

A faint haze of a face was visible only
To him behind the scene, the totem
Image cried death to the believers.

The movie he was enraptured with was
Reality, his life had been the fantasy.
There was no invisible hand of God,
But God existed in his manifested freedom,
The words the old men handed him.

The words rang in his mind, and the images of his
Supposed discoveries that flashed through
His mind on reading the words the
Old men handed him turned sick and
Ridiculous in light of even his old
Masterships of the images.

For the first time in his life he
Recognized that he had not been
Sold to a wild eyed faction or opiated into
Sheephood. The power of the old men's
Words explained it all; there was
Indeed order and truth.

And turning to the street he felt
The need to shout, "Unshackle yourself
From your finite lives," at the sheep,
But he knew the waste of time in
Selling the instant Nirvanas