

## **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 brought 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.