

## Santiago del Dardano Turann

### NIBIRU: PLANET X

A glazed coat of opaque gray lays upon  
The alien landscape rolling with large ripples  
In an immutable and frozen dawn  
Locked in the sparks of stars' cold layered crystals.

The silence is in layers petrified  
By pressure from the vastness that's outside  
This patch of rock within the dizziness  
Spun by the folds of space's emptiness.

The strange elliptic course this planet follows  
Sets Nibiru outside our observation.  
Yet still, it like some broken memory echoes  
Through the canyons of imagination.

Our sun, there distant, leaves a single sliver  
Of light draped on the ground in waves of silver  
That briefly touches on a shattered cliff  
Revealing there a broken geoglyph.

## THE LORDS OF AKAKOR

Dedicated to Keith Muscutt

The seven lords in subterranean exile  
Sit on their thrones, each one carved with the animal  
That once had served as their clan's spirit guide  
Back in the day before the people died.  
They sit in robes of bat skin, cloaks of feather  
With their long hair bound in the spines of jaguar.  
The gold with which they're decked like fire blazes:  
Long pins of gold pierce through their painted noses  
And shinning figures lay upon their chests  
Recording long forgotten gods and conquests  
While symbols hang from earlobes and tall llama  
Wool llantos. In the chamber round their china  
White thrones metallic plates are on the circular  
Wall with etchings of archaic figures.  
Thick giant snakes crawl up the sides of pyramids  
Towards a sun or Thunder Birds amid  
Strange flora or, perhaps, a brontosaurus  
And hieroglyphics fantastic as mysterious.  
Their voices stir like mental flocculent drafts  
And rise up with the birds through dusty shafts  
To where they had been mummies in the festivals  
And further on the winds to distant peoples.  
“Once our Cloud Warriors stormed across the Andes  
While those who dwelt in Chavin weren't yet babies.  
We are the ancestors of the Ugha Mongulala,  
Whose distant sons were called the Chachapoya.  
To them our mighty Akakor was a legend,  
A misty city dwelt in by the dead  
And we who saw the dawn of man were nameless  
And cryptic beings whom they'd only bless.  
They had renewed much of our ancient domain,  
Upon the mountains and the Amazon basin.  
But still, this echo of the once great Akakor  
Was ended by the Inca in a war.  
Here in our sacred kiva hid in tunnels  
We watch the turning of the stellar cycles

And send our voices out as dreams to all  
Who'll be receptive to our distant call  
And share our hope the Gold Age may return  
Without disaster as the cycles turn.”