

[WIP] Ascension of the World (poetry version)

Darkness. Ceaseless and reaching, it writhed and coiled upon itself.
Over and around.
Restless. Waiting.
A speck of white jade answered the night,
A seed that grew into an egg.
The shell continued to expand throughout the night,
A subtle luminance reaching into the void,
Growing ever brighter.

Light entwined with dark,
the egg at last halted from its waxing and trembled in the twilight.
A crack echoed through the void and the shell broke into two,
silver crescents forced apart by jadeite limbs stretching from the light,
the darkness quivered.
Light of silver and gold that had enveloped the egg drifted apart,
a dragon and a phoenix;
manifestations of Yin and Yang.
They circled together in a dance,
parting in a flash of golden claws and silver wings,
the empyreal dragon soaring ever upwards from its twin,
while the terrene phoenix begun a slow inclination.

Pan Gu, the Coiled Antiquity, emerged from the fading light of the nexus.
A colossal dragon made of jade
With innumerable coils of nephrite.
Letting the crescent shells drift into the ether,
Pan Gu opened his eyes to the twilight;
one of silver and one of gold.

The dragon and the phoenix had gone as far from each as they could bear,
their bodies which once had been one
yearned again for that completion of self.
Pan Gu stretched out
crystal coils and reached out to them,
a shimmering jade column spanning from silver to gold,
the twins connected once more
And Pan Gu took the heart from each

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and switched them so that they would be connected no matter how far apart they travelled; at last the twins settled.

The dragon shifting into the firmament,

the phoenix to become the world.

Pan Gu closed his eyes and darkness ebbed through the cosmos once more.

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How long had it been?

How long had he held down the land,

and raised up the sky?

Roots sprung from his talons, entwining deep into the ground.

A crown of branches growing from his horns, holding up the heavens.

Crystalline folds chimed through the gloam

as Pan Gu shucked off his jadeite skin and slithering free,

a great tree fixing world and sky in place remained

The promise of immortality grew in buds of peach upon the tree,

A trinity forged of divine energy

Pan Gu was now less than he had been,

His essence shared between dragon and phoenix

Through perpetual flux of yin and yang

Spirits emerged as starlit dew from the boughs of the tree

First wood.

Then water followed by metal.

Earth came next, then finally fire.

They slipped from the tree as serpentine flashes,

skipping through the cosmos

and igniting one another as they came too close.

The wuxing; born in disorder.

Chaotic as the primordial dark

The ground trembled and roiled,

The air howled and flashed

the elements clashed frenetically.

Cyan.

Vermillion.

Incarnadine.

The quarrel fractured the twilight
And the wuxing tore away from themselves,
Their fiery trails lingering

Though far apart,
the elements still tormented each other,
volatile energies bringing discord back into being
they sparked and ignited,
waves of thunder shaking the jade tree
jewelled fruit plummeted towards the ground.

Pan Gu leapt into the expansive twilight
Now more feline than serpent,
from between ivory fangs
A thunderous roar echoed endlessly
the cosmos shook
The wuxing ceased their quarrel,
subdued by the fearsome voice.

Fire to water. Metal to earth.
a precise dance, Pan Gu moving through slowly a web of light
Earth to fire. Wood to earth.
Careful motions, unstable elements shifting through dark paths.
Wood to fire, ever careful the wuxing didn't cross each other.
now fixed in mutable harmony, the elements that once sought pandemonium

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The cosmos brimmed and pulsed with energy
Boughs of the jade tree shifted in the wake of the wuxing,
pearled leaves tinkled softly in response.
the promise of life.
Pan Gu understood the song deep within his heart
and set forth from the tree for the final time,
down to the fertile silver mass of the phoenix;
his mind overflowing with eighteen thousand dreams.

Pan Gu soared through the heavens,

gold light of transcendence warm upon his back
silver immanence below,
a cube of fertile secrets, corners brushing softly against the heavens.
Beads of sweat that gathered on his body
drifted through the air.

Where the seeds of the jade tree had fallen before,
Grew trees of golden peach
The Coiled Antiquity reached out his claws
reaching into the viscous ground
and laid down his head at last.
Silver and gold watched over the world
his body shimmered, black nephrite and diamond.
A body that once had moved with such agility through the skies
petrified into five mountains reached for the heavens.

a slow breath and the four winds were born,
To the east went the Azure Dragon of spring,
a sprig from the jade tree clasped between its talons.
The Vermillion Bird took flight and went south
a flutter of warmth from its fiery plumage
To the west went the White Tiger.
the rumbles of Pan Gu still echoing through the heave captured in its throat
Through a misty veil of water formed from the droplets of sweat,
the Black Tortoise slowly made its way North
A yellow dragon was also born of that breath,
The Quilin, residing within the grove of sacred peach trees
watched the world unfold

Rich fields and verdant forests came from the flesh of Pan Gu
As his lifeblood emerged to the surface of the five mountains,
cascading in waterfalls of aquamarine and lapis to become rivers and lakes.
His skeleton deep within the hardening earth shifted into myriad hues of rocks
from which veins of metal begun to flow.
Jade and pearl were created from his marrow and semen,
the jewels gifted to the world by ocean and rock.

The world sang with so many different voices

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the wind whispered through grasses and trees,
the rains pattered softly on stone;
and far away he could still hear the chimes of the jadeite tree marking time through space.
The nephrite scales that had been a part of Pan Gu since he burst forth from the egg sparkled
like stars upon the ground
as he looked down at the world he had become.
The four winds circled around the sacred grove and lifted the scales,
zephyr fingers brushed over Pan Gu's brow as his eyes closed at last.

The left eye shone brighter still
raising towards the firmament in Aurelian light
the right eye was softer, more secretive and subtle,
waiting behind; it transmuted golden light of day to silver of night
the scales which had been raised by the wind
began their slow metamorphosis.
ink black faded into dawn,
the sun climbing from the Eastern horizon
a fiery wash of colour before reaching the azure zenith.
The first day.

Humans emerged from the scales of Pan Gu
the immense world stretching away from them,
They stood in awe
nephrite hair shifting in a playful breeze
whispering to them of their origin.
Eyes searched the heavens.
Did they look for the majestic dragons of creation?
or search the veil of blue for the jadeite tree?
golden sun and the silver moon dancing between worlds