

BALLAD FOR A BAD QUEEN

Unnumbered songs and sonnets lie at Nature's feet—
The sentimental drippings from the maudlin tongues of those
Who try to catch her essence in a pentametric bleat—
Who do not recognize a whore because she wears a rose!

There was a time I mouthed her praise, believed her mother-sweet,
In days when new spring softly feathered hidden wrath's repose—
The resting time before the harlot showed her dire deceit
Concealed in every browsing breeze and every stream that flows.

Her ritual rhymes of season seem to charm the fool esthete;
I see a certain sameness to her sins I would expose.
She trysts with Satan at the poles or on some wild arete,
Then takes back everything she gives, each favor she bestows.

Her languid sighing promise makes her treachery complete.
While all her panders purify her soul with Sunday prose,
She kills a hundred humans spreading out her molten sheet
To lie and birth a bastard peak where no man ever goes.

cont.