

Before

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Before the gods had
names,
before the earth was
measured,
before stone knew its
weight,
there was only sound.
Uru... nam... illa...
Ashru-nam... uru-gal...
No sky above.
No ground below.
No number.
And time was born
not as motion,
but as return.
Again.
And again.
A voice answered itself
in the dark.
From sound came weight.
From weight came form.
From form came breath.
The deep answered the
deep,
and the silence bent.
And the gods spoke,
not in words,
but in force.
Their voices became law,
their law became the world.
Stone remembered.
Water obeyed.
Fire listened.

Thus music was born
before joy,
before sorrow,
before man.