

# DISCORD

More than Beasts • Less than Gods

327321

**Discord**

**More than Beasts - Less than Gods**

**B27321**

Smashwords

Edition

Copyright

2013

B27321

License Notes:

This ebook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only.

This ebook may not be re-sold or given away to other people.

If you would like to share this ebook with another person,  
please purchase an additional copy for each person you share it with.

If you're reading this book and did not purchase it,  
or it was not purchased for your use only,  
then you should return to Smashwords.com  
and purchase your own copy.

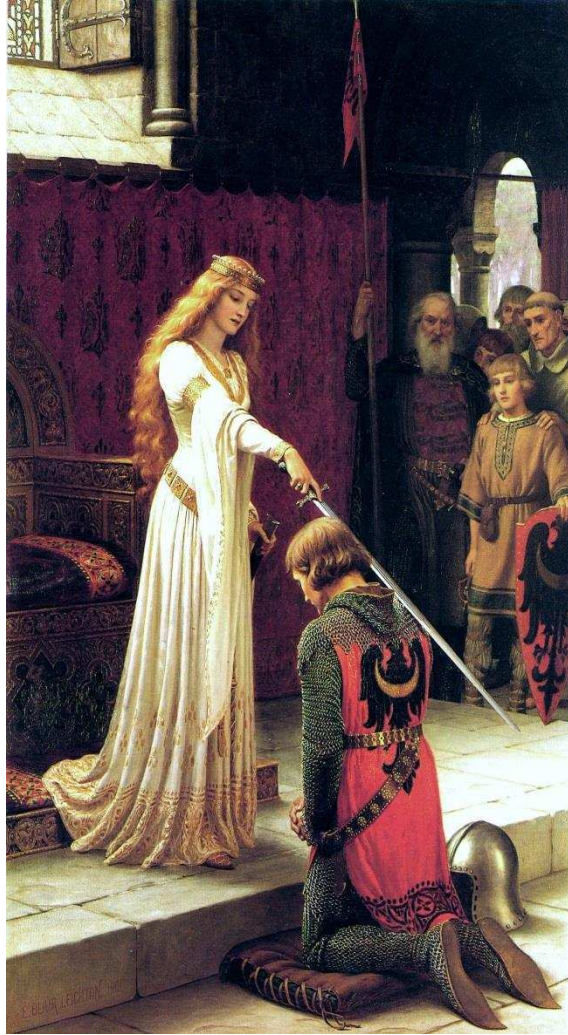
Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

Ebook

formatting by

[www.ebooklaunch.com](http://www.ebooklaunch.com)





In Honor & Remembrance  
of my Grandparents,  
who Taught me  
the Value  
of a  
good Story.

Music  
the Bards  
of today.

Pan  
for  
Fun  
&  
Freedom.

## **Discord**

Some Stories must be Told

& this is one such Tale.

Of grandfather the Wulf

&

The Garden of Eden,

Breeding pen,

That it was.

Bred for what Though,

Slaves to Mine

&

Rape the Earth,

our Mother.

Are we not Her children,

Does not Intellect alone,

Separate us

From our

Brethren

the Beast.

The Titans told it True,

For we were Bred

& Domesticated,

not to have

any Natural

Means of Defense,

but our Mind,

again

Why.

To Covet  
First the Apple  
& then  
thy Brothers',  
For then  
& only then,  
did They know,  
We were ready  
To be  
set Loose  
upon  
the World?

Darwin Traced it True,  
Water  
the Origin of our Species.  
For Silver  
& Gold  
do not Tarnish,  
Lovely are they to Behold.

The Brothers Cain  
& Abel,  
For Thought/After Thought,  
the Parody still Humors me.  
We had to Shed our Skin/our Defenses,  
The Snake you Say.

For what Differentiates  
Us  
From our Brothers the Beasts,  
the Ability to convey Thoughts  
& Actions,  
the Word.

Do we not Domesticate Livestock?  
Institute Breeding Programs,  
Do we not School Beasts.  
To do  
What we cannot  
Or do not  
Wish to do.  
Could we,  
Not be  
Set upon  
the Same Tasks?

Do all the Old Stories tell the Same Tale?  
What a Story that would be?  
Would it Tell of our Origins  
& our Rise?  
Would it tell us Why,  
the Same Motifs,  
Echo Down the Halls of Time.

Would we  
Even now  
In this Day  
& Age  
Accept the Lessons  
That they Teach,  
Parables,  
Metaphors?

What is the Underlining Message,  
what Vein Runs True?  
The Tale  
I am about to Unfold,  
May be True.  
I will let you,  
Judge for yourself.  
How much Whim,  
How much Fancy.

It Begins with the Dark  
& Loneliness of Space,  
so Like the Depths  
Of our Great Oceans.  
An Irony  
That I Hope  
Is not Lost on you.  
Depths we have Barely Scratched,  
Why I ask is it So.



It Begins with Slavery  
& the Dissatisfaction  
That it Brings.  
It Begins with Those  
That First Taught us  
the Taste of the Bit,  
to Yoke the Beast  
& Later thy Brother.

We all Know,  
Man was Created,  
but for What,  
A Reflection of Who.  
Shall I Tell you,

Will These Words  
Ever be Seen by Another?  
Will They be Considered  
the Drug Induced  
Ravings of Madness?

For I have Known  
the Taste of the Needle.  
The Siren Song  
of Lies she Sings,  
Only for you  
If you have Enough.  
Twirling upon the Edge,  
Dancing the Dream,  
as you  
Dig It in.

I only Know.  
I must Commit this to Paper.  
In Hopes  
That a more Enlightened Mind  
than Mine  
Can Fathom the Possibilities.



[Ebook](#)

[Print](#)