

LAST HUMAN, FIRST HUMAN

We live in a world where no matter what we do we can't win –

We're going to die. What kind of end is that? End as memories

In a past that can never be plumb depths of our predicament

That squeezes with the claws that refuse to open to any entreaty.

Are we anthills with lines of ants, our purpose to carry on the genes?

Maybe a meaning of life as something not provable, just the rush

Of the dark wine infusing life to bubble the world to existence,

Even love. So what are we to do, after 40,000 years?

Last human on earth

Like the first human

We eat meat with others.

Our words raise how many years

to stanch our madness? Doomed the first human,

Dooms the last, and the art of words,

Like the cave art of tracing of our heart,

Outlines awe's animal face born out of god's space.

However, we've proved in madness

That the instrument, the cause of our madness

Was from the start that heart enclosed.

At the end, we never understand our fate
And that it never was our fate but our fear
And our heart were married, death gave it divinity.
Having been given everything in the universe,
We give nothing to the dance. What can we expect
But elegies and dirges as laments trail as the winds
And the Homeric's of our times, repeated ad infinitum?
We had it all; we have it all. To blame our predicament
Is to banish us in exile from what we are. No end to
madness,
No end to the mad, no end to no end, mad to mad.
It is up to you, only you, forever you, always you –
How we'll do it is to give in to the trained madness.
So walk into the madness of our heart, whether we live
or die
Is not our fate, we eat the sadness of grass as a gate
To birth every inch of the morsel of original eyes
That we can walk out of the madness as one open heart.