

Promethean Regenerative*

The unity we were – or might have been –
fragmented into factions,
each an incompatible duality –
each martyr, each inquisitor.
We, each experiencing Promethean anguish of the damned,
recount alleged “sins” –
those denigrated gestures of great honor.
We each nonetheless vengefully dissimulate
bold accusations of “vile iniquities,” oozing Olympian contempt
for those so differently-perceived great injustices
perpetrated by the ‘other’ faction.

We, each forgetting common cause and purpose,
tear vengefully like eagles at Promethean bellies,
ripping steaming entrails from ribbed encasements,
entangling streamers of them into a common glutinous mass.
Even as our talons and our great hooked beaks tear flesh from bone
and organs from their setting, intoxicating us with stench,
we feel our own life force ebb from us –
our dignity, our honor.

The day and carnage are over now at last;
miraculously our very entrails, coiled so like snakes,
contract disentangling themselves
in slinking back into their dark caverns.
The chains, whose very lashing wrecked such havoc,
are now wrapped painfully taut about us once again.
But we are one. Embarrassingly – even ungratefully –
knowing it might easily not have been,
we face the incongruity of our continuing unity.
We are new – or might have been – once again.

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