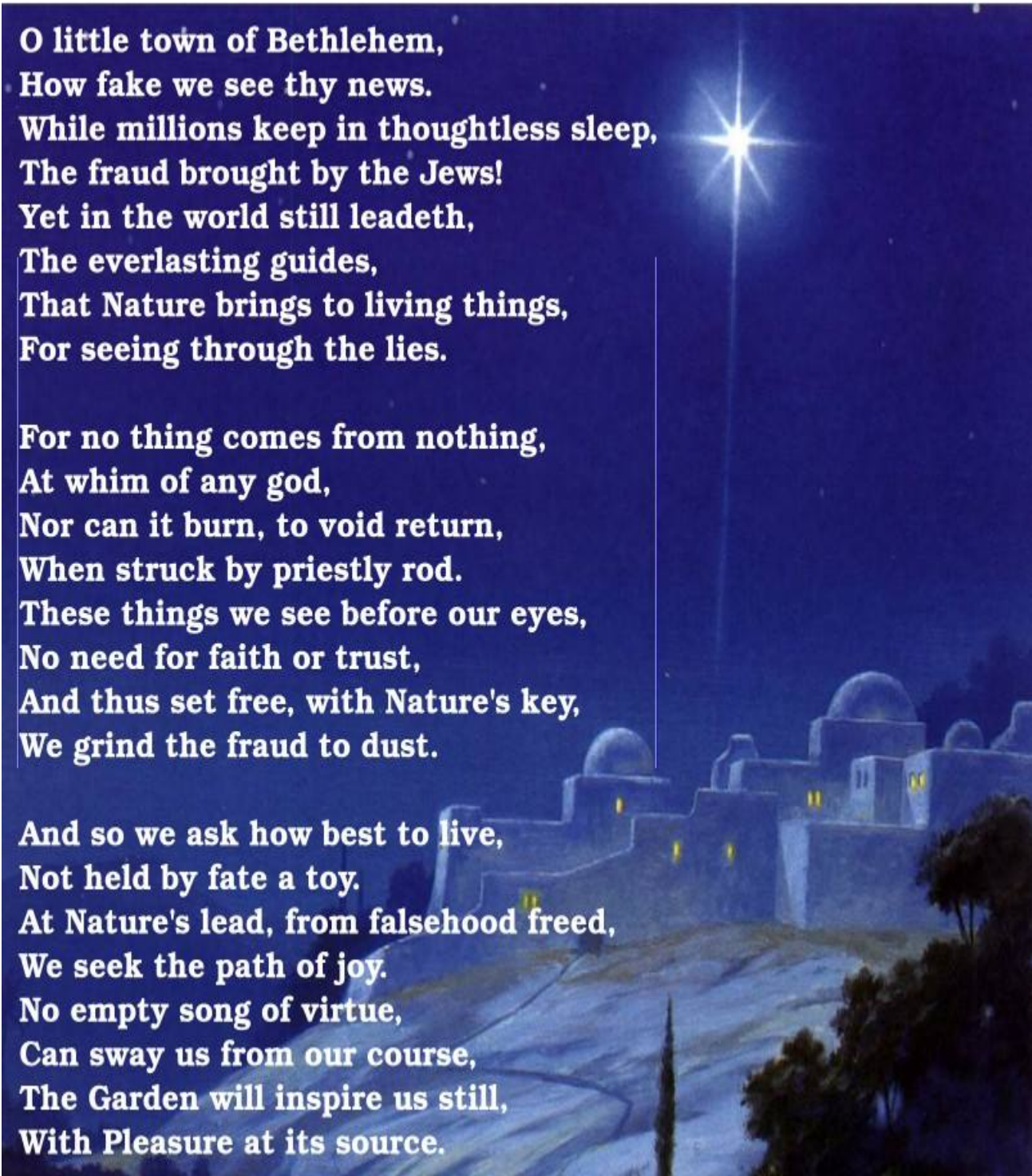


## **A Seasonal Poem - "Fake News"**

**Post by "Cassius" of December 17, 2017 at 8:06 AM**

This was originally written and posted last year. I reposted it in the Facebook group in an effort to inspire someone in the group to a new poetic inspiration, much better than my own. But I think I can just comment here and that will re-light the same thread. (Note: fondly but sadly, the post also reminds us of our fallen friend Amrinder Singh, who "liked" and commented. He was an inspiration of someone who passed away doing what he loved to do.)

The background of the poem is a painting of a town at night. The town is built on a hillside and features several domed buildings with glowing yellow windows. A bright, multi-pointed star shines in the dark blue night sky, with a vertical beam of light extending downwards from it. The overall mood is serene and contemplative.

O little town of Bethlehem,  
How fake we see thy news.  
While millions keep in thoughtless sleep,  
The fraud brought by the Jews!  
Yet in the world still leadeth,  
The everlasting guides,  
That Nature brings to living things,  
For seeing through the lies.

For no thing comes from nothing,  
At whim of any god,  
Nor can it burn, to void return,  
When struck by priestly rod.  
These things we see before our eyes,  
No need for faith or trust,  
And thus set free, with Nature's key,  
We grind the fraud to dust.

And so we ask how best to live,  
Not held by fate a toy.  
At Nature's lead, from falsehood freed,  
We seek the path of joy.  
No empty song of virtue,  
Can sway us from our course,  
The Garden will inspire us still,  
With Pleasure at its source.

Here's the text version:

O little town of Bethlehem,  
How fake we see thy news.  
While millions keep in thoughtless sleep,  
The fraud brought by the Jews!

Yet in the world still leadeth,  
The ever-lasting guides,  
That Nature brings to living things  
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Can sway us from our course,  
The Garden will inspire us still,  
With Pleasure at its source.