

Arcadia

A dream.
Born of ideals
And burdened with purpose.
Upon which rests an ambition
That can only be called human.
All great journeys begin with but a step.
Though not all roads should be traveled,
And some dreams should stay dreams.

Arcadia,
Known to some as Eden.
Heaven on Earth; lofty desire.
For those spawned of dust it is the yearning
Compelling their being.
For this reason, they strive to recreate heaven.
A foundation is laid; a clockwork construction.
Cracks in the cogs, for the dream was flawed from the start.

Hubris.
False dance of greed
As the dust children greet their creation with joy.
Yet unbeknownst to them, the cracks widen.
Nature and ambition corrode
And the dream starts to silently crumble
While the drunk masses writhe
And stomp their feet.

Wordless lament,
For that which is to come.
An outside view; a higher perspective
Reveals the tragedy at heart.
For the dream was born from a need
To complete that which was lacking.
But such is the essence of life,
To fall short where it matters most.

Machine.
The engine runs
As it was intended.
Hidden seeds sown; portents ignored.
Calamity strikes and breaks the facade.
Pick up the pieces to reclaim
What was lost; 'tis for naught.
Tragedy rears its head, and death bells toll.

Ruination.
The dream crumbles to dust
From whence it came.
Ideals tarnished; morals renounced.
Brother turns on brother.
Mother abandons child.
Hubris cackles in victory,
And humanity pays the price.

A dirge.
Desolation.
Left to face Death alone.
Monument to the hopes and sins
Of those who tried to recreate heaven.
On Earth it is impossible,
For all journeys are haunted by
The specter of human nature.

Forgotten dream.
A flicker; reminder
Of good intent at heart.
But Death awaits; all things must end.
Yet from the dream's ashes,
Through love and grace,
Beyond this life,
We reach our true Arcadia.

- Wesley Thompson (2020)