

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.

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

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

Don't trust the warming sunbeam she hangs out in retreat;
Why trust a wanton woman just because she 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
 and roads
For trees/and muddy shades of sorrow that she sows.

She makes a whirling hell when rival pressures meet
And funnel down for bridge and barn as though they were her foes.
Don't be misled by calmness and manners more discreet;
It's mere time-out while she revives each lethal trick she knows.

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

She bears my sadness well with her tears of slashing sleet.
My soul grown wary trembles still in autumn's passion throes;
Despite her timeless treason, I once again entreat
Her mercy, all the while recalling pumpkins that she froze.

She, the harsh, the beautiful, capriciously will greet
Each future generation with her wonders and her woes
Until we storm her secret doors and find the means to cheat
This reigning house's cruel clutch, this queen we must depose!