



EXCERPTS FROM
VERSES FOR THE LIGHT HORIZON
BY WILLIAM GREY



At the centre of this terrible nightmare made real
is a labyrinth.

At the centre of the labyrinth.

In the tallest tower.

In the highest chamber.

In the hall of ten thousand mirrors;
for all the deadly sins are his.

At the head of a great banqueting table.

On the throne of blood.

Sits the Devil himself.

Before him is set a great feast of the bodies of the damned that he devours in front of the faces of their quivering ghosts. When the cries of the sinners reach the accursed hall his dark heart quickens and he laughs at their terror and relishes their despair calling to his servants to pile the table high with the putrid flesh of the sinful dead.

The servants obey his dread command in fear, for they were specially selected for their service at the Devils table, for on Earth they held high positions in life and society as Kings, Queens, Princes, Bishops, Priests, False Prophets, Parliamentarians, Ministers, and Dictators, each held themselves to be the elite among mankind and would order the world to their own pleasure regardless of the pain and suffering they visited upon their fellow man as they cast aside duty and humility in their lust for power over the world. And now they are doomed to wait on the pleasure of the Devil at his table, their souls given form so that they can be beaten and abused for their dark masters amusement.

At times amid his feasting the Devil turns to his servants and demands of them,

Am I not beautiful?

Am I not worshipful?

And the ghosts of the Princes, Bishops, Prophets and ministers fawn and grovel about him and praise him most highly with a bitter lie upon their lips and flattery as sweet as honey on their forked tongues.

And the Devil laughs at them in their fear and duplicity and his mockery rakes across them like ten thousand knives; for he sees their minds and it pleases him that so complete is their corruption, that even in the uttermost pit of Hell from where all hope has long departed; still they dare to lie.

Thus in good humour he sets to his gluttony with renewed hunger and ruminates on plans and stratagems, seeking ever the advantage in his battle for mastery over the world and the light that would reveal and destroy his works, in these inner deliberations at times the memories of the past and of the light that he was once encompassed and so wilfully forsook, enter his mind and he remembers a time when the world was young and he looked on it with jealousy and enmity seeking to defile Gods wondrous creation.