

The Mother of Virtues

Pyrrhon

The first time it was an accident
We cursed ourselves for months
But its liquid eyes and little fists
Smothered our principled objections
We were doing what our bodies told us
We were vassals to our lust
It got easier every time
We were praised and congratulated
Fecundity is the mother of virtues
We didn't feel bad about it anymore
We were doing what our bodies told us
We were vassals to our lust
We did it again and again
The spirit is willing
And oh, how the flesh is willing
We'll thrust ourselves into the future
Again and again and again
And the birthing cries will bury
The echoes of the old koan:
Limitless flesh, limited means
It is right and good to drown the earth in seed
It's what we were put here to do
And by God if we aren't good at it
O, rejoice!
For soon the world will burst with wombs
The sun will claw for the trees in vain
And an ocean of bones will creak below
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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