

# Knowing

Confess with me on supplicating knees  
*I've never known you in the flesh*

We sinners  
understand the knotty eschatology  
pledged by unknown authors  
cleansing the affront of ignorance  
with a soapy rag of certainty  
all of us Saint Pauls  
slinging imprecations at a heathen world  
closer to annihilation than salvation

To know you lord  
I must make love to you lord  
hear your moans lord  
taste your human salt lord  
feel with hands and lips your divinity  
collecting pleasure tremors in anointed velvet  
disbursing them like raindrops  
until your promised return  
eager to receive my meager tribute  
inviting your salvation

# Caught Falling

Historians examining the disparate causes of my obvious decline  
picking through hirsute clues  
like a dog teething fleas beneath a shriveled scrotum  
will conclude scholastically what we've all known intuitively  
this person once destined for greatness  
bursting with ambitions too insistent for one lifetime  
learned too late the example of Rome  
heedless of barbarians clothed in priestly vestments  
oblivious to corrosive greed  
frightened by his crumbling castle

They'll say the end was inevitable  
all lives unfurl in circular cycles  
no one escapes their penance  
despite abjuring torture to glean their truth  
regardless of good deeds done  
princes and paupers  
monks and merchants  
all of us applying for divine exemption  
from unseen protagonists authoring visible decay  
powdering temporal aspirations with invisible prayers

# Fair Exchange

She inhaled my pride  
absconding with decades of delusional narrative  
accumulated behind a porcelain fortress  
built from resentments glued together  
with acidic paste clingier than barnacles  
on a sinking ship  
leaving a crumb of humility in the remainder shadow  
a gulag ration of black bread  
I was welcome to roll around my tongue  
extracting lurking lessons  
from the pulp of juicy tales I'd neglected to memorize  
while distracted by pleasing stories  
less heroic more tragic  
now that I'd been pruned  
by a spirit gardener exacting her revenge  
on ambitious roses robbed of their thorns

# Renewable Resources

Desperate for slaves  
having depleted the usual terrestrial sources  
we searched newly discovered galaxies  
scouring the electromagnetic spectrum  
for tell-tale signs of organized energy  
our best scientists might transform  
into something useful  
if not beautiful

Charmed and amused by unfamiliar vapors  
intrigued by inexplicable geologic formations  
we departed hundreds of planets in growing frustration  
unable to discern how they could support incalculable forms of life  
yet produce not one species  
capable of performing  
the jobs our intelligent robots  
considered beneath their talent

Now you know the truth  
how our kind came to be called pioneers  
and why we didn't bristle at the euphemism  
when the carbon trails we blazed  
between rushing comets and exploding stars  
formed a celestial highway  
transporting the unlucky  
to their higher purpose