What if it was possible for such a despairingly puissant thing to happen? Into an undocumented crucible, we add progressive archetypes, fermenting qualities, a whirlwind of irrational ideologies, and then stir, baste and temper. Would you care to guess the outcome?

“What will become of us, my Lord?”

Ah yes, what about our beloved compatriot: *Apollo*, God of solar light, reason, prophecy, medicine, music. Whisperer to Prometheus, the apple for Eve, mitochondria engineered by Lilith, minister to Judas Iscariot, Cleopatra’s rising shadow… What a delight it remains to have you stand before us. But then, as advisors to Caligula, you’ve always graced our presence. What shall we do with you, indeed? Well, for you to understand our dramatic proposition, it would appear we must convince the wings of a disapproving Fate to blow against discerning winds.

“Meaning...?”

The prevailing meaning is wholeheartedly clear. Although many would regard our existential philosophies and scientific notions as disturbing, that we have unquestionably contributed to countless numbers of decaying civilizations. And yet, even in the global disdain of our empirical practices, we take great delight. As the author and the finisher, definers who delight in the defining, we continue to sort wheat from the cradle of society’s chaff. Here we remain, owners of a mountainous domain, to whom intellectuals and historians return, begging like homeless scoundrels they so shamelessly shun. Yet, everyone continues to mock us with their modern narratives, their disgusting pity?

Although you may find our empirical premise immoral, our methodology ungodly, and probably an unnecessary backhand across the already bruised face of a pedantic race, *we* do not! For the knowledge gleaned from sociological experiments remains everlastingly political ambrosia for the mind. *Ipso facto*, to those who support the aforementioned view, we say ‘Good! Let them feel our mastery with tautly pricked strings. Let them turn yet another cheek to curse, kill, toil, and pray for a promising, although contradicting, tomorrow. Let them hear us rejoice in the aggravating potential of an adolescent mankind, struggling with identity.’

This, of what may become our finest melodramatic endeavor, is categorically our ‘art, amusement, and celestial pleasure,’ not for the mortal jabbering associated with an emotional humanity. How could we understand such a Platonically vile thing as ‘its sake’? Moreover, what compares to such an enchanting thing as skin tone, hearing the muse of a lulling voice, or the joy from the succulent romance of a frangible thrill? No. The thing you speak – for the sake of – is already behind Death’s jaws! Was it not through our righteous interventions, our pedantic mistakes, our bastard children, that science and the art – like Nature, submissive, immortal – was born?

Like an eagle scouring the land, we have politically bided our moment. And, like mothers lost in the wild, we watched selected offspring from atypical seedlings take root, break ground, struggle to withstand grieving harvests, ultimately to stand strong against the institution of psychosocial edicts and economic misgivings. This is our *magnum opus*, our crowning glory, an untold labor well worth the sacrifice. Do not say we have lifted our shoulders against the nature of man, our children, and do not hate us for curing our epidemiological diseases with sixty minutes of ennui. Our pain, your dilemma, is as deliberate, precise as cellular pacemakers aligned to man’s mortality. Argue with us if you will, bury us if you can, but we are not stakeholders of ambulating fig leaves, nor do we believe in Christian Revelations, Armageddon, or any apocalyptic rambling of a stagnant state of mind. Ours is a perfectly acceptable disorder ancient vampires would find all too amusing, and just as nourishing. We are products from an elite station built well before the oblique universe grew into her technological knowledge, her New World Order. Even ‘Time’ could not fully occlude the existence of our Olympian home front. Nor the auspices of ‘Reason’ could outdo our moment. Behold, we are not literary pylons, figments of man’s hopeful imaginings.

We are Gods!

Therefore, it should not surprise you that there would come a time when the shifting sands you painstakingly tailored, as threads for a new dress, that your wardrobe has become outdated – would become outdated. However, this is not to announce your termination to the Olympian order. No, we mean to hold your hourglass for the duration of this feature. Suffice it to say, because of your cantankerous distaste in failing to support our hallowed existence, for crimes against the preservation of the good and righteous legacy within the Olympian order, *Apollo*, you are hereby relieved of your elemental charge and virtuous talents.

“Who will handle the Fate of man? How will he manage without us to lend direction, grant justice, and restore? As you yourself have stated, man is but a hyperactive child constantly in need of supervision, advice, reason, and guidance…”

Non Satis Scire.

The time has come for man to stand on his natural abilities, his purported intellect, his hypocritical faith, or the lack thereof. Like you two, man’s itinerary is set. Meanwhile, alongside another, I have prepared a mission for you two and I expect nothing short of an unconditional compliance. During this mission, *she* will not only serve as your associate advisor, but she will also chauffeur you and your unwilling attitude through natural elements of a fertile undoing, rich with your governing causes and cherished plights. Adding to her mission, *Apollo,* you should not alter, affect, guide, or disrupt this *Théâtre de l'Absurde*, its characters, or interfere with its denouement.

You will observe.

You are her escort.

You will obey.

“Who is *she*, my Lord?”

Who else would I summon, but our trusted emissary of truth: the inimitable *Poena,* Goddess of punishment?