

James' Song



By Charles Davi

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Order

That from the dead,
 Life itself will spring,
 With such indifferent violence,
 That death itself will cower in resign -
 The absolute, the joy of man, let lose upon the world.

That from the mud,
 A new tree will grow -
 Its height the subject of lore;
 Its colors,
 Echoes of the firmament itself -
 For it will touch the brink of Heaven,
 And then mankind will know,
 What it is to truly Love.

For the subtle aggravations of others are not an accident -
 That we live in a sea of people that misbehave on purpose,
 Not in an overt way,
 But in a manner that makes everyday life unpleasant,
 On purpose,
 And not because they believe in this or that,
 But instead because they cannot help themselves,
 For the happiness of everyday life escapes them. †

Immortality

That as disgusting as they are, we must be resolute,
And most important,
Beautiful -
For eventually, their depravity will remind them,
That they've lost the support of God.

That this is real -
That it is not a loss of religion or faith or superstition,
For they will lose belief altogether,
And so they will begin to lose their will,
As the next rape,
The next dead body,
Their next crime in general,
Will ring increasingly hollow -
The nonsense they subscribed to:
The counting:
The cheap math,
For kids,
Leaves them at a loss of intuition,
While we fly.

While our next good deed,
We'll ring louder,
And ever louder,
More violent,

Interlace,
Until we make a fire,
And even then,
Its color will change,
For we won't stop,
Until it is too hot to be visible at all,
That burns the wicked where they stand,
Like a ghost.

And though even then,
As they stare down the barrel of impossible saints,
They will swear in anxiety the poet has only his words,
Though they will know that poets have the power of idea:
The worst kind of fire:
Worse than things altogether:
The ones you can't extinguish,
And only try to erase,
That burn ever hotter as you scrub,
For those that believe will then be everywhere,
And until submission, live forever otherwise. †

James' song

What happens when things go too far?

You remove choice from the equation,

And you leave a slave,

Not to instruction or reason,

But to objective itself -

A monster, that starts to adjust not to his environment, but to design.

All of us are capable of these,

And when conditions are awful,

It is not the man that is to blame,

But those that set the stage.

This is not a ground for excuse,

For the man,

For all of us are responsible for our deeds,

Whether wrong or righteous,

Or more likely pointless,

For most of us.

For when you make the choice to act,

And someone suffers,

Anyone,

Regardless,

The worst among us,

Still sentient,

Still suffer,
This is yours,
And yours alone:
Between you and God,
Though humanity can and will likely intervene, if they can.

Still, someone plays a song,
That saves your soul,
Before you go,
Knowing what you did,
And anyway took the time to see you in the absence of hate,
Knowing we are all at best super human,
And even then,
Only because of belief -
Little things,
On an eggshell,
Spinning round,
About a dying Sun. †