

“Satan?” Jon asked, “Is that you? What’s with the Zen?
The blank screen? We want to meet and greet You,
Since we live next door to Your den.”

“I’m Here,” He replied, “But YOU must tell ME who I am.
I’m not real, I’m all made up. Who do you want me to be?”
I’m just ‘the Other.’ Help! I’m in a jam.”

Then He appeared in his guise
As a black composite of man and beast,
Hooves and head of a goat, chest of a man, eyes

Blood-shot. Horns split his forehead, wings spread
Wide on his back. His forehead, branded with a pentangle,
Glowed mysterious and menacing. A visage of dread

Projected from the screen. He looked down on us with a scowl.
He tried to look mean, His eyebrows drew tight
Emitting red light, He bellowed a hideous howl!

The audience gasped yet felt little fear. They looked upon Him
Compassionately. Despite the bestial body and head,
Lucifer looked sad, nothing about Him looked grim.

“How’s this?” Satan asked. “Is this what you see, A composite
Of people’s fears? Men fashion ME of the elements
THEY want to disown. They cast me into a Bottomless Pit...