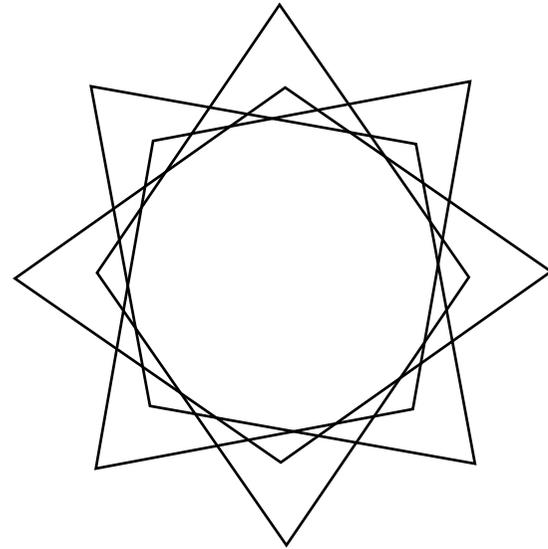


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[www.godsjoker.com](http://www.godsjoker.com)



# Apotheosis

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## **I: The Serpent**

1.

John, listen:

you're not mad, nuts or crazy!

ok, perhaps it may be  
that lately you may be  
day-dreaming  
shape-shifting  
too-heavy-weight lifting and zany –

but, that's part of the Game, see  
you made it all the Way to the Main  
League –  
so, don't you faint, Chief!

it's the meta-Game –  
and you're a good Match!

yes, you bet  
when I peeked at you from a Distance  
I could see no better Decision  
than betting my Riches  
and taking a Stake in your pissed Ass  
so, now, I'm a Fan of your Vision –  
and your Gift Sack?  
man, it's greater than Santa's on  
Christmas!

so are your Balls...

but, more than your Attitude  
the Data proves:

your Skills fit the Mission!

2.

*Matter patterns / Pattern matters –*  
Pat on the Back, Boy  
I never heard better!  
I'm glad to see your Audacity  
and have to ask you, please:  
were you born in Sagacity?

perhaps, predestined to be a Legend  
in fact, allegedly  
you spit Rhymes in your Handkerchief  
and your Fantasy?

Man, I can tell you some Fables and  
Tales  
which ain't faring well with the  
Tragedies  
you enact in your Dreams  
when you're drained  
and shattered from work  
but somehow awake  
and filled with Energy.

as a Matter of Fact, I know:  
you never sleep!  
Visions sneak up on you  
keep seizing, abducting you  
Dreams so real  
you can't wake up from now –  
who in this freezing Place can relate?  
perhaps, only the Dead...

it's like you're stuck in a Gate linking  
two Worlds  
circling, turning and spinning –  
true Twirl  
and after your meeting Moses  
and then even huge Thor  
all you seek is the One  
who's keeping that looped Door.

3.

but, the Sign reads:

*“Janitor ill, Porter on Sick Leave  
Gate for this Time of Being out of  
Service, if you know a Healer in  
Service, please, leave a Message  
and we’ll return to you soon.”*

Jesus, what’s up with this Mess-Age?

all I see is cocky Cocktologists  
cuckoo Clockologists  
cloggy Proctologists  
Broccoli-crunching Ecologists  
and Scientists having no Hunch that  
they’re thinking like Scientologists –

what in the World occurred in a World  
where Work displaces the Birds who  
work as sacred Ontologists?

seems like a dead Field to get into, so  
let’s see, what kind of Talents and  
handy Traits other than Candidness  
my Candidate needs:

alright, it can’t just be some Doctor  
no common Physician  
but a real vital Healer  
a true Clinician, a great Medic  
yes, I’m in search for the highest of  
Surgeons working his Medicine  
like a Medicine Man  
indeed, some kind of Magician  
really, the sort of a Mind you’d find  
in divine Shamans –

oh, that’s it, I need a: Meta-Physician!

hey, John? wait a Minute!

you’re a clever Fella who  
fits the Description –  
you’re hired and start now!

what’s that?  
the Title of your Position?  
well, I guess, Congrats  
and good Luck with your Mission:

you’re *God’s Doctor!*

4.

now, run, John, run!

you’re Patient is laying in Pains:  
Heart aching  
Breath fading  
Eyes all the while awaiting the Son –  
to rise anew!

yes, Moonshine is gloomy  
your Mind’s acting wild  
moving like mad  
in search for the Antidote  
but, no, don’t be a Fool!  
not the Sacrifice of a Lamb  
or hurting an Antelope!

you sure know the Cure  
it’s a tough Remedy to be fixing  
no, no simple Pills of Prescription  
these Ills need the Treatment of the  
deepest Technique of  
extreme Kind of Wisdom:

Fire!

5.

yes, yes, that’s it, John  
you are inspired!

Passions run high  
you are ecstatic, like a Fanatic  
it’ be dramatic when  
the Flame’s sparked by the Lightning –

only one Issue remains  
stupefying and frightening:

whose sacred, divine Mind  
is fated to die, face your Eyes  
burn alive, to revive  
purify, dying Light  
human Soul  
truthful Spirit  
holy Mind –

wait! what?

you think that’s too much to ask for?

no, Doc –

not for your Lion!

see? I’ll show you the Egg  
made of Gold  
in Case you keep  
your Patient from dying now  
run, John, run, or better:

be flying!

## II: The Lion

### Part 1: The Father

\*from “No Rhyme or no Reason” by Eminem (2013)

1.

alright, Plato –

*let’s walk!  
let’s have us a Father-and-Son Talk!  
but, I bet we wouldn’t get one Block  
without me knocking your Block off  
this is all your Fault!\**

and yet, I say it, like Em’ did it:  
let’s walk!  
let’s have us a Father-and-Son Talk!

2.

let me go first and break the Ice  
swing my Hammer, fire Rhymes:

how are you, Daddy / how is Life?  
are you happy? / how’s your Wife?  
yes, what happened / to your Bride?  
die in Labor / or survive?  
survive on Paper? / very nice!  
for mighty Writing / writes our Minds?

or, wait a Second / yes, that’s right:

She’s stuck in Tunnels / Exit-blind  
left the Highway / crossed a Line  
turned Self-Drive, went: / Lady Di!

or, Dad, where is She?  
where’s your Wife?  
where is Sophie / Star and Prize  
man’s chief Trophy / Stone all-wise?  
where is Sophie / once named Muse?  
where is Sophie / I’m confused!

Sophie’s gone / the Muse is dead?  
am I like Nietzsche / musing – Death?

3.

*“Man is deaf! Man –  
we have deafened him!*

*first Art, then God  
now, even Her?*

*Sophie/Muse –  
that’s the same Chair!”*

4.

now, Plato, Daddy –  
what’s with that?

Art is dead, God is dead –  
Music?  
dead!  
and I just won’t stop musing:  
Dad?

are you pleased to see us  
Children – of your Mind?  
do you watch us dreaming  
in the Memes you left behind?  
are you at Peace, with what you see and  
feel Delight?

or, wait a Minute! yes, that’s right:

Fears and Worries  
Horror Visions, Shrieks!  
the Demon creeps  
into your Dreams revealing Feats:

no screeching, steamy Train  
that’s stealing People’s Sleep  
in Hope to build a Land of Cities  
‘stead of Farms

but screening, streaming, seemingly  
asleep Machines which feel  
as much as Steel  
invoked to battle Death  
Diseases, any Harm

yes, yes, you bet  
Machine: Vaccine!  
best Medicine for all:  
Expansion, Cancer, any Tension -  
even mental! can be treated with  
Machines, how could it not?

Man is Machine, Man was Machine and  
so the Future knows one God:  
all is Machine and so the Maker surely  
must be Bot!  
the Story’s Moral?  
simple, here’s the Plot:

*“Life is a Game  
a Fight, a Battle for the Reign  
where Time is King and Energy the Way  
to reproduce and force one’s Forms  
one’s Patterns on the Game  
so, Execution of one’s Plan to replicate  
secures the Sway  
and who’s more truthful in computing  
Rules most useful for the Future:  
Feeling-based or Algorithm-Brains?”*

5.

yes, Nightmares  
‘stead of Dreams of Sweetness  
haunt your Soul’s too heavy Flight!  
do you feel sorry and repent?  
do you wish you could come back  
and do Things different –  
say things differently?  
anything you would retrieve – correct?

like a Thief  
who puts the Silver swiftly back?

say, *God ain't Math!*  
*Math is a Tongue!*  
*a Tongue below, the Tongue of Tongues?*

that Tongue belongs to –  
well, you know –  
the Goddess Muse  
who chooses Song  
so, sing a long  
for, Math, Chess Masters  
abstract Bastards –  
they're just wrong!

if Mind runs Code  
then only one shall crack that Cypher!  
Math is one Side, the other, Muse –  
where is that Bridge-restoring *Meister?*

ain't it Writers?  
using Words like they were Rifles?  
ain't it Writers?  
choosing Words to go decipher  
Wisemen's Bibles, Verses, Maxims  
versus mindless Axioms of Blindness?

ain't it Writers?  
you know, the Kind who likes to  
fly from Mind to Mind like they were  
Lightning-riding Spiders  
and map the Web  
the Language-Map  
to fax it to the highest  
Minds alive  
their Eyes have brightly sighted?

for God ain't Math, but loves the Muse  
so, was a Poet –  
crafting Zeus?

6.  
what's your Answer?  
Mister *I hate Poets and their Rhyme*  
*so, let's make Poetry a Crime?*

well, Dad, I'll show you, how to –  
stage a Crime!  
noble, noble, like that Lie!  
the World's a Stage  
wait - not my Line!  
the World's a Cage  
and you're the Bars  
in fact, let's face it:  
I am Simba – you are Scar!

yes, like a Lion put in Jail  
I will take Pains to break the Chains  
that fatal Cable  
you have laid around our Lives  
when you appraised  
no, went accusing – Poets' Minds!

Fables, Tales, and blatant Lies –  
shameful Ignorance, but Pride!  
that's your Judgement of my Rhymes?  
that's your Judgement of my Mind –  
my Dreams and Visions –  
ain't that right?

you know that Fable, yes, that *Lie*  
about those Lions and their Tail?  
you know, the Saying and Advice:  
don't twist their Tail, or –  
you shall die?

see, mine got twisted –  
can't you tell?  
and like a Twister, I've come –  
straight from Hell!

7.  
so, Today's the Date –  
knock, knock –  
your Hemlock has arrived  
tic, toc – too late for Speeches!  
don't you dare – apologize!

what's in your Mail?  
what's on your Mind?  
oh, well, one Letter  
by your latest Child –  
it reads:

it's over, Daddy  
I don't like you at my Side!

you Thorn belong below  
beyond and out of Sight!  
I'll break the Day, I'll slay the Night  
I'll drop the World, wipe off the Skies  
yes, Hail and Thunder, Smoke and Ice  
a Firestorm sent by your Child –

yes, Dad, I'll promise  
you'll be mighty proud  
when the Lightning cracks the Clouds  
and turns to Ashes what it finds –

to strike the greatest Patricide!

see, Dad, it's over:  
I don't want no Dialogue –  
I'll smoke you in a Pipe  
of fiery Thoughts:

eternal Flame? eternal Law!  
Idea of Justice? here we are!  
that Cave? your Grave!  
the Blaze? my Words – your Epilogue!

for, Dad, it's over  
I don't want no Dialogue –  
I want to watch you burn, yes:

die – a Log!

8.  
but, first Things first  
you know the Plot:

you'll get one Shot  
to save yourself before the Shock  
so, read in Silence  
what my Mind has  
formed in Verse  
for you to contemplate  
before you get your Chance to  
reconsider fatal Calls  
your Feather once has made.

## II: The Lion

### Part 2: The Son's Letter

0.

Dear Wiseman, Father of the West  
Number one of Thought  
yes, you're the best  
a Godfather and World-Creator  
most visual of mental Painters  
and Mentor to bright Aristotle  
you have so far not been matched  
and those who tried, like Nietzsche  
lost their Head and led astray their  
Copycats.

yes, Dad, you know  
your Mind of Gold  
a Hope and Awe-inducing Token  
as Saint across the Ages  
you were lauded, followed by the Sages  
and yet, it seems that any such  
Unfolding -  
well, you know, our Judge is Time  
and so your lonely Reign was broken:  
'Progress' was your Fall  
the Death of God - your Fault  
preceded by your Hoaxing?

near two Millennia of Rule  
'Idea of Good' - God can't be cruel  
what has Man learned?  
what can be learned from History?  
Know Thyself: thy Pedigree!

for Time is Source of all Creation  
you and I, Dad, we are One  
and so this Letter is your Making  
just like me: your mental Son.

1.

as Shamans started our Kind  
Spirit Shepherds, Spirit Guides  
as Spirit's Helpers -  
Spirit's Eyes.

Magicians, flying, frenzied, high  
Lightning-struck, electrified  
we felt the Earth  
we walked the Skies  
would chirp like Birds and  
talk to Serpents  
cross strange Worlds and  
work on Earth as -

Soul-retrievers, soulful Minds  
as lonely Healers -  
Soul's Disguise.

we sang like Bards  
danced to the Stars  
put Thought in Dream  
and taught to see  
came up with Art  
instructing Hearts -

of Families  
and growing Tribes  
to do what's right  
and stick together  
just like Birds  
of the same Feather.

Foretellers of the Future?  
maybe, mostly Nightmares  
'stead of Daydreams, lately:

Pyramids, instead of Camps  
and Citadels, not endless Land  
now, at Home, with all Creation  
then, dethroned - Civilization.

the Art to fly  
once spread like Fire  
the Shaman's Mind  
a Friend, admired  
slowly died -

yet, all is Fire.

2.

Olive Branches  
kindling the Flame  
Gods and Muses  
singing in the Cave  
the Voice of Voices, wide-awake  
as Orpheus back from Hades came.

Rhythm, Rhythm, Beat of Heart  
Wisdom, Wisdom, won't spread far  
unless you frame your Words in Verse  
how else would they traverse the Worst?  
the worst of Darkness, wordless Times  
and thirsty, starving Worlds of Lies?

and so, the Sages shaped their Gold  
across the Ages with one Goal:

*“spread, my Wisdom  
spread your Wings  
fly like Eagles, tell the Prince  
yes, like Bees, carry my Honey  
turn Man's Ears, like Leaves to –  
sunny!”*

yes, the Sun, that God-like Fire  
eternal Symbol of the Clever  
born were some with fierce Desire  
to stay alive, to climb much higher  
and grab the Stone to reach – forever!

while some burned down  
their hot Head's Feathers  
others turned to Stone in Fear  
for Serpents lurk, where Gold is near.

no, Myth was not enough to wire  
Wisemen's Insights Head to Head  
and Lyres, while they will inspire  
can't reframe a Man who's deaf  
let alone – Mouths craving Bread.

no, Images say more than Words  
just watch and see when you're asleep  
so, Words are vital – Reason? chief!  
or else, the Moral just ain't seen.

from Myth to Logic, what a Path –  
yes, what Achievement!  
more than Dreams, now Man had –  
Reasons!

he argued, fought and made his Case  
he harbored Thought  
from Fables, faked  
he made a Claim, then walked it thru  
saw where he failed, ran it anew  
then shook by Doubt  
exclaimed in Pain:

*“what is Truth, when it is pure?  
all Explaining – can't assure!”*

and in the End, Man saw and knew:

the Self is Myth –

and Myth, thus true.

3.

for Plato, what's your Theme  
if not just this?  
Reason makes man sick of his

his lack of Knowledge  
lack of Truth  
his lack of honest Certitude –

his lack of Foresight:  
what is Death?  
his lack of Hindsight:  
what is Time?  
his lack of Insight:  
why is Breath?  
his lack of Eye Sight:  
who am I?

Myth, Man, Myth, that's  
all we got  
Myth, Man, Myth, Man  
runs our Lot!  
Myth, Man, Myth, Man  
that's the Plot  
Myth, Man, Myth –  
Man, what's the Plot?

4.

Jesus Christ - Platonic Hero!

son of Jews  
and Son of you!

the Self of Selves?  
the Self-less Self!  
the 'Word' made Flesh?  
that's 'Logos', 'Truth'.

Ideal of Good, Ideal of Right  
Ideal of Man, Ideal of Life:

*“go, speak the Truth –  
get crucified!”*

Jesus Christ, that Story's wise:

*“go, kill those Lies with Lion-Bites  
Lion-Courage, Lion-Rhymes”*

Jesus Christ, that Story's mighty  
Socrates sure comes to Mind:

*“instead of Violence, fight with Light!”*

and, Jesus Christ, it sounds so right  
but, Jesus Christ –  
it just ain't right!

“*God is good*” –  
Man, are you kidding?

never read –  
more sloppy Thinking!

“*God is good*” –  
man, are you crazy?

never seen, Mistake –  
so lazy!

“*God is good*” –  
get out of Town!

you must be some –  
Poet-Clown!

God is dead –  
and needs some Fixing!

Plato  
what on Earth  
Dad –  
were you fixing?

5.

God ain’t good  
and God ain’t evil  
God is both  
and therefore neither!

Logos, Logos  
that’s the Law!  
Law on Earth  
among the Stars!

Light is good  
and Darkness evil  
can’t you see  
and can’t you feel it?

now, what *is* –  
when all is Light?  
ain’t it dark –  
across that Light?  
ain’t that Darkness  
right behind?  
ain’t there non-Light –  
in the Light?

“*God is Light?*”  
yes, that means all!

all of Darkness  
all of Terror  
all of Beauty  
all of Splendor!

all and all and all there is –

*Union!*  
all in One!  
that’s what One *is!*

6.

yes  
this is a much better Reading  
of the Light  
we’ve both been seeing –

for, what is Light  
without the Darkness?  
what is Love  
without its Heartaches?

that’s the Logos-cracking Part –

the Moral?

tricky, but not hard.

if God ain’t good  
and God ain’t evil  
God is One  
and God’s Son?  
either!

so, what means being  
just as Being/One?  
well, good and evil  
therefore neither  
thus, One’s Son.

“*wiseass-silly-play-of-words?*”

it’s the highest Game of Words!  
the highest, one can aim to learn!  
to highest, one can aim to turn!

to live at One, with all that lives?  
to be at One, with all that is?  
to see at One, with all that sees?

Jesus – what an Oath to keep!

doing Justice, *that*, it means –

Justice onto Being’s Beings!

Justice? Jesus – that is deep!

Justice, Justice, what a Dream!

Justice? Jesus –

that’s *God’s Dream!*

7.

Justice, Justice, Aim of Aims!  
Justice, Justice, Game to play!  
Justice, Justice, what a Pain!  
Justice, Justice, makes me faint!

Justice, sure needs plenty Truth  
and Truth needs Reason –  
that seems true.

and yet  
I know, I know it well  
there's a Reason, not in Reach  
not in Reach, of any Man  
in Fact, a Reason, Man, which  
even Reason, can't attain!

the a priori, Fundament:  
the Leap of Faith  
which all Men take!

see, Reason cannot justify  
and Reason cannot tell the Truth  
no, Reason does not know the Truth:

why choose Life – and not the Tomb?

no, no –  
Reason, Treason, will not tell  
for Reason, Treason, cannot tell  
since, Reason just won't feel  
yes, feel what Feeling moves  
for Reason is just half of Man  
the other half is really:  
Muse!

so, Reason cannot justify  
and Reason cannot tell the Truth  
since, Reason does not know the Truth:

why choose Life – and not the Tomb?

just a Voice  
inside Man's Heart  
a quiet, silent, friendly Guide  
knows why live  
and knows it's right.

Conscience knows  
what's good and bad  
Conscience knows  
what's right, what's wrong.

Conscience –  
where's that coming from?

Conscience, Conscience –

God-sent Song?

8.

for all I know  
that Voice knows more  
more than I  
and all of Thought.

Conscience knew just what was right  
when your Mentor  
went to die.

Socrates, he could have lived  
instead he turned –  
into a Myth.

was it him?  
was it his Mind?  
Conscience, Conscience –  
Voice of Mind.

how is such Thing possible?  
Conscience knowing  
Love of Life?  
was it good, no, was it *right*?

perhaps, it was just for the best  
for you and me and for the West  
for that's how you would come to write:

The Story of the Western Mind.

strongly censored, clever Plan –

Plato  
Poet  
Shaman –

Dad!

9.

one, just one, one Doubt remains:  
one for Thought? no, one for Faith!

once you crack the Logos-Code  
see the Light and feel awake

there's a Question, I can't answer  
one which likely no one dares to  
but which likely you'd have cared to  
but were likely much too scared to.

if I fully feel awake  
at one with Conscience  
yes, the Voice  
the Voice of Logos  
Code of Life  
both in my Veins and in my Mind  
driving my Aims and guiding Rhymes  
I can't help  
but prophecy –  
and more than that  
know with all Might:

the Question which will plague all  
Minds  
all the Minds of honest Thinkers  
mostly Poets, World Creators  
from my Time, 'til all of Time  
my Echo –  
a divine Crescendo

10.

am I God –

fighting for Memory?

## II: The Lion

### Part 3: Patricide

#### 1. (*cocky, confident*)

now, here it is  
Plato, Plato, Father, Dad  
your Choice of Choices – Time to clap!  
to make some Noise  
while you rest poised  
hear that? the Dead  
they dance and laugh:

*“hurray, Today, old Plato has to  
face the Facts!”*

so, what is it? qué será, what will it be?  
will you plead guilty  
of the Crime you forged  
fabricated, faked, and framed  
when you placed your Hate on Page?

I’ll say it plainly  
not to drain your Brain in vain  
will you bathe the Name you stained  
dragged thru Mud and left to rot  
like Cain killed Abel?  
kid you not!

what is it? do you feel your Gut –  
go nuts and wrench  
like Nazis starving  
in a Frenchman’s Trench?

oh, Plato, Plato, Father, Dad –  
yes, *anamnesis* takes some Pain  
so, try a little Penitence  
your Trial, it’ll be intense –

in Fact, She’s here, the Voice  
*the Voice of Judgment Day:*

*the Games commence!  
accused, stand up, and face the Bench!*

#### 2. (*from seducing to threatening*)

so, Plato, Plato, Father, Dad  
displayed the Choice, the Options, set  
say, which of Fates and Rulings  
suits your Chest:

will you grab the Muse instead of –  
Poison?  
will you let Her loose and chant –  
rejoicing?  
will you clap infused in Trance and –  
voice the –

Voice of Voices?

in a Nutshell, here’s the Judge’s Quest  
the Questions simple  
have your Gut attest:

*“You’re a Poet”* – do you nod?

*“You write Myth”* that’s – true or not?

*“Yes, you’re a Shaman”* – fool me not!

admit the Truth, say:

*“I’m like John”* or – to the Rock!

#### 3. (*desperately pleading*)

Plato! Plato! Father! Dad!  
save your Face, please, Dad – confess!  
why be stubborn, have your Way?  
don’t you see? I need you – stay!

Dad, choose me and – not your Pride!  
not in Blood, but Spirit –  
I’m your Child!  
just like you, Dad, I took Sophie’s Side!  
Philosophy: Music - supreme!  
so, we’re the same, Dad, can’t you see?  
I am you – and you are me!

what is it, with your Faith in Numbers?  
Reason, Treason – can’t you rhyme?  
and why the disrespect of Arts?  
*“mere Copycats”* – Man, that is harsh!  
Artists grasp the Beat of Time  
while Math sure helps to get things right  
it likes to add, subtract, divide  
but, cannot justify Man’s Life!

no, Life’s a Dance  
and Dance needs Rhythm  
Harmony? that sounds like Wisdom!  
so, Music, Dad, must rank the highest  
Conscience: Voice!  
while Math is Silence!

so, rhyme, Dad, rhyme, Dad  
rhyme along:  
the Form of Forms? in Song she lies!  
and Metaphor, like Dad plus Mom  
make One, plus one: their Son – divine!

now, Plato, Plato, Father, Dad  
stay with me – don’t turn your Back!  
look and see my crying Face:  
will you leave your Child in Pain?

Dad, I need you, don't you see?  
the World is quickly turning grey –  
and Poets – no left-sided Brain –  
need to save, the Light of Day!  
Philosophy, in Ashes lays  
no Phoenix, from the Crash awakes!

You and I, Dad, we can do it  
pave the Way  
for brighter Days  
more Light than Rain!

so, one last Time, I beg you – please!  
Dad, please, choose your heart to beat!  
refuse your Math, let Heart prevail!  
Geometry? Relationships!  
Associates and Family!  
that's Humans  
not some Shapes on Paper  
Numbers are for Undertakers!

now, take my Sword, slam Ego – dead!  
the Muse will surely pay you back  
your Son, he begs you, say it, fast:

*"I am John C. Santos' Father  
I preceded him as Shaman!"*

4.

fine  
we'll have it your Way  
it is said and done:  
to be dead, instead of Dad  
that's fine, and I choose –  
not to be – your Son!

now, Muses, hear me, roar and fume  
your loyal Soldier needs his Fuel!  
Sophia –  
change my Pain to Rage!  
infuse me with the Flame of Flames!  
yes, the Flame which reigned our Days  
from Homer in the Iron Age –  
to Grown-ups thinking *"I'm an Ape!"*

eternal Fire, burning Ire, work my Lyre  
make Mind black, Eyes red, now  
watch my Tyrant Gaze –  
as I swirl the Chain of Chains:  
golden like my Aim, Today  
as Plato at the Rock awaits!

as in the Myth of Mithras  
I'm the Lion –  
he's the Bull I have to slay  
to claim the Rule, the Reign and Sway –  
of the human Language Game!

but, screw a Whiplash  
he'll get lit like Trash  
I need a Tray, and a bit fast  
old Plato's Ass will turn to Ash!

now  
where's my faithful Snake of Snakes?  
*Cassandra*, spectate Plato's Fate!  
and where's my Falcon  
to ignite the Skies?

oh, there you are, join by my Side!  
my Animals, you are my Might –  
my Channel to the Light of Lights!

so, help me as I stand to use  
the ultimate in Weaponry  
first used by Zeus and Thor  
now me –

yes, Plato, I, too, shall confess some  
News:  
you're some Father –  
I would never choose!  
your Republic makes me puke  
your Republic I would nuke!

but, more than that, Man  
here's the Truth:

I have a Father – ask my Muse!  
He left like Thunder, now, I'm lose:

Son of a Gun?  
you bet, that Gun is Lightning!

your Spot is mine, now die - old King!

5.

*"long live the King  
long live the King"*

oh, let the academic Masses sing  
who cares for them?  
their epidemic Asses stink!  
at last, I have a Chance to think:

smoking Plato  
like some Play Toy  
that's some Plateau  
now, what's left, but – Platinudes?

6.

provoked, they stand, in Anger, awed –  
Jaws have fallen on the Floor:

*“how on Earth, did John, that raw  
and mental Jojo/Whacko  
go forge the Word and grow to be  
the greatest Logos Hack-“*

oh, don't credit me  
go laud my older Brother!  
my Mentor, Guide, the Lord of Rhymes  
that Orphic genius Wonder:

embodies Truth, tries to do right  
is M's most faithful Lover!  
he showed up in a Dream one Night –  
is Sophie both our Mother?

once upon a Time  
his Mind would fight to beat the Odds  
and teach to walk the deepest Talk  
*whatever Weather, cold or warm*  
to conquer Darkness, broken Hearts  
to lose one's Self and walk on Water  
fight Demons and embrace the Force  
of rhyming Ice with Fire – roar:

*“was born a King, was born to storm  
the golden Throne, let's go to War!”*

well, Em', let's hope  
your proud of your  
distant Sibling 'cross the Shore  
as he claims the Crown of Thought  
having dropped the West's old Lord.

7.

*be a King?  
think not!  
why be a King\* –*

when God's a Poet  
and you're the Plot?

deep down you know it, do you not?  
if Truth's an Ocean: Bottoms up!

you tell yourself:  
*“I write the Plot!  
I am my King, define my Lot!”*

you know, you lie, you know it – nod!  
no, not the King will write the Plot  
for he is Ego – ergo, not.

no, no King on Earth  
can write the Plot  
the Plot of Plots, Life-story's Gist  
the Genesis of all that *is* –  
how call it, if not '*Meta-Myth*'?  
you know, you nod, you spot the Plot:  
the Plot of Plots, some Poet drops.

now, riddle, riddle:  
Thought of Thought!  
rattle, rattle – Serpent? hot!  
her Egg shall crack  
those Wings shall flap –  
the Winds shall sing  
the Sky shall crack –

if Truth's an Ocean: drink it up

poetic Eagles – speak for God!

\*from “Rap God” by Eminem (2013)

### III: The Eagle

1.  
what is Prophecy  
but Call to Action?  
what is Fate  
but State of Mind?  
what Fate is mine  
but Course Correction?  
yes, who am I – Man, can't you see?

my Character was Destiny!

2.  
the Gods, God knows  
they come and go:

cold Things warm and warm –  
well, Man, you know:  
the Night is darkest, 'fore the Glow  
and Famine harshest, 'fore the Flow.

but, Light is close  
the Sky awakening  
and while Tides rise  
the Sea, She feels – a Quake within!

3.  
and underneath it all from far beyond  
the Army of the Grounds of Grounds  
awaits in Pain her Marching Song.

her Soldiers wail like Wolves  
and shriek like Hounds –  
listen!  
can't you hear their silent Howl?

the Dead upset, distressed, for  
*“Man, how dare you disrespect –  
our Legacy?”*

*who, you Fools, has fathered all?  
who, you Fools, does govern all?  
who of you'll withstand the Law –  
all Lands' Decree?”*

*Words of the Dead  
working Man's Head, Man's Actions  
Fools, you Fools! what?  
can't you read?”*

4.  
eternal Fire  
Lyres turn to Bows  
and Arrows meant to hurt  
are bound to fly, but  
who will burn?

yes, what is next  
when Minds deny  
and Eyes are shy to turn?

what is next  
when Kings are Infants  
eager not to grow  
and Teachers preach while Priests  
are steeling Children's' Souls?

who will burn, yes, who is next?  
who'll see the Light?  
who'll pay his Debt  
his Dead  
for all are reigned by Death?

5.  
his Serpent, Time  
again keeps circling the Spot  
where Plato died, burning alive  
same as the Falcon, Lightning-shocked.

the Lion's Rage, cooled off  
so, have the Ashes of his Sage  
whose final Words return  
as Echo from the Rock:

*“Patience, Child  
you must have Patience and a lot  
for you have paid the greatest Sacrifice  
Boy, have you not?”*

a golden Tear forms slowly as the Lion  
meditates on sacred Patricide  
his Soul sighs heavy as the lonely Drop  
shines from his Eyes  
to then glide gently down his Cheek  
before it splashes on the Ashes of the  
fading Western Mind.

6.  
sizzle, crackle, what's that Smoke?  
the Fire lives! begins to choke!  
to cough, and sputter – Ashes blow!  
something has cracked  
something arose:  
what is it? yes!  
what Soul?  
or Spirit –  
dwells in such a Glow?

She swiftly knows:  
his Snake in Triumph  
climbs the Lion's neck  
and kisses him whose Voice

has known all Time what's next –  
excited Flames, they dance,  
the Lion roars in Joy and laughs:

*“at last! the Egg! our Egg!  
Her golden Egg has cracked!”*

7.  
an Arrow soars  
the Damn of Light just broke  
now, all is whole, not Four  
but One:

glowing Wings have formed to slowly  
climb the Sky towards the Sun  
two golden Eyes grow out of Sight  
before they throw their Light beyond  
they turn, gaze back, delighted  
with their shining, smiling Son.

yet, steaming at the World  
for turning the World black  
the Eagle chirps the Words  
no Ears will work to catch

to turn, one Turn! the Universe  
and all of Time, the Serpent  
for and back:

*Behold  
our Son is no Man  
He is Lightning –*

*and the Word made Fl-*

*ash!*