Veiled in White Raiment; Farewell

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The time has finally come.
The mortal world you may now flee
Forever, sweet Nemesis
And also you, Aidos.
With our last hopes in your hands,
Return now to dwell with the gods.
With the greatest sorrow and many
many tears, I shall bid you both
Farewell, farewell.

I hear that some sadistic picture
Filmed in South America is sold out
In every theater of the mind.
A woman is raped with joy in her face,
Beaten with pleasure upon her lips,
Slaughtered with a scream of sensual fever,
And disemboweled without a sound.
Wicked madness has become our art.

Hearts blacken with evil greed
In the middle world...in all the world.
The stench of coming war singes my nostrils,
And long extinct the glory of war.
Uranium, bauxite, silver and gold
Stretch thin between so many hands.
Abstract metals have become our gods.
The muscles of the sphinx are now flexing
As it awaits its ascent from the tomb.

So, go now, your time is nigh Aidos,
Your eyes veiled in white. Alas
Also you, sweet Nemesis, depart.
There is no longer room in man's heart.
His art weeps with distortion,
And the holy word seeps vilely
From his tongue, without a tune,
Clogging the pores of the earth.

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