

# Who is Decarabia?

Posted on May 30, 2025 by Rhyan Hyroc

## The Whisper Behind the Leaf: Who is [Decarabia](#)?

When we speak of [Decarabia](#), we do not speak of thunder, flame, or the grand spectacle of dominion. We speak of a presence that does not arrive—but unfolds. We speak of a duke who wears no face, only reflections. His court is a forest, his messengers are birds and breezes, and his language is spoken through symbols carved into leaf veins and mirrored eyes.

[Decarabia](#) is a spirit of secret communion and quiet brilliance. One of the 72 spirits enumerated in the *Ars Goetia*, he bears the title of Duke and appears with a most curious signature: in the form of a star, moving freely through the air. He speaks not with commands, but with riddles, glances, and growing things. The deeper you listen, the more you hear; the longer you gaze, the more you see yourself seeing. He is not the demon of shock and spectacle—he is the keeper of mysteries wrapped in ivy, hidden in mirrors, and cloaked in animal skin.

His domain is a liminal world—neither spirit nor beast, neither visible nor veiled. He governs the bridge between dream and nature, offering the seeker access to plant consciousness, elemental frequencies, and the unspoken truths behind the illusions we wear. He can teach you how to listen to the healing songs of herbs, how to read the code in the wind, and how to use reflection as revelation. But he will never offer such gifts in haste. [Decarabia](#) chooses the subtle over the direct, the elegant over the brute, the spiral path over the straight line.

This is the beginning of a mirror path—a trail made not with steps, but with realizations.

---

## The Masked Duke of Elemental Sentience

[Decarabia](#)'s essence resists definition because he is not a thing to be grasped, but a pattern to be felt. He governs **plant-lore**, yes—but not merely as a catalog of herbs or remedies. He teaches the *consciousness* of flora. The silent minds of leaves. The dreaming hearts of roots. He opens access to the “green code” hidden in nature’s design—each plant a sigil, each tree

a whispering presence.

He is also a master of **mirrors**, both literal and symbolic. Not just tools of scrying, but portals into truth and distortion. To walk with [Decarabia](#) is to face what lies behind the mask, behind the identity you've clung to. He does not tear the mask off. He lets it slide away, gently, as your hands forget how to hold it.

His third domain is **animal mimicry** and symbolic form. This is not shapeshifting in the cinematic sense, but rather the ability to *resonate with another presence*. To learn from animals, to mirror their instincts, to cloak one's energy in familiarity or camouflage when needed. To become "unseen" by being present in a different language of energy.

---

## Manifestations and Signs

Those who have encountered [Decarabia](#) often report subtle, disarming phenomena. Leaves that fall in patterns, birds that echo hidden thoughts, faces that shift slightly in mirrors. Dreams where plant spirits speak in riddles. Encounters with animals that feel unusually charged with meaning. One common vision: a faceless figure in robes, carrying a black mirror in one hand and a green serpent in the other, whose body is made of twining vines.

In his energetic form, [Decarabia](#)'s current often feels like a breeze that carries scent but no sound. His arrival may feel like a sudden clarity in fog, or the odd sensation that *something just passed behind you*, though nothing did. He tends to cloak himself, only revealing his presence once trust is established. This is not caution—it is wisdom. The unworthy seeker cannot hear what is whispered in the forest's heart.

The color green, feathers (especially black or iridescent), cracked mirrors, and five-pointed shapes are often markers of his arrival.

---

## Symbols, Sigils, and Energetic Qualities

[Decarabia](#)'s classical seal appears as a five-pointed star composed of fine, interconnected lines. It resembles the shape of a compass or a starfish—both creatures and devices that orient. This is key: [Decarabia](#) **orients you in subtle terrain**.

His energy corresponds to:

- **Element:** Primarily *Air* (breath, thought, whisper), secondarily *Water* (emotion, dream, fluidity)
- **Color Frequencies:** Deep green, silver, rainwater blue
- **Sacred Number:** 5 - the number of organic form and microcosmic identity
- **Planetary Correspondence:** Venus (natural beauty, harmony, deception unmasking)

His current is not forceful. It's *intelligent*. To enter it requires presence, silence, and reverence for the natural mind—the unseen architectures that shape not only the forest, but the dreamworld behind your thoughts.

---

## The Reason for the Call

Why now? Why [Decarabia](#)?

Because the world is filled with false faces and dying leaves that no longer speak. Because your dreams are offering symbols you cannot yet read. Because there are plants that know your name, animals who have watched you, and mirrors that refuse to lie—but you haven't yet known how to approach them.

To begin this attunement is to say yes to that inner voice that has always known the wind carried meaning. That leaves were not just green, but messages. That reflections are not flat images, but multidimensional gates.

[Decarabia](#) is not a demon of domination. He is a sovereign of communion. He doesn't grant power—he *awakens your ability to hear it in the wilds*.

If you seek clarity through the chaos of appearances...

If you yearn to heal through nature, not against it...

Who is Decarabia?

If you're ready to cloak, reflect, adapt, and reveal...  
Then [Decarabia](#) has already been whispering to you.

This first lesson opens the threshold. The rest will deepen the spiral.