**Splendour**

the devil is always well-dressed

and the messiah in rags

the former in the neat and well-fitted

conceits of the age

and the latter in the beggar’s kit

dirty with the history of suffering

if i point the finger of true virtue at you

will you sentence me to die?

cut yourself off at the knees

that the best of you may suffer my fate

and let you drift like the desert sands

headless and without conscience

then tell me

what’s it like to be wrong about everything

and think nothing that hasn’t been thought

a trillion times before?