

song of the love atheist

by strannikov

it took only time:

the small gears within the gears
had but to unwind.

illusions must die,
that's it, right? —or is it time
consolations die?

our grandfathers' god,
being dead, will not be heard
(together they died).

ghosts to bury, yes,
the minds upstairs decide—we
trust them and obey.

we move without god,
we sleep undisturbed by one
who never wakes us.

—or so say we all:
in our sleep we spill prayers out
from our scrambled souls.

—but still, people say:
“there is no god for us all,
only private gods”

(“death to any god
refusing to worship us”,
our simple decree).

—but who'd've thought much
that any moribund god
would knock rivals down?

if sparrows fall dead
without the first godly glance,
they are in fact dead:

and if “holy” is
not any name fit for use,
why hang on to “good”?

why the taunt that poor
birds' deaths are evil, not good?
no choice: neither, both.

—distinction collapsed,
categories disowned, our
full powers return:

all decisions now
are entirely all our own,
we make no mistakes.

(animals we are
will devour us all or our
hunger we escape—

we animals will
surmount our condition or
to it we succumb.)

expedient “good”
is mere expedience: no
“goodness” has its “good”,

no way to prefer
any “good” that is no more
than preference, no.

(as values collapse,
don't raise unseemly alarms
that will not be heard.)

dispense, then, with love—
its presumption, its belief,
its notion, its lie:

for there is no love,
no ability to love,
no desire for love.

life itself fights us,
"life conquers love" no surprise,
life conquers us, too.

apotheosis
of self-consolation, love
consoles that which loves:

“love” names who or what
we want but not what we do:
somehow, grammar failed.

love no more extends
far enough to reach across
a stream stepped across—

whatever love had,
curiosity's been lost,

ev'ry eye now sees:

whatever it had,
love has lost transitive strength
needed to arrive.

in internal depths
does love excavate grief, does
love dig up all grief?

and what can love do
to silence memory? naught
that mem'ry won't speak.

love? not today. love?
not for the next million years,
our past million say.

our metrics of love,
given our love for the count,
show nothing we love.

"love" is a null set—
an empty nest fit to hatch
flocks of hollow shells.

this rotating earth
gains no velocity—none—
from the force of love.

love is not physics,
bodies are not moved by it,
attracted, repelled:

chemical, love's not

(too many metals distract
with lusters their own),

"chemical", love is
(as long as saccharine is
served in coffees sweet).

love now is no force
to console the dead, to raise
the living to wake.

this enthymeme stands:
God can't be love (there's no god),
Love cannot be god.

or one thing is clear:
God may or may not be love
but love is no god.

(a more jealous god
slays another, you may say:
but enough of that.)

you see less here, yes,
because less is to be seen
once we've moved our brooms,

but do you see this:
these chisels we wield, our brooms,
are for sweeping clean.

(if now you quote me
"being clean makes near to god",
I shall chisel thee!)

