

Neglected Fields, The Human Abstract

He sits down with holy fears
And waters the ground with tears
Then Humility takes it's root
Underneath his foot?
Soon spreads the dismal shade
Of Mystery over his head
And the catterpillar and fly
Feed on the Mystery

And it bears the fruit of Deceit
Ruddy and so f**king sweat to eat;
And the Raven his nest has made
In it's thickest shade

The Gods of the earth and sea
Sought thro'Nature to find this Tree
But their search was all in vain
There grows one in the Human Brain

Whene'er didst taste Thou the
Fruit of Deceite and of Human Abstract-
Transitory
It's sweet...
Bitter, tart and wormy
Does the Eagle know what is in the pit?
Or wilt thou go ask the worm?
Can Wisdom be put in a silver rod or bowl?
Until a thousand spirits go astray in dark
..."The human form, eternally abstract".