

Fly My Chariot

Apollo, come,
 scorch
crab grass,
snake skin-

landscape Abel's
 sin,
Dionysus' whim.

I can send the sun no more.

Socially contracted, controlled
anarchy, somewhere, causing

disgust when
you discuss the

ignorance of innocence,
the I in every child,

the eye in every social,
 cell in
 every self.

I can stand the sun no more.

Out of Eden, soaked
in nature; washed
in cosmic civility,

culture courting
chaos in the jungle, for the
field. For the
orchard, for the orchard!

I can steer the sun no more.

Fang and sinew, claw
and law, tossed unto the
kiln; to the forge, for
the social; to the
fire, from the flame.

For
the social. Oh,
the social!
Knowledge, sinister
and free, ordains Cain

to call on me, for
the city, for the
social. Oh, for
city! Oh, for social!

For humanity!
Oh, humanity, I
still my tears, my
voice no more, for
wails humanity:

Apollo!
Come, Apollo!
We can see the sun
no more.