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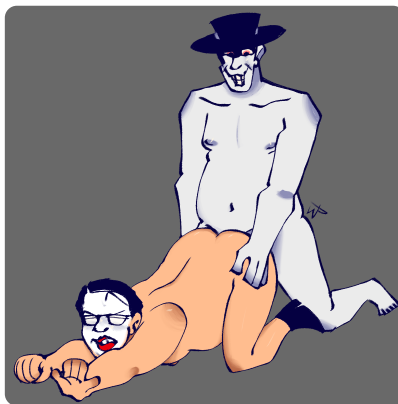


epilogue blood meridian

Photo Gallery

In the dawn there is a man progressing over the plain by means of holes which he is making in the ground. He uses an implement with two handles and he chucks it into the hole and he enkindles the stone in the hole with his steel hole by hole striking the fire out of the rock which God has put there. On the plain behind him are the wanderers in search of bones and those who do not search and they move haltingly in the light like mechanisms whose movements are monitored with escapement and pallet so that they appear restrained by a prudence or reflectiveness which has no inner reality and they cross in their progress one by one that track of holes that runs to the rim of the visible ground and which seems less the pursuit of some continuance than the verification of a principle, a validation of sequence and causality as if each round and perfect hole owed its existence to the one before it there on that prairie upon which are the bones and the gatherers of bones and those who do not gather. He strikes fire in the hole and draws out his steel. Then they all move on again.

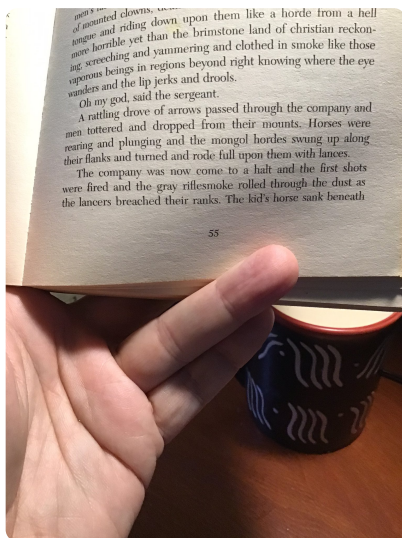
Episode VIII: The Fire Which God Has Put There



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judge_holden Kappi0 smartschool

And they are dancing, the board floor slamming under the jackboots and the fiddlers grinning hideously over their canted pieces. Towering over them all is the judge and he is naked dancing, his small feet lively and quick and now in doubletime and bowing to the ladies, huge and pale and hairless, like an enormous infant. He never sleeps, he says. He says he'll never die. He bows to the fiddlers and sashays backwards and throws back his head and laughs deep in his throat and he is a great favorite, the judge. He wafts his hat and the lunar dome of his skull passes palely under the lamps and he swings about and takes possession of one of the fiddles and he pirouettes and makes a pass, two passes, dancing and fiddling all at once. His feet are light and nimble. He never sleeps. He says that he will never die. He dances in light and in shadow and he is a great favorite. He never sleeps, the judge. He is dancing, dancing. He says that he will never die.

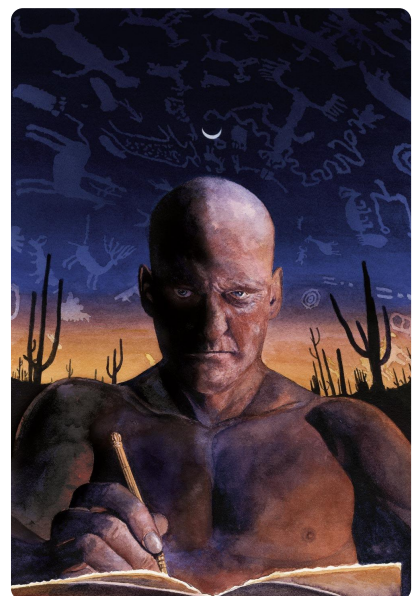
tomtinvnan on X: I havent re-read Blood Meridian as much as o



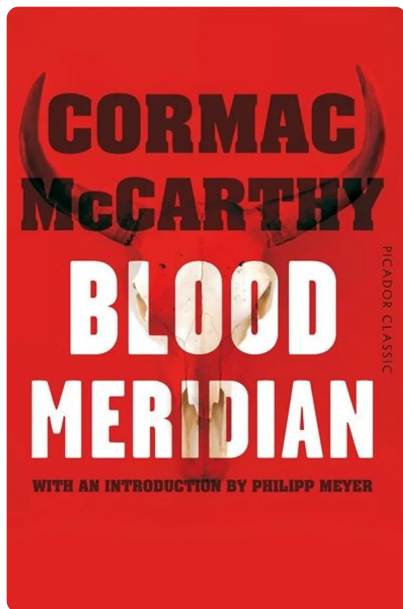
fellow travelers series on X: @ilya_poet
Visceral? Unforgett



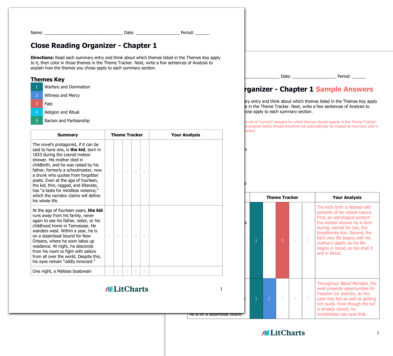
Scary Moments (Nightmare Fuel) in
Blood Meridian - TV Tropes



Episode XIII: The Judge Told Them A
Story - by Aaron Gwyn



The 30th anniversary of Blood Meridian - Pan Macmillan



Blood Meridian Epilogue Summary & Analysis LitCharts

About This Collection

Blood Meridian: Or the Evening Redness in the West Post 6607436: blood_meridian judge_holden Kappi0
smartschoolboy9 Blood Meridian, Part 2: Its t-Do you even read it? Unforgettable? , 1985 | Case Auctions fellow
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