

Sal 22,6: Ma io sono un verme e non un uomo, l'infamia degli uomini, e il disprezzato dal popolo

Bestiario Medievale (<http://bestiary.ca/beasts/beast149.htm>):

“There are two similar versions of the account of the phoenix. In the first, it is a bird that lives in India. When it reaches the age of five hundred years, it flies to a frankincense tree and fills its wings with spices. In early spring a priest at Heliopolis covers an altar with twigs. The phoenix comes to the city, sees the altar, lights a fire there and is consumed by it. The next day a small, sweet-smelling worm is found in the ashes. On the second day the worm has transformed into a small bird, and on the third has the form of the phoenix again. The bird then returns to its place of origin.”

Giovanni Scoto Eriugena, *Expositiones in Hierarchiam coelestem*, II