Ye May Also Be Judged

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Let me look with casual eyes
upon the family of man
as it dangles by its tail
from the branches of its gods.
Let me then be maladjusted.
Let me leave the grime — encrusted
image of the infinite creator
as it hangs.

When my branch was clipped I hurtled
through the chasm of decision
and I carved my own Pygmalion
from the remnants of my soul.
    If I wish to step aside
    from the stagnant, muddy stream
    of established institutions
    is it odd?
Let me know the word "anachronism,"
know the function of a prism.
Let me now proceed to hell
in the manner that I choose.

I have long since ceased to argue
that one's life is but a goblet
of the vital and the vibrant
and the real.

So let me climb upon my pillar
and protect my little goblet.
Let me sip of my ambrosia
just as often as I please.

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