

Prometheus

I sit here amid the heroes of the Elysian Fields,
Waiting for my next sojourn to the land of men;
Talking, teaching these wanderers who with studied grace,
Spend more time in contemplation than when they
Walked unfettered under Helios' watchful eye.

So it is with mankind, my greatest work,
For I, of the race of Titans, watched as
The Olympians made war upon my kind,
And assistance gave the thunder-wielder,
As He and His lay claim to the throne of heaven.

And I, neither Titan any longer, nor denizen of
High Olympus, took pity on humans, for we share a
Similar fate. For you are separated from the beasts,
But still endowed with a spark of the divine; and so
You Search incessantly, like Echo looking for his own

Voice, forever wandering under Helios' watchful eye,
Only to miss so much of wonder and of joy.
But come, I Am not here to chastise, but to teach;
For I too am aware of the cost of chastisement, as I was
Chained by the thunderer, and spent countless years

In ceaseless agony, until one of your race,
Beloved Heracles, took pity upon me and loosed
Me from my infernal torment. And so I wait, until the
Will of the Divine requires that I once more
Act to redeem your fallen race. For no longer of

Gold are you forged, nor of silver smithied in
Hephaestus' furnace, but of a baser metal,
Now declined, is your race made. But my love for
You is unalloyed yet, for in your spirit, I see
My reflection mirrored back to me.

Know this then, as once more a gift I impart to you;
A gift more precious than that first of fire: another
Comes to supplant the thunder-wielder, and I
Will once again be offered up to save your race.
For so it goes: where once the elements ruled

Both land and sea, and were themselves undone
By Titans fierce, who ruled alone uncounted years,
Until the race of Olympus claimed their throne; so too
Will these pass on, to one unnamed. But here is a
Riddle worthy of the sphinx: how can each one pass

But godhead seem to remain? And the answer, like that
To the sphinx, lies with man. For as you grow, and
Learn your truest selves, so too your concept of the
Godhead grows. For do you think, that after all these years,
The gods do not depend on you as well?

But growth is such a fleeting, writhing thing, that
Crawls upon the ground and sometimes stops,
And doubles back upon itself, it seems. Incessant
Thrashing on the manger floor, when all it
Takes is silence and a prayer; and then the

Truth mysteriously appears. For when you learn the
Mystery of things, and through the atom pierce the
Smallest space, and speed like light attain that once
Was only god's, and find the silence at the heart
Of things, then will you be ready to join the host

Divine, and to our spirit bring your substance,
So that we two forms of being, joined at last,
Can sing, and through song, be forever one. For
That my friend, is how this world will end: not with a
Bang, nor with a whimper, but with a song of joy.