

## **We are as Cattle**

Downed and drowned by the dimming

Of electric light.

Beckoned and called by the wailing

Of voiceless masters.

Shaped and sown by the fashioning

Of perfect being.

Numbed and dulled by the brew

Of Earth's tears.

Where art thou offering of brave Prometheus?

Have thou been drowned by thine own light?

Or called by thine own master?

Or sown by thine own being?

Or stricken dull by thine own tears?

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Giuseppe Gillespie - Aug 2020