

Mister Slinky is Not the Sickle-man

by Brandon Dennis

The girl tugs on her Mother's dress.
The boy walks in his Father's stride.
Neither are right, both are right;
Mother and Father, He is.

It matters not whose perception we choose
or if we form our own, for truth
lives outside what we perceive
and is not bound by perception.

Death is the Sickle-man, the Harvester, the Reaper.
Some silly contrivance of creative minds.
We live to fear that which we need not
for the Sickle-man is the means to beginning.

All our lives we've lived and lied,
and laid and loved and lingered.
Lest we live the life we've left,
we live no large life later.

The Sickle-man cometh and brings with him woe
to those we leave in the locker.
Yet how grand would it be to play on the field
which brings past and now to hereafter?

But beware of Mr. Slinky, the Lure-master,
he fishes all day and night.
He empties his nets into his boat
where we flounder and drown in fire.

The lure is too great, too great indeed,
where philosophy and science mate,
where the eager are tricked or are tethered into tricking
and become tackle to take those tarnished.

The road is narrow, they say, or used to,
before reason sank into the sea.
So search yourself through the waves of words,
but first pull reason from the depths.

Do not fear the Sickle-man, he comes to do us a favor.
Beware of Mr. Slinky, the lure-master, but do not honor him with caution.
Ignore the chaff in the words of scientists, philosophers, psychiatrists and politicians.
Hoard reason as your sacred jewel, and walk in your Father's stride.