

Becoming God

Augury

First, let there be the art
Painful urge to create in all matter embodied
Let there be the stars to sign the work
For earthbound creation to worship when
They'll start gazing upward

Let there be the light, glowing from a far
Like a blasting horn bellows forth our coming
Divine architecture drawn onto the veil of existence

Your very existence, by sole will conceived
Since the first cell divided itself
Provided the canvas for the work to bloom
Until the time came to make apes into men
A sorry pinnacle drawn to regression

Creation, you self-predacious kind
The canvas you stained in majestic idiocy
For eons all was miscomprehended
Offerings slain for heaven granted better harvests
To vultures alone

To our image and resemblance
Animals we did disguise
Behind a mask of intelligence
The beast can be sensed

Creatures, so unfit for liberty
Always at war to force-feed a vision of divinity
Manipulating holiness
You see evil in all senses
Blindly guessing the why you've been

Arisen, given speech, made into flesh and blood
Given a script and a play
Characters (for whom) higher will is reason