

The Vanity of Absolute

by Oscar Treadwell

Oh, vast shrine of emptiness,
Oh, pillar of deceit
in bold relief,
scantly disguised in dumb glitter,
Still the silent vanity.

Still, the silent vanity
would succor and distill
the raven's bleak deceit,
and singularly putrid rancor
would attend the lie's defeat

would caress the charred bones
of antiquities refuse,
and cherish cacaphonous
moans of righteousness and ever's ruse.

Still the silent vanity
and sow the wild and free of truth,

Still the silent vanity
and know no more the age corrupts it's youth.

Ignore the vain self-God lure,
demand the simple sanity
and stand erect forevermore
to still the silent vanity.