

Unmarked Time

It is winged so it can fly
with lack of a proper face
How swift it passes by
it always wins the race

With stern admonition Kopek
swallows his morning medication
while belching forth denunciation
They all lie . . . They all lie . . .
 . . . but they do not know it
I see realities. . . by them unseen
Realities overlaid. . . one by one
multi-layers stacked up heaven high

Atum claimed he harnessed
the old winged serpent
rode it from sun to sun
as a self-proclaimed
master of the sky
riding . . . riding defiantly
until it swallowed his lie

What of older Goseck circle
Nabta Playa marking seasons
without lies. . . without lies. . .
mouths Kopek mopping
his drool drenched chin

What of Assur Marduk Molech
he bellows forth
Hungry sky-god mammon
hungry for the blood of men

Mayans with their twenty count
afraid that time would stand still
with blood-soaked hands would
start the cycles once again
The Mayan priest-craft's marked
out Time will soon be gone
only the Aztec's Quetzalcoatl
the feathered serpent
will live on

They change shape . . .
They change shape . . .
 . . . and move about
Odin left his mountains
with his top-hat and his staff
yearning for an Asgard sky
supplanting ancient watermen
with an evanescent lie

They sailed before they saddled
They sailed before they saddled
repeats Kopek again again
Watermen whose ancient home
now rests in ocean depth
their tales of ocean perils
know well the serpent
that can be harnessed
one without descent

As I sit and watch
with a heated fitful
questioning mind
old Kopek sinks into
an uncaring lassitude
a medication apathy
of silenced cognizance
They are his realities
I now face
Opportune time
must forthwith
take Unmarked's place