

Now That the Devil Is Passé...

I, IGNOTUM PER IGNOTIUS

Diabolus is overthrown and dead. My kingdom is secure.
 Truth is my favorite emissary, and pious pulpits.
 Hail! to strong young minds with ripe walls;
 I have no need of sophists, atheists, and false prophets.
 I was born from the wick of an atom, the womb of woman,
 in labor for centuries of science and civilization.
 I had a hundred native sires whose sometimes-names
 are scant recalled—Odin, Ares, Thor—
 (few would recognize the rest or care about
 the hymeneal hieroglyphics of my conception) they all merged
 into a traveling salesman-god who never dreamed
 his wedding and rape of Mortal Mind would bear
 anything but vitriol and violence, a misbegotten ogre-heir
 without a crown. And my father went his way,
 sure of his throne and amnesty of Belial's reign.

In my prenatal wisdom I had my mother destroy
 my paternal parent, the bumbling satrap,
 still strutting with a naked sword and drinking blood—
 no match for her battering ram of reason and religion.
 No matter that convulsive cults still worship
 his now-and-then ghosts; the masses perform the old rituals
 for me!

Homage! Human sacrifice! On a scale so grand
the devil almost died of envy before I poisoned him.

Globe-guardians, pew-sitters, pedants and law-squatters,
all custodians of humanity shout me noble names
as iridescently I rise, my huge
monolithic ideal pointing up to heaven.

Aimed at heaven.

Ah, the righteous rationale, the Gnostic good, the savior
syndrome!

Satan merely quoted scripture to his ends; I
write it! Burn it into liturgy, purge the prayers,
torch their spirits with the flames of dedication.
Addiction follows quickly as you see.

They shall have magic and machines, citadels
in Draco's outback. They shall have miracles and medicine
and solutions for death, bastions beneath earth's privy.
Let them find out life, let them make it, let them have it,
but never discover what they have.

I will lend them power, I will feed them with it;
I wear the wreaths of honor, sing the odes of simple service.
I wash myself in love and pass the drippings,
those sweetened cups of drugs.

In God's name, the pose is priceless,
In God's name they worship me!

With Lucifer gone, who will suspect?

Some even think God dead.

Yet, I have them gazing upward, I show

the holy colors and the visions they look for and the signs—

Who will notice the road paved with slowly sinking assets?

Who will guess the compass point is magnetized and mesmerized

and time is just ~~another~~ tyrant idol?

Yes, I have challenged God—

Who lets man fight His duels.

And man is such a fool...