

Magister ab Kaos

APOCALYPTIC IMAGES



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Apocalyptic Images

excerpts from the book:
Magister ab Kaos
Visiones Apocalypsis
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The Last Judgement and the Seven Deadly Sins (detail)
Jacob Isaacs. van Swanenburg, 1600–1638
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Qui habet aurem audiat...

1

I see the whole humanity that is living
In the fullness of iniquity, quite deep.
And all obey by nodding, unforgiving:
The language of power already makes us weep.

2

I see Gog and Magog in armor bright,
While the serpent, with its ancient lore,
Spreads the lie to dim the earthly light:
Satan conquers, needing nothing more.

3

I see the flock of faithful, stunned and worn,
The wine that lulled the conscience, slow and vague,
Has given them new Gospels, freshly born,
And inconsistency is the new plague.

4

I see monsters everywhere, ambivalent they seem:

Giant worms are crawling, slimy, gross,

Black as the pitch, releasing foul steam,

Associated with characters morose and cross.

5

I see broken banks, the flowing stream

Has overwhelmed all things, with no restraint:

The Roman Church is crumbling like a dream

Which offers poisoned communion, making hearts faint.

6

I see the seven heads with spittle white

That drips from the mouth, and infects us all

With a disease that digs within, day and night

Making our conscience ineffective and small.

7

I see wickedness made into a rule,
Hearts of ice seated upon the throne,
The rule that makes us all a single tool:
The dogs to our ears will bark and moan.

8

I see priests dancing in a ring
Intertwining hands with one another,
Without caring for any dying thing:
Light mouths to their melodious laughter smother.

9

I see blessings piled up, overlaid,
Pestilential breath that rushes from their mouths,
The leprosy of swelling lies, displayed,
The devil who intones nursery trouths.

10

I see them like consecrated hosts
Turned upside down: with falsehoods long and grim.
Prayers recited reversed, like ghostly ghosts:
From the faces of the faithful, glances dim.

11

I see the priests who speak in riddles,
A language never heard before,
The holy names are mute and useless,
Transformed by rites now done no more.

12

I see the priests with faces disfigured,
Sunk down into the pit of the giants.
A new missal has been figured:
Raphel aleppe, phrases striking, defiant.

13

I see severed bodies of the dead,
To prevent them from rising, they are burned,
And the recognition of the kin that fled
Is the work of a soul completely turned.

14

I see the repetition of our pain:
The torment of the Danaids is our life.
The evil that holds us fast in its chain:
Confidence in the future is lost in the strife.

15

I see the long suffering of Sisyphus
The boulder we push can crush us whole:
No word of comfort can come to us,
And no hand is extended to help our soul.

16

I see consecrated hosts raised on high,
And icy prayers from the faithful that moan
With poisoned voices, reaching for the sky
To make the souls of men unknown.

17

I see dull noises in the night,
Infinite night of solitary souls,
Of souls corrupted deep within, beyond light:
They will not endure the sun when it rolls.

18

I see in infinite corruption
Humanity drowning in deceit and shame,
United in the Church-Aberration,
Whose function is to generate blame.

19

I see plague dead bodies stacked in a pile,
With those buboes of black liquid goo:
The bodies in abandoned cemeteries while,
The Church of the elect is in that ossuary crew.

20

I see satanic towers far away,
The seven towers of iron hue and might,
Which radiate a power, a dark arcane sway:
Ready to transmit the malicious blight.

21

I see a rabid Cerberus barking in haste,
Who speaks with a voice that is cavernous and deep,
A sound that becomes more anguish-laced:
A warning of a monstrous life we keep.

22

I see Tisiphone, the fury black,
Who claims the guilty souls for judgment harsh,
Our life has become a prison track
In which we pay for sins abominable and marsh.

23

I see adipose priests, very fat:
They eat continuously, with no rest,
They are enormous, heavy as a mat,
Conscience nauseating, completely unblessed.

24

I see storm clouds gathering, a threat,
A black horizon that instills fear,
That sweeps away even the forest yet:
An apocalyptic wind is drawing near.

25

I see a dark hole: our very grave,
Abyss toward which we sink and fall.
After a life in the catacomb wave
It is like an irresistible call.

26

I see the performance of impious rites,
I hear the priests squawk, like black crows,
The prayers for what will happen in the lights:
The spirits buried where the cemetery grows.

27

I see the air diminish here inside:
They have closed us in the coffin alive!
Life is a carceral condition where we hide
Behind bars: oppressive enclosures strive.

28

I see living wounds, our very flesh,
Lacerations, mangled and torn apart,
The bodies tormented in a meat mesh,
Bones and blood in the mutilated heart.

29

I see in the abomination of life
Meridian demons who observe me well,
In the great cosmopolitan strife,
New times: what do they hold for us to tell?

30

I see incessant assaults of fiends:
They bite our throats, with ferocity and hate.
A look that burns: flaming eyes extends:
The torn soul becomes dissociate.

31

I see lost souls in 'Tartarus' fire:
The Day of Judgment has already come!
The emerged lands have vanished, dire,
The time of the end is over and numb.

32

I see always impious rites in place,
Choirs howling hatred: perverse hymns,
And prayers that mark the proper space
With the law dictated by perverse whims.

33

I see priests with boar tusks so rough:
They are charging us head down, fierce and wild,
With the power of an abysmal enough
They slaughter bodies within the piled.

34

I see the pestilence mowing down
Souls and bodies, and I smell its stench so bad
That alone it is able to drown:
Upon our face the livid color is sad.

35

I see women who hate us all and scream,
With Medusa's heads, horrifying to view,
Who howl announcing our mournful dream:
The voices give agonizing shivers new.

36

I see underground labyrinths deep:
We have lost ourselves in those dark meanders,
And we are made strangers while we sleep
Trapped in suffocating walls that slanders.

37

I see Plutonic walls all around
That close the souls completely in their sphere.
The walls shield the sun, the day, on the ground,
And inside: a destroyed landscape is clear.

38

I see Thyestes: storm clouds gather,
The ram's head is moving, a fearful sight:
A presage of disaster that is rather
Ready to realize itself in new light.

39

I see the dragon's teeth impaling us with pain,
The strong bite cuts into the flesh so sure:
That monster was evoked by a wizard dark and vain
Whose spells bring death, and we must endure.

40

I see the cathedrals sunken low,
I hear the curses invoked with might:
New prayers, damned words, a deadly flow,
Perfidiousness of impossible rite.

41

I see the bodies of the hanged that shake,
The spasm of all the nerves held tight
In disarticulated movements they make:
Our fate is in those bodies in plight.

42

I see aborted flesh without end:
The oceanic expanse of blood is vast
Has forever demolished every trend.
The city under siege is like an outcast.

43

I see snakes everywhere, full of poisoned spit,
The forked lying tongues that slither and coil,
Malicious hissing languages that hit:
Great wickedness of black consciences toil.

44

I see the faithful reciting hymns,
I hear those sounds: an infinite hate,
The obscene screams of wicked Erinyes limbs,
The black rage of an unheard fate.

45

I see priests who vomit insults foul,
Air ignited by tongues of flame so bright,
In rage and convulsions in the howl:
Of our hopes, very little is left in sight.

46

I see the crowds of the wretched sort,
With foam at the mouth and wrathful spite
And the disordered rage that does retort:
The mass follows its foolish nature, night and daylight.

47

I see priests writhing, ridiculous to view,
While they howl obscenely, head down low,
With canonical right of articles true
That deny all virtues, and let them go.

48

I see an infinite winter unfold,
Hearts of ice, eternally cold and grim,
I see the human being muted, bold,
Lost in the postmodern perturbing whim.

49

I see priests with gaping jaws so wide,
And in those jaws there is an ancient hunger deep
Of insatiable hungry souls inside:
An eternal will is hostile, while we weep.

50

I see the masters always more stronger,
The trumpet of Judgment sounds high and bright,
It announces the wealth that will last longer
And decrees the fate of the poor's dark night.
