

Now That the Devil Is Passé...

I, IGNOTUM PER IGNOTIUS

Diabolus is overthrown and dead. My kingdom is secure.
 Truth is my favorite emissary, and pious pulpits.
 Hail! to strong young minds with ripe walls;
 I have no need of sophists, atheists, and false prophets.
 I was born from the wick of an atom, the womb of woman,
 in labor for centuries of science and civilization.
 I had a hundred native sires whose sometimes-names
 are scant recalled—Odin, Ares, Thor—
 (few would recognize the rest or care about
 the hymeneal hieroglyphics of my conception) they all merged
 into a traveling salesman-god who never dreamed
 his wedding and rape of Mortal Mind would bear
 anything but vitriol and violence, a misbegotten ogre-heir
 without a crown. And my father went his way,
 sure of his throne and amnesty of Belial's reign.

In my prenatal wisdom I had my mother destroy
 my paternal parent, the bumbling satrap,
 still strutting with a naked sword and drinking blood—
 no match for her battering ram of reason and religion.
 No matter that convulsive cults still worship
 his now-and-then ghosts; the masses perform the old rituals
 for me!