

## Fallen Giants Land

Redemption never came cheap, and if it did not cause great agony, it was not the real thing.  
Atonement lost its luster when it was discovered impotent against Destiny.  
Honor, tallest and strongest, was unshakeable right up until it fell.  
Trust held out stupidly yet lays broken like the rest, down where all the refuse collects  
to lay forever along with Love and Fidelity amongst humanity's debris.

All were Giants, mightily remaining standing, calm, unblinking across great seas.  
When lesser anchors failed, these promised steadfast refuge  
from the sometimes searing heat  
where any answers that were to be found will be;  
something solid, for when lesser promises prove ethereal.

Amid the wreckage and the ruins and the pieces  
re-assembled by simple repetition, endlessly, over and over  
until I finally came to see the stones had been hallowed out  
re-filled with only earth;  
brightly colored shells the only ones turning interest.  
Less energy taken in for each element of it less than  
produced by the process.

We thought knew better, we "humans", uttered often with contempt,  
clinging to beliefs only valid in the main for what they say  
over and over again until belief is masqueraded.  
while we use our foolish religious reasoning to explain away  
whatever it may be you cannot any other way decipher,  
and every time, you need to once again repent

One height of futility is realizing how little it mattered back then;  
back then, we could drive the evil spirits from the wires, or call them in,  
thought that somehow this could produce for redemption  
that our promoted demon could not offer, not like he said he could;  
but then nothing else is like it was back then.

We tried to build our house on solid ground, we built to last,  
believing if we labored in the shadows of giants of our own invention,  
what could go wrong?  
Could centuries of longevity really to so defiantly drag by  
when it seems the years like lightning fly, while most days linger?

So it was not wind that toppled them, unrelenting as it was,  
not poor foundations, nor designs in any respect;  
not defects in craftsmanship precluded them crashing to the ground.  
No, no amount of stoic can hold long against the ravages of neglect;  
heroism itself was the very first to fall, under the press of imitations.

It was not Time alone that wore away importance,  
we pressed ever harder away from what had worked so well.  
These Giant's ageless eyes glazed over, dust thick on them;  
jesus, apparently out to lunch as greed slips in, accountability slips away.

Arrogance is so pleased with what his continuous meddling has done,  
helped to bring down the Giants, one by one,  
their creator found fast asleep at the switch.  
We all share the weaknesses, we could all find some grit,  
but as unlikely as losing the services of the Sun.

Shortly after the demons relaxed their grip he escaped again,  
knowing well how interlude then repetition create same circular items;  
never once can truly be chased away...

The longest running acting job, you no days have off.  
How to scoff and pretend and find humor where none is,  
every evening having mostly neglected the day,  
finds that many others have become actors since then.  
This world, by every measure is in decline,  
poets mostly know this from reflecting in their way.

If so unrepairable a spirit not worthy even of scrapping  
then who can be less afraid of whatever change awaits?

urgent in extreme yet no one else has acted since then -  
will there ever be a time when wars over anything can be avoided,  
peace given the time it will need to recover?

That thundering is the collapse of the last of the Giants,  
ten thousand tons fall to hard earth,  
the field of dissonance grows stronger,  
acceptance of mediocrity as good enough  
when it never once has been.

Oh, say goodbye to your sweethearts one last time, fellow scoundrels,  
we all could have seen this coming if we just had looked.  
From the box of Pandora her evil sister will be freed,  
all that has not yet bedeviled will soon be laid siege to.

That is when you will figure out just what hell for you will be  
but not soon enough to replay much more than one thing.  
After Karma weighs in deliberations begin,  
findings say if you go down you'll not come up again.

While I ponder foolishly and for too long I do admit  
it is the dream that has the insanity inside of it,  
it is the dream of persistently coming within inches of touching you,  
only to have violently awakened to the actual distance.

It is the dream where scarred and hideous merely startle;  
where even skin afire becomes just another detail;  
old adages were for the most part slightly askew.

The most hideous thing down there is you,  
only one against whom the demons fail.

No one is sure where Destiny could ever have slept  
or if the dissonance was really needed;  
could a heart not survive on harmony alone?  
No happy clear skies,  
many answers, few whys.

Like the dog kept in the junkyards finds happiness at any old bone  
made me see the cruelty we humans are capable of again  
because we can think, we think way too much of ourselves  
as if somehow only "we" deserved this planet as our home.

The man hated me for feeding his dogs, throwing things over the fence;  
wanted them meaner and suspicious; starving promotes that it is true,  
what creature with even a quarter of a wit would aspire to that?  
Which slug, which Neanderthal, which slime under rocks recently flipped over,  
which human who, even faced with survival, was inspired to do just that.

We seem destined to be merely a tiny blip in the flow,  
comparatively nothing in the Field in the beginning.  
Bit by bit our energy, believed deleted, did not disappear;  
instead was being relocated, cannot be destroyed,  
now, in a slightly shifted wavelength we somehow know.

Observing the Harpy tear the skin off of death itself  
he soon realized how fragile four feet of oak can be.  
He knew no one claiming answers,  
only imaginary dancers;  
there was nothing left more terrible for him to see.

From deep in imagination's high voltage, misfiring,  
our Rage has been extracted again, this time witnessed,  
how can best he use this tool?  
While mistaking himself for a fool,  
after that there will be nothing left he has not confessed to.

Our bodies lose only the tiniest fraction of weight when we die,  
yet without it we are no nobler than the clay.  
This neither refreshes our fear of death  
after time usually boring becomes weakened Dragon's fiery breath,  
there is only one left for you to slay.

So the triggers will fire off the small Armageddon again,  
one last time the scales tilt back one more time,  
hopefully, rightfully, by the wicked  
by elite hands only, no longer picked.  
Now by speed and agility, wit and charm,  
chance to shine.

One by one the nine of you pulled me from the adhesive of my spirit,  
mostly just for your own unenlightened opinion of it,  
Whatever the bludgeons, hallucinations, and markings he still bears from them;  
beatings they delivered, he felt he must have sinned at that.  
But was not loneliness the fiercest sentence of all, some inquired?

People twist things in many ways, for many different reasons,  
straight from the horse's mouth now so quaint.  
There is no believing much beyond the weekday and the season-  
all can be altered, and a preponderance of them will,  
until it looks nothing like that to which you once aspired.

These realizations, like most before them, come much too late,  
yet still burst upon the scene convinced that they can change things!  
Oh? In a year, where will these words be,  
after day and knight clash swords instead of  
leading into each other? Man has done this.

We have already stepped way out beyond the safety of discretion.  
Poor Redemption awaits those who have so selfishly defiled,  
who believed they could keep continuing a downward direction,  
sure that those who's purest logic had been compiled;  
surly Druids will have none of this.

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Calm is only the ability to slow down gracefully.  
Till now's been little enough, short on supplies,  
but some small ghosts of it have found their way in.  
At first, had been so long, we could not recognize;  
believed to be only some vision...

Now.  
now?

Think about what these chiseled out spaces and shapes mean;  
why not wait to see if we can some way figure out how. Once again  
with bare handscan; our one touch missing, twice.  
Why it seems to have always escaped your notice long enough;  
your only weapon has had the trigger taken out of it.

Thinking seemed to indicate a good momentary defense,  
use the time to figure out lies that may or may not be  
clever enough to at least merit repeating the offence,  
but some insults cannot be ignored, the hurler is challenged;  
you strike first unfairly! Get ahold of these last years.

Now,  
too rapidly burning out, lighting came inside too many small typhoons,  
Wind has never been kind to you, lying about what really were never facts;

clobbered you with a fall which from a distance looked to hurt  
when the mountain stripped you from itself like a parasite;  
brushed off one animal the Parasite seeks another, right thru your shirt.