



ON LEAVING THE MAIN SEQUENCE

Under skies of yellow, red and green
The temple flares and flaring, calls,
Its spire a sunbolt knifeedge keen,
Its priests attired in orichalcum shawls.
A Phoenix leads the ultrasonic chant
And round the prayer wheels scream,
Prayers that dying Sol might grant,
Might shake Him from His blazing dream.
For He is turning red and growing,
Eating up the planets, one by one;
Old, old Earth is next for burning,
Cindered by the ever hungry Sun.
Those who will not leave their world
Have made an image of the Solstar,
Him whose flyflots' now unfurled,
Helios in his incandescent car.
Worship, worship, oh you golden fools,
Raise up the crystal chalices of fire,
Beseech His mercy with your jewels,
You think old sins attract His ire...
Nothing done in your coruscating fane
Nor your cantors brazen throated songs
Can halt the immolating bane
That will melt the copper of your gongs....

- A. R. Fallone.