

The Chain

An epic poem



Hisham Hauari

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

I would like to thank Associate Professor Mahmoud Khalifa, of South Valley University, Egypt, and Associate Professor Mustapha Sheikh, of the University of Leeds, for their valuable time in reading and providing constructive criticism, which will support the work in its efforts to bring beauty and erudition of Poetry back into our common experience. My thanks also goes to Associate Professor of English Mahmudul Hasan, International Islamic University, Malaysia, for kindly writing the forwards. My gratitude is also extended to Abdul Sabur Kidwai for his proofreading and delicate observations, and to Aaliyah Zafar Iqbal for her illustrations.

Above all, I am indebted to Abdul Hai at The Islamic Literary Society. His encouragement has been invaluable and his supervision of the poem's publication stands as a testament to his belief in the power of literature to deepen human consciousness and foster a greater understanding of our condition.

The Chain by Hisham Hauari

Published by Islamic Literary Society
London

www.islamicliterarysociety.com

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Formatting:
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Front cover design image:
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THE CHAIN

Hisham Hauari



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FOREWORD

Poetry is marked by spontaneity and subtlety of expression. Generally, it carries deep emotions and feelings as well as pearls of wisdom. It is the earliest form of literature in all human communities and was the main vehicle for sages, scholars and scribes to describe their perception of human life and of the world. In the past, it was synonymous with creative expression and writing.

In the society in which Prophet Muhammad (peace be upon him) was born, poetry was the hallmark of artistic achievement. The influence that the poets exerted is perhaps comparable to what the media moguls do today. Even though there were poets who were opposed to his message and sought to deride him through their poetic composition, the Prophet did not inhibit poetry. He encouraged poets among his companions to dedicate their literary talents to higher purposes. Accepting literature as a means to promote what is good and prevent what is evil, the Prophet motivated them to make its best use.

There were poets in Makkah such as Abdullah ibn Ziba'ra, Abu Sufyan ibn Al-Harith, Thirar ibn Hattab and Hubayra ibn Abu Wahb, as well as those in Madinah, like Ka'b ibn Al-Ashraf and Rabi ibn Abil-Houkayk who used their poetic arsenals to spread misinformation and disinformation about the Prophet. Against them, the Prophet had a galaxy of versifiers who used their poetic voices to counteract such misuses and in the service of truth and justice.

Most notable among them were Hassan ibn Thabit, Ka'b ibn Malik and Abdullah ibn Rawahah (may God be pleased with them). Hassan ibn Thabit was an extremely illustrious poet known across the Arab world. Different ruling dynasties invited him to compose and recite poetry at their courts. He embraced Islam at the age of 60 when he was at the peak of his literary career and lived another 60 years as a Muslim. Hence, he is called the owner of two lives. After Hassan ibn Thabit's acceptance of Islam, the Prophet

encouraged him to continue to compose poetry which he did to defend Islam and the noble character of the Prophet from the vicious caricaturing of hostile artists.

The status of Hassan ibn Thabit was so elevated that in the masjid of the Prophet there was a special pulpit for him to stand and recite poetry. In an earlier essay titled “Good literature and bad literature: Debate on Islam and poetry” (2014), I argued that it is wrong to brand Islam as a dull and dry religion and to say that it hinders literary creativity. In the Qur'an, there is a surah (chapter) called al-Shu'ara (the Poets). Towards the end of this chapter, God describes two types of poets: the lying and immoral ones who are followed by the misguided, and the honoured and honest ones who remain connected with their Creator and use their talents to vindicate themselves once they are wronged.

Similarly, in hadith collections, there is a chapter on poetry. The Prophet is reported to have said that some poetry is wisdom. His fondness for poetry transcended religious boundaries, as he was more concerned with the content of a poem than with the (religious) identity of the poet. He liked even non-Muslim poets for their decency and sincerity. For example, the poet Umayya ibn Abu Salt was not a Muslim, but the Prophet appreciated his poetry.

The hadith reporter 'Amr bin Sharid related on the authority of his father that the Prophet asked him to recite poems. After listening to the poetry of Umayya ibn Abu Salt, the Prophet said: “He (Umayya bin Abu Salt) was about to become a Muslim” or, as transmitted on the authority of Ibn Mahdi, “he was almost a Muslim in his poetry” (Muslim).

Conversely, the Prophet abhorred poetry that contained mischievous, spiteful content. As Abu Sa'id Khudri relates: We were going with Allah's Messenger (peace and blessings of Allah be to him). As we reached the place (known as) Arj, there met (us) a poet who had been reciting a poem. Thereupon Allah's Messenger (peace and blessings of Allah be to him) said: Catch the Satan or detain the Satan, for filling the belly of a person with pus is better than stuffing his brain with poetry. (Muslim)

All these suggest that Islam promotes poetry that falls under the category of beneficial knowledge and disapproves of literary activity that spreads falsehood or contributes to harmful behaviours. In the glorious days of Islam – during the time of the Prophet and afterwards – Muslim societies produced a remarkable corpus of literary work, which Marmaduke Pickthall discussed in his book titled *The Cultural Side of Islam* (1927).

Foreword

However, the decline in the glory of Muslims also impacted this field. In today's world, Muslims are not known as the pacesetters in creative production or in literary scholarship. Mimicry and imitative behaviours seem to have crippled the creative faculty of many of them. However, the need to use poetry to promote good values has not been exhausted. Muslims should come forward to tell the world who they are and what they stand for. Literature is a very good way to do that. It is in that sense, I congratulate the poet Hisham Hauari on producing this poem.

In some way, the poem *The Chain* contains a brief history of the human race from a Qur'anic perspective. Full of historical references, it provides a chain of major events in human history and ends with reflections on the contemporary world. The poem is long considering the reduced attention span of the readers of the twenty-first century. But classical world literature is replete with longer poems which have survived the test of time. Firdawsi, Rumi, Milton and Byron – to name only a few – all wrote long poems. I would invite the reader to enjoy and appreciate the poem *The Chain* and benefit from the wisdom that it contains.

Md. Mahmudul Hasan
International Islamic University Malaysia
23 January 2022

PUBLISHER'S NOTE

The Islamic Literary Society was founded in 2019 with the aim of promoting, fostering and developing a heightened appreciation of authors and literary works of classical and contemporary scholarship. This is accomplished by way of readings, book launches, publications, talks by published authors and other speakers, critical reviews, events, online discussion and membership meetings. The aim is to encourage the revival of Islamic readership in our day to day lives and to increase literary awareness among ILS members and the general public.

We are now pleased to announce its first publication authored by Hisham Hauari. It is an engaging poem that tells the tale of mankind from the beginning to the present. Though a true history, it is fused with an Islamic account of some things that may not be historically demonstrable. The book evokes various emotions: a pleasure to read, interesting and also grim. The seeds of the idea to write an historical account of humanity had been sown in the author's mind over a decade ago. The result is the culmination of a succinct book called *The Chain*.

Imran Kamaly
Publications Manager

PREFACE

It has been said that a writer should never try and say everything, but only what is true. For my part I cannot conceive of one without the other. What limits me is only the length of time that I am given to live and the depths to which I am able to reach.

A useful analogy is that of the free deep-sea diver. The deeper one goes, the shorter the time one can spend there and look around. But what he sees, perhaps very few men before him have seen, and in telling them about it, he may inspire others, younger and more able, to go deeper. That is the aim of this poem. To get you, the reader, to not only see as much of what makes up this thing we call history but to comprehend it in both its simplicity and complexity.

As for the rest, you already know the answer. History is nothing more than the efforts of Humanity to come to terms with and accept the demands that life makes of it and the limits that death proscribes. Notice I have said Humanity and not Man, or woman. If there is one thing we are more aware of today than perhaps at any other time, it is our collective destiny. We are of individual worth only to the degree that we work towards the alleviation of the suffering of our fellow human beings, whether they are within close proximity or separated by oceans and continents.

This is 'The Chain' of the title. It is the humanitarian quality of the links between us that make us strong or weak as a species. History has no more important truth to impart than this one. Our greatest moments are those when we sacrifice for others. Our most shameful, when we do not. What is true for the individual is true for a group, whether that be a Village or a Nation.

Wars are no more than the apparent manifestation of a spiritual war that does not cease within the individual against the selfishness of acquisition and the vanity of exclusion. The greatest struggle is within, not without. That is why billions revere those who have mastered themselves in order to set others free. Men become inhumane to the degree that they kill the humanity in themselves. That is true for the person sitting opposite you on the train as it is to a Plato or a Hitler.

Preface

So as you read this poem, think of it a mirror in which there is reflected back at you, not only the image of you as a human being like all the other human beings that have come and gone before you, but also in which the present can be seen, receding, like a veritable landscape, thousands of years into the past and future.

Hisham Hauari
London 2021



THE CHAIN

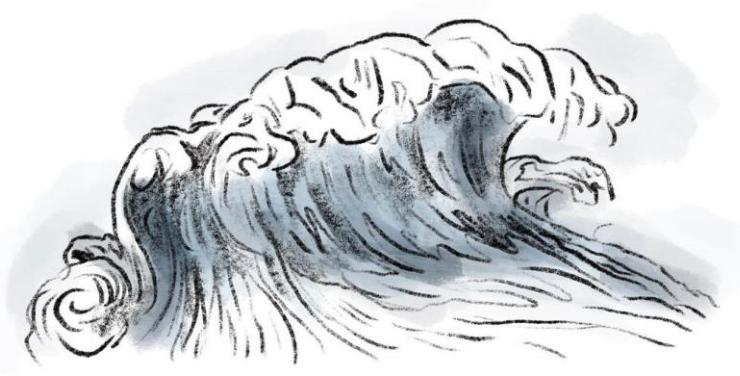
Something stirs inside of me;
Is it time, or eternity?
How swift it leaps from tips of trees
To travel across galaxies.
Without ears to hear, or eyes to see,
I remember things once told to me.
Of creatures pure and made of light
Told to bow to some new sight.
A figure strange and made of clay
Raised above them on this day.
One does not kneel and makes protest;
Saying that his form is best.
Made of flame, unsoiled by smoke,
For him to bow would be a joke.
The devil frets, 'I won't repent!
To prove you wrong is my intent.'

And of a garden in the sky
Where no one has to die.
Where streams run white as an eye
And fabled creatures speak and fly.
About a couple and a tree;
And mention of bad company.
They eat the fruit and seal their doom,
And exit bliss like from a room.
To labour now with sweaty brow
And meet the body's needs somehow.
With sorrow and humility
They mourn the lost proximity.
Forgiven, yes; but still some blame.
Perhaps a chance to come again.
The little ones are taught to fear
He who brought their parents here.
Between two siblings there will come
The intrigues of the mentioned one.

And a seed of envy sown
Inside the head of a brother grown.
Envy now will murder spawn
And war between men is born.

Men and woman multiply
And spread out beneath the sky.
The devil's efforts will not wane;
To see us lose is his aim.
First, he will imply
The best among us will not die:
'Let them live on in wood and stone
To replace what's gone with flesh and bone.'
'Oh my people,' Noah said,
'I have advice for you:
Forsake the worship of false gods
And follow what is true.
Desist from violence borne of lust
And come back to your senses.
He who has created you
Will forgive you these offences.
To cap it off you will receive
A joy that does not fade;
And perhaps avert from you
A torment like-ways made.
Do not belittle what I say;
Am I not from you?
Would you prefer a foreigner
To tell you what is true.
My Lord I call them night and day;
They do not listen and bar the way
For you to come and give them peace
From him whose hatred will not cease.'
Screams perpetual! Screams of terror!
Screams too late of pride and error.

Screams perpetual! Screams of panic!
Flingers slip from peaks of granite.
Screams perpetual! Screams no more...
Bodies sinking to the ocean floor...



Truths half remembered,
Half forgotten- who can say for sure?
What was once as clear as day
Now in the realms of lore.
Towers built to reach the stars
And read them like a book.
Temple scribes spinning tales
From where people fear to look.
Priest make kings;
Kings make priests, in this fertile land.
A blueprint left for all to follow
Still written in the sand.
With science strange and labour forced
To make the universe stand still.
A thirst for immortality
That petrifies the will.
Born to Ur is Abraham
A stranger to his time

Who sees gods everywhere
But says, 'None of them are mine.'
With concern he begs his father
To consider and suspect
That the idols in his shop
Can neither shelter nor protect.
'Oh my father, verily,
In error you exist!'
'Oh Abraham, I'll stone you
If in this insolence you persist.'
With excuses made
And absent from the feast,
Now in the temple all alone
With the wooden beasts.
When the people came to bow
And saw their idols smashed to bits,
No one could they think to blame
Except that rebel in their midst.
They searched the city high and low
And brought Abraham to check.
'Ask the one with lips of stone
And that big axe around his neck.
Worship what your hands have made?
I cannot pay that any mind.
It grieves me, yes, but I see
We are off a different kind.'
'It's too much for us all,
Let's go and see the king.'
Who at first sight is baffled
At the sight of him.
'My Lord,' said Abraham,
Dispenses life and death.' 'So
do I,' exclaimed the king, In
a single breath.
And to prove his point

In a manner he thought best,
A pair of captives summoned
To put the argument to rest
One of them is given an ambiguous reprieve;
The other from his neck
Does his head most swiftly leave!
'From the East
Does my Lord awake the sun;
From the West,
Can you make it come?'
Enough of this; migration it will be!
To see if there are others
Whom God has made like me.'
When he's old,
Some strange news to come:
That after all these years,
He will have a son.
'Oh my boy, I had a dream
That I must slaughter you!'
'Oh my father, if God so wills
Then you must see it through.'
So the head did he grip
And press against a rock
With blade against the vein
And satan there to mock.
But before the blade will move to
Slice such tender skin,
One who is Most Merciful
Is merciful to him.

In a dream, an omen comes
Of an Israelite
Who will end a Pharaoh's rule
With unsuspecting might.
To see this does not come to pass

An order will be given:
Through every newborn male
A sword must now be driven.
Fearfulness and secrecy
The traffic of the hour,
But in the flow of sweetened blood
Blooms a precious flower.
A mother's faith in God unseen
Will save her from despair,
Even as the basket floats
Towards the tyrant's lair.
The Pharaoh's queen a token sees
To keep it as her own.
Not suspecting what a judgment comes
Into her husband's home.
The slave-boy does a prince become
Of deportment and great learning,
But whose heart feels the lash
From which the Israelite is burning.
Much respect does he command
Yet tainted by his kin.
And when one day he kills a man
The truth of it sinks in.
Prince no more and on the run;
A common criminal.
Cast into the wilderness
With unsuspecting wherewithal.
With sore and bloodied feet
To Midean does he come;
And performs an act of charity
When others would never think of one.
Then he falls against the dust
Like a man about to die.
With no censure on his lips
Except to Him Most High.

In Jethro's ears his daughters
Whisper of a man
Who in a state of destitution
Lent a helping hand,
'Without his help,' she tells him,
'Your flocks would have no water...'
And with this selfless act
Moses wins a prophet's daughter.
Ten years of happiness
With his new family,
But the ache of others left behind
Doesn't let him be.
The time has come
To move a station higher;
Summoned to a burning bush
Untouched by its own fire.
'Oh Moses, stop. I am your Lord
Commanding you to go
And free your people from the one
Who calls himself, Pharaoh.'
His tongue unsure he begs his Lord
Not to send him there alone.
So strengthened with three miracles
And a member of his home.
Two prophets come before a king
Who thinks himself a God,
To put him in his rightful place
With a common, wooden rod.
A Pharaoh's massive pride
Dented by admissions
Of worship of this God
From his own magicians!
'Do you think me mad
To let the slaves of Egypt go,
When our honour and prestige

Depend upon them so?
Tell your God to do his worst;
You underestimate my strength.
I intend to make them all
Suffer at great length.'
Plagues will come upon the land
Till Egypt learns its place.
The last will drain the colour
From every father's face.
Out from Egypt Moses leads
His people one and all,
But a Pharaoh still in mourning
Sounds a battle-call.
'Surely, Moses,' they all cry,
'Overtaken we will be.'
'Never,' came the firm reply,
'My God will never let it be!'
Then behold they did
The shallowing of the sea,
And trod with disbelief in water 'neath the knee.
No such luck
For the army at the back:
Gathered by the returning waves
As though into a sack.
After their deliverance
An idol made of gold.
The fleshpots carried out of Egypt
On the heart still have a hold.
'No shame have we to do this thing
In the Creator's sight.
Oh Moses we will not believe
Until we see your God outright!'
A nation lost and sullen
In a wilderness,
Bearers of a covenant

Given as a promise.
Carried on the shoulders
Of an ageing Patriarch
Who looks into the future
And sees that it is dark.
A necklace of small islands
In the Aegean Sea,
From which there will appear
Men of strange tenacity.
The choices facing man
Of how he is to live,
One of them it seems to me
The Greek was doomed to give.
Although the Cosmos still proscribes
The limits of the dream,
Inside the breasts of certain men
Something feels supreme.
The Mystics sense a counsel
That forces them to heed
A truth that grows inside of them
Like something from a seed.
The hallucination of a craft
That in nature seems revealed
With its internal logic
Like a mirror to its field.
'One is in the many;
And the many in the one.
From this understanding
We'll build cities in the sun.'
Men and gods
Joined together at the seams.
In a hope to reconcile
Our terror with our dreams.
But in the duress of the Myth
Things aren't so clearly read

And something leads the Greek
To where he's not supposed to tread.
A heroism petrified
And drenched in blood-stained glory.
Nothing more to make of it
But a tragic story.
'Behold being as it is
And do not the passage mourn;
For the only thing to say is better,
'...is never to have been born!
The cosmos feels our suffering
And lends a little light
To illuminate the knowledge
That we are children of the night.
The actors of the chorus,
Each one in a mask,
Will teach us how to pity
And no questions ask.
Souls born to die
With no abode above;
Staring terror in the face
To see what there is to love.
So do not say you know us,
You who take us as your tutor;
For our dream was the murder
Of the Human future.'

The daughters of a disposed king
Births brothers half-divine,
Thrown into the Tiber
To assure a new blood-line.
Pulled, however, from the depths
By a she-wolf out to hunt.
And now between the teats and other cubs
The siblings have to shunt.

Soon grown fierce and cunning,
Two brothers stand alone;
And waste no time in giving
A father back his throne.
On the matter of inheritance
The brothers can't decide,
Until there comes between them
The judge of fratricide.
Etruscan monarchs to the North
Decadent and cruel,
Will all be swept away
By a more inclusive rule.
Electing consuls from themselves
Checked on every side ;
To advance on principles
The nobles will decide.



‘THE ROMAN SENATE AND THE PEOPLE’

Is the motto of the day,
But as one grows in strength
The other must give way.
Carthage smashed
And Hannibal destroyed:
A military genius
Tossed into the void.
An example made of those
Who have humiliated Rome:
Fifty thousand prisoners to a slaughter, thrown.
Africa and Sicily,
Old Hispania too,
Greece and Northern Europe
Filled out like a shoe.
This Latin behemoth
Giving new direction:
With tyranny in check
By a shrewd administration.
All religions matters
Within the rubric of the state,
And those subdued
Will likely see a silver lining to their fate.
The genius of Rome
Already in the frame;
With the civil strife
That will blight her name.
Amphitheatres, aqueducts
And religious toleration,
Smooth the flow of foreign goods and occupation.
Legions move like packs of wolves
Until they meet the snow,
Retuning after years of war
To have nowhere to go.
Senators and landlords

Have stolen all their land
And outsource the work to all the slaves that flood the land.
But on the stratagems of generals
The empire now depends,
And to these armed gangs
Its precious laws will have to bend.
The senate soon a body
With each day a different head,
Filled with either dreams of peace
Or motives borne off dread.
Romans poor and fickle,
Given games and bread
To keep them ill-attentive
To what might have been instead.
Power that is absolute
Brings absolute attrition
And no solace in the soul for either plebeian or patrician.

In the Common Era
A great change will begin
Within a Roman Province
Ruled by a Jewish king.
In sources lost to history
They say he did receive
An omen of a new-born
And a kingdom to achieve.
To the house of Jacob sent
With angelic grace
In the hope to God again
The Jew might turn his face.
To restore them both to earthy power
And the Lord's estate;
Lest the devil take them all
To a different fate.
'Turn away,' Jesus says,

‘from a life of sin.
To a kingdom fadeth not,
And for which the keys are found within.’
Those good of heart
Join his ministry,
Because there is about him
No hypocrisy.
Priests wring their hearts
In vain for drops divine.
And, resenting the messiah,
Accuse him of a crime.
‘How dare this man of low estate
Come and preach the law;
Does he think to teach us
What we did not know before?’
Have stories of his miracles
Not come into their ears:
Of one cured of blindness
And others of their fears?
They bring him to the Governor;
For the said to execute.
But clearly seeing the man is good,
Begs another route.
‘I tell you all-
I see no sign of crime on him.’
‘But he is a threat to Rome!’
Demand the Sanhedrin.
To the crowd he turns his face
And thus does Pilate state:
‘I wash my hands in front of you
From this poor man’s fate.’
The smashing of some nails
Through the hands and feet;
And on a cross where a slow death
He is to meet.

All who gathered
Thought they had seen
The bringer of the gospels
Bleeding from the spleen.
With Jesus gone,
But his message put to use,
Those without a master
Come in for vile abuse.
One most vehement in his jibes
Towards this Pious clique
Is a Jew from Tarsus
Who knows a little Greek.
According to his own account
A vision felled him from his horse,
And one -once so acrimonious-
Is filled with great remorse.
From some well-spring of hope and fear,
Saul styles himself Apostle,
And for the souls of all mankind
Begins his fervent jostle.
Between the Gentile and the Jew
He strikes a new accord:
To make the resurrected Christ
Both saviour and lord.
A fever burning in his breast
For reasons thought divine.
And so with mystic turn of phrase
Makes heathen ears incline.
His half-baked learning travels well
And brings Christ great appeal.
A new myth built from the bottom up
Like a ship upon its keel.
A remission of the sins
And a kingdom drawing near,
Which they say will spell the end

Of the one already here.
'I have been crucified with Christ,'
So starts the eulogy,
'And live my own life not,
But with Christ inside of me.'
Moral systems matter less
And sin won't smudge our face;
Keepers of the law no more,
We are living under grace!
Deep beneath the orgies
And the nightmare of the circus,
Gather those of growing faith
Who say, 'the Devil cannot hurt us.'
And when fed to the beasts
Or torn from limb to limb,
Some swore they saw them smile
At the thought of joining him,
Who came to teach them how salvation
Comes from suffering.
One now to be Emperor
And friend of Christ and Pan;
The age of martyrs at an end
With the edicts of Milan.
What is power but a shifting feast?
Carried now by Constantine
To a city in the East.
Western Rome, its lustre gone,
And weapons turned to rust;
Vandals, Huns and Visigoths
Smashing things to dust.
A new dominion twice as old
And also twice as mean:
Its gold and purple a dead ringer
For its bloody dream.
Sophists dressed in temple garb

And puffed up in Nicea,
To codify what can't be seen
In guesses foolish and unclear.
'We believe in one God,
Creator of it all,
And in his son, Jesus Christ,
Born before the fall.
God of God (from father separate)
To a virgin born
And thus made incarnate.
And in the holy spirit who is father and the son...'
A mystical conundrum
To suit each and everyone.
The ancient world's no more
And Pan is left for dead.
Now the Pantocrator rears
His unforgiven head.
No more a world of frolicking
And bestial jollity.
Instead, impending judgement
For a debased humanity.
Hunger, destitution,
Savagery and fright;
A world now experiencing
An absence of the light.
Northern warlords seize their chance,
Entering the fray,
To challenge Roman bishops
And have some it their way.
Armies in the night
Jostling for power,
While men of learning hide away
In the safety of a tower.
Knowledge sacred and profane
Hidden by the monks,

Whose steps it guides through the mire
In which humanity has sunk.
The need for synthesis
Will not let them be;
And so with instincts frail
Feel out the mystery.
Monarchs grow in appetite;
The church will do the same.
For the next Millennium
Is how it will remain.



Everywhere a desert
Of sand and misery.
The year is six hundred
And thirty-two A.D
What law there is to speak of,
Isn't worth the name;
There is only rich and poor
And the ubiquity of shame.

Among the dunes an orphan born
Different from the rest,
Who's loved by all until he makes
A very strange request.
One night an Angel's voice
Whispers in his ear
That he is now a prophet
And must be without fear.
'Read,' he hears it say,
Causing him concern;
Thinking that it means
What small children learn.
And then other words descending
Tolling like a bell,
Giving news of Paradise
And the punishment of Hell.
Years of preparation
For what is now to come:
To teach these hardened polytheists
The worship of The One.
The merchants of the city
Smell a mutiny
And begin a reign of terror
With little clemency.
'Who is this man who yesterday
We trusted no one more than him
Telling us so frankly
Where our loyalties should begin?'
They offer him a crown
And the riches of the land,
But he will not compromise
With even sun and moon in hand.
Some seek shelter with a king
From across the sea
Who says he won't return them

For all the treasure there might be.
Some tribes have had enough
And decide to kill him off,
Before at the tables of the rich
The poor will come to scoff.
Mohammed fearing for his flock
Tells them to migrate
To a town two hundred miles away
Where love will conquer hate.
His detractors cannot understand,
To the point of going mad,
'Why, before eluding us,

Return the keepsakes that he has?'
City of the Prophet
As it will come to be,
And from it Islam will spread out
Like another sea.
For the Devil, here,
There's neither food nor bed
Because the brotherhood of man
Is prevalent instead.
His enemies, still bruising,
Decide to go to war,
'We cannot let this heresy
Flourish anymore!
Our forefathers, each of them,
Are turning in their graves
From this persistence
Of belittling their ways.'
Against an army thrice as large,
A skirmish in the sand;
God's band of little helpers
Led by Angels sword in hand.
Later on, ten years a truce,



The message spreads its wings;
And hearts begin to open
To the truth it brings.
A rich man and a poor man,
A black man and a white;
The good they do is all that counts
In the Creator's sight.
The truth of the whole matter
Shining like a sun:
That from start to finish
Humanity is one.
Emeralds and rubies
Kicked up in the sands
As Arab cavalry race across the lands.
Where they stop they build things in the air
As if to underscore there's nothing really there.
The Devil sneers at all this wealth
But sees in it a chance
To put these so called Muslims
In a little trance.
In medieval Baghdad
They play with jet-propulsion,
Seeking out the secrets

Of the Lord's creation.
‘The House of Wisdom,’ or so called
Because of all its books.
But fewer callers to the truth
Where anybody looks.
Knowledge just for knowledge's sake
Is harmful to the soul.
Leading Arab polymaths
Into a rigmarole.
Men so fond of all the things
That gratify the senses
That when wild horsemen storm the gates
They hide like women on their menses.
A mountain made of skulls
And rivers black with ink;
The scourge of God upon them
In the time it took to blink.
An exiled prince in trouble
Looking for another nest
Spreads his gilded wings
And flies off to the West.
There he finds some other men,
Coarse and grown effete,
And without too much trouble
Knocks them off their feet.
Girls with slender bodies
Moving to and fro,
Like a serpent moving
To a musician's bow.
Kingdoms come and kingdoms go
We know this to be true.
What's taken by the sword alone
Is lost by that way too.
Dissensions in the Muslim ranks
Will cost them very dear.

Christians feeling confident
Waiting in the rear.
In empty labs and palaces
They find amazing things
With which to take the enervation
Off their heavy wings.
Unity of purpose, noble or malign,
Is God's way of deciding
On who the sun will shine.

1065,
Pope Urban screams, 'Crusade!'
For the violence of unruly knights
A new agenda made.
A people so beleaguered
They live upon their knees
Now crawl across the continent
In search of Heaven's keys.
Killing Jews along the way
And others in their path,
With incessant hunger
only adding to their wrath.
Thousands march undeterred
By lack and nature's grief;
And spit out the human carrion
Caught between their teeth.

After months and days
To Jerusalem they come,
Killing everything that moves
Beneath a blazing sun.
The Christian spirit
Lifted by marauders gone abroad,
Whose hearts are filled with Calvary
And the treasure they shall hoard.
From the 'Prince of Peace'
They have much to learn,

As priests in cloth and prayer aloud
Commend all who loot and burn.
With feudal tyranny abroad
The dream of peace comes home,
Which the cathedral builders
Transcribe in glass and stone.
Hearts and spires praying for the light,
Not guessing what will curse them
Is the same source of delight.
A swelling up of faith
From somewhere deep within;
Making fissures in the flesh
To cauterise the sin.
Perhaps the sons of Adam
Are of a different craft;
Where body and the soul
Are not meant to be apart.
Though the actions of the clergy
Are not without some shame,
Such understanding of the Gospels
Will never be again.
In 1182 a merchant has a son,
Whose preference is for war and song
Like any other one.
Battle scarred
And during convalescence,
A young Francis of Assisi
Finds a deeper essence.
Perhaps a book,
Or words dropped in his ear,
Strike inside his heart
The right notes of love and fear.
In his sights a beggar
Who at first he will ignore
Until a feeling of contrition

Moves him to the core.
The foremost virtue in his mind
Is now that of charity
And like a sword to wield it
Against every luxury.
'To live like Christ who is good
And of little need;
And plant myself in the ground
Naked as a seed.
To germinate
And in good time become
Like all nature making prayer
And completely one.'
Western Christendom
On his body will it feed;
Desperate for the sustenance
It so badly needs.
But lessons of the flesh
Cast aside too soon,
Cause there to grow in Italy
A most unusual bloom.
Sirens of the past
By St Peter kept at bay
Tempt men to swim with them again
In the light of day.
Christians varied and assiduous
With science in their hearts
Compete with one another
To give the world their Art.
From a wood in exile,
A poet sings a story
Of Loves purpose lost and found
In its greatest glory.
They treat him with suspicion
And that is rightly so,

Because he says he's been
To where the living cannot go.
The growth of personality
Begins its cruel impact;
Challenging the dogma
The Church sought to keep intact.
Men now only half-convinced
By their theology
Look out of the window
On a new reality.
Everywhere Municipal
In gangland rivalry,
Which a certain Machiavelli
Relates for posterity.
A prince to keep his crown
Must do what is debased,
And in a strong Republic
It's no longer called disgrace.
He must simply do
What others have in mind
And what is cruelty
But a way of being kind!
Now the Gospels have all disappeared
From the hearts of men,
Politics demands of us
That we do not factor them.
Another man, secluded from the rest,
Puts his religious nature
Through a gruelling test.
In him the forces
Of the heart and mind
Lash out with paint and stone
For relief of any kind.
The old beliefs
Once giving him some guarantee

Fail now to match the force of his enquiry!
He knows the Pope
Is God's ambassador on Earth,
But sees this fit to challenge
With everything he's worth.
Three years inside a chapel
To paint the story of it all.
The Pope takes just one look
And on his knees will fall.
A new kind of immortality
Which the Artist now calls forth,
And hearts incline like compasses
To a new religious North.
Another man in Florence,
Illegitimate and strange,
Seems to be more comfortable
In this uncharted range.
In him there seems no conflict;
As if things are all the same,
And the forces of the world
Are just things which he can tame.
His mind is like a mirror
That reflects reality.
As if there were in fact
No room for mystery.



On his way to exit
A moor lets out a sigh
And a reproachful mother
Tells him not to cry,
‘Do not like a woman weep,
Won’t you understand,
For that which you could not
Keep as a noble man.’
His people for eight hundred years
Have ruled over this land;
And now cast out like beggars
On a strip of foreign sand.
They sought to make alliances
With those who meant them ill.
They did not see how little
Their game was played with skill.
There cannot be two kings
Sharing just one throne,
But their vanity had blinded them
To what they should have known.
‘So do not cry, my son,
Like a thrown out maid
For failing as man
To make the proper grade.’
And through his tears
Maybe he could see
A ship’s emblazoned sails
On new trajectory.
Columbus all conceited
And a step from mutiny
By sailors starved and half-mad
From the endless sea.
The so-called Indios
Who greet these visitors,
Are paid in kind with savage dogs

And shiny scimitars.
They would kill them all
For what they have of ORO,
The gold that God has given men
To bring them joy and sorrow.
Aztec treasure
Sets the West alight;
Giving Spain some leverage
To expand her might.
But the gold that passes
In and out of hands,
Works the same rise and fall
Of kings and queens in other lands.



In Wittenberg a stirring,
Both sacred and profane,
That leads a humble monk
To make a monumental claim.
To the City of the Pope
He brings such roused dejection;
Saying the house of Christ

Needs a new direction.
The princes of the realm
Find in Luther's dream a niche
For an expansion of their powers
Beside that 'stuff' he has to preach.
About the outcome of the soul
Determined by a coin;
How good deeds alone the saints
Will not suffice to join.
There's no transubstantiation
-that voodoo of the church-
God's substance is already there
And it's for us to make the search.
The scripture's there for all to read
And make sense of as such.
In respect of one's own mind
And how deep the words will touch.
A contention with the Papacy
More than Christian law;
The compromise with self-ambition
Veils a deeper flaw.
Between the law of Moses
And the raising of the Christ,
Men rack their brains again
To try and get things right.
Some cities free themselves
From ecclesiastic greed,
And from a world that would deny them
All the things they need.
The columns of St Peters shake
And stir man's deepest fears;
And for reasons dimly glimpsed
Begin a war of Thirty Years.
Death, disease, doom and fright
With little place to hide;

Men looking left and right
To see if God is on ‘their’ side.
From the ashes of this carnage
A phoenix there will rise;
Its wings all set on fire
And burning up the skies.
A religion split in two
And new ideas in the air,
Which between the Hebrew and the Humanist
Will fall the largest share.
No more shall we work alone
For a world that’s yet to come;
Now that God has told us
We can make a tidy sum.
The Catholic Church stands accused
By its more sullen foe,
But the delegates of Trent agree,
‘We must go on with the show!’
The members of the council
Prepare recrimination
And punish those suspected
Of some deviation.
Six men meet within a crypt
To form a Company,
Which becomes the Pontiff’s sword
Against this heresy.
‘Let Christendom burst forth
With all its strength and glory;
With brush and marble, heaven mirrored,
To tell ‘The Greatest Story.’
Let those whose hearts are suffering
From this Northern spasm
Wander in the darkness
Of their iconoclasm.
In England struts a king

With Confidence to spare,
Who strikes a blow against the Pope
Who denies him a male heir.
The issue of the Roman Church
In Henry's mind concluded.
The illusion of the Papacy
By which all have been deluded.
'Sack the monasteries
And bring the spoils to court,
So new alliances and luxuries can be bought.'
Pilgrims on a boat
Towards an unknown shore,
Carrying the future-
Or at least the little that they saw.
'Let us with humility
And hands upon our hearts
Step forth upon this rock
And make a brand new start.
And let us thank the native
And extend to him his due,
For without his kindness
This winter we will not get through.
The land is plenty;
So what harm is there to share.
If he doesn't think so
We'll skin him off his hair!'
'*They come as many as the stars*
And a time will come
When the red man
-if he does not want to die-
Will have to hide and run.'
'We did not come to maim or kill,
But to flee a greedy king.
How is it we find ourselves
Behaving worse than him?'

Let's keep our eyes on the frontier
And not think of that;
And keep this base behaviour
Underneath our hat.
Between the Red Man and ourselves
We need to reach agreement,
Or this enterprise of ours
Will be of limited achievement.
Now we've seen his soldiers off
We will have our say,
Or does the king believe our Revolution
Is only for today?
We wish to be a nation
And determine our own laws;
Say goodbye to monarchy
And its inherent flaws.
We are men of learning
-if not of landed birth-
Our revolution built on 'Common Sense'
Will change things on this earth.
Let us write our constitution
In the name of Liberty
(But underwrite it for the sake
Of wealth and property).'
A poor farmer's son
Who can barely read
Finds in his mother's 'goodness'
All the guidance that he needs.
His mirth and honesty
Carry him along
Towards a place where normally
Such people don't belong.
The President of These United States
Playing with his son
While people come and tell him

Grave things must be done.
For each of them an anecdote
Or just a friendly smile;
To lessen the intensity
If only for a while.
His speeches sound
Like someone chopping wood,
As if to keep the syntax
Sounding as it should.
Their sister States in the South
Must now see it fit
To leave their antiquated ways behind
And catch up a little bit.
'Although we know their pride
And dependence on the Nigger,
We too have our need of him
And will use him as a trigger.
I do not say he is our equal
But something bothers me:
If slavery not be wrong
Then nothing else can be.'
And so their armies meet
Beneath indifferent skies;
And to the fact their all Americans
They will close their eyes.
'To preserve the Union
I simply cannot yield,
Even if a million,
Or more will so be killed.'



1789, The so-called peak of 'Reason.'

And the French expand upon

The possibilities of treason.

A now self-conscious middle-class

Seizes its great chance

To avail itself of all the ills

Bringing gloom to France.

A King of good intention

But from another age,

Cannot stop his people

From rattling their cage.

There will be a revolution

Like the one across the sea,

To shed some blood in the name

Of a fair society.
Adding pain to injury
The King's run out of Francs;
And creditors and peasants
Like rivers burst their banks.
'We should assert our rights,
Just like Rousseau said.
And if the king gets in the way,
well- just cut off his head!
We are the Third Estate no more,
Because our time has come,
And by the time we've finished
We'll be the only one.
We are universal citizens
And the Earth's our common pie.
No more shall we be bled
By those leeches in Versailles.
Let the cities burn;
From the pyres there will rise
Others far more glorious
And pleasing to our eyes.
We must show no mercy
-even to the queen!
Who is not for the Republic
Is for the guillotine!
Institute the terror
For the good of all;
Whoever cannot see it
Is a traitor or a fool!
Man is everywhere in chains,
But this he cannot see,
Which is why we'll go to such extents
To force him to be free.
Let me be the one
Who tells you what to do;

I, Maximillian Robespierre,
The very model of virtue!
There's no one above the people
Or the General Will.
No one speak to me
Of Danton or Camille.
That blood that's daily spilled
For our victory
Will wash away from our eyes
The old reality.
Those gorging goblins of the church
Have all been sent away
And our new Being- who is Supreme-
Is in charge today.
The revolution won't be stopped
And its on a role,
Now a youthful Corsican
Has taken on its soul.
He sees in it a chance
To rise up to the top
Now that those who once barred his way
Have come in for the chop.
His military genius
Is not his only skill;
But a poetic nature
That bends men to his will.
He plays the game of war
Like no one else before,
Leaving grey-haired generals
Watching him in awe.
The Club of War whose membership
Is all nobility
Feels the walls closing in
With every victory.
This little upstart

From a meagre line
Is out to free the people
One country at a time.
From now on its merit
And equality
That will make the world
A better place to be.
His strange fatality
Sets him far apart;
This believer in a godless:
Napoleon Bonaparte.
Enlightened thinkers of the age
Who can predict a comet
Wonder if doesn't ride one
Into war upon it.
'I make my battle-plans from the souls
Of my sleeping men...'
Is he not in this respect
Something more than them?
What has given birth to him
In this most uncommon way?
For all his practicality
He's the wisest of his day.
In the middle of the desert
Seated with some clever men,
Who tell him that the universe
Is no more a mystery to them.
The General looks above
Then stares them in the face,
'Tell me then, good gentlemen,
Who put all this in its place?'A single man possessing faith
In a Europe where there's none.
Forging past and present
To make the future one.

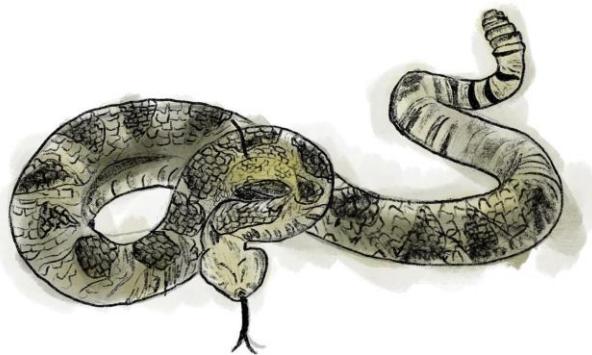
And by his own admission
That when the time has come,
'A single atom will suffice
To see it all undone.'
An Emperor all alone
Sitting on a rock,
Gazing out across the sea
Whose vastness seems to mock.
Gone are all the thrones
That he used to own,
And the five hundred million men
He wished to invite into his home.



Men of vicious virtue
Awake a principle of old
And look upon the people
With eyes sinister and cold.
A new kind of sacrifice
More inhuman than before;
The Moloch of the factory
Demanding more and more.
Some who are sensitive
Warn against the gloom
That fills their souls with darkness

Like night entering a room.
Embrace the new Ideas
Is the mantra of the day.
Industrial development
Has come to show us all the way.
There's not a soul alive
On whom it won't accrue;
No more living in the past
But in what is always new.
Is God still there?
Who can say for sure.
Sometimes it does feel like
He's not with us anymore.
An English Botanist
Trembles at the thought
That a lie as old as man
Is behind what we are taught.
That this thing called, 'Man'
Is not in God's image made
And so our reverence of him
To rest must now be laid.
Our origins are here
Not in some garden far way,
Beginning with a substance
Still bubbling in the clay.
From something ill-defined
And chemically deranged.
Whose secret of survival
Is its capacity to change.
Some adapt; some do not
This is what he sees.
He's sure it is the matrix
Of everything we see.
Creatures one and all
Follow this clear plan

And most of all the one
Whose name we know as, 'Man.'
'If there's purpose to him
Beyond procreation and his bread
I'm not sure if I'll find it anymore
In this Bible that I've read.
But, if all his suffering
By nature is caused not,
Then for this theory I've put forward
I know I should be shot!'



A precocious thinker,
A sort of summit for the rest,
Takes upon his soul a tremendous test.
He spies in Europe's distant past
A cure for all its pain;
A philosophy of terror
That's strange as it's arcane.
'We must look at our condition
And face up to what we see:
A jumble of resentment
And slavish piety.
The God you worship on that Cross
Is none other than you,

Which looked at in another way
Makes it no less true.
There is no Holy Spirt.
Father, or The Son.
Just a suffering Human Being
Beholden to no one.
Each must seek it in himself
To turn suffering to joy.
The Greeks can be a lesson
In what methods to employ.
Inside you is the Übermensch
(Or the 'superman')
Who has no time for pity
-I know it's hard to understand.
The Good and Evil that we know
Is no longer true.
I'm not the first to say it;
Just the first to think it through.
I'm not denigrating God
Or worshipping the Devil,
I just think we need to think of this
On another level.
No god of suffering
To protect the weak.
Without which
They would not have learned to speak.
Something more courageous
And bolder in its aim;
To be our own masters
And forget about the blame.'
But everything that Nietzsche says
Splits him into two.
As if what he is and wants to be
Is equally untrue.
A paranoid fanatic, ultimately sad.

Those whom the gods will first destroy
First they make them mad.
And so it was one winter's day
In a foreign city,
He sees a horse being beaten
And grabs it out of pity.
What so long had been repressed
Came back with tragic force;
His Christ-like humanity
Unleashed upon a horse.
He wished to be a Greek,
Knowing neither right nor wrong,
But he did not see that their time
Has now been and gone.
Shamans dressed in suit and ties
Prance and speak in tongue;
Unsure as well
If their time has passed, or not yet begun.
An age of separation
Growing wider by the day,
Till dialogue is monologue
And we hear only what we say.
Enter in a Prussian
And a die-hard pamphleteer,
Who says some things about the rich
They do not wish to hear.
And as his words rise like smoke
From his chimney-head,
He's far from thinking that the fumes
Will leave many millions dead.
'There is in Capital
A source of Mankind's shame.
But I think I've found a way
To stop the gravy-train.
We are on the threshold

Of a communal breakthrough
-if only this last phase of conflict
We can just get through!
There is a system of relations
Governing the world,
Where abstractions are distractions
To intoxicate the herd.
With this in mind
And all this technology,
I see an end
To what we know as, 'History.'
A cornucopia
And an end to class.
A Heaven here and now
Not in some disembodied trance.
A simple Revolution
To bring it all to pass,
Although the bourgeoisie will tell you,
I'm talking from my arse!
Workers of the world unite
You can only lose your chains'
But he forgets to mention
What's lacking in their brains.
'In your hands these forces
Will change reality,
Which is more than what can be said
Of all philosophy.'
But what makes Marx so sure
That his idea will stick
When he says ideas
Are nothing but a bourgeois trick?
Some Russians come along
And take Karl at his word.
And proceed to apply it
To a semi-feudal herd.

Dressed in anonymity
And without a crown or throne,
But for all the talk of solidarity
Still elitist to the bone.
The divisions in society
Are as natural as the rain
And don't come about because
Someone hoards the grain.
Even if you share it out,
However equally,
You'll find the same behaviour
Occurring naturally.
The whole of Marx's thought
Is premised on this view:
That we can have an industrial Utopia
Where men have nothing much to do.
Stripped down to a set
Of just material feed;
With all that denied us
What the soul would need.
To change the world was beyond his ken,
But his sympathies remain today
As fresh as they did then.



A timid Doctor in Vienna
Moonlights as a Seer
And the horrors he discovers
Leave him full of fear.
‘Behind our great ideals
There’s only great despair,
Which is the only reason
We have put them there.
Lie down on the couch
And I’ll help you see
That we are just the products
Of ‘anxiety’.
You must tell me everything
And hold nothing back.
In your dreams are doorways
Which your waking hours lack.
Talk and talk
But do not look at me,
For in this new procedure
There’s no place for empathy.
We are born to hate
And perhaps even to kill,
Even if we sometimes think
It goes against our will.
Children are all monsters
And women are the same,
But I do not say anywhere
That someone is to blame.
With some poetic licence
And new techniques on my part,
Psychiatry will make of you
A modern work of Art.
You might come out disfigured
And a little cruel,
But this won’t be an exception

But more in fact the rule.
Do not pay attention
To what Mr Jung will say.
He wants to bring religion back
Through a different way.
There is no other man
Who knows as much as me.
Who else could turn your private parts
Into a magic key.
The more cocaine I take
The more that I am sure
That life is masturbation
-What a metaphor!
But when I'm all alone
Do I sometimes see
An old and bitter Sigmund
Unloved in infancy?"

On the 28th of June
Nineteen hundred and fourteen,
A shot rings out in Belgrade
That makes the whole of Europe scream.
'A World War,' they say
Not concealing what they mean.
Nations all belligerent
And pursing the same scheme.
'Our wealth is not enough;
Let us take some more.
Conscript the young and savages
And let us go to war.'
Scars upon the Earth
That a century won't heal;
The youth of twenty nations
Slaughtered in the kill.
'A Great War,' they say,

Not knowing what that means,
Really just a family feud
Between some kings and queens.
A sort of Pied Piper
Staring in defeat
At visions of apocalypse
But his small moustache kept neat.
The leader of ten million men
Alone now in a room;
His mausoleum left unfinished
And a bunker for a tomb.
'It was not long ago
That I stood up in a hall
And made myself look big
By making everyone look small,
I told them in no uncertain words
That I would clean their streets
From those filthy foreigners
That everywhere you meet.
I gave them all a vision
Of another time,
When Germany was not just great
But close to being sublime.
The economic misery
And cultural disgrace
Will never in a thousand years
Come back to show its face.
These nations which surround us
Are mongrelised and weak,
With me as your Führer
They will not dare to speak!
Look at my Divisions:
Warriors of steel,
Accompanied by Valkyries
Whose presence I can feel.'

In league with the Devil,
Hitler raves and rants,
His gestures all well-practised
And coming in his pants.
An advance across four continents
Coming to an end,
But delusion and insanity
Making some pretend.
'I said the ice would thaw,
Thinking I were god,
But two million Germans froze
Where they all once trod.
One by one the Allies
Are taking back for me
The things that I have taken
Oh, so easily.
I've been betrayed
By people under me;
I was wrong to expect great things from Germany.
Let it all go up in flames
They deserve to burn.
Perhaps from their failures
Others might still learn...
I once had a mother
Who loved me very much;
What would I give again to feel her tender touch.'
Auschwitz, Balzac, Beslan
And Dachau are his shame;
The worst that humans do
Will stand in for his name.
When the flames are out
And everything is ash,
One Nation in particular
Will be ready with the cash.
Its own greed a factor

In starting World War II;
Destroying livelihoods
From here to Timbuktu.
Those blue-blooded countries
Engaged in civil strife
Will learn from us the U.S.A
A better way of life.
We have shown the world
Our power to bring to death,
And killed a 100,000 slanty eyes
Before they drew a breath.
We've scorched the Earth
And made the rain turn black;
For killing and free enterprise
We seem to have a knack.
God is with the just,
All this you can see;
What else is the source
Of our might and dignity?
We are a super-power,
Just like those before,
If you don't let us in
We'll just break down the door.
With Russia we will compromise
And there's a reason why:
We have to sell an enemy
Or the people will not buy.
The 'Pursuit of Happiness'
Is to everyone well suited;
Not so a Manifesto
Where freedom's voice is muted.
A Liberal Democracy
And all material means;
Is this not the place
We once saw in our dreams?

That we should be happy,
But for some reason we are not;
Even when for every detrimental mood
A pill for it we've got.
So much dissatisfaction
And even suicide;
A unilateral selfishness
That's left us paralysed.
What does it mean to be American,
No one seems to know;
The thing about the frontier
Is that it seems so long ago.
We are all a contradiction
-The best and worst of us-
And who is this God
In which we put our trust?
Is it the God of Money
Or of Liberty,
Or something part and parcel
Of our own vanity?
We see ourselves elect
But who has put us there?
Is it all a smokescreen
To take more than our fair share?
The black man we will never say
Is truly one of us.
Although his dignity can shame us
-like that woman on the bus.
It seems like from the start
We did not have the tools
Of empathy and wisdom
Like Shakespeare's happy fools.
Each man must be a king
And every woman be his queen:
There is in Democracy

The Chain

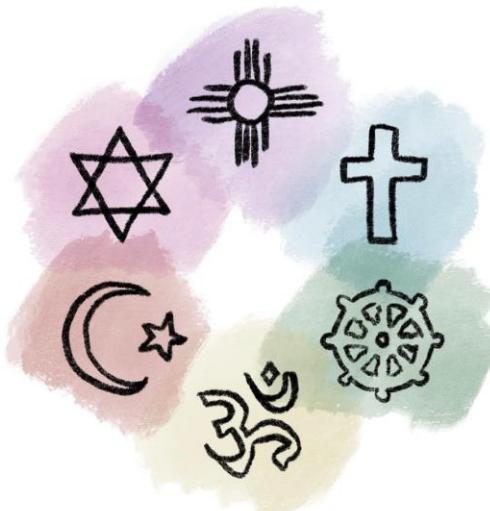
Something quite obscene.
It's as if the winds of life
Blow us here and there
And about their direction
We don't really care.
A rascal in the White House
With fifty million friends;
Is this put down
To what bad weather sends?
And why all of a sudden
Must we put up our guard?
Must we face the living ghosts
Of generations we have marred?'



Millions move from East to West,
Hurried by some hand,
And nations with a guilty conscience
Refuse to understand.
A moral reckoning
Disrupting their great schemes.
For those struggling with meaning
I will tell you what it means!
‘Give us back what you have stolen
And stuffed inside your gut.
Or in our desperation
Your throats will all be cut.
Are we not the children
From a tidal wave of rape,
Or is it you’re unhappy
With our mongrel shape?
I do not wish to be like this
But you’ve made me what I am.
In my suffering,
I’ve lost sight of the man.
A species on the brink,
Perhaps, or maybe something worse,
If all that really matters
Is the money in our purse.
It’s all quantifiable
And we’re on our way
To reducing everything
To what the numbers say.
The random sequencing
Without sentiment or coy,
Will it the Homo Sapien eventually destroy?
Another species will evolve
More technical and cruel;
Devising a new ethic
By which it will rule.

Death itself, we'll keep at the door;
And our army of genetic clones
Will replace the poor.
The speed of light
We've captured in a frame.
The world from now on
Will never seem the same.
Cyberspace will encroach
On the structure of the real,
And give to our illusions
Greater sensory appeal.
Everything will be permitted
And nothing will be true;
Except the dazzling appearance
Of doing something new.
After all,
This is where we are!
A god-like particle
Born inside a star.
Is this all science fiction
Or is it science fact?
I'll venture a reply
And say its worst than that.
Technology is nothing new;
It's as old as any tool.
We've put the cart before the horse
And this has changed the rules.
We are a sentient component
On a master-board
Whose function seems contingent
On the concept of a, 'Lord.'
We are creatures of emotions
Which we must harmonise
In order to equip ourselves
Against the conflict in our lives.

Is Good the key to everything
And Evil just a ruse
Set in motion by some entity
That wants to see us lose?
Do human beings and planets
Move by the same law,
One that left Kant reeling
And those after him, unsure?
There's no such thing as progress;
Just a circular advance,
Whose motives cannot be explained
By 'Accident' or 'Chance.'
History repeats itself
With glaring accuracy,
Binding us altogether
In chains we cannot see...



The Chain

The Chain

An epic poem

“A poem of Miltonian proportions...”

Dr. Mahmoud Khalifa, South Valley University, Egypt

“I would invite the reader to enjoy and appreciate the poem *The Chain* and benefit from the wisdom that it contains.”

Dr. Mahmudul Hasan, Assoc. Prof., International Islamic University, Malaysia

About the Author

Hisah Hauari, a versatile poet, writer, and avid reader, finds solace and inspiration within the pages of books. With a passion for storytelling, he has penned numerous works, spanning from captivating short stories to profound poetry. Presently, he is immersed in crafting yet another poetic masterpiece, delving deeper into the intricate tapestry of human history.

Residing in the vibrant city of London, Hauari shares his life's journey with his beloved wife and five cherished children. For inquiries or to connect with the author, please reach out via email to the Islamic Literary Society.