# Paean of Satoshi

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## Foreword:

*Paean: a song of praise or triumph.*

This work is dedicated to the honor of the historical Satoshi Nakamoto, whoever they may be. It aims to monumentalize, in brief, the phenomenon of Bitcoin’s invention.

The Paean’s themes are of joy, despair, redemption, and achievement. It contributes to an organic modern mythology honoring the virtues embodied in Satoshi’s work. It is presented in a style of magical-romantic-realism, without technical language.

## Overview:

It begins with a young man awake to the beauty of the world. He falls into despair as he realizes he’s been deceived into serving malevolent forces. He is rescued from the brink of self-destruction by a vision offering redemption through the path of virtue, honoring nature.

Working with a woman who’s an image of his vision, he and she integrate the fundamental concepts which enable the protocol and develop the technology in secret. Together they represent themselves to the wise warriors of the world as “Satoshi Nakamoto.”

Cloaked in anonymity, they birth the technology into the public. Recognizing that it must be leaderless if it is to succeed, they surrender their power over it and leave their treasure as a public monument for all who would follow to wonder at their motives.

The story ends with wonder, just as it begins: wonder at the beauty of the natural world, wonder at the character of heroes who give power and fortune to humanity’s benefit. The tone moves from innocence through the darkness of corruption and into the light of achievement.

## Structure

The Paean is twelve verses, each four stanzas of couplets with alternating end rhyme in iambic tetrameter. Aloud it spans about 12 minutes, in 60-second verses. Coupled with images it would be well-suited for the highly constrained formats of social media. It could be expanded.

The “Index” represents “verse.stanza.line” values. In the typography: plain text is the male voice, *Italics* the female, and **bold** is both together.

Re-use and re-mixing is encouraged. If you’ve got better rhymes, let’s hear them.

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| ***Index*** | **Text** |
| *1.1.1* | The world is full of wonder |
| *1.1.2* | there's joy in all I see |
| *1.1.3* | I wonder what lies under |
| *1.1.4* | wild forces flowing free |
|  |  |
| *1.2.1* | through energy and patterns |
| *1.2.2* | nature lives and works |
| *1.2.3* | in language of mathematics |
| *1.2.4* | we can, with her, converse |
|  |  |
| *1.3.1* | Indistinguishable from magic |
| *1.3.2* | fruit of science and industry |
| *1.3.3* | transforms ourselves from tragic |
| *1.3.4* | to beacons of self-sovereignty |
|  |  |
| *1.4.1* | Though our tools are so mighty |
| *1.4.2* | still there's so much left to do |
| *1.4.3* | I will shape the world that might be |
| *1.4.4* | and build our strength anew |
|  |  |
| *2.1.1* | At last I'm in position |
| *2.1.2* | to wield the hand of state |
| *2.1.3* | I'm filled with my mission |
| *2.1.4* | to strike the forces of hate |
|  |  |
| *2.2.1* | But this is not what I expected |
| *2.2.2* | There’s something wrong within |
| *2.2.3* | My goodwill feels rejected |
| *2.2.4* | I fear I serve a thing malign |
|  |  |
| *2.3.1* | If I can channel this power |
| *2.3.2* | perhaps I'll change its course |
| *2.3.3* | I'll turn the forces that devour |
| *2.3.4* | on themselves without remorse |
|  |  |
| *2.4.1* | Alas, its not working |
| *2.4.2* | the walls are closing in |
| *2.4.3* | the kraken's only smirking |
| *2.4.4* | benevolence can't even begin |
|  |  |
| *3.1.1* | The curtain is drawn back |
| *3.1.2* | I see what I've become |
| *3.1.3* | a tool made for attack |
| *3.1.4* | to venom, I've succumb |
|  |  |
| *3.2.1* | My works have born misery |
| *3.2.2* | even while I fought for good |
| *3.2.3* | I spread ill-will's hegemony |
| *3.2.4* | Cloaked in blithe falsehood |
|  |  |
| *3.3.1* | An instrument of evil |
| *3.3.2* | is what I seem to be |
| *3.3.3* | what I've done to people |
| *3.3.4* | I am ashamed, of me |
|  |  |
| *3.4.1* | How could I have done this? |
| *3.4.2* | It seems there's no way out |
| *3.4.3* | Where shall I find release |
| *3.4.4* | In death, I'm sure, no doubt |
|  |  |
| *4.1.1* | *My Child, you are mistaken* |
| *4.1.2* | *Your life doesn't have to end* |
| *4.1.3* | *For the lives your work has taken* |
| *4.1.4* | *You may yet make amends* |
|  |  |
| *4.2.1* | *My Son, don't take the easy way* |
| *4.2.2* | *I am not through with you* |
| *4.2.3* | *Though you have gone astray* |
| *4.2.4* | *you may yet be renewed* |
|  |  |
| *4.3.1* | *My Love, reclaim your will* |
| *4.3.2* | *Your work may yet redeem* |
| *4.3.3* | *You must use your precious skill* |
| *4.3.4* | *and invent the truth machine* |
|  |  |
| *4.4.1* | *Come away with me now* |
| *4.4.2* | *back to where we began* |
| *4.4.3* | *take my hand, I'll show how* |
| *4.4.4* | *from ashes, we may yet learn* |
|  |  |
| *5.1.1* | *Nature has no rulers* |
| *5.1.2* | *our only title is Peer* |
| *5.1.3* | *Seek not permissions* |
| *5.1.4* | *shine light without fear* |
|  |  |
| *5.2.1* | *Nature offers abundance* |
| *5.2.2* | *we must channel it for good* |
| *5.2.3* | *work in ongoing dance* |
| *5.2.4* | *transform our seeds to food* |
|  |  |
| *5.3.1* | *Life is beloved of nature* |
| *5.3.2* | *and it has but one goal* |
| *5.3.3* | *by replication, it is sure* |
| *5.3.4* | *to find its niche and role* |
|  |  |
| *5.4.1* | *structure rises from the void* |
| *5.4.2* | *built on simple interactions* |
| *5.4.3* | *matter is thus deployed* |
| *5.4.4* | *and complexity emerges* |
|  |  |
| *6.1.1* | *Remember my words* |
| *6.1.2* | *through action, earn trust* |
| *6.1.3* | *Seek me through the worlds* |
| *6.1.4* | *Find the way you feared lost* |
|  |  |
| *6.2.1* | Can it be that I'm still alive? |
| *6.2.2* | No, I've died, and am reborn |
| *6.2.3* | A new bearing for which to strive |
| *6.2.4* | my old ways shall be forlorn |
|  |  |
| *6.3.1* | She spoke to me of nature |
| *6.3.2* | as maiden, mother, and crone |
| *6.3.3* | now I'm resolved to serve her |
| *6.3.4* | with flesh, and blood, and bone |
|  |  |
| *6.4.1* | But first I must find her |
| *6.4.2* | and understand what she said |
| *6.4.3* | "Truth machine?" I wonder |
| *6.4.4* | how to thank her I'm not dead |
|  |  |
| *7.1.1* | While the city is so vast |
| *7.1.2* | its a tiny part of the planet |
| *7.1.3* | if I searched ever so fast |
| *7.1.4* | Hope to succeed? I cannot |
|  |  |
| *7.2.1* | Yet I must, and I will |
| *7.2.2* | the mission gives me life |
| *7.2.3* | Though I suffer until |
| *7.2.4* | the world’s free of strife |
|  |  |
| *7.3.1* | Ahead now, a vision? |
| *7.3.2* | bright spark in the ashes |
| *7.3.3* | she ignites in me a frisson |
| *7.3.4* | as for herself she dances |
|  |  |
| *7.4.1* | As I'm watching she nears |
| *7.4.2* | *"Yes?"* I'm self conscious |
| *7.4.3* | Her voice holds no fears |
| *7.4.4* | assured and courteous |
|  |  |
| *8.1.1* | Speak with me a moment? |
| *8.1.2* | I think you'll understand |
| *8.1.3* | this consuming thought |
| *8.1.4* | burning in my head |
|  |  |
| *8.2.1* | I propose to create a tool |
| *8.2.2* | That records for all to see |
| *8.2.3* | Agreements made and sealed |
| *8.2.4* | attestable, indefinitely |
|  |  |
| *8.3.1* | It should be, for all, accessible |
| *8.3.2* | It should testify to identity |
| *8.3.3* | It should be incorruptible |
| *8.3.4* | For truth is spoken irreversibly |
|  |  |
| *8.4.1* | With it we will prosper |
| *8.4.2* | In peace and camaraderie |
| *8.4.3* | Each one free to discover |
| *8.4.4* | our way to serve, mutually |
|  |  |
| *9.1.1* | But there are many problems |
| *9.1.2* | For each virtue, there's a vice |
| *9.1.3* | To have each of these properties |
| *9.1.4* | There seems an untenable price |
|  |  |
| *9.2.1* | *What if it lives in the ether?* |
| *9.2.2* | *What if its stories are very short?* |
| *9.2.3* | *What if it knows only fingerprints* |
| *9.2.4* | *Of the truths that we assert?* |
|  |  |
| *9.3.1* | *Let our witness stand alone* |
| *9.3.2* | *Let our word support itself* |
| *9.3.3* | *Let strands of truth be grown* |
| *9.3.4* | *Genesis rooted in our life* |
|  |  |
| *9.4.1* | *Reflect upon truths gone by* |
| *9.4.2* | *Build our present upon our past* |
| *9.4.3* | *Shout the future from on high* |
| *9.4.4* | *Thus make truths that last* |
|  |  |
| *10.1.1* | Last problem is me |
| *10.1.2* | My time's not my own |
| *10.1.3* | *Trust, my love, I'll be* |
| *10.1.4* | *voice of what we've grown* |
|  |  |
| *10.2.1* | Cloaked in mathematics |
| *10.2.2* | *let us speak with the wise* |
| *10.2.3* | Ask for critiques |
| *10.2.4* | *On what this implies* |
|  |  |
| *10.3.1* | *Now we build our tools* |
| *10.3.2* | Staff, shield, and cloak |
| *10.3.3* | *kept secret from fools* |
| *10.3.4* | work safe in the dark |
|  |  |
| *10.4.1* | *Together we rally* |
| *10.4.2* | *from dark we bring light* |
| *10.4.3* | triumph over the valley |
| *10.4.4* | dawn from the night |
|  |  |
| *11.1.1* | **We can reshape our worlds** |
| *11.1.2* | **holding this much power** |
| *11.1.3* | **while yet Power corrupts** |
| *11.1.4* | **we've no wish to cower** |
|  |  |
| *11.2.1* | **If we want it to live** |
| *11.2.2* | **we must set it free** |
| *11.2.3* | **its got all we can give** |
| *11.2.4* | **From afar we will see** |
|  |  |
| *11.3.1* | **Our friends of good will** |
| *11.3.2* | **must take up the banner** |
| *11.3.3* | **we leave beacon on hill** |
| *11.3.4* | **in monumental manner** |
|  |  |
| *11.4.1* | **We'll be just off stage** |
| *11.4.2* | **Cheering the fight** |
| *11.4.3* | **we'll rattle the cage** |
| *11.4.4* | **and savor our sight** |
|  |  |
| *12.1.1* | **Light slowly takes hold** |
| *12.1.2* | **Darkness suddenly spent** |
| *12.1.3* | **much remains to unfold** |
| *12.1.4* | **Lest reemerge the blight** |
|  |  |
| *12.2.1* | **The work of the wise** |
| *12.2.2* | **ever and always ongoing** |
| *12.2.3* | **Face travail with poise** |
| *12.2.4* | **grow in your knowing** |
|  |  |
| *12.3.1* | **Shed your own shackles** |
| *12.3.2* | **We offer an answer** |
| *12.3.3* | **Ignore all the jackals** |
| *12.3.4* | **Take up the banner** |
|  |  |
| *12.4.1* | **Be Satoshi: Be light,** |
| *12.4.2* | **be change, be bold** |
| *12.4.3* | **For Satoshi lives the spirit** |
| *12.4.4* | **Of we who have dared** |