

# DOUBLED APOCALYPTIC VISIONS



Magister ab Kaos – I.V.A.N. Project

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The whole world is familiar with the poetry collection *Visiones Apocalypsis* in the English version created by artificial intelligence. That collection, originally written in Italian by the mysterious author signing as “Magister ab Kaos”, has sparked the imagination of an authors' collective called the I.V.A.N. Project (Injurious Virus Anonymous Neon-avantgarde Artist Project).

The I.V.A.N. collective has written poetic quatrains in English that form an ideal commentary on the quatrains by Magister ab Kaos. In this layout, Magister ab Kaos's text is left-aligned, followed by the I.V.A.N. collective's text, which is right-aligned.

The English text of *Visiones Apocalypsis* can be downloaded at the following link:

[Magister ab Kaos VISIONES APOCALYPSIS – Free eBook – LITTERAE – Homepage](#)

Information about the I.V.A.N. authors' collective can be found at this link:

[kolektivnenseae.wordpress.com](http://kolektivnenseae.wordpress.com)

COVER IMAGE:

[Albrecht Dürer](#)

The Four Horsemen, from "The Apocalypse"

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[Albrecht Dürer - The Four Horsemen, from "The Apocalypse" - The Metropolitan Museum of Art](#)

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.

\*\*\*

Humanity doesn't live, it just drifts and roams,  
The ninety-nine percent is shaped like bonhommes,  
It obeys in silence, without barks or groans,  
Wasting time like wretched métronomes.

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.

\*\*\*

Σατανᾶς (ἡψ) is just a metaphysical strain,  
Human beings crawl, Oxyuranus microlepidotus style,  
From armor to armor, with a gait full of phthisic pain,  
Earth's light is put out by a clericus ignotus all the while.

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.

\*\*\*

Voltaire has laughed right in the face of apocryphal lore,  
The flock of sheep, on all fours, waits for the Panopticon,  
Spieglein, Spieglein an der Wand, anaglifi anymore,  
White sheep and the black one, tell me, who deserves the ostrakon.

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.

\*\*\*

The monster is an invention born of criminology,  
Homo sapiens is the Lord of the germs,  
It crawls right before the laws of sociology,  
Without the dignity to appear on television terms.

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.

\*\*\*

The Church of Rome, born from the will of Costantino,  
Cannot sustain itself, falls the Papal States' domain,  
King-Pope and Black Pope know their destino,  
Awaiting a new Cadorna to break the heavy chain.

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.

\*\*\*

You spin, you turn, you spin, yet not a single head is found,  
Scarrafoli Kafkaesque invade the world from space,  
A butterfly's light wingbeat burns a forest to the ground,  
As flat encephalograms dance in a dizzying round race.

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.

\*\*\*

The *Grundnorm* of human order is ignorance in its stance,  
Fostered by US tycoons under a double impeachment clause,  
The norm is rule, the rule is *Norma*, Bellini mixed their dance,  
Milano da bere, a middle finger before the SE: the new management's laws.

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.

\*\*\*

The new Pope is here, Prevost, nomen omen in his track,  
Blind, he failed to see the Chicago seminary's cry,  
He became a Leone (di Lernia), with an "amen" in the pack,  
Singing out of tune with Chiclayo's boys' choir under the sky.

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.

\*\*\*

The Devil, or it is God, drives to the danse macabre  
Millions of women, chronically ill with ED,  
Proud to succeed, with a single abra-cadavre,  
In making skeletons dance in a ring, coffin-free.

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.

\*\*\*

We, children of Σατανᾶς (ἡψῖ), angels fallen from the sky,  
Upon the earth we curse, we steal, we kill and slay,  
Hoping that Περσεφόνη grants us an asphodel on high,  
And, as in William Carlos Williams, we find a way.

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.

\*\*\*

The art world's star-system dons the clergyman's guise,  
The cassock of Francesco, Forgione, Pio is cast aside in shame,  
Abandoned to astute ombudsmen, worldly and wise,  
Brokers of seduction, apostates who betray God's name.

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.

\*\*\*

*“Pape Satàn, pape Satàn aleppe,”* Pluto screams aloud in vein,  
I've never understood how a dog can own a pup so small,  
Goofy, undecided, jerks off in silence, trapped in his brain,  
The only one to father a child from a saw was Geppetto after all.

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.

\*\*\*

Think of Lazarus, wrapped, serene within his shroud, alone,  
The Aramaic Zealot, Yeshua, commands the resurrection spell,  
The risen man is stunned, reclaiming what was once his own,  
Forced to pay the double inheritance tax back from hell.

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.

\*\*\*

Pain is a sociological constant, from which no one can flee,  
We do not hold Hypermnestra's saving pass to clear the pane,  
*Flexibility* surrounds us like a shroud, a heavy canopy,  
Castaways upon the *Radeau de la Méduse*, where windows are in vain.

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.

\*\*\*

Inmates break rocks along the roads of Tennessee,  
I don't do Battiato, what snaps does not crush us, we contend,  
Our chains are not made of iron, like in a movie with Bruce Lee,  
They are fiber-optic, Attic, ichthyic, Cato's dressings at Utica rend.

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.

\*\*\*

The soul does not exist, there's only the beast,  
I repeat òstia as the fét of a becar bergamasch, I confess,  
I pray this world won't turn into a hellish map at least,  
The white sheep all in line, and forward Marsch! they press.

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.

\*\*\*

The *homo sapiens* animals live in a filter bubble, it's plain,  
With the comfort of fitness, by day they dream of the selfie scene,  
By night they watch the dim light of their smartphone, a digital chain,  
Projecting *jtn* upon the boat toward the West, sharp and lean.

18)

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

\*\*\*

The corruption of the Cassa del Mezzogiorno, a historic blow,  
Coffin of southern Italy, crisis of the northern land,  
We look toward the North, not to Deutschland über alles in the glow,  
The tigers of Europe were Piedmont, Veneto, and Lombardy's band.

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.

\*\*\*

The bells of the monatti ring clear and loud,  
In Manzoni's I Promessi Sposi tale,  
At last I will manage to make myself proud,  
Either Nibbio or Griso in the stench of buboes, grim and pale.

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.

\*\*\*

Far away is the Eye of Sauron in Barad-dûr, a dark domain,  
In the land of Mordor no hope can ever bloom,  
With a single tower, twenty rings, and one Lord to reign,  
Defeated by two faggot hobbits, together with Gollum's doom.

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.

\*\*\*

There's a dog, lying on the sofa, sleeping and letting out a groan,  
It's a fight-chihuahua, with no teeth left inside,  
It barks every three minutes, but its bite is never known,  
The flock says: "A barking dog does not sleep", with nowhere to hide.

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.

\*\*\*

The Erinyes are all from Magistratura democratica, a political force,  
Defeating the νόμος of the κόσμος with an aristocratic grace,  
The Panopticon has ceased to exist, Gramsci's prison has run its course,  
We are all in cells of unfulfilled desire, like Tantalos's place.

23)

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

\*\*\*

Don Vittorione, 180 kg, a missionary in that dry land,  
In Africa, skeletal children watched his heavy pace,  
And said: "Don Vittorione, you eat everything by your own hand,"  
And a silent tear fell down from the obese man's face.

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.

\*\*\*

The occidental crisis is also an occipital decline,  
Without abscissa, no ordinate on the Cartesian space,  
We are an equation with three unknowns,  $x$ ,  $y$ , and  $z$  in a line,  
Card wins, card loses, Villon sleeps in his place.

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.

\*\*\*

Indeed, the dark hole is irresistible, a gravitational drop,  
Lubricated by a plug-in, you just fall right through,  
Better a dark hole, where the bleaching chance can never stop,  
Than a glory hole with a paid happy ending for you.

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.

\*\*\*

The performance of impious rites is the fault of *bureaucratie*,  
For diabetics are those birds, so it remains “cazzi ameri” to the core,  
And at the polling booth, when asked for my identity,  
I tell the scrutineers: “recognize me by my ass” (by my tail, nothing more).

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.

\*\*\*

The coffin is a woman playing *scopa* in the night,  
With a two of *picche* hidden right between her thighs,  
Asphyxiated, she throws an ace of hearts into the fight,  
And the three rivals plan an oppressive gang-bang to rise.

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.

\*\*\*

They scourged him, they put an IRI sign upon his beam,  
With a power drill they nailed him to that frame of steel,  
Ponzio Pilato asked to choose between him and Barabba's scheme,  
The flock chose the less uncompromising zealot with no zeal.

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?

\*\*\*

We tell the *hic et nunc* of the *cotidie* with our tongue,  
Chroniclers of sociology and anthropology we stay,  
We sing of the golden age that never came and never will when young,  
Who cares about the average man, the meridian demon of the day.

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.

\*\*\*

Dissociative identity disorder, in its silent fury,  
Leads either to raw rage or to damnatio memoriae's night,  
Seeing demons is caused by delusional schizophrenia's jury,  
Just Risperidon Sandoz tablets, useless therapy is light.

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.

\*\*\*

I produce too much tartar, the dentist is in a joyful mood,  
Two of my teeth just fell out while watching Apocalypse Now,  
Joseph Conrad's Heart of Darkness inspired that holy brood,  
Jehovah's Witnesses ring my bell, breaking my balls, I vow.

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.

\*\*\*

I am one of those who sing outside the choir's line,  
Far from the Mongols of the Golden Horde that grew,  
The norm is the magistrate's arbitrary design,  
And the magistrate is Montesquieu's *bouche de la loi*, you knew.

33)

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

\*\*\*

The bull is a quite peaceful animal in the lane,  
Who enters the *Plaza de Toros* by jumping over the wall,  
With a red cloth, like Morante de la Puebla's train,  
Gored by a horned beast, named *Clandestino* in that brawl.

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.

\*\*\*

COVID is a memory of coffins on military trucks,  
All masked up like in a massive orgy of fear,  
We bustled around trying to limit the GDP's downward flux,  
Breathing in whispers and swabbing each other near.

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.

\*\*\*

It is the description of divorce Italian style,  
She gets his house, maintenance, child support, the heir,  
He keeps one-fifth of his salary and a bench for a while,  
In Monza's Villa Reale park, finally free without a care.

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.

\*\*\*

We have ended up in the forest dark,  
Where the straight way has been lost to the sun,  
Dante meets Becchina in Florence's park,  
Making Cecco a cuckold, in the maze of horns spun.

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.

\*\*\*

The walls of Milan's Duchy stand so tall,  
A *Carroccio* with its flag will return to see,  
To liberate entire Lombardy from thrall,  
Of Bourbon rule, and set the people free.

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.

\*\*\*

The myth's seductiveness is ancient and atavistic,  
For Trento and Trieste we wait in stead,  
Venice, Queen of the Adriatic, majestic and artistic,  
And Turin, the Savoy realm's ancient ram's head.

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.

\*\*\*

The marketing technician builds his brand,  
The flock desires, buys, discards, then craves the same,  
Like hunger, consumerism kills across the land,  
A monster capable of creating a hunger for fame.

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.

\*\*\*

The *meta-récits* absorbed by late-modern mud,  
Shift the global communication flow into a brand,  
Flows of capital, of labor, and of slaves' blood,  
Simulating a sanctity for the market's land.

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.

\*\*\*

Our destiny is the end of Villon,  
Iranian minstrels on cranes swinging high,  
For the hanged man, Hell is truly gone,  
There is a Heaven of air in the sky.

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.

\*\*\*

The biological waste no market can reclaim,  
The trend drowns in the ocean, lost to the deep,  
Rome is besieged by its own decaying frame,  
The She-Wolf stops suckling the twins in their sleep.

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.

\*\*\*

The realm of neustic and phrastic split falls low,  
Each hiss a sonic strike, a violent blow,  
Lyric/elegiac tinnitus rules the flow,  
No space remains for the *λόγος* to grow.

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.

\*\*\*

Simulated sanctity lets violence flare,  
Disjointed Erinyes scream in the mud,  
Tearing the outcast-*civitas* past repair,  
A *bersagliere* shoots *Romulus* in his blood.

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.

\*\*\*

The *Urbi et Orbi* blessing vomits insults and spite,  
Oxygen surges set the air on fire,  
No conversational cooperation is in sight,  
To speak in English is our last desire.

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.

\*\*\*

The crowd faces Bava Beccaris' cannons in the light,  
No social act, no direction in their sight,  
A mechanical retort, a syntax-free fight,  
From Sorel's violence, Mussolini drew his might.

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.

\*\*\*

Even the ridiculous loses its solemn tone,  
Where international law means nothing at all,  
The UN veto lets the seeds of genocide be sown,  
Legal rot infects the world, driving its fall.

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.

\*\*\*

Every power to act is frozen and still,  
The human being falls silent at last,  
Arises the power of arbitrary will,  
That rules without shouting, its shadow is cast.

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.

\*\*\*

It is the time of Kafka's beetle change,  
Metaphysics, kicked out, slips through the pane,  
Eat the glass or leap into the soup so strange,  
Stained by the Knorr cube of the daily profane.

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.

\*\*\*

I see nothing, my *ἐγώ* I now rescind,  
A Malinowskian eye on Trobriand shores,  
A Russian hacker strikes, swift as the wind,  
*Иван Грозный* comes: bitter dicks for all.