

THEY DANCE AS ONE in SHADOWLIGHT

Magic-bound by Sivuk-Alig-Nakt, First Shaman
to the Ila-uget, the One People,
the Little Ones, known as Avaqut-Aq-Squqt,
wait in fitful slumber 'neath blankets of sterile White
for the coming of Ug-Hug-Ti-Qukt,
the Final Thaw, when the end of Kaya-Alqte,
their enemy eternal and would-be conqueror, Man,
Begins.

'Till then they dream of the feast of Nutemuv-Ganeng,
when Utuk-Inglu, the First Ones,
would dance as one in the Shadowlight
of the first and second black arctic Moons,
at the beginning and end of Napiiq-Taghu,
the time of Human
Harvest

They dream, too, of their mother, Pikaa-Tuqu,
the Dead Keeper who feeds on the madness Wrung
from the wailing souls kept forever Bound
to the rotting, dismembered, still Living
remains of her children's Human
Prey.

And of her limbless, sightless sister, Uluat,
made so by a spurned and jealous Sivuk-Alignakt,
who wields with her teeth Atuq-Ulaaqt,
the ulu that sings when being Honed
on the skulls of screaming Men,
and laughs when her master Flays
these very same Men
Alive.

And of Uluat's chosen mate, Qugt-Sut-Kut,
father to the shapeshifting bear clan Nanuqt
whom the One People still hunt, dismember, and Burn
lest their sons be hung in Nanuqt Larders,
and their daughters be made into Nanuqt
Brides

And of Akite, the avenger who Steals
the nursing spawn of human heroes to Feed
still living to his sister, Elinga-Elqwaaq-Aveq,
whose seaweed hair with its lamprey Mouths
suckles on the juices of their squirming, Squealing
Souls.

And of Qunatak-Tuqute-Quantak,
the Womb Killer who comes as a flesh-eating Mist
by night near the time of human Birthing
to enter a human woman filled with Child

and feed on the Life

Within.

And of the dream eater, Mamlekute-Elinga,
who feeds on the dreams of men and leaves Them
filled with ceaseless waking Nightmare
for the rest of their Mortal

Lives.

And of the Others, their brethren known as Allas,
oily-black, toothy-mawed and slug-like, Who,
like the Little Ones upon Hatching,
are reared on Human

Meat.

In the Little Ones' dreams they are Together,
with countless others, dancing as one in the Shadowlight
to the beating of a thousand Drums
fresh-fashioned from the skins of living Men,
and to the trilling of flutes new-Carved
from the bones of His children And

Wives.

In dance they sway, perriot, and Leep
on feet that are sponged, webbed, or Padded,
scaled, flippered, or Furred,
taloned, pincerred, or Clawed.

And on such feet they stomp and Pound

to mash into tundra mud the writhing Last
of their enemy Eternal,
Man.

In dance they are Singing
with cacophonous abandon as a singular triumphant Voice,
forged of the howling and Screaming
of the Bering Sea wind in Winter;
of the explosions of surf against Shore,
and of the rumblings of thunder and tumbling Stone;
of the explosive crackle of Lightning
striking and splitting the Earth;
of the grindings of glacier pulverizing stone into Sand;
of the buckling of sea ice, sheet against sheet and Running
Aground.

In dream they are witnessing the final breath of Man
being sucked from his lungs as a bubbling red Froth
while all that Man is, or was, or someday might have Been,
is reduced from flashing flame to pulsing Ember,
to flickering spark to dying Glimmer;
devoured, consumed, extinguished Forever
by the Shadowlight
of a Black Artic
Moon.

END