

Myth and Reality

Purposeless, chained to a wife,
Turns into idolatry,
Man abhors a vacuum life,
A spicy mistress is Mystery;
 Out of the earth and out of sod
 Man conjures up a hideous god.

Man in his futility
Makes sacred utility
Into drab humanity
Drags down Divinity;
 Out of a stable, out of sod
 Man conjures up a loving god.

Cruel and unjust society,
Gripped with gross inequality
Needs sacred commodity,
To justify brutality;
 Stupid like meat, heavy like cod,
 And readymade – a cruel God.

Mystic fables are then made
Of the wine and of the bread,
Stories of a virgin maid
Mothered a babe though unwed;
 Stupid like meat, heavy like cod,
 And readymade – a loving God.

Endless myth when you read it,
Argument to argument,
Reason for/against the spirit,
Resurrect every moment;
 Tic-tic-tic, seeds in a pod,
 Like a dead and dried up god.

You the branches, I the vine,
And it all looked very fine,
I am yours and you are mine,
And the water became wine.
 Dead and dried seeds in a pod,
 Tic-tic-tic – and there was God.

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