

A Man of Science

The young will always yearn for knowledge.

A small boy, not too far from birth,
Will sit still in the home of God,
Seeking truth. Yet, he will still desire
More than what an ever quaint nature
Can give. So he grasps at text, alone.

He travelled far distances alone,
Captured by the promise of knowledge.
Careless, he broke the bonds of nature,
Gave a gift that was not his - birth.
Putrid was the object of desire.
His purpose was foretold by God.

He cries: "how could a loving God
Take our angel?" Wretched and alone,
The blamed rots in a cell, no desire
For joy. He is haunted by knowledge.
It gnaws at the bars, giving birth
To a rage never seen by nature.

It watches, curious by nature.
Its patchwork body damned by God
To hide in shadow. It gave birth
To a growing sense of fear. Alone
Is the man who bears heavy knowledge.
A lover is its only desire.

He kneels before her, his last desire
Pale and limp, blessed was her nature.
At last, he collected his knowledge
And vowed by the power of God
To destroy this wretched beast alone.
Devoted, he curses its birth.

The man reflects back to his birth,
Before he felt the demon desire.
Now he lay fading, not quite alone.
His creation, lower than nature,
Grips him. He seeks the light of God.
He is free of his damning knowledge.

He writes of the strangers lost nature,
How he thought he was a new God.
What always comes with a price? Knowledge.