

## Tourniquet

### "Mic"

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Darwinistic Dante's Inferno partially obstructed  
preconceptions steering the helm  
Microscopic View of a Telescopic Realm  
As the fire's embers faded and wrought their broken,  
dying ghosts black upon the ground  
And the sunlight sets the clouds aflame  
Do you not gaze in wonder of how they became?  
What good will it be for a man if he gains the whole  
world, yet forfeits his soul?  
And the grandest of valleys and canyons that are cut  
with the passing of eons of time  
From a wave of the mightiest hand from the giver of  
life and beauty sublime  
When the tufted footfalls of a jungle beast silently slip  
past your panicking feet  
And the soul within you marvels and your praise to Him  
is cast  
Do you really think Mr. Darwin's words and thoughts  
truly are the last?  
Chaos, order  
As scaled wings erupt in brilliant colors spectrum's  
view  
When a seed becomes a plant and then a tree then  
starts anew  
Of skeletal frame of fins and flight by chance they do  
appear by might?  
Of atoms protoplasmic start will soon contain a beating  
heart  
Chaos, order  
As the sunlight sets the clouds aflame, do you not  
wonder of how they became?  
If the monster lives in the depths of Loch Ness,  
And the Yeti prowls the nights in the Northwest  
He is their Maker - both the Giver of Life, the quencher  
of strife  
From the world's first dividing cell to the loneliest  
quarters of hell

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