



Tales *from* *the Abyss*

A Descent into Shadow, Bone
and Alchemical Fire

MEHTA MAYAH

autumn / winter '25
poetry

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FOREWORD

Four years after the turning of the Great Mayan Age, I left Montreal on a one-way ticket to Mexico to begin a great journey. I believed this adventure would take me outward into the world—a world I had longed to explore since childhood. And it did. Yet it carried me just as surely inward. For though I wander wide-eyed through life like a child chasing bubbles in the summer sun, I have never been one to distract myself with worldly affairs alone. I have always walked with one foot in the unseen. One eye peering into the Otherworld. Breathing in a mystery that felt more like home than the tangible world of form.

Once I tasted freedom, I wanted only more. And that wanting did not lift me upward—it drew me deeper down; onto my knees at the altar of my own becoming. Nailed to the cross so that I might reclaim ancient power, soul memory, and the covenant of my Earth-borne mission. Beneath the frills and fine talk of this new spiritual age lies the true work: the grit work, the depth work, the inner excavation and psychic soul surgery.

For some, like me, this descent is destined to be woven with the planetary grid work: a return to ancient lands and power portals where fragments of the multidimensional soul may be re-membered. The Poet was one such fragment I reclaimed. There is no rest for the wicked, nor for the wise—and now, as Alchemists and Magicians, we steadily rise.

What follows is a descent into the depths of my epic saga of the last decade: poems, photographs, and parcels of psyche. In keeping with the season of its birth, this is an anthology of *Shadow*. There has been luminescence too—the summer edition will be light and juicy—but for now, I invite you to enter *the abyss* with me, and in doing so, reclaim some of your own primordial power.



PART I

THRESHOLD

(Entering the Shadow)



Near Winter | Quebec—2017

Where once great breathing forests stood,
we've tilled the Earth asunder.
Where once bare feet could feel Her heart,
Black lays upon some plunder.

A time, we mused, creating beings,
Fantastic forms to seed.
Now we chase a God outside ourselves,
And wonder why we bleed.

—2017



Magick Lake | Sinai—2023

Duality.
The Earth Experience.
Theatre stage of perhaps
the most epic tragic comedy
in all the galaxy.
And don't we have a lot of fun!
On other worlds,
in higher dimensions,
separation is but a blur.
My soul is part of a bigger soul.
All time back to the future.

We catch glimpses of this Unity
on psychedelic trips,
or tangled with a star-sent love,
pure bliss amid glued lips.

Wouldn't it be something though
to banish at least *some* pain?
The coward and the false judge
are no match for
the hunter stalking game.

The Warriors know that true
power lies within an open heart.
Let go, let God,
let the rains come swift
to balance and restart.

—2019

Always
I ask to see more
 and more
 and more
never
satisfied

O Spirit! O Soul!
Bring me visions!

Timelines to Light
from Kali's Dark Night

Just when I think
 there's no fear
left in here
not a shred—
You,
 You come to me

Eyes twinkling
Mischievous,
Delight

Thighs quiver
Spine rises
Breath stops in my chest

O Human! My Human!
Trembles
— and I love it

Now Come!

The Only Fear Left is Love
—2020

THE ONLY
FEARLESS
IS LOVE

The Road to Hell is Paved with
Good Intentions.
Ground smooth at first may harbour
deadly curves and false directions.

'Tis not for the faint of heart
nor weak of will, this plane—
demons left and right, tugging
at deep shadows; guilt and shame.

Authenticity—the only way
to win this Game.
So let's try again.

*Ye Beyond the Veil, awake
and hear my Name!*

My Soul is sovereign
My blood is mine to shed.
None shall tear me down,
not even once I'm dead.

My body turned to dust
will set my Spirit free.
For now, I find my Saber
and charge it up with glee!

The Oath—2021

A dense network of gnarled, light-colored tree roots, possibly bleached or weathered, against a dark, almost black background. The roots are intricate and tangled, creating a complex web of lines. The lighting highlights the texture and form of the roots, giving them a ghostly appearance.

PART II

DESCENT

(Into the Underworld)

I sit here forever
four walls of stone
 and false justice
You come to ask me if I'm ready
to repent
And I say—
 There's a tickle in the wall
 and it wants to play

A Vision
a man from above
white Sufi-like hat
damp cell

Stretching backward in Time
with my love
I offer him
 Playfulness
and restore his Power

I am Him and He is Me

Together we collapse a little more darkness
Through eternity

Another Life Carried into Now
—2019



The Path to Opening the Divine Heart is paved with Sorrow. To serve others one must serve oneself, yet to serve oneself one must know one's Self. To know the Self we must sojourn in our own darkness for as long as is needed until we begin to naturally rise. We rise not in defiance, fury or condemnation but acceptance, peace and compassion. The darkness within us, known and forgiven, becomes our gift of light into the world. All that we heal within we can then serve in healing without. Before we have fully forgiven, both all that we have suffered and all that we have wrought, we are acting in service to pain. We give to others only to forget and numb our own pain. We live in dishonesty and disservice to ourselves and therefore the world. Our only salvation is to sit still with our pain, listen for what it seeks to teach us, and find our inner strength to let go. Let the tears flow. —2019



The wounds of Woman run old and deep
Ten thousand years clears not with an easy sweep
The Womb of woman bleeds dark and deep
Ancient hearts yearning still softly weep

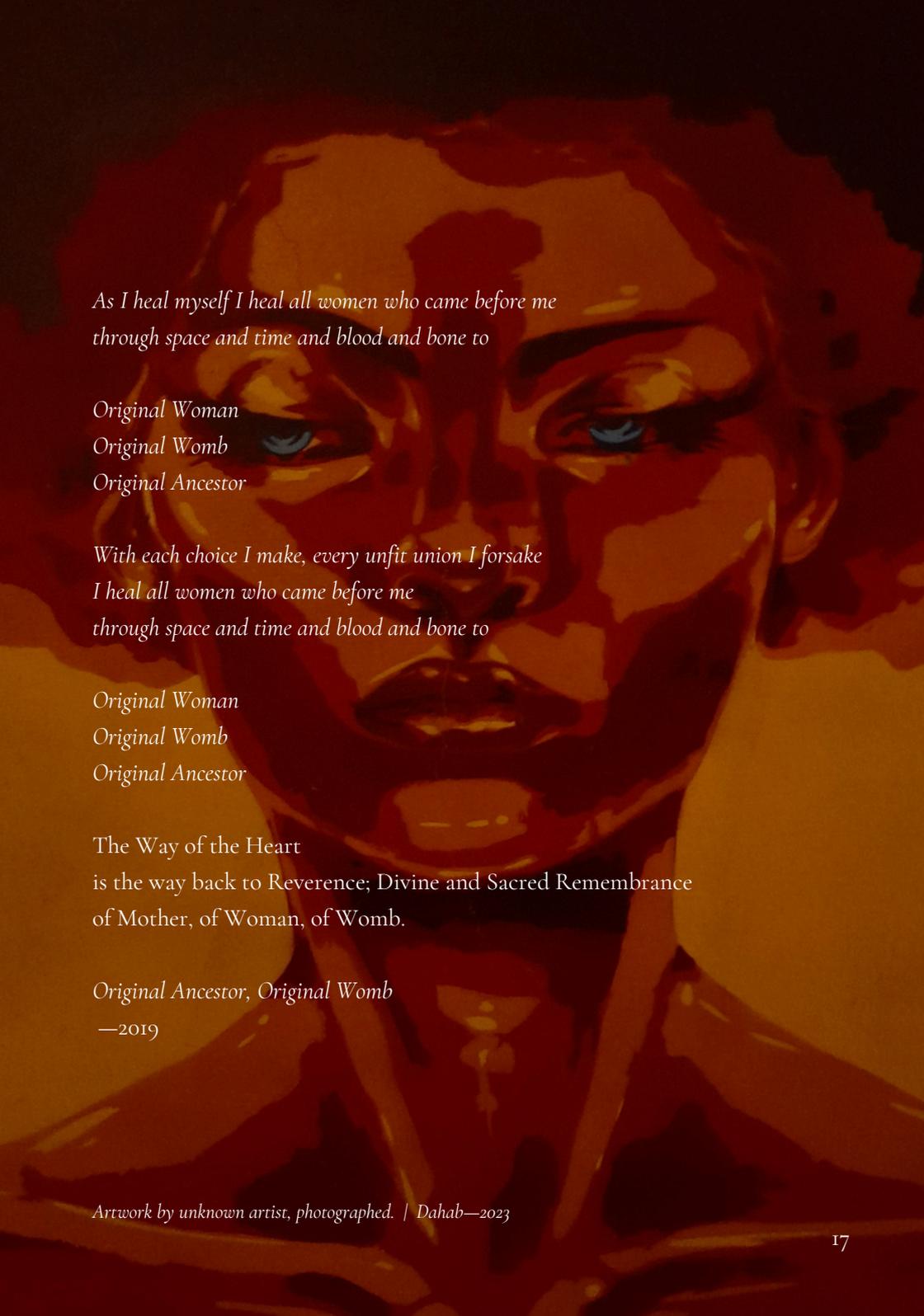
Seat of Creation so used and abused,
unseen, unheld, ill-regarded and quick discarded
How may we find our way back to Reverence;
Divine and Sacred Remembrance?

Wellspring of Eternal Life
Great Giver of all Earthly Experience
What Voice wishes to speak through me,
as Woman, now?

*I am a vessel that bears the scars of man, of woman,
even war within the stars.*

*I am a vessel that holds still the sweat, tears and torment
of all women who came before
through space and time and blood and bone to*

*Original Woman
Original Womb
Original Ancestor*



*As I heal myself I heal all women who came before me
through space and time and blood and bone to*

*Original Woman
Original Womb
Original Ancestor*

*With each choice I make, every unfit union I forsake
I heal all women who came before me
through space and time and blood and bone to*

*Original Woman
Original Womb
Original Ancestor*

*The Way of the Heart
is the way back to Reverence; Divine and Sacred Remembrance
of Mother, of Woman, of Womb.*

*Original Ancestor, Original Womb
—2019*

Artwork by unknown artist, photographed. | Dahab—2023



Setting in my Sight
My brightest light
Brought me to my knees
Before my own darkness.

Which one was better?
He asked.

Both are equal
Both are *necessary*
I replied.

For as I feel
And as I weep
And as I bleed
I purify.

There is no rest for the wicked
no less for the wise
The further I journey
backward in Time
the more I realize
I know so well
both sides...

I have murdered
I have maimed
I have tortured in *His Name*
I have suffered at the hands
of an Evil
that stains my own
blood red.

And still I rise
And still I rise
And still I fix my eyes

A blue-white Star reminds—

There is nothing to hold on to
There is nothing but
Life
 Right
 Now.

So Now
I choose my own adventure
As Spirit speaks inside
I ready myself for a brand new battle
To tame the Dragon
Lit within
And shed my serpent skin

Taming the Dragon
—2023



You have crossed the Threshold.
You have begun the Descent.

What you have just read is the opening breath of a much longer initiation—an alchemical journey through shadow, death, devotion, and rebirth.

The Complete Edition of *Tales from the Abyss* contains
24 poems and unfolds across 5 chapters:

Threshold > Descent > Abyss > Crucible > Rebirth
tracing an initiatory arc of the multidimensional soul
awakening through darkness into embodied sovereignty.

If these pages stirred something in you, trust that
stirring. There is no rush.
Enter only when you feel the call.
When you are ready to go deeper,
the gate remains open.

Find the Complete Edition of *Tales from the Abyss* here:

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with love
Mayah