

High Water Mark of The Epicurean Movement In The Ancient World : October 3, 42 BC

Post by “Joshua” of September 7, 2019 at 12:34 AM

I became rather taken with this idea, Cassius! This and your other thread on the destruction of Rome seemed to plant a seed in my head.

Song of the Sage

In imitation of Tolkien

The world was old, and ruined walls
Had told the tale of countless falls,
Unnumbered tears, and silent bones
In buried graves and catacombs
Of cities dead when Rome was young;
When Troy was lost, and poets sung.
Alone the Evening Star gave light
When Epicurus rose by night.
Alone he trod on grassy leas
And scanned for Law in changing seas;
He grappled Chaos to the hilt
And knew it for the lies it built;
He wrung the truth from every blade
That turned beneath his mental spade;
The secret, deep and unalloyed,
Of atoms bound in endless void!
And when he raised at last his eyes
Upon the splendid starlit skies,

He laughed to think of Plato's chimes
And probed the deeps of space and time.
And where the priests saw godly powers
He saw ten thousand earths like ours!
Nor could the courage of his soul
Be daunted by its mortal toll.
The light that rose upon that morn
For seven centuries was borne;
Does it rest too beneath the hill?
I cannot tell; I cannot tell.
On Turkish shores the carven stone
Still whispers in a dulcet tone,
And Roman scrolls in Vulcan's cache
Still slumber in the mountain ash.
But there, outshining all the rest,
Still Venus lingers in the West.