

JEREMIAD 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.

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.

There was a time I mouthed her psalms, believed her cliché-sweet
In days when April softly feathered hidden wrath's repose--
The resting time before the harlot showed her vast deceit
Concealed in nascent breezes and latent freshet flows.

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

Benign black clay and sod belie her ancient heat
While many miles below, a devil's cauldron seethes and glows.
Unfathomed plates and fissures and a sunken gulch compete
In stealthy silent movement of opposing jagged rows

Until one day some distant unsuspecting street
Is swallowed writhing, spewing brick and glass and bloodied snows.
And next the sea is seized in manic fists to beat
The fallen shores and hopeless hearths defenseless to her blows.

Don't trust the warming sunrise she hangs out in retreat,
Or feel at peace because a wanton woman changes clothes.
I've watched her fiery ensign burn the prairie wheat;
I've seen the crops I planted hosting hordes of worms and crows.

She saw my need for rain; she came to my defeat
With flood. The land and I cry out, but still the water grows.
Her slimy signature is the tragic trail's receipt
For homes and roads choked up with all the sorrowing she sows.

She drives the revolution when rival pressures meet
To funnel down for bridge and barn as though they were her foes.
She makes a pyre of pines to light her masses of conceit
Then sprinkles forest bone and ash with every blight she knows.

I've smelled her perfumed breath, and heard the birds repeat
The legends of her liliated fields, her famous fabled pose.
Oh yes, I've marveled at rebirth, her flaunted favorite feat,
And drunk her moontime magic full of myth and false agos.

She bears my sadness well with her tears of slashing sleet,
Yet I, long bitter, tremble still in autumn's passion throes.
Despite her timeless treason, I once again entreat
Her mercy, all the while recalling cattle that she froze.

She, the brute, the beautiful, capriciously will greet
Each future generation with great wonders and great woes
Until we storm her secret ~~dogs~~ and steal the keys to cheat
This reigning house's charnel clutch, this queen we must depose!