

Condor

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A candidate beyond the monster of depravity,
Strewn before mortality,
For a spiritual ascension.
Insurmountable rejuvenation.
Consecration pierced by the scythe of Hermes;
Mercury standing retrograde to brigands.
Lasciviously he,
Ravenously me,
An alchemist of time,
His carcass to be mine,
Grapples and cajoles,
Into a séance of his soul poles.
Demise into desire,
Like a phoenix rising from the blazing pyre,
I swoop down from a usual soar,
It has been days, I urn for gore.
A new world vulture,
A pinnacle of the scavenger culture,
I will prey,
As he will pray,
Both for a sustenance yet undefined.
His savoir has him undermined,
Mine simply the sky,
To which I fly.
My genus is to but feast,
His to consume as a beast,
'Till the bitter end,
When all is beyond mend.
My empathy for this creature paradoxical,
Our evolution nearly parallel-
Once the endeavor ceases,
And the pyre dies,
Dreams will fall to pieces,
Nor shall birds soar the skies.
For all that begins in rot,
Remains in that of not.
A parody is existence,
To God merely appurtenance.