Chapter V: The Sea and the Split

In the fifth chapter, Reb Mendelovitch, the Soldier, and Gvir Sassoon leave India and sail through the Sea of Stench toward the besieged port of Asscre.

Column / David Duvshani January 23, 2018

jpg.copyx ChapV2

Horizontal viewing recommended
English translation (scroll the image from right to left):

On the map, from right to left: Bomumbai, Tomb, Mountain, Suffocated House, Lion's Den, Furnace, Column, Mausoleum, Asscre.

And the Sea of Stench did stink
And amniotic winds did gust
Sailing the Luviouvi ship
Toward the port of Asscre.

Chapter 5: the Sea and the Split

Sassoon: "Oh,
How painful is the splitting
Of a kingdom of colonies!
We shall traverse the straits
Of stink and stench
On our sacred course into
The land of unsoiled nostrils."

Mendelovitch: "Will our Queen be seated there?"

Sassoon: "She sits amply!"

Mendelovitch: "Will She come to greet us?"

Sassoon: "She comes mightily!"
Mendelovitch: "Will She know of our arrival?"

A Luviouvi: "My Gvir,
We crave a bath,
But the water does stink so!"

The Luviouvians: "By our crummy, clammy, slimy wattles!"

Sassoon: "Lay your hand upon my belly, Rabbi,
And behold my great retort
To these hot winds!"

Soldier: "Powerful is the Gvir's wind!"

Prophet: "A mighty burst
Has dampened my nostrils.
Is it time?"

Sassoon: "Sir, by your grace,
The Luviouvi lads must bathe!"

Prophet: "Behold,
The Great City is burning,
And say no more.
Let us drink to her memory
And launder our sins!"

Luviouvian Psalm: "How the water disappears
In its waves and in its steam!
How the water reappears:
Fresh are clouds and Man is clean!
Not a rinse nor steaming bath,
Only vapor and a laugh!"

Onward sailed Mendelovitch in Luviouvian fumes,
And the burden of stink has passed from their limbs
As they came upon **wall and castle**.

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