poets and Kings

doomed we are

as we have ever been

the blood that rises from the well

of our strange history

courses through the rivers we call veins

to return, saddened

to the loneliest of places

the reeking beaches of our ending

how do I know this?

why should I be the bearer of bad tidings?

simple:

I chose this job

to open wide my jaw and allow to escape

the secret animal.

These are words –

Words!

and they are the ruin and salvation of us all

the ancients knew best, of course

we were a special people, the people of the holy sounds

now we are a new-bottled humour in the minds of the mighty

but

all it will take is a disaster:

a pandemic of loneliness

and you’ll see, you’ll see

they’ll all come crawling back

poet, they’ll crown you

and King you will be