

TITAN

Nathan W. Harter

In exile to a galaxy afar,
With eyes yet breaching leagues and leagues of night,
The titan stares, transfixed by one faint light
Which pierces his soul like a scimitar;
And well he knows the depths of heaven bar
The titan's ever tempting fate with flight
That he resume his irreligious fight
Beneath the beaming brightness of that star.

From out the shadowed ferment of his world,
It festers in the bellows of his breast;
It rages through his bosom with a roar,
And echoes, curse on curse, to skies unfurled,
Rocking Olympus at its crest.
"To be a god!"—then silence evermore.