

The Two Offerings

The whole earth quite exempted, while we suffer.
Once the plantations of rich earth were ours,
With all their fruits and seeds. Now toil is added,
And half the original splendor is withdrawn.
Yes, our Creator, out of pity to us
The rulers, and alas, the sad offenders,
Involved the whole creation in our doom.
How terrible the vouchers of our fall,
The wailing memorizers of revolt!
We forced this rich world out of harmony.
We by one act evoked the spectre death.
The change how vast! Now they devour each
other.

But are those tortures really what they seem?
You ask, my children. No, they are not always.
Though ever bordered by protective fear,
A merciful provision softens down
The cruel act, and half exempts the prey
From real suffering. Merged as in a dream,
Painless their simple consciousness expires.