

Brain Day

Man's thunder and his light
Then the day of Bright
Bright terrible light; searing winds
Green lands, blue skies never come again
The day of terrible light
Has fallen upon this land
Long days of chill and damp
Forever haunt this land
Faces peer from windows -- long closed
Men draw near
Strange men, men of fear
Men who walk erect
They talk of days before
Things that were
Men of days long past
Best forgot
Now they stir this town at last
Bringing with them the past
They come, not unexpected

Unwelcome

Neat beards and spectacles too
Strange machines clutched in their hands
Eyes clear and bright
Bright like the day they have wrought
Tongues burdened with questions dark
About life since the Bright
Dark, clouds the sky
People want no more of days past
These who would bring again the past
They surely must not last
Minds bright and clear
That is what bright the Bright
Never again must they reign
They must go, likewise as the past
A day here called — Brain Day is soon
Let them stay 'til that day
The world will be less a few
Like those who brought the Bright
They linger with their questions

Moving their instruments about

Wait, wait -- please don't leave

It is Brain Day eve

With the morrow comes dim light

The men of fear are in the street

The town draws about them

The way out is no longer clear

The smith is first with his steel

Blood spews forth

Startled, one falls to the ground

Brain Day is here

Many join the chase

Now up and down the street

See them pounding

Searching for a way out

Sharp wits will aid them not

Run, run, run

Axes, rocks, sticks and fists fly

Screams pierce the air

The day is done

The men of fear are dead
Blood seeps between cobblestones
Bits of skull strewn about
Dogs eat the brain flesh
Which once held a mind
Fitting end
For those who would bring again
The day of the Bright.