

This gem-encrusted joke! Globe guardians,
Pew sitters, squatters on the earth, the brave
Custodians of humanism grant
And shout me noble names. They watch me rise,
The monolithic paragon, the arrow
Aimed at heaven, pointing iridescently,
Precisely on its target. Oh, the farce!
The righteous rationale, the Gnostic good,
The Savior syndrome! Satan merely quoted
Scripture to his ends. I write it, burn
The words in liturgy then purge the pray-ers,
Sear their souls with flames of dedication.
The people want machines, solutions, rights,
And mighty citadels in Draco's heights.

I give them miracles, small victories,
And clever nostrums tailor-made for death
Whose bastions in earth's privy I will storm.
I'll let them find out life, I'll let them make
It, let them keep it longer. Yet they won't
Discover what they have. I'll lend them power,
Feed them with it while I wear the wreaths
Of simple service, wash myself in love
Then pass the drippings to the humble drove.

The pose is priceless. Now that Satan sleeps
Who can suspect? I show the holy signs,
The visions and the end-time parables.
In God's own name, the millions worship me!
So who will notice how the road is paved
With slowly sinking monuments? Who'll guess
The compass point is magnetized, and clocks
Are secondary idols, mine alone,
Whose hands enthrall, whose workings I align?

Yes, I have challenged God-- Who lets man rule
His destiny.... And man...is such a fool...

--Glenna Holloway