**ON THE DEATH OF BIN LADEN**

No Moon The Sound

Of Whirling Death

The Wolf Is Run To Ground

When With Mate And Clubs

No Quandary Left

The Hounds Of War

Have Found

Their Quarry Within Turn

Has Known So Many

Cold Sure Kills

Of Innocent Women

Babes Old

Young The

Terror Still

Calls At Night

At Dawn And

Dusk

With Righteous

Justice

Cast Fears Dying

Morns And Orbs

Of Lust

Lives Squandered

In The

Sacred March More Of

Curious Batch Past

Witching Hour

Toll Of The At High Noon

As Crispers Have

Spring Their

Path Of Dead

Inquisitions Oiled

Rags Have Lead

To Such Secular

Folly And Hell On

Earth And Glow

Of The Path Patriots

So Bin Laden One Track

Found Kill

With Glee

Resumes At Blood

For Blood

Paint For His Own

Lord Family

A Portrait Ours

Has Known

To Strive For

Right A Blow

For All Of

History To Know.

And See

So Sure In

Murder As

Was He

As Towns And Bodies

Feel

For Indeed Call And

Ones And Creed

Grants Light

Such To Kill

Sans Mercy

Or Touch

Of Human

Emperor

The Regards Cycle

Of Blind Faith

And Only Time

Will Tell

*PHILLIP PAUL. 05/05/2011.*

*Flight to Anchorage.*

*Copyright C.*

*Universal Rights Reserved.*