

Not without consultation with their wishes;  
Which is the crevice that lets Progress in.  
If we could only stop the Progress somewhere,  
At a good point for pliant permanence,  
Where Madison attempted to arrest it.  
But no, woman has to be her age,  
A nation has to take its natural course  
Of Progress round and round in circles  
From King top Mob to King to Mob to King  
Until the eddy of it eddies out.

“So much for Progress,” said Darius meekly.  
“Another word that bothers me is Freedom.  
You’re good at maxims. Say me one on Freedom.  
What has it got to do with character?  
My satrap Tissaphernes has no end  
Of it with his Grecian cities  
Along the Aegean coast. That’s all they talk of.”

“Behold my son here with his lyre,”  
The ex-King said. “We’re in this thing together.  
He is the one who took the money for me  
When I was sold - and small reproach to him,  
He’s a good boy. ‘Twas at my instigation.  
I looked on it as a Carnegie grant  
For him to make a poet of himself on  
If such a thing is possible with money.  
Unluckily it wasn’t money enough  
To be a test. It didn’t last him, out.  
And he may have to turn to something else  
To earn a living. I don’t interfere.  
If want him to be anything he has to.  
He has been begging through the Seven Cities  
Where Homer begged. He’ll tell you about Freedom.  
He writes free verse I’m told, and he is thought  
To be the author of the Seven Freedoms:  
Free Will, Trade, Verse, Thought, Love, Speech, Coinage,