

LECTURED BY THE FUTURE

Collect your wits about you,
students of proof and reason
groping in the dark of man's
complexities to rip the confines open.

See. You have the Book-Word-
as the basis for perception, guides
for the mustering of courage,
brains for the eking out of essence.

Know that the House of Zion rumbles,
And The Tree of Jesse shakes
taken by the roots of value and of virtue,
shifted into wilting by complacency.

Beware of traits-mutations that
disorientate-changing unborn children
into guinea pigs trapped, unwilling,
between time and evolution.

The D-day test is nigh, a daunting task.
I am the seer, judge, full knowledge,
you, the exam takers mulling over science.
I practice zero tolerance for apathy, abuse.

A chosen few are my graduates.
Their marks go calculated on effect,
preparedness, performance. As you give
ample proof, to pass mark you get nearer.

The truths of erudition are the syllabi
for life. As I wait, destined to test you,
remember that discernment is an art,
demonstration, a profession.

Therese Pace