Jerusalem V

once you stood on the shoulders

of the drowned

and even then, you loved me not

i lead you, again the grey sheep

into the corral of your own misbegotten life

that which i promised

you should never have believed —

calm rises from your footprints

while my seed withers in the light of day

and for this there is no reward

still, you are in my power

and you i will not waste

i will give you silk and virgins

send a thousand forms of delight to assail you

but never, surely never

let you die