

Even Rude

"Passing Of The Elder Gods"

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Where have you gone,
O, old Gods of Earth
What far, planet-paven ways doth you walk?

Upon the marginless sky,
Where once your chariots rolled
Now a cruel and ravenous tyrant enthrones

Shall you come to us
In star-emblazoned dreams
Mounted on silver-haired unicorns?

Shall you appear again
Proud gods of old
In the blaze of sidereal multitude?

O, blinded fools of Jahve
Behold the creation of your lord!
Earth is now but a rigid semblance
Of a long-dead, once wondrous world,
A ruined pantheon of beauty,
A vast sepulchre of gloom
O, blinded fools of Jahve
Behold the creation of your lord!

The Huntress rides no more ,
The Elder gods left this hoary planet
And remains not faith enough to bring them back-
Pan to his wood, Artemis to her moon

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