

This gem-encrusted joke! Globe guardians,
 Pew sitters, squatters on the Earth, the brave
 Custodians of humanism grant
 And shout me noble names. They watch me rise,
 The monolithic paragon, the arrow
 Pointing iridescently to Heaven,
 Heaven as its target! Oh, the farce!
 The righteous rationale, the Gnostic good,
 The Savior syndrome. Satan merely quoted
 Scripture to his ends. I write it, burn
 The words in liturgy then purge the pray-ers,
 Sear their souls with flames of dedication.
 The people want machines, solutions, rights,
 And mighty citadels in Draco's heights.

I give them miracles, small victories,
 And clever nostrums tailor-made for death
 Whose bastions in Earth's privy I will storm.
 I'll let them find out life, I'll let them make
 It, let them keep it longer. Yet they won't
 Discover what they have. I'll lend them power,
 Feed them with it while I wear the wreaths
 Of simple service, wash myself in love
 Then pass the drippings to the doting drove.

The pose is priceless. Now that Satan sleeps
 Who can suspect? I show the holy signs,
 The visions and the end-time parables.
 In God's own name, the billions worship me!
 So who will notice how the road is paved
 With slowly sinking monuments? Who'll guess
 The compass point is magnetized, and clocks
 Are secondary idols, mine alone,
 Whose hands enthrall, whose workings I align?

Yes! I, too, challenged God-- Who lets man rule
 His destiny. And man...is such a fool...