

Creation Myth

I've seen many things...

A gentle caress of a painted finger in public

Love's sweet goodbyes under autumn trees

Cold whips at the Carriage of Death

A man erupted by explosion

A star giving out in the trenches

And they all get confused in this mind of mine.

While the crisp-cut mountaintops appear to be the Maw of Death,

the aging skyline isn't long for this world.

Ozymandias should've known it—those permanent fixtures

in your life shall decay and rot.

Are the rock tracks and metal spires in this land

destined for alien archeologists?

At that point, will there be a trace of humanity left

(except for me)?

We all make mistakes, sometimes without realizing...

While you might see the dim moon and call it rising,

I see an old memory.

A blue-slab carved monolith, in-active and alone,

upon a rocky surface, near a gravelly slip face.

We must all deal with their consequences.

In my unique life I've had to accept the transient nature of relationships,
so I see Death all the time.
We're like old friends—we never talk, we never work together—he's there
all the same.

He might see me with envy, but he's kept busy—
the Son/Sun goes, as must Terra and Luna.
They might make for magnificent magma...
The largest stars competing to see who can live the shortest...
The obsessive accumulation of matter into wells...
And all the senseless living that this universe gives bore.

And so, tears in rain, I have nothing,
except my own mind.
Within which is its own weary wanderer stuck in the deep desert,
wary of the salt pan.
“There was at one point something promising here”
This wanderer wonders whether my experiences were truly
lived.

As I've lived forever, one might think I had some holy
realization, under a willow tree on a large mountainside.
As I've lived forever, I can call you out on your claim—
I am a lonely lecturer speaking to the halls of time
It wasn't much of a realization,
the only tree was of the branching timelines,
and it was only in some regards *Holy*.

Ethan Scheelk 2021-12-14

I am a reservoir for all life's memories.

All that I might know may be false.

If I mistakenly deceive, I create my own universe.

I AM GOD.