

Kafka's The Palace

Shad Gregory

1

When K. arrived, it was late in the night,
The village was covered under deep snow,
And the castle hill was nowhere in sight.
Fog and darkness enveloped him and though
The sky's faintest glow of light could not show
The outline of the great Palace, K. stood
On the wooden bridge, the darkness below,
The seeming emptiness was understood
To offer our hero the start of something good.

2

And then, a decisive intake of air,
K. descended to the village below
Hoping to find lodgings anywhere there.
In the inn, peasants still stirred to and fro
In spite of the hour. There were no rooms, though
The Innkeeper offered a sack of straw,
And K.'s weariness had brought him so low
That he eagerly accepted as fair
The innkeeper's offer to sleep on the floor there.

3

But soon then K. was roused from his slumber
By a young man with a thespian's face.
The peasants were still there too in number
And many had turned from their beer in case
An entertaining spectacle took place.
The young man was dressed in fancy city
Clothes; his eyes were narrowed; it seemed the case
The young man was the son of a pretty
Big deal, and he was not trying to be witty!

4

A big deal indeed, the son of the Palace
Steward stood over K., his eyebrows strong,
Ready to torment with polite malice
Our poor K. over his excursion along
The village's outskirts lurking among
The shadows and darkness of the late hour.
You have entered the village was his song,
And the right to stay in any bower
Or hut, resided only in Count Westwest's power.

5

Half sitting up and straightening his hair
K. nonchalantly glanced up at the crowd;
The innkeeper, the peasants in their chairs,
The young man asking if K. should be allow'd,
All waiting there for K. to speak out loud
His intentions on such a snowy night.
"Where am I?" K. asked as if he were proud
of his ignorance, "I'm lost in the night."
He cried, "Castle you say? But there was not one in sight."

6

The young man was astonished by K.'s act,
"Why indeed, the Castle of Count Westwest!"
"And you need the Count's permission, in fact,
For a weary traveller to simply rest
Overnight?" asked K. upon being press'd
By the expecting crowd. Was it a dream
That gave to him the notion that a guest
Could be so cruelly turned out? It did seem
To beggar belief. Such cruelty K. could not gleam.

7

"You must have permission!" was the reply.
And with that, the dramatic young man turn'd
To his audience, and said with a sigh,
"Or maybe it's not required to have earn'd
The Count's blessings!" And now having so learn'd
The conditions of discretely dwelling
overnight, grasping that which so concern'd
the crowd, K. yawned, and perhaps overselling
his nonchalance, announced his plans without yelling.

8

"Now, if it is permission that I need,"
Said K. "Then it is permission I seek."
And as if he were about to proceed,
Cast off his blanket with nary a peek
At the shocked crowd, barely able to speak.
"Permission from whom?" sputtered the young man,
"At this midnight hour?" he said with a shriek.
"It isn't possible?" and K. began
To yawn and stretch. "See, I like to sleep when I can!"

9

The young man was beside himself with rage,
"Why you're not but a low-down dirty bum!"
With a passion found only on the stage.
"The count demands respect! Not some sass from
A common tramp who's lower than pond scum!
You must depart the count's territory
At once!" At this, K. was able to drum
Up the peace of a saint in God's glory,
"Enough!" he said, and K. then began his story.

10

Does K. feel despair? Does he cry in the night?
Is he so fixated on his mission
That he no longer dreads the morning light?
Why has he come here without permission?
Travelled so far on this expedition
Without a companion to help him through
The snow and darkness with precision.
Where is his family? Are they so few
That K. was attracted to the castle in view?

11

"I've had enough of your nonsense." said K,
"The Innkeeper and these good gentlemen
Are my witnesses should I need to sway
A jury of my peers. I take it then
You would like to know why I am here in
Your village. I am the land surveyor
Sent for by the Count. Now there, you see when
I saw the snow, layer upon layer,
I sat out on the trek after a hopeful prayer.

12

“But, unfortunately, I lost my way
More than a few times and arrived so late
That I knew it was too late in the day
To report to the Castle in my state.
This is why I chose to accept my fate
And make do with camping out on the floor
Here in the corner as much as I hate
To give up the comforts of a locked door
And a sweet bed, I knew my sleep would not be poor.”

13

”Tommorrow my assistants will arrive
Via carriage with the equipment in tow.
Now that’s all that I’m willing to contrive
As far as an explanation will go.
Now goodnight fellas and, please, go pound snow!”
K. turned to the stove and pulled his blanket tight.
The Inn’s mob retreated after K.’s show,
Confused by this information’s new light,
They conversed in hushed tones while keeping K.in sight.

14

”Surveyor?” the word was tossed back and forth,
And then a silence fell over the mob.
The young man, eager to show off his worth,
And now determined to finish the job,
Whispered in a tone so as not to rob
K. of his sleep but loud enough to hear
”I’ll call the Castle, ask about this slob,
And check his story.” he said with a sneer.
He headed to the phone and brought it close to his ear.

15

”Good Goddamn!” thought K. to himself, ”This place
Is decked out to the nines! They have a phone?”
Said telephone was crowded in a space
Directly above K.’s head. In his own
Weariness, among them all, he was alone
In overlooking the infernal thing.
Now K.’s restful sleep was sure to be blown
By the eager fellow’s attempt to ring
The Palace. And now poor K. had to hear him sing.

16

Then the question was, would K. allow it?
He decided to allow it, but now
It was the case he could find no merit
In feigning sleep, he flipped o'er with a scow
And waited for the young man to find how
To inquire without disrupting K.'s sleep.
Across the way the dim light did allow
K. to see the bauren together deep
In discussion and tightly piled in a heap.

17

K.'s arrival was no trivial news.
Surveyors don't pop up every day!
Every landlord had something to lose
If the Count changed the lines any old way.
The kitchen door was opened all the way,
And it's frame filled by the landlady's form.
The host, eager to report on the fray,
Tiptoed in her direction to inform
The mighty Landlady of the incoming storm.