

## Fair Gaia

"Methinks thou protesteth too much" fair Gaia,  
Planet goddess full of foul fools  
Arrogant speakers of custom realities bought cheaply.  
Ye image mongers of speech and faux vision,  
    be thee ready to receive thy revelation of final impotence.

God spoke, and it was so.  
Man speaks to try to make it so...so,  
And pours his vast wealth into fairy lies bought, unended though bended  
    pervertedly weird ego air puffs dispensed by the coercing winds of rich boasting,  
    a reality untried by tested absolutes, so  
We will all be caught unwillingly in a socio-coaster ride due to you deriding the Creator,  
    who only can make words matter for eternity's timelessness.

We suffer, all entangled and enslaved to a viciously brutal society  
    because of salary paid richly for muddling agreeably to a somnambulant *suaret*  
    with serial implosion directed by the explosion of protestation too much  
    that sin is just who I am and its OK, or  
    maybe get your gun to make the video fun real dead.

Why the surprise? Rather, why so delayed?  
Floods of emotionally charged protests-too-much belie a futile, fearful fight to deny or imply  
    a reality externally objectively, eternally, an internally  
    judged, condemned state of a humanity cut off from truth by denial.

Oh mortality, inescapable!  
Make us capable  
Of natural ration restored  
By embracing the reality of true impotent self.

Silent *mea culpa reforma Gaia futura*.

Yes.

In empty silence, the stuff of unreal identities evaporates:  
    unreality removed at the light speed of a fleeting time of material impermanence,  
    questioned.

Then comes eternal presence arriving unannounced, a reality encountered without sensual evidence or

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