The Gift

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Prologue*

Was it tomorrow or yesterday?
To Ezekiel it was said,
"I am against thee
O, Gog",
and all your kind
saith the Lord,
but through your allies
I bring the world
a gift.

I

Across the plain of Magog
The armies of Marx, Darwin
Hitler and Stalin
Einstein and Frankenstein
unfurl their banners.
From behind the Crescent flag
emerges another
host, this one is lead by Imam Oil
holding the Koran
in one hand
and a bottle of gin in the other.
Slide-rules and scimitars gleaming in the sun
staring at the mirage of Israel
they say as one
"We've come to do you in."

Intoxicated with power their masks have fallen
laying in the sand
revealing their faces
displayed without makeup
bereft of lime lights
there bare and naked
looks like a mug shot
unforgettably real
but before us none-the-less.

Pretenders all, snarling in arrogance
fueled with petro-dollars
and the dialectic.
A dancing ayatollah stoned and plastic
laughs at the sky and barks
"See me now
I am the heretic"
drunk with pride
he howls,
"I no longer fear Yahweh
and have no need to hide."

With the crazed mullah the Commissar of Science poses,
his white lab coat flowing like the robe of Nero
exclaiming, "I control Persia and Paris
I run the universities where babies are cloned",
(overhead satellites twirl
under ground great machines whirl)
"computers say my name in fear
there is no power greater with you or here."

"Cambridge and Cathay are in my pocket
I lead the blind by the ear
Republican, Democrat, capitalist,
globalist,
techno-geek, druggie, communist
there are so many more
they are legion
paying me tribute for the privilege
of following my rear."

"I hold the plain of Magog where I stand with friends
they are lying demons
howling jackals
harlots of every description
technicians
dillantes of liberalism
devotees of socialism
come to this place because they have no where else
to go
I own them,
they are mine."
(In the shadows Gog, Lord of Archons
applauds his puppets.)

II

On the other side of the plain lies Israel,
split in two;
one timeless the other made of dust.
Can you stand against the assembled horde?
Will those who call your name
while mocking their own
Father,
join the cadavers and their kin
and do you in?

Beloved Israel, land of olive trees
and brambles
secrets of the Light
and creatures of the night
staking your claim with F-16's
white phosphorous
cascading in wide bright arches
the righteousness of the Torah
and dollars so porous
its value black with Arab crude.

More than Hebrews ponder your fate.
Sir Walter Scott and his outlawed tribe
with Judah Benjamin now remembered;
some sequestered
in eternal Dixie
study the heavens; watching and wait
with their brethren,
displaced from Nubia
and the master of horses
in their lodges
together looking at your stars
reading the words
blazing across the sparkling blackboard of nocturnal sky.

III

All the dupes of Gog's material empire
slithering in a bowl of noodles
bathing in laundered cash
wearing nuclear ash
on their foreheads
mocking their Savior
worshiping their genitals
despising
St. Andrew and his flag while
praising Comrade Karl.

With all this foreboding theirs is not the shake
to break Israel
for it is,
not made of mortal clay
not ruled by Archons
not confined to borders.
not coerced by scrolls,
not jailed by maps;
not the end,
nor is this reprieve from destruction
the promised gift.

See those masks fluttering to the ground
no breeze to give them lift
alone on the sand
withering in the Sun
without face to hide
the object of their mission naked
parched by pride
for a brief moment we see them clearly;

that is the gift.