

They were days on that stone.
They gave it the wedge
Till it flaked from the ledge.
Then they gave it a face.
Then with tackle unknown
They stood it in place
On a cliff for a throne.
They gave it a face
Of what was it? Scorn
Of themselves as a race
For having been born?
And then having first
Been cajoled and coerced
Into being beruled?
By what stratagem
Was their cynical throng
So cozened and fooled
And jollied along?
Were they told they were free
And persuaded to see
Something in it for them?
Well they flourished and waxed
By executive guile,
By fraud and by force,
Or so for a while;
Until overtaxed
In nerve and resource
They started to wane.
They emptied the aisle
Except for a few
That can but be described
As a vile residue,
And a garrulous too.