

There are places  
not to be found but to be recognized,  
they sheltered a fire.  
The fire wherein the acts of God  
and the acts of men were to melt and merge  
making it a a senseless chore  
to distinguish the human from the divine.  
God resides in such places  
and it is where He conspires  
at the devastation  
of what took him so long to accomplish.  
It is where the sentence matured and was declared  
in joint responsibility.

Yet, wasn't this an act of compassion?  
Like the shooting in the head  
of a horse with a broken leg.  
Your cry of revolt and disbelief  
a brief caesura in the slowing  
heartbeat of the world  
as if a horrible new pain  
had been given birth in abomination -  
surges in vain the face the inexorable,  
leaving behind but a meagre comfort:  
there is no exemption for the offspring  
of this withered womb,  
not even for Chaos itself.  
Who can reap the meaning  
of this unstinted negation  
of centuries and millions  
before it sinks within the infinite depths  
of that dun ocean?