**The Seven**

They are 7 in number, just 7

In the terrible depths they are 7

Bow down, in the sky they are 7

In the terrible depths, the dark houses

They swell, they grow tall

They are neither female nor male

They are a silence heavy with seastorms

They bear off no women their loins are empty of children

They are strangers to pity, compassion is far from them

They are deaf to men’s prayers, entreaties can’t reach them

They are horses that grow to great size that feed on mountains

They are the enemies of our friends

They feed on the gods

They tear up the highways they spread out over the roads

They are the faces of evil they are the faces of evil

They are 7 they are 7 they are 7 times 7

In the name of heaven let them be torn from our sight

In the name of the earth let them be torn from our sight

*Anonymous, c. 2000 B.C.*

*trans. From Akkadian by Jerome Rothenberg*