

Playing God

Disgusting
All of this
Who would've thought
that such an abomination
could come from the recesses
of MY mind?

Enough
I will destroy it
gone
erased
such a horrid creation
cannot be allowed
to exist

but these ideas
are yours
who's to say this frame
of mind
created something worse
or better
than what you make now?

I'M to say
and I say
ENOUGH
Who asked you
anyway?

you did
of course
don't you recall?
you cannot exist
without
a mediator
keeping you from doing things
you will regret

Oh?
And you are now
the supreme judge?
Fit to decide
if what I do
is right
or wrong?

No
Begone now
or I will shatter
you
and your precious
my former
creation
gone
like so many shards
of glass
thrown out
once they have outlived
their usefulness

do it
then
remove me
destroy
all of this
this wondrous process
this time spent
this toil of mind
do it
i will not
stand in your way

It is done
and I feel
no loss
at the passing
of that
monstrous thing
You were wrong
about its
beauty

the loss you do not feel
is the one i feel
most keenly
i hear it echoing
in the shards
of that broken world

for it is the loss
of things that could have been
but now will not be

it is the loss
of things that should have been
but now
cannot be

it is the loss
of things that you have been
and now are not

so consider
as you go to make
a new existence
that as you create
you have unmade
even more

can you not
hear
their screams?