## GOSPEL OF THE OF



FOLLOWING IN THE LONGSTANDING TRADITION AND PRECEDENT SET BY OTHER MARGINALLY POPULAR PODCASTS. OUR FIFTH EPISODE ARRIVES AT THE DOOR OF YOUR HEART WITH NOTHING BUT A SMILE AND BLITHE DISREGARD FOR THE EXCEPTIONALLY LONG AND INEXCUSABLE INTERVAL PRECEDING IT, DELIVERING UP TWO NEW PSEUDOPOETICAL RAMBLINGS FOR YOUR ENJOYMENT WITHOUT SO MUCH AS A BY YOUR LEAVE OR APOLOGY FOR MAKING YOU WAIT SO DAMN LONG — AND FOR SUCH POOR FARE, INTO THE BARGAIN — WITHOUT A THOUGHT AS TO YOUR FEELINGS OR TASTES, ASSUMING THAT THE LATTER RUN TO THE OBSCURITIES OF MYTHOLOGY AND MANUFACTURING WITH A LITTLE LIBERAL GUILT AND SCATOLOGICAL MUSING THROWN IN FOR GOOD MEASURE WHILE OFFERING LITTLE THANKS FOR YOUR PATIENCE. SO BLOODY DAMN TYPICAL, IT WOULD BE LAUGHABLE IF YOU HAD ANY INTEREST IN INDULGING THIS PRETENSE MEDIOCRITY ANY FURTHER. \*\*

## KHEPRI by T.M. Camp

I never thought that I would live too long, long to live, measuring out the days, grain by grain, through a sieve (or is it sieve?)

Either way, I believe in more than gods, more than the gifts they offer, more than the sacrifices they demand of those scuttling beetles below.

No, I believe in more than gods now.

I never thought that I would live so long, live so long, rolling up the crumbs of each day—crushing them, compact and round, shoving them backward along the barren ground because it is my way.

It's always been my way and I mean to have my say.

I would speak my peace, chew it up and spit it back into the eye of the East, into the gaze that burns and flames to subtle ash all of my turns and games at last.

I never thought, I never thought that I would live this long, live this long, my face in the sand and my feet caked with dung—rolling this ball, fragrant and wide, backward over the face of the father who died.

Oh, my murdered sun...

I too would have wept and prayed, forgotten all my gripes, my eggs unlaid—the eternal bother, the missed meals, the days wasted and worn.

No, I too would have wept next to my mother on that cursed morn.

I would have wept but for the shit clinging to my heels, wept over what the snakegod had done to my god and my father, the sun.

## THE SILVER WHEEL

by T.M. Camp

The silver wheel is spinning.
The needle dips and darts
under her hand,
the little girl whose name means song.

The room sings with a hundred needles, a hundred wheels silvered and fleet, trilling out their cricket song under the hands of a hundred girls without a thread of luck to spare between them.

They say he dreamt it, this man whose name means song. Like so many before him, Singer chased the silver wheel, threading one failure after another until he finally found it—his eureka, his excelsior—in a dream.

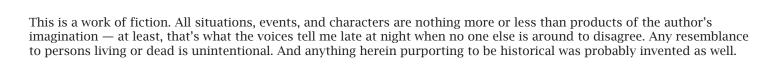
The warriors stand, so dark and proud, plunging their silvered spears up and down. A hole winks out just behind the point as it dips and darts, in and out of the fabric of the American's dream.

The American dreams and so a world is bound to the silver wheel.

And so the Gap is filled, and so the Republic thrives—little hands hard at work to keep the silver wheel spinning half a world away.

What if he had dreamt of them, dreamt of these children running their bright cloth under the winking eye of the needle—all their days and dreams measured out in inches, in yards, in silver?

What if he had dreamt of these tiny fingers, broken and scarred, working the silver wheel, the children humming its song?



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He's the one to blame.

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## NEXT UP, A TRIP TO THE MOON.



BECOME WANDERERS.