

The New Frontier

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"It is and it is not, and, therefore, is"

- Wallace Stevens, *A Primitive Like an Orb*

What have we learned in seventy years?

What are the lessons of that war

which lately ripped both Europe and Asia

to pieces, that broke our faith, but left us here?

If God is dead, what takes his place?

Or must the place itself change, into

something open, free for exploration, undefined?

It is, is not, and therefore is,

just like ourselves, our lives, and our surrounding aura.

Who would dare to pin things down again?

Yet how could beasts like us survive

without restraint and limitation?

We have known the pain of man and his machines

on heaven's throne, have suffered Cromwell's vengeful reign

for nigh four centuries. This war (the one succeeding,

recall, the one to end all wars) is but the climax

of the heavenly interregnum. But what *person*

dares to sit on such a throne again?

Are we so human? Human still, despite our deepest cravings,

loyal subjects to an absent king. Why can't we let God rest in peace?

We hear the wind disturb the leaves, those covering his grave.

It's us, the ones you chose to save,

and then abandoned to the formless blur,

which is, is not, and therefore is.

Let's on with it, then, to the new frontier,

where our longings are answered more plainly

and with less fear.