"Climb slowly, alone. Every step
is a step to the prison of the unknown god"
and to the freedom that lets you into
the spell of the protecting origin,
forever looming over your destiny,
forever lurking in its abyss, snatched by
a whimsical hand from the future.

Get in! Heaven has remained long
behind, wherefrom comes the command:
"Transcend!" To all eternity your
self has gone to fetch mortal morsels of the show
of your immortality, and peace to restless thought
and pervasive fragrance to a rose in the dusk.

Climb, climb, climb, crawl into yourself,
Grant kings their feast of dishonour,
to tyrants - the offerings of humility, and to lovers -
separation and betrayal. And remember the greatest gift of all:
sickness, decay, and the fall.
To those who endure – let them conquering drop out of sight,
And, stealing in on tip-toe, let there be twilight.

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