

Peregrine: Judgement Day

by David W Brown on June 24, 2022. ©

At first they appear to be penguins; but I am still two-thousand meters from where the tiny figures shuffle on the path through the rose garden.

At seven hundred meters, it strikes me that they could be clergy, clad in archaic black robes that flap subtly in the early summer breeze.

Like clergy, they sometimes see themselves as serving a greater purpose, a higher calling.

As if there were a higher calling than the most basic state of humanity; living in peace with compassion for your brothers and sisters.

From four hundred meters I can see one is replete with the trappings of a clergyman; a leather bound book tucked tightly beneath an arm and a religious symbol on a chain around their neck.

Sanctimony is a nation with decree supplanting dignity; proselytizing surpassing sagacity; the supposedly sacred superseding the secular.

I select the most dangerous one; the one with the crusader's cross tattoo hidden beneath their clothing.

Perhaps if they'd stood naked before the world when being confirmed, someone may have asked if they could truly separate their superstitions from logic and law. But they cling to their right to privacy while robbing others of that same privilege.

As I descend, I think of all the men who have caused suffering in the name of a God of some sort, but their numbers are incalculable.

Today I shall make a subtraction from that total, so I rise with the terrified penguin and ask him if he'd like to pray.

His faith though, is a one-way, dead end street and he can only scream he "was just following orders" as I drop him on the massive pointed memorial to freedom below.