

A Splintered Staff (or, alternatively: Corrupted)

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Information is spread,
Ungathered,
To one place.
Even if man saw accurately,
And not through colored lenses,
A veil,
Even if he understood the truth,
His conclusions would differ
On the same evidence.
Perception warps the truth,
Prejudice ruins science,
And judgement creates realities.
What sense of progress can we have?
With information spread so far
And corrupted by our own minds.
How can we lean on our own knowledge?
Even when we gain, we lose.
With every new generation
The technology of the last
Is added to ours,
And the technology of
The generation before them
Is lost.
A computer made in Ancient Egypt
Is buried in ruinous sands.
A prophecy in Ancient Greece
Is lost before it is written.
With conquest comes destruction
Of precious records,
Sacred knowledge.
Even today,
Records are fragile.
Electromagnetic pulse threatens all.
Viruses threaten nations.
Yet even what is recorded
Is corrupted
By bias, beliefs,
Tainted by human spin.
Our own corrupted minds
Lead to actions,
Actions trigger events,
And the world is changed.
Our own minds create
Our world,
And destroy it.
Though not completely,
Never completely.
The world bounces back...
For as long
As it is meant to.