

# A Sermon on Reality

*Being a Trip in eight schizms, from the Devia Discordia*

## 1. The Search

Is Eris real? asked Grandfather Mal  
who'd suddenly lapsed in his faith  
For I must admit that this very question  
has greatly confused me of late  
So Mal travelled far, yea he travelled wide  
and five diff'rent sources he bade

## 2. The Goddess

Eris herself will certainly know!  
spoke Mal at the start of his quest  
Alas, I'm not real, said Eris when asked  
but you'd best put my words to the test  
I may not exist, but you know that I am  
a mischievous liar at best!

## 3. The Sceptic

A definite fake, the sceptic just stated  
No shred of evidence to be had!  
If you cannot prove it, t'is simply not true  
but a fable or nonsense instead  
(And since he could not prove that he was real  
the sceptic disappeared where he sat)

## 4. The Scientist

Is she not labeled? the scientist queried  
She sounds like a plot-device to me  
Or perhaps a parable, but I cannot be sure  
Things need to be labeled, you see!  
Real things have names, and tags and measures  
I propose: Eris (*Divina Discordii*)

## 5. The Philosopher

Is a unicorn real? The Philosopher riddled  
and the thought of such a beast?  
What is wisdom to me may be rubbish to you  
but I'll tell you this at least:  
The true test of being—Is it still real  
after all thought upon it has ceased?

## 6. The Pragmatist

She's not as real as my food, the pragmatic said  
not as real as a brook or a stream  
But has a simple idea ever changed your life?  
or a feeling, a thought or a dream?  
These things have the power to influence us  
however unreal they may seem

## 7. The Truth

There is a wasp on your ear! I see in your eyes  
the sudden panic that you must now feel  
But now, if I tell you that I simply lied  
is the fear you felt any less real?  
Then what does it matter? the pragmatic shrugged  
and he silently finished his meal

## 8. The End

Ah Eris! Not real, but real enough  
as a great many things are today  
A plot-device, riddle, a joke and much more  
a dream and a goddess they say  
Oh, man lives in dreams, in fiction and fancy  
in dreaming may we ever stay!



Pope Nag

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