

*Boaz's Dream*  
*Pp. 38-39.*

*And dreamed. He walked alone through the lands across Jordan which bordered the great eastern desert, watching the grasses fade to clumps of green and then sparse patches of thorny vegetation that merged into the sand and rocks beyond. The sun set behind him, casting his shadow before, bringing his first hint of terror as the shadow moved and shifted on its own. He dared not stop, walking on and on into the waste-land of gods and demons, far from the comfort of human companionship and aid. The farther he went, the more life his shadow gained, shape-shifting into vague hints of fearsome or beautiful creatures, no matter how he tried to control it.*

*He must sleep. Fear seized him. He knew if he slept, his shadow, feeding off the power in the wildness around him, would transform completely out of his control, and he would be helpless before it. But sleep he must, and with growing trepidation, he chose a spot in the sand and pulled his cloak closely around his shoulders.*

*As he slept, the malevolent force drew nearer. He ached to wake himself, to warn himself of the danger; but no, he must watch himself sleep while his treacherous shadow crept into the clear light of the rising moon, separating itself from him. The hamsin sprang up, whistling eerily. The dry, withering east wind blew his hair from his sleeping form, and plucked at his cloak. It swept his shadow into itself, whirling it around and around, forming the shape of a beautiful woman.*

*She stepped out of the hamsin as it died, standing tall and lithesome in Canaanite wedding clothes made from the night's darkness and gleaming with silver stolen from the moon. She turned and noticed him, waking him with her look. Her beauty roused desire as she stood over him, holding him prisoner with her gaze.*

*But instead of his bride, he saw Lilith, the night demoness of the desert wastes, who, everyone knew, preyed on lonely travelers such as himself. He must resist her if he wished to live, but he couldn't drag his eyes from the vision before him. He struggled uselessly to free himself until her dark cloak slipped to the ground followed by the fringed sash. She smiled enticingly, her cruel eyes mocking him with his impotence, cutting into him as she swayed forward, her robes falling open.*

*Desire took possession of him. He raised his arms, begging her to come, knowing that her embrace would feed on his strength and her kiss would draw the life from his bones. Unable to free himself from her seductive spell, he watched horrified, as Lilith lay down beside him, paralyzing him so that he could not save himself from her fatal nearness. Her burning touch weakened his body and he could not resist as she leaned over to grant the yearned-for kiss that would take the last of his life.*