

Far Away

21 April 2022

There's someone powerful far away,
our voices and our stories claim.
I can't hear what they have to say.

This power haunts us, still in sway,
and in submitting we grow lame.
There's someone powerful far away,

And he insists, so we obey,
with voices tuned, though not the same.
I can't hear what they have to say.

And why obey? All power fades,
as every dying day explains.
There *must* be powers far away,

And yet, away they stay,
As if we *here* must give things names.
Alas, if there be powers far away,
what do they have to say?