

Now We Shape the Wind

*Long ago
Vulcans bore
the mark of heat,
of blowing sand, and of flaming sun.
The ground opened up to eat us,
the wind danced upon our crops
and razed our cities.
We cried for the pain
and fought for survival.*

*Now we bear the weight
of creating Vulcan's future.
We are the cultivator
of what is and
what will become –
sundweller drifting upon the thermal,
sand-blossom opening up
to drink the dew,
the light within the eyes of a child,
black craters
of fused sand in ShanaiKahr.*

*There was a time
when the environment shaped us
the way that the wind shapes the sand
or fire shapes the volcano.
Now we shape the wind.
Nature yielded
to the Vulcan mind
many secrets.*

*Logic became the cement
of our civilization.
We rose
from chaos using reason
as our guide.*

*Experience tells us
that the sandstorm
does not endure forever
and that calm follows the storm.
Nature always works
for balance.
Rather than divide us,
the storm must bring us together.*

*We must reach out
to our species
and show
them the sunset.
We must remember
to them that
cool night follows the fire of the day.
We must walk
the path of the pilgrim
to the mountain of hope with them
and we must deliver
them home again.*

From the *Analects* of Surak as translated by Shupal. Lyrics by T'Prion.