

THE HOLLOW MEN 2014

I

We are the shallow men
We are the lost men
Huddled together
Artificial warmth
In dry barren landscape. Alas!
We worship at the feet
Of high rise corporate
Ant colonies.

Ideas without form, spirit without color,
Tranquilized farce, sermons without hope.

Those who have crossed
In spirit form
Remember us - if at all - only as
The lost men
The shallow men.

II

We rant and rave
Act the clown
In the hot light of day
But in the sterile chill of night
The glow is gone.

Where are the poets of the soul?
Don't they know
They have the grail to save the world?

There are no souls here.

I think...

III

This is the dead land
 This once fertile ground
 Lyric was the first to go
 Killed by parrots
 Mouthing words with a minimum
 Of feeling, rhythm, style.

Epic passed much harder
 An infinity of monkeys
 On an infinity of computers
 Because
 Sometimes
 Words are not enough.

I think, therefore...

IV

There are no poets here
 In this valley of dying souls
 The cold wind scatters
 Ashes of the poetic spirit
 For that which is not inspired by the soul
 Is not truth
 It is not beauty.

There is only one other sound
 The silent whistling of the lonely
 The echo only
 Of empty men.

V

Yet still stirs the hunger
 For something nameless
 A dream of what once was
 And is now no more
 Ritual without passion
 Faith without imagination
 Liturgy without emotion.

The souls are fading
 And yet we sit
 The shallow men
 The lost men
 Around the smoldering ash

And quibble
 And quarrel
 And question
 What we no longer comprehend.

For we have unsheathed the mind
 Yet forgotten the soul.

VI

Listen
 When a soul dies
 It does so
 Silently
 Unassumingly
 And we hardly notice
 No tears at the wake
 One day it simply
 Sighs and
 Collapses in upon itself.

Out, out, brief candle

Yet the corpse moves on
 Vainly
 A spiritless machine
 Dancing to the tune
 Of an antiquated hymn.

I think, therefore, I am...

VII

The I's are not here
 There are no I's here
 In this valley of decaying souls
 This shallow valley.

And yet we sit and watch
 As stars burn out
 Passion extinguished
 Not remembering
 That reluctant spirits
 Can find a way home
 If but one candle
 Be lit.

Here we go round the pentium chip
The pentium chip
The pentium chip
Here we go round the pentium chip
To find the intelligence inside.

Between the essence
And the reality
Between the sense and the soul
Falls the shadow.

I think...

Between the religion
And the spirit
Between the doctrine
And the desire
Falls the shadow.

...therefore, I am.

This is the way the **soul** dies
This is the **way** the soul dies
This is the way the soul dies
Not with a bang
But a whisper.