

Crime of simony, there are not even  
Any malebolge left for first class,  
Forget double occupancy. I tell  
You piled like a pine needle carpet.

Eternity is not a debate. Epiphanius  
Sent them scattering in currents of doubt,  
Recoiling and striking out, more from the  
Momentum in the eddies than thier own  
Inventiveness. This time annointed in  
The gray light of afternoon, a park bench  
Full of baptized hyperboreans, sanctified  
In timely Promethean awareness,  
Ultimately cast into the pit for  
The crime of transcendancy. Thou shalt  
Hol no other; but, relief - it was a gift.

In this gray clearness the  
Jar of this earth in play assumes  
A noiseless tumescent glow imparting  
Understanding. The choice to debate  
Eternity, our time and those  
To come and those past, a mere  
Plebeccite brought by peerage to  
Keep the rule of Nepenthes firm.

The debate will not end in trajectory  
Of this missile time, now