

Krallice "Diotima"

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Wake, nurse your aching brow, the cloud
behind your eyes
For now soothed by gentle thoughts of oblivion
And sexual release
Inside every man is a beast, a perfect animal of
Self-advancement
Unthethered by conscience

Beyond the realm of will, while the living self
Fragments into quanta
Is this the next step? Minds dissolved in the
Aether, a split species
"Diotima, your sun, the more beautiful age, has
gone down
and now the storms quarrel in frost-covered
night"

Grant us the power of detachment, that our
Fragmented selves will know purpose
Ethereal love, spiritsense, of which the physical
can only intimate
Freedom from this flesh, that I may observe the
balance of nature

"You, the favourite of the heavenly muse
You, who once reconciled the elements
Come and comfort me against the chaos of our
time
Order the raging battle with the peaceful music
of Heaven"

"Till what's cleft in two become one in the
mortal heart
Till ancient human nature, so calm, so great,
serenely and powerfully rise
From out of our seething times"

"Heal her life O Gods, a life that you yourselves
raised"
So she may merge our splintering selves, the
physical and the ideal

"for not everything is in the power of the Gods,
and Mortals would sooner turn into the abyss
Each day I shall give my cinders to your flame,
And rise up another man"

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