

I look to either side of me and find the clustering masses struggling to free themselves from the oppression of success, the angel of death. Like bees swarming a hive, they cling to each other in clusters of bodies. They are all too willing to reach their goal, all too willing to press down the others to achieve the highest post in the militaristic drill. I can picture an officer standing with his arms crossed. He views the scene with shame and dread, wondering how he could have gotten his troops to fight in such a way. Jesus himself could not cure their aching, their suffering for justice, their yearn for attention, their lust for an empire under their feet.

I can see arms and legs protruding haphazardly, unknowingly forth from the masses. The legs stick and the lids click, shuttered and wideyed alike. The lanterns of dreading hope cannot remember where they started or why, except because their upbringing raised them to be such animals.

Some towers wear suits, some wear cleats. Some dawn cloaks and some, uniforms. Some carry gavels, and others hold hammers. Some drag heavy pens, and some heft mighty swords but all the same. They all carry the same deed underneath the robes and the tokens of achievement. They all moan and shiver. They all gnash their teeth and tear at flesh like vultures on prey. Their eyes are fixed on an unseen point above, an unreachable measure for which they cannot live without seeing. Like the moon it shines in darkness but only reflects the true treasure which they cannot bear to look upon. Like Gatsby, with his green light, they long to attain it and suffer anything for achievement. The River Styx, with its illusion, that only leads to a worse end for Achilles. As Gilgamesh searches for eternal life, the bodies stagger onwards.

What is there to find, at the end of this dreaded climb? Has anyone ever reached the top? I ask myself this question time after time. If those who search for fame and fortune would only take a pause, to reconcile their thoughts and aspirations, they would find an easier wall to scale. But all who climb without the tools are arrogant, and fools.

But the moon shines itself on us tonight and isn't it so enchanting. It's liquid silver, glowing deep blue, is the antecedent of turmoil. How could the seven circles exist, when the one circle above stretches out its silky rays to tempt the Muses into spinning verse. How can pentagrams and ouija boards claim any territory on us tonight when such a sky is possessing my thoughts and mind instead. There are lines that must be crossed, and sacrifices taken, in order to earn a throne on Mt Olympus with pop stars and idols of Hollywood. The blood line must be kept sacred, as in the English throne, but the only bloodline that matters is fame. And the blood is achieved through hard work and the climb.

Pythia could not tell me where I will go in ten years, thirty years, or where I will be at the end of my life. I sit- rather- at the bottom now, where I could jump without fear of breaking a bone. When I look up I see the fog above, where drive meets reasoning and intuition carries a soul into destiny untold. The uncharted waters expand and contract in a mystery only to be solved by the craftiest of adventurers and greediest of poets, who twist the answer in sonnets and rhyme the key into octaves.

As flocks of wanderers, birthed straight from wombs of overachievers, are placed at the foot of the cross, I feel as though someone has lancinated my navel and I turn to start fresh. The thought of further progress gives me unpleasant jolts but I cannot let the children of privilege beat me. As the wealth and greed of Mitus tickles at my thoughts, I hear the cry of angry parents when their child stumbles. The parents, with malice brewing, wish gripe upon their rivals, and send lamentation to their child when he feels the need to crawl. Maybe this is the reason for ascension. Maybe parents seal the deal. As Thetis pushed for Achilles' success, perhaps the warrior arises from upbringing. The sewer only learns to sew, when mother teaches well. The fisher only casts his line, when father first shows him how.

Imagine how high the tower would soar, if careers stood not on the shoulders of parents, but on the motivation of intellectual aspiration of oneself. How many children were born to see the underside of a car all their life. How many marriages now conceive, only because their parents stressed a plethora of descendants. If skin was blue and hair was pink, would white and blonde be considered outrageous? If cars were made to fly, and the sky was clogged with traffic and smog, would cars be more efficient?

The Yin Yang symbol of success is based on pure morality, and what a climber desires. But once black or white is chosen by another, then the ascending catalyst is broken. The framework of how a child wants to grow is shattered on the harsh stone of reality, set in place by an unforgiving mother. The flailing limbs and luminous confusion would only be made calmer, if the climber was made independent, and the choice was not made by a father.