**The Professional**

*1972*

Walking slow and feeling low, the leaves all drifting round.

Books behind but in my mind the hope of leaving town.

My heart feels so like crying. My head won't let it down.

Relief comes with the blindness. Numbness bears the crown.

Must knowledge be so painful? Only in the light of life.

When one learns to learn what and never ask why,

Proving is, skipping should, let all sentiments die,

The doubt fades. Don't be foolish. Confusion, then the rags.

Grab the ring while you can. All the signs point the way.

You are only one man. You have seen the decay

Of those so drunk with truth as to live what they say.

The beacon of justice is built upon sand.

Learn to lie with the Lion and garrote the Lamb.

Breathing slow, the heads are low, how precious is the sound.

Renown behind, but now I find my friends are gathered round.

My death plays in their faces. Time has loosed her hounds.

Memory floods the silence. The mask of my life slips down.

And the joke is on the faithful, for now I see the lie.

When we live for tomorrow, today slips away,

For the other man's values, our destiny pays.

The struggle! There's the essence. With the fear and the pain.

For the comfort, such sweet poison,

Knows the path that leads to nothing. Kills the spark and so the flame.

As the heart learns to dance to the siren's music,

All those doors to yourself will not open again,

Till the end when the thoughts from within finally flower,

When the cold eye of death glances up at your tower,

With her mirror from your soul that laughs at your power.

You've scoffed at the moments. Your intellect fell.

Dying young from within, living long in the shell.