

A Cult of Nag

A Zodiac of one, Medusa's shrunken head,
The field's most subtle beast at his most obvious,
The serpent Satan's other spreads his flaring hood,
And in his weaving shadow, evil, good, and we
Must see it out. Advantage is to which can tempt,
Or never question, or can blow the reed and charm.
Facing the Gorgon's glance, discouraging to know,
So late among the signs, the universal mix
Of myth, that any mongoose has it easier.
The ruse of Perseus, the mirror, was, at last,
An act of cowardice. Stone would, for all he knew,
Have been the more informative experience,
And possibly the more erotic. Andromeda
Chained on a rock is any bondage fantasy.
It was our Mother Eve and Rikki-Tikki-Tavi
Who resolutely looked upon the Ding an sich
And lived to tell the tale, although made famous each
By someone else's telling. We who wet the reed,
Brave understudies of the serpent's subtleties,
Invent of combinations ours and stars not used
New birth, new beasts, a horoscope of selves left out.
Vast Reptile of the Garden all about, false tongue
Of knowledge flawed, draw in your venom and submit.
No constellation is more clear than the one we name,
No antitoxin strong as one that we believe.