

THE GOSPEL OF THOMAS

EPISODE



FIVE

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 unlaidd—
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?

This is a work of fiction. All situations, events, and characters are nothing more or less than products of the author's imagination — at least, that's what the voices tell me late at night when no one else is around to disagree. Any resemblance to persons living or dead is unintentional. And anything herein purporting to be historical was probably invented as well.

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He's the one to blame.

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NEXT UP,
A TRIP TO THE MOON.



BECOME WANDERERS.