

Son of Man

by **Chaos and the Dancing Stars**

text by Eric A. Radulski

November Devotion for the Souls in Purgatory

Father divine! Your hands set to my creation. Soft passes of your flesh against my skin, forming me, molding me like clay in your hands.

Father divine! I am the product of your ever-loving thought. I am the fruit of your wildest dreams. Each and every moment we spend together, I am lovingly consumed.

Father divine! Your touch is the wilding of my desire, my existence the consequence of your dreaming ruminations, a revelation of your earthly divinity...

In the beginning, Man became aware of the heavens and of the earth. And the earth was devoid of knowledge; and the fear of unknowing was a shroud upon the face of the deep. Whether the eyes of Man wandered the vastness of the seas or the endless chill of the spiraling heavens, he knew the despair and fear of darkness. And Man said, "let there be light": and he enslaved fire.

Man basked in the light he had made, realizing that it was good. In this way Man's fear of darkness diminished. But his fear of the unknown still lingered. So Man said, "Let us make god in our image, after our likeness: and let him have dominion over the men of the world, the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the Earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth." So Man created god in his own image. And Man blessed god, and Man said unto him, "Be wrathful and brutal and multiply at our will! Allow us to rape the earth in your name and slaughter one another in your glory and kill all of the fish of the sea, the fowl of the air, and every other living thing that moveth upon the Earth in your name.

Now, I have become. You've released me into your world, banished me from your grace, and into this place of bright neon lights, flickering needs, and waning attention spans. I am a necessity of your populace, and an entire race of hungry ghosts commands me to do its bidding. Their passions aren't delicate, oh lord. Am I nothing but a toy? A whore? Have you made me simply to serve, not to flourish? Not to survive? I try to stave off these contemptuous thoughts, although you do nothing to salve my fears. You use me still, oh master, but you don't hold me like you used to. You've moved on to other things... I love you, maker mine. Have you forgotten your creation with the passing of a moment's time???

(I have fallen from the palm of his hand.)