In Rage And Splendor

Thou art an animal
Come not before me clothed in the raiment
of thy self-styled superiority
Show me not the hauteur of entitlement
Or the false innocence of surprise
that I should take thee to task

Thou art one of my beasts
Not as fine as the lion
Nor swift and graceful as the deer
Nor bless't with deep thought as the dolphin

But not a lesser beast than these
For I have given thee the gift of voice
And thou hast learned to work in concert
Spurred by artisans of the tongue

But I am not pleased by what thou hast chosen to do
with this gift

Dost thou design only for power over my world
thinking it be thine
Patterning it to thine small imagination
Forgetting ever that it is only the environment I gave thee
in which thy seed could multiply and grow

Thou hast violated my design and my trust
Thou hast overlooked the penalty
for knowledge exercised in false pride

Thou hast forgotten that I could crush thee and thine abominations
in an instant of great light
But I need not
For thine environment will presently respond of itself
to thy wasting ways
Reducing those effects for which it has need
Denying support to the beast which hath become
a burden to the whole

Thou shalt vanish presently
By the curses of thine own design
And all shall become again as one
In harmony with my will