

# 41

**By misk**

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*somewhat of a selfe portet if you will, please injoy.*

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**Chapter 1 - Untitled**

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41

And in my head I read...

*Its time again, the Walrus said,*

*To speak of many things.*

*Of deceitful lies and alibis,*

*And the collective death of dreams*

I wonder if it is that simple,

To cast away the preconception of existence,

In favor of a far more primitive and honest truth

I am not an age, a color, or a location

**I am a vessel for the extraordinary**

**I exist on two plains,**

**On of the physical,**

**The other one of a higher order.**

**I am excused of the responsibilities of time and space,**

**I am among the last of my kind...**

I nit my fingers neatly

Between the white stone of my ribs

Letting my long hair down,

To catch between the joints of my spine.

I am the temple of the divine,

I am the Stonehenge and The Parthenon

Hagia Sophia

I am the holy of holies.

**Walk the crimson corridors,**

**Marvel at the purl white walls**

**Sit amongst the pillars and wonder at its simplicity**

**For this is the temple of compromise,**

**Its history scratched deep into the glass alter**

For this temple is not made ornate by its physical qualities.

I house no towering god within my bosom,

Made of gold and ivory.

And its innermost sanctum remains untouched

Perfect in its preservation

I am the timeless re-embodiment of art.

And yet I feel and see and hear society

Dismissal tearing at my throat,

Accompanied by the leopard, the lion, and the wolf.

**Hear you, hear me---**

Perception playing an intricate role

In the most ornate complexity of the architects design—

But no fortress is impenetrable.

To hear the brittle cry of the fallen stone,

Bones crack, neck snaps,

As Jericho comes tumbling down.

This temple has needs...

This temple has desires...

This temple has dreams...

Passions, longings, and hope,

Longings both petty and grand.

Every great monument contains such testament,

They echo down the darkened hallways,

Ringling in the rafters

Pacing through the

Leaving but a trace of existence to be found,  
Echoes reverberating from distant corridors.

The foundation is always the same--

And no fortress is impenetrable.

I hear the chamber music resonate,  
From the high lofts of a back ally café,

The hymns wisped

In the bus stop terminal,  
The clinking spokes of a passing biker,  
The word dropped unnoticed in a conversation.

Such sacred sound wafting open unseen strings.

Images seen through the stained glass,  
Built through years of careful manipulation  
And hard learned lessons.

No temple can stand without purpose,  
And it is toughs who believe,

And pray,

And hope,

And want,

That keep such monuments alive.

Such realities are shunned,

But they exist non-the less...

As I learn from you,

I guess you learn from me--

These are the voices of inspiration...

The keystones to divinity...

Through which the two worlds are as one.

“This is my body, which will be given up for you...”

- Based on Langston Hughes's *Theme for English B*