

Bowing to Sisyphus

Until we are gods,
Both you and me,
A higher power
Must always be.

When first we forgot our kin,
And rose above the lesser ones
We learned to learn; lives secured
For death, disease, eternity.

Fear the beast, subdue the man.
Death and life would twist our soul:
Gather in safety, unite for blood
And thirst for ultimate control.

Always feed and always spread.
Turn the ground for sword and war.
Now burn the earth by cord and coal,
And steal light from heaven's strike

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Oracles prayed to pagan trees
Until the axe felled their leaves.
The holy homage of lower beasts
Drew honored blood from holy blade.

The unseen ones from bended knee
Man ordered rise to feed our need.
And stars we praised until we dared
To wield the blade of schism's fire.

We found the curse of half-blind gods –
When honeyed solace cannot fight
Progress, fear, and hallowed carnage –
The carrion lust of memory and thought.

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In our blind and hungry minds,
We seek a birthright from the sky.
As clear above so darkly below
We clear the mirror and seek to know.

With heavens lost, we must untie
Twisted pairs condemned to die.
When man controls the quanta and quark
Who below will bend a knee?

And who will look to swing the axe,
Or hold against our throat the blade,
We forged to make *our* gods obey
The endless hubris of mortal whim?

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