

# Prophecy

By C. E. Woollen

When nations are needy, a cry is heard from a sage to the Sky.  
Can it be me? Am I the one? Is this my path, all writ and done?  
I understand you, Gifted Son. Is Fate resting Her claws upon  
Hope, Wiping Her tears from my eye? Embrace one; the other deny.  
To feel the attitude that each Lady nurtures within you, reach!  
Fathom intuition they lend: calm acceptance or will to bend  
Life to growth and visions to tend Gaea lives on, yours to mend.  
Prophets modestly live to teach, never demand, often beseech.  
Must I let futility slay courage to forge the truth everyday?  
Cope, O ye scion of light! Visionaries know what is right.  
With nations in suffering plight, your legacy calls into the night.  
Doubters' prayers revere the way you Son of Man selflessly pay.  
Strife ravishes holy women whose oracles instruct your kin.  
To nary but a kindred soul do you share your ultimate goal;  
Dream of navigating Love's shoal, archipelagoes, Poseidon's hole.  
Elope with the Gods, waiting for when metaphors awaken again.  
Loved by history and embraced when dead, ye seers live disgraced  
By all but they who understand and take the mantle from your hand  
Time's waters sculpt castles from sand honoring Thoth, Arjuna and  
Wife of you whose edicts replaced lonely choice with terror erased.