Stanczyk:

Alone he sits in scarlet sorrow,

Pale in wait of dim-lit morrow.

Soul hidden behind its blood,

And fleshen levee combating flood.

For joy is his job to feign,

With disregard for inner pain.

And alone he bears the weight of news,

The court's ignorant Janus.

For he, desperate kingly laughter,

Is what his mockery should be after.

To let the royals dance tonight,

As he becomes the letter's knight.

How sad that folly wears a smile,

As wisdom frowns all the while.