

To Tell This To You, or Changing of the Gods

15 December 2022

I walk out one morning like any other
and come back the same as myself,
for once chosen and spoken for one
and no other. I am well-versed in things
farmers know, also tech-savvy, and neither thing
will be relinquished, but I relinquish (kenosis)
the past in the present, the future in the
imagination. So notice the soldiers, so stiff and so rigid,
turn cold to attention, about face, and march
one last time to a palace now vacant, and we,
we are not who we thought we would be. If
stars change, I guess we must change too.
I am writing to tell this to you.