

... from *Macaroni and Cheese Manifesto* (Third Edition)
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Consummatum Est?

Yes, *Consummatum Est*—
I witnessed it, did you?
His face, his eyes—they said it—
My time has come, adieu!

Like all true kings he seized it—
The final moment—truth;
A true king must conceive it—
His time of death—his proof.

He staged the final moment
For all the world to see,
A radical atonement—
This man of thirty-three.

His heart—Siberian darkness,
His will—a conquering tool,
The hill he chose—Olympus,
For thirteen years he ruled.

Like those who ruled before him
He yearned to swallow space,
To own life's vast condition,
To dominate the race.

He chose as his successor
Another shaped by plains—
By endless sky and weather—
Pure-driven as the rain.

Not since the time of Arthur
Has brotherhood reigned strong,
Save in the minds of grapplers
Do kingdoms carry on.

Some say it was a forced slip,
An accident, lost time;
To me it looked deliberate,
It looked to me divine.

His face, his eyes—they said it—
My time has come, adieu!
Yes, *Consummatum Est*—
I witnessed it, did you?

for Aleksandr Karelin and Rulon Gardner

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