

# Three Types of Atheism

by [Sean Haylock](#) (August 2020)



*Gladiateurs*, Giorgio de Chirico, 1928

## Speaking Objectively

Once in America there lived  
A dour guru who believed  
The virtuous man a psychopath  
Who scorned the weak, and never laughed.  
Habitually she was inclined  
To knocking back amphetamines  
And overfond of cigarettes  
She strung out all her acolytes.  
She styled herself a brilliant sage  
And worshippers of her image  
Declared her mind second only  
To the unmatched Aristotle  
(It seems doubtful that they'd read him).  
They promised a new paradigm  
To clear the medieval mist  
And thwart that wretch called Jesus Christ.  
With brave self-love (Man's noblest trait)  
They called pity degenerate,  
And showing serious chutzpah,

Pronounced their slogan, "A is A."

Their error was to have forgotten

(Effectively declared verboten)

The truth: our need for mother's teat;

We're each of us a parasite.

### The Bitter Quietist

Every variety of abject hell

Confirms that man's a cruel confounded ape

And history's blundering course is how I tell

That fate has each of us gripped by the nape.

I've scorn to pour upon morality,

Which certain theorists say is a game.

I'd sooner side with them than I'd agree

That God calls everything by its true name.

The parties of firm principle have shown

There's nought to pick the noble from the petty

So I'm content to sound a righteous groan

And stage a march with black pills for confetti.

Our only hope's to see things as they are

And wean ourselves off wine of Paul's terroir.

## Squint at Ben Stiller

That comely Grecian urn:

It's your brain.

A longing to return:

It's your brain.

The smell of sun-warmed earth:

It's your brain.

Joy at your child's birth:

It's your brain.

Enchantment in a tune:

It's your brain.

Sheer rapture on a spoon:

It's your brain.

Shakespeare, Tolstoy, and Proust:

It's your brain.

Chablis, champagne, vermouth:

It's your brain.

My heart grows weary, mouthing this refrain,  
But I remind myself you can't be blamed.  
You weren't designed for reason; you're a brain.

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