Daniel G. Fitch - Divisor

In the trinary system

our ancestors chose,

darkness takes longer to approach;

Suns dance in the firmament,

days like forever,

solar rhythms beyond reproach.

Yet handsome young maidens who

twirl in white velvet

tempt us with Earth’s oldest delights;

For fuel, for fire, we

lack no desire, but

we dream always of black, cold night.

They say: “The basements of home

our lightless expanse”

in spite of their starless ceilings…

In concrete cages below

their daughters, their sons,

blindly becoming new beings.

Native insects (volcanic),

black-sulphured palm fronds

no longer pure visions of hell;

The undying sunlight will

bend and remold us:

assumptions, and form, as well.

Til’ thirty generations

evolution pries

the one human line, splitting through:

The top-dwellers leaving us,

dividing, collide

into a species unknown, new.

We dwellers below, who would

hold onto hoping

that the old Earth ways still hold fast:

Those angels of hell try to

force light upon us:

but we are human, to the last.

My daughters, who no longer

know dark as pleasure,

with radiant forms renewed:

Do not think to war against

the sunken hell-moles

who cling so sadly to old truth.

Those few tunnel dwellers who

remain now below,

clinging to memories of Earth...

Have forgotten the striving,

the newness, relying

on light’s endless forms of rebirth.