



Jeremiah



When temperatures dropped below belief,
Nowhere to turn. No relief –
Sparrows, Doves, all thought of You,
Having once helped You might see us through.

The window frost by now so thick,
World turned Winter algorithmic –
You've taught us a lot about Ourselves,
Incarnate heroes filling library shelves.

Think Sir Lancelot, that scene on a Quest,
At the Sword-bridge, another test –
Changemaker, magical, anew responsible,
Can he imagine how it could be possible?

Some say the Beginning is a pure Question,
Undisguised in the End as a choice of direction –
Being cybernetic, goal and means matter,
Something's tearing Love's work to tatters.