

## Epic

For the epic is sung in all times.  
For there is no space to admit otherwise.  
No imagination leads us to the end.  
Depth is an invention of limit.  
For the evidence points to us in ways  
we call small.  
Revolutions occur quietly. The underground  
is buried.  
The narrative leads the way to already known heights.  
For that endless present the future unwraps  
domestic charms.  
Rest is all we desire.  
For rest is the essence of living.  
For we have lived and died in all times and  
we care not for each other.  
For our wariness is not of the same character.  
We are not the same character.  
For this the epic is sung.

## Epic

For the epic is sung in all times.

For where have we not lived and died.

For only the first loves are allowed in this song.

For there is no space to admit otherwise.

For the stalwart are as yet suffering under their burdens, unrecognized.

For we have just begun.

For a surface tells all that needs telling.

For depth is the invention of the unimaginative.

For the epic is sung in all times.

For the evidence points to all of us in ways we call small.

For the revolutions occur quietly.

For the underground has been buried.

For the narrative leads the way.

For to follow it is to ride an arc to heights and ends we already know.

For the past is as rich.

For the future is read like an endless present.

For we are looking for gifts and find none but the domestic.

For rest is all we desire.

For desire is the essence of living.

For we have lived and died in all times.

For this the epic is sung.