

The Materialist

by Ralph Schneider

He, Begun with childhood wonder
At sourceless light and sudden cold,
And a moving, guideless mind,
Is blinded to cause by that same
Light and cold and motion—but
Coherent thought brings questions and questions
And answers answers.

He, The unwilling inheritor of the legacy
Of eon's pain, ascendor of the endless
Double spiral stairs
To himself and now,
Endures his own new truth:
The blood and flesh and fragile bone,
The final end and no return.

He, Brought by hope and even faith,
Faced by chaosless oblivion,
Foretells that senseless doom
Which cannot but be expected:
The nothing preceded by the
Hissing scream of silence.

He
Dies.