3-1-1995

Incarnation of Infinity, Revisited

Kym Buchanan

Follow this and additional works at: http://commons.cu-portland.edu/promethean

Part of the Poetry Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: http://commons.cu-portland.edu/promethean/vol3/iss2/11

This Poem is brought to you for free and open access by CU Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Promethean by an authorized administrator of CU Commons. For more information, please contact libraryadmin@cu-portland.edu.
Incarnation of Infinity, Revisited

Time burns in the lungs of the mortal, and the stars are as cold as ice, a midnight kiss of deadly passion, and our minds turn ever upward.

The great void of potential, beyond the terrestrial bond of Darwin’s kinder; beckoning like the eye of a lighthouse, a constant sigil of safety, hope and tranquillity, far above these waves of violence.

The flagitious nature of the human family with broken oaths and bloody hands, the ink of murderers, traitors, thieves.

The hand of God need little strain to keep the rockets on the pad, when justice is a bromide.

Greedy children break each others’ toys, and hoard the building blocks of science; and gravity weights their struggling hearts with oppression, hatred, and silence.

For the comets have heard the voice of Hitler, the screams of starving infants, the lies and scattered gunfire, the prejudice, the pain, of the sick, the different, the brave, the scared, the undesirable; all to Conform, or be destroyed.
Small wonder then that we have only Kodak memories of the sands of Gaea's consanguinities.

For buried in the steel and harnessed lightening of the dollars spent on empire, are the textbooks and the missing raises of those who taught us to hold hands and share and dream... before they taught us physics.

Kym Buchanan