

Caesura

Faith and the Muse

In kairos hour I bequeath Confusion of my sole belief
Consider: am I god in mortal shell Yet shine no brighter than myself
Invaded by life's patriarch Who conquered me through hatred's art
With fists of all unspoken sin Agrip'd my angered heart within
And blood unknowing humble flows Deity's miscarried ghost
For here my innate children prey Un-
nursed and unhealed wounds betray
A swollen rage: my numen's breath Of fire yet demotic sense Weakens me
Mysterious misanthropy Rejects its own humanity
I give thee name Yet keep the blame
That is my one possession Wherein lies the lesson