

Three Neuron Kings

Disillusion

A battle, state and inconvenient,
A battle fought so acute in pride.
A curse or rather plague, a fever,
Nailed me to the fireside. At a crackling wood's spark flight to the skies,
The tempest king, he claims the throne.
But halts in stride as equal legions
Melt into the leader's tone. An elder king arose
From blood soaked fallow battlefields
With orders calm at urgent voice
And reasoning as iron shields. And dreadful words it were
As he spoke of abandonment
Thus I shivered as the Tempest,
As his fever came upon my hand. Then swords were risen by the brave
As for me I rose a twig towards the skies. And no one would withdraw
One's eyes were as the fiend's.
All men in flames and zeal.
As ire filled to burdening air. While two in brawl for the throne
A third with grins on stainless cheeks
In bushes watching in conceal
Delighted of the bleak. At sudden startled,
Dismay had dropped my twig
I turned down the fireside
And the last sparks of the night
Lit the my paths with golden wings
Sensing me and my Three Neuron Kings.

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