

The Postman Syndrome "Volume Fact"

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[Chapter XI]

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[Chapter XII]

First a light, and then a cup,
Set upon a meager tray beside the book of revelations,
And tucked by fireside's brighter light.
Studiously dwell upon the ill-achieved stabs at grace.

The second light is tempered by it's honesty,
Overshadowing the primary.
Words contort accordingly.
Another page torn,
Crumbled by a fist in reaction to actions
Pure in concept marred by dissatisfaction,
Squeezing drops of still flame from the cold page.

And yet it still must come to this: a wordless page,
Yet poignant fist to keep the fire still contained.
And if there's no more to show for this tonight
Except a paper cut that's fine,
And yet it still does ratify when bloody hands will
satisfy
And voices can't bring down the sky.
Another page is smoothed and saved.
The needless word has need today,
The millionth word and first the same.

"Against stupidity the Gods themselves contend in
vain."

Against true luminance the bright ones lose their
sheen,
But through humility the dullest troll can fail discretely.

"Against stupidity the Gods themselves contend in
vain."

Illuminated now, a picture has two levels;
There is the moment clad in shallow sun.

Behind, there stands the fact,
The noose of God surrounding;
And tied to everything they fall, toppling the all.

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