

Pantheon

by Jeff Geiger

the visionary treks the spiral
up the plateau shrine
and sees nothing

gods aren't going to help you son

looking towards the stars he orients
himself in the center
kneeling down, shackles bind him

they won't catch you when you fall

six stones the size of oxen
circle the pilgrim
glowing apparitions swarm
from the holy markers
he faces his makers

you'll be pleading while you're bleeding

the one of water and choice
we are at the precipice...
the one of sand and destiny
...you can go anywhere you want
the one of blood and persistence
foster the mindset that allows...
the one of sky and rebirth
...ways to make new things possible
the one of earth and brotherhood
for what we create...
the one of steel and insight
...is like poetry

the faces merge and pierce his chest
he is drowning in boiling water
blood spills from his pores
limbs pulled in every direction
watching his loved ones perish
needles bore his skull

he does not cry out
bonds break
his eyes open
the survivor stands

