

I watched a movie
About three climbers
Meru was its name

They were mountain climbers
And oh, they had climbing in their blood
They would die if they didn't climb
And they each almost died
But lived to make the movie
What a triumph and miracle.

But why did they have to climb mountains?
These men who could dare,
who can say there's something worth more than being old?
What beguiled them?

I also watched videos tonight
About Game Changers
(This is a Bloomberg series)
About Jobs and Zuckerberg
And Zuckerberg said that people
Couldn't fathom that he built
Not to make money
But to build things.

And what's there to mourn in all this?
There are people who worship Steve Jobs
Which is to say, who worship power
Which is what he represents
And Mark Zuckerberg uses his power to keep us sheep,
to be led by his benevolent hand
And the mountain climbers and software engineers were solving problems
That could have waited,
A bit,
Just a while,
While people were first fed and clothed,
Protected, healed, and forgiven.

I mourn and pay respects for Alex Lowe,
who died in an avalanche, leaving his wife and children behind,
And he left behind his climbing partner, who now
Takes care of them. I learned of him through the film *Meru*

I mourn and pay respects
for the loss of trust and friendship surrounding Mark Zuckerberg's ambition,
and I mourn that we know
that ambition tends to have such a cost
and accept that cost anyway. I mourn the loss of
trust and friendship that has come upon me,
that which I have invited and
that which I have not, as I have and have had my own needs to follow,
my own mountains to climb.

I mourn the loss of Steve Jobs -- who knows but that if he had lived, he might
have repented and laid aside idolatry. There is much good in his corporation,
and I mourn that that beautiful good is the shield, is the hostage of the evil

Of power-worship,

Is a transmitter of the yeast of being found in your own power

And comfort. I mourn that *vision* is held hostage by capitalism, and capitalism by greed and cowardice. May Steve Jobs rest in peace. May Mark Zuckerberg's betrayed partners find peace. Now that the climbers of Meru have returned, having told their tale, may they find peace.

This is what is on my heart tonight, having walked in the world of famous men, who dared greatly and tended to succeed, and tended to succeed at a cost.