwell with you as your servant. As many trees as you command me, I will cut down for you. I will guard for you myrtle wood, wood fine enough for your palace!"

Gilgamesh was inclined to listen to the offer of Humbaba, but his Enkidu whispered, so that the sound of his voice would not startle the birds nesting in the cedars around them. He said, "My friend, do not listen to Humbaba." He laid his hand upon the arm of Gilmesh and whispered, "Do not listen to him. The moment we let him go, he will turn on us and bar the way."

The birds in the trees strained to listen to the sound of Gilmesh's heart, his madness soothed by his Enkidu.
Humbaba's eyes darted between the two friends. He said, "You understand the rules of my forest, the rules, Enkidu, further you are aware of all the things so ordered by Enlil. I was commanded to carry you up and kill you at the very entrance to the branches of my forest. I should have fed your flesh to the screeching vulture, the eagle, and the raven, but I did not. So now, Enkidu, clemency is up to you. Speak to Gilgamesh to spare my life!"

Enkidu smiled at Humbaba, his smile like a bronze shield in the sudden light between the trees. He whispered to his friend, so as not to disturb the dust riding on the light. He said, "My friend, do not listen to Humbaba. If freed he would grind us up, kill us, pulverize us, and destroy us! My friend, I have been talking to you but you have not been listening to me. You have been listening to the curse of Humbaba!"

But there was not a word that his Enkidu said that Gilgamesh did not hear. With his friend by his side, they cut Humbaba's head from his body. Gilgamesh heeded the words of his friend. With his hand he took the axe, Gilgamesh struck the neck of Humbaba, and Enkidu, his friend, struck Humbaba twice also. At the third blow, Humbaba fell.

Then they cut down the tree of heaven to take its wood back to Uruk in the treeless plains.

His Enkidu whispered to Gilgamesh, so as not to startle the deer that grazed in the shade. He said, "My friend, we have cut down the towering cedar whose top scrapes the sky. We have done what no other could do."

Gilgamesh nodded, "Let us make from it a door 72 cubits high, 24 cubits wide, one cubit thick. Its fixture, its lower and upper pivots will be out of one piece. Let it carry us to Uruk, the Euphrates will carry it down, Uruk will rejoice."

Gilgamesh smiled at his friend, at his Enkidu, felt the singing in his heart for the joy of their journey. They tied together a raft from the great cedar. Enkidu steered it, while Gilgamesh held the head of Humbaba.

They washed their hands in the Euphrates; they cleaned their skin of the sap of the cedars, of the sap of the Tree of Heaven, of the blood of Humbaba. When they reached Uruk, they proceeded hand in hand, striding through the streets of Uruk. The men of Uruk gathered together, staring at them. Gilgamesh said to the palace retainers, he said, "Who is the bravest of the men? Who is the boldest of the males? Gilgamesh is the bravest of the men! Enkidu is the boldest of the males!"

In the palace of Gilgamesh, they washed their hair. His Enkidu washed out his long locks of hair, like a woman. They cleaned themselves with olive oil and sea salt. His Enkidu shook his long, long locks down over his back. Gilgamesh had Enkidu's old clothes thrown away and gave him clean ones that were to be wrapped around him and fastened with a sash.

The mother of Gilgamesh, the Great Goddess Ninsun, declared them brothers. Gilgamesh placed a crown upon Enkidu's head. He said that not even the harimtus of Uruk in their voluptuousness or Ishtar of the battle could come between them.

Gilgamesh had the cedar door that they had made set into gates of Uruk. He had the cedar used in the making of mighty walls with fired bricks. Then Gilgamesh summoned the people to show off in skirted finery, made that day a festival where the lyre and drum played continually and the harimtus stood about prettily, exuding voluptuousness, full of laughter and on the couch of night the sheets were spread.

That night Gilgamesh made a royal bed for his brother, gave him a royal couch at his left side. He and his Enkidu slept as a circle to each other, like grains that grow in the mountains. When the
sleep that pours over mankind overtook them like the tide, they did not dream, but only woke to the
adventures of the morrow refreshed.

This was what the dreamer read. That was what the dream of dust saw among the clay passions of
Ashurbanipal in ancient Nineveh that was on the easterly banks of Tigris shore. That was what the
dream of smoke heard as it drifted in the British treasure house near to Thames that flowed to the
sea. That was what it felt, as the dream of lightning crackled towards the ever westward shores of
time.

End Notes

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