

## *Myth and Reality*

Purposeless, chained to a wife  
Turns into idolatry  
Man abhors a vacuum life  
A spicy mistress is mystery  
    Out of the earth and out of sod  
    Man conjures up a hideous god.

Man in his futility  
Makes sacred utility  
Into drab humanity  
Drags down Divinity  
    Out of a stable, out of sod  
    Man conjures up a loving God.

Unfair, unjust society  
Gripped with gross inequality  
Needs sacred commodity  
To justify brutality  
    Stupid like meat, heavy like cod  
    And readymade a cruel god...

Mystic fables are then made  
Of the wine and of the bread  
Stories of a virgin maid  
Mothered a child though unwed  
    Stupid like meat, heavy like cod  
    And readymade a loving God...

Endless myth when you hear it  
Argument to argument  
Reasons for/against the Spirit  
Resurrect every moment  
    Tic, tic, tic – seeds in a pod  
    Like a dead and dried up god.

You the branches, I the vine  
And the weather, very fine  
I am yours if you are mine  
Then the water became wine  
    Dead and dried seeds in a pod  
    Tic, tic, tic – and there was God.

Fable unto fable linking  
While I listen eyes unblinking  
Secretly though, I am thinking  
In a moment I'll be drinking  
    A shake of head, a wink, a nod  
    And there, and then a phantom god...

Human blood and human flesh  
Pagan ritual remnants  
Crimson wine, vintage or fresh  
God and Man make covenants  
    A shake of head, a wink, a nod  
    And right there stands a real God.

Seeking God and God's trail  
Holy Mug and Holy Grail  
Human mind infirm and frail  
Hidden lies behind the veil  
    I knew from first it sounded odd  
    But there you are, and there is god.

The veil human vanity  
Weakness the hidden entity  
To boost up Man's own dignity  
Man dreams of love and God's pity  
    It is foolish, it sounds odd  
    But there you are, and there is God.

**G. E. Gorfu.**