

PROMETHEUS SPEAKS

LEO FERNANDEZ

Feast on my rage for my blood runs thick!
My red wet wrists will reach for your throat
Winged devil whose hunger runs sick
You, bearer of my brother's coat.

O thou bastard villainous bird!
For how long will your shadow hang?
Before you descend without word
On mute wings like death's harangue.

Now, you mortals and I feel the hell
Of the shadow that hangs over our hearts
And the feeling you could not touch to tell
Will rip into us and tear our souls apart.

And despite the light of thought and language
You fall into the depths of shade
Where Time and Death are the springs of languish
Until the moment, the end, where all will fade.

Even now, you fall into the rhythm of your tongues
And your profane words have become fire
To exhale your will with your lungs
And turn the earth into a funeral pyre.

And was I the author of your ashen fate?
For the light I stole drove you insane;
For that I feel only remorse and hate.
So come black wings, deliver thine pain.