

An Interesting Interview

Part I: Introductions

If you lived in a world where the words you speak
Appear on your skin in thick, pungent, black ink,
So vibrant not even brine can extirpate,
What sort of things, then, would you begin to say?
If you are born with angelic, white blood
That darkens with every insolent word said,
What would be seen if your cuts could not be stanchd?
When your blood is black as the words on your skin,
Would your perdition really be a surprise?
If it is impossible to lighten blood,
Would you still speak such perfidious sentences?
I asked these things to our ignoble hero.
All questions I asked he responded to with:
“Testing how black the blood can get, how intense
The words are written; My inveterate sin.”
I say, “Why not speak auspicious sentences?”
He says to me in response, “Angels can go
To hell, yet devils cannot go to heaven.”
I say, “How did you darken blood, Samyaza?”

Part II: Nature

“When I died the first time, I was an angel,
But cruel words were dispersed on my skin in time.”
He says. “God refuse to think me malignant.”
“So what did god say?” I prompted jocundly.
“He says: *‘thou Samyaza, my black blood angel.*

You to be reborn, to test thy mettle.'

This what god say, appertaining to myself.”

“So you’re reborn with clean skin and white blood?”

I ask. “Indeed.” He response. “Do you believe,”

I say, “God wished you be unmitigable?”

“Ha!” He laughed, “I am! And abominable!”

I chuckle. “So, what did you do while you were

Human, to be sent down to the underworld?”

“Many things. Do you have an ear for my tale?”

Part III: Nurture

“Indeed,” I say, “I indubitably do.”

“Then,” Samyaza begins, “I was reborn with
Physiognomies drenched with an angel’s touch.

Though my demeanor was calm and beauteous,

My soul was that of a congenial demon.

Born on an autumnal day, the Ides of March.”

“An ironic purport- your soul against face.”

I say. “Yes,” he says, “I was made for deceit.”

“But,” I interrupt, “did you *live* for deceit?”

“Did you listen?” He asks. “I was born on the

Day made famous for it’s betrayal and deceit.”

“Ay, the Ides of March. And what of your childhood?”

“God wanted to test my loyalty to him.

In an orphanage I chose: good or bad souls?

It must have prefigured! I chose bad people.”

“And what of you, then? You grew with bad misfits.”

“Yes,” he says, “In contrivance I became head.”

“Leader?” I ask, “You came to lead the misfits?”

“Yes. And every action was seen with penal.”
Then I say, “Your blood grows black? Or it be grey?”
“Grey.” He says, “Dark grey when I a streetwalker.”
“Streetwalker?” I exclaim. “So you’d been a tramp?”
“Ay.” He says. “Well,” I say, “You heterodox.”
“I blasphemy,” he retorts, “when I begin
My brazen solution to rude customers.”
“And what you do?” I ask. “Slaughter,” He responds,
“And raise an inauspicious yet still hell bent
Army to stand before god with it’s protests.”
“You, an angel, raised an army against god?”
“Ay, I did. You have time to hear what happened?”

Part IV: Fruit of Triumph

“Of course I have ear,” I say, “Tis why I’m here.”
“Then,” He say, “I raised my hand against thy god
Because I was angry. You see, god forced me
To live without any sustenance of love.”
“Did you expostulate with god for this pain?”
“He said: *You gave no love, so merit none now.*”
“Unable to love,” I say, “So what you do?”
“I be prolific with rebels,” He begins,
“We work to destroy symbols of the *great* god.
We revel in his rebuke of my rebirth.”
“Destroy symbols of god?” I ask: “What you do?”
“Destroy churches,” he says, “rewrite the bible...”
“Rewrite bible? To make it who? Not Jesus?”
“Not him; My god-contumacious followers
Wrote *Lord of The Snakes*; ‘bout me and my story.”

“Lord of Snakes? They reference Adam and Eve, yes?”

You are Satan, then?” I ask in amusement.

“Ay, and this tale makes the great bible moulder.

The name Satan is peremptory; They say

‘He beat god in the garden- now he my lord’.”

“They follow you in aver, for a rumor?”

“I never said humans were smart,” he responds.

“What requital from you? God has paradise.”

“Yet I have said, humans are amenable.”

“But not god,” I say. “Ay, not god.” He responds.

“So, what punishment does god give you, rebel?”

“You make my story long.” He says, “but I tell...”

Part V: Wrath of Gabrielle

“So,” I say again, “How did god punish you?”

He smiles, “God made tempests. He made earth dodder.

He had sweet mockingbird make dolorous dins...”

“That is all?” I ask, “Storms, earthquakes, and loud sounds?”

“No.” Samyaza responds. “God sent Gabriel.”

“Tis baffling! An angel for imputation!”

“Ay,” he says, “but I was far intelligent.”

“Gabriel,” I speak, “The most noble angel.”

“Tis equivocal. He was sent to beat me.”

“You hate an angel?” I chuckle, “Did he win?”

“Yes.” Samyaza says, “that is why I am here.”

“When,” I beg, “did your blood go black? When you died?”

“Died? No. When God chose to send down Gabriel.

Then Gabriel slain me, and now I am here.”

“Hm. Here. Do you know what is here, Samyaza?”

“No,” he say. “Do you know who I am?” I ask.
“No,” he say. “Do you feel remorse for your sin?”
I ask. “No,” he say. “You pity your victims?”
I ask. “No,” he say again. “Then... My children,
You have arrived home.” “Home?” He say, “I have none.”
“Ay, you did not before. You have one with me,”
I say, “Welcome, kin.” “Welcome where?” He responds.
“To Hell, Samyaza. Your interview is done.
You come, my child, see the underworld I rule...”
“You rule?” he ask. “Yes,” I say, “You seem surprised.”
He say: “Tell me names, your name, my King of Hell.”
“You know the answer, so why do you ask me?”
“I want to hear.” He say, “Hear the name from you.”
I smile: “Child... I am your King, Lucifer.”

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