

To Elysium, King Atlas

I defy the height of the world
in spite of the weight of my cross.
Inspire myself, a fire-and-brimstone sermon.
At a loss under Atlas' burden.

Holding the globe like a damaged icon,
my bones can't bear the load piling on.
Comes a cropper. Ill at ease ever after.

Mercy in chains.
The plot is thickening, things changed in a way.
The chances are sickening, evolution in a day.

Does it matter how it ends when cards were dealt by hostile hands?
Endurance is the fancy that nothing is everlasting.

The open sky unsettled by thunder.
Killed in a crash like a bolt from the blue.
The burden, concealed and playful, grows anew.

Enemy mine... hate is the only enemy.
Axis powers recede.
The still point of the turning world stands still indeed.
Things changed in a way, evolution in a day.

We evolve away.