

words

under the sun i crept
o'er exhausted grasses shielding trinkets forgotten
one two three days months years ago
with sentry ravens soon to spot i said
farewell caution, adieu
and hurdled a chain-link fence
but your redoubt obstructed my passage
so i changed the words

yes!

in a haze of misbegotten glory, i was dictator perpetuo
a vengeful storm atop a forum, a scoff of ice and a scythe plunging
and if once they peered past fibrous tunics
they saw now through crimson-stained glass
that beautiful blue above: the entryway was sky,
carved from clouds, smiling silver
your fortress a crumbling wreckage
see?

i was inside the enclave, showmanship at the ready
but –
et tu, brute?
of course i change the words

down at the heavens i gazed
a man cowering
behind the child behind the aristocrat behind the devil
you stamped them out one by one
the devil
the aristocrat
the child
so only the man remained
he sniveled and wept
i do not change the words

for a time we had recourse to laughter and mist
which whistled away in the wind
as he, you, locke sold our friends to slavery
i said too little, i said too much!
and you strode on
if only i changed the words