The Echoes of Ishmael

It began with food.
We were just Homo Sapien
wandering, foraging, living.
But we tired of wandering
we deserted the foraging,
the living, for security.

The gods held our fate.
When a drought came, we died
When famine struck, we starved.
But we would not abide.

We would not forever be at their mercy,
so we invented agriculture on a treeless field,
we
cultivated
it, we tilled
it, we harvested
it, and eventually, we would manipulate
it.

We gave birth
to a new way of life
for better or for worse we
no longer wandered we
no longer foraged we
no longer lived.

The gods no longer
controlled our
destiny we
put food behind bars to be doled
to those who
did their share
or withheld it
from those who
would not prescribe
our new way of life.
We went from a life of living
to a life of jobs,
a life of toil in the soil.

Famine no longer struck, so we did not starve.
Drought no longer came, so we did not die.
We showed the gods they did not own us, 
and we did not need them.

More and more 
proficient became our tillage, 
a new creation of cultivation. 
We yielded 
produce and class systems, 
crops and Creators. 
Monotheism 
to appease the masses. 
These tiers of life: 
separated those with peace 
from those with strife; 
generation after generation 
we drew the line between 
the two. 
The ruler and 
the subject. 
The master and 
the slave.

A class forced into 
unreasonable misery, 
sprouting thoughts of 
a damned existence. 
An indignant life 
placated through one hope, 
a by-product of hopelessness.

A Savior, we would need. 
Salvation he would bleed. 
An era of despair justified 
but eventually we shifted,

From scripture to science, 
we traded bibles for 
a big bang, 
we traded ploughs 
for irrigation systems, 
traded blue collars 
for white ones.

We developed a budding 
thirst for innovation, 
we invented electricity
and reinvented the wheel,
we forged railroads
and spacecrafts,
we discovered the atom
and we split it,
we no longer needed
what preceded the fall.

Now the gods do not disturb us.
Yet,
the globe warms
water reservoirs deplete
and biodiversity perishes

Again
famine will strike, because we overindulge.
Again
drought will kill, because we pollute our resources.

Soon,
it will all be
just a treeless field,
with us
wandering
in the dust.
Foraging,
searching,
for where it all began.

By Andrew Henry