Visions of Eden
By Keith Bateman

Serpent

A slipp'ry, sneaky, slant-eyed, slithy snake,
It writhes and wriggles, leaving in its wake
A trail of skin, so slickly swapped for new,
But would you guess the same snake out it grew?

5 Sweet serpent, though he'd now a new worm make,
I hold in essence is unchanged. And take
That what I posit from this may be true:
This snake is just the same as I or you.

A haggard, healing, hoar, heartbroken man,
10 Lies down and dies now, leaving if it can
Discarded love, here holding heart reborn,
But would you think the hinted human torn?
Hard heart, although he'd now a new soul span,
I see unhung up, yet unaltered plan.

15 He stole an Eve to unwear what was worn:
This human in his needs shows serpent horn.

For those here who are biblically inclined
I'll mark defense of all of our snakekind
For God did give us neither food nor hand
And, having but one fruit tree in the land,
We needed to convince that knowledge shined
With brighter light than Him, who could not find
It in his heart to feed with more than sand.
Not everyone is chosen, not all planned.

25 There is no Paradise I safely say,
Since all the world seems given to decay.
And yet, we then must all be cored in good,
To say not righteous of the land we stood
Upon as He was lost to our dismay.

30 See this our Earth that kills us ev'ry day,
This seems not His, but our eternal rood,
And cruel, not righteous, linked our lips allude.

Although this is a generality,
And may not hold for all Humanity.
Inhumane's he who's not concerned by Him
Who sacrificed -- in vain -- vein, life, and limb.

For though much strife pervades reality,
And no truths have universality,
Though Christ be man and God or Gods be dim,
To call his class ungreat makes future grim.

Messiah of those doomed from birth to die,
Did you not hear the people, desperate, cry
Your name as life flew from their feeble lips?
Do you not hear the agony which skips

A beat in hearts now forced to faster fly
From fear of wicked world with sickened sigh?
But we both know the truth, concealed, outslips:
The scales are ours, which no hand fairly tips.

The nexus of potential, seraph hub --

It rests inside the Human breast, a stub
That indicates what may or may not come.
For most their end finds limit, but in sum
There lies such power between the church and pub;
Though at a glance, one may, as I do, dub

The whole the part in part or whole, and some
May find their fear of cataclysm numb.

There lies a pit where we were euthanized
O'erlooked by an obsidian stone surmised
To hold engraved our epitaph even still;
When many centuries have passed, our skill
Will echo in our sepulchre, so prized
In life; our death hymn in death realized
Like notes designed for Human vocal trill,
"We laughed and cried; we loved and died; We Will."

**Subjugation**

Loud booming on innocent ears
The thunder strikes from out his maw,
And power gluts his gory jaw
As children weep their final tears;

The villain Vice invoked a vaunt --
His heinous idol leaped to haunt

The child of Eden in his dreams.
Now death and famine filled the mind
Of child with rancor rare to find.
His sleep had slow unsewed, it seems.
The tyrant of his nightmare vile
Him slaughtered round a rancid pile.
He died that day a hundred times;
Once for each paradise he lost.
As over every threshold crossed
The child was taught of sin and crimes.
His first death had him learn of pain
That order could *inflict* its reign.

**Moralighty**

Argument:

All men are vessels for the moral light.
A saturation stains our souls with right.
Those who give it away are labeled good,
But face internally a darkened mood.
Some others choose to hoard it, keeping all
For they fear lest they not find givers: thralls
To their wicked misfortunes, but not bad.
There is no evil in this to be had.

I.

If you have felt the dark consume you whole,
And thought about the taint that filled your soul,
This only means you've spread your light so much
That now you're vulnerable to demon clutch;
And touch of cold attacks you with no end
Until you realize that any friend
Would send you light to aid your plight with speed
If e'er you asked and found yourself in need.
We bleed for those who plead with us in time
Think not yourself abandoned, this a crime,
For primarily I am here for you,
And secondly your peers will be here too;
And truth 'tis we have lots of light to spare,
So this to be with you we'll call our fare.
For there has been a lot of light you gave
To those who are not quite as you are brave
To pave the way for them to feel okay
And you deserve to be repaid today.
So say not that you'll turtle up inside;
To hide like this would wound much worse than pride.

II.

And to the hoarders unable to see
That this is no irregularity:
Have you been blinded by the light you kept?
This should-be shame has plagued society
(And here the speaker paused a while and wept);
Inequity established while we slept.

And witness now that neither end extreme
Is quite content with his nightmarish dream;
The one that you've deprived of light has died
Inside, and you've derived from Lethe's stream
Naught but immortal infamy for pride;
Of which, I chide, none proudly could confide.

The moral choice of man to crisis led:
Some starve while you by gluttony are fed.
Your innocence may prove to be the hearse
Of Eden I have found to be long dead;
I'll waste on you not one more breathless verse,
For fear experience would make you worse.

III.

I find that my state cloaks me with a shroud,
But still I give my love while taking none...
O'erhead I see naught but a darkened cloud,
Prepared to weep; I'm not allowed to run...

The storm, it chases me with prejudice;
The tears hail down so thick I cannot breathe.
Soon one of death or life shall surely kiss
My lips; not nearly soon enough, I seethe.

But I have no concern for my own state.
Though waterboarded by my tears, I sigh
To see another share my horrid fate;
I give so no one has to take... I try.

At least if lightning strikes me from my flight
It does not kill with dark, it kills with light.