Lizard

Dave Pearce

Farewell the temple master's bells
His kiosk and his black worm seed
Courtship solely of his word
With Eden guaranteedFor now Prince Rupert's tears of glass
Make saffron sabbath eyelids bleed
Scar the sacred tablet of wax
On which the lizards feedWake your reason's hollow vote
Wear your blizzard season coat
Burn a bridge and burn a boat
Stake a lizard by the throatGo Polonius or kneel
The reapers name their harvest dawn
All your tarnished devil's spoons
Will rust beneath our cornNow bears Prince Rupert's garden roam
Across his rain tree shaded lawn
Lizard bones become the clay
And there a Swan is bornWake your reasons' hollow vote
Wear your blizzard season coat
Burn a bridge and burn a boat
Stake a lizard by the throatGone soon Piepowder's moss-weed court
Round which upholstered Lizards sold
Visions to their leaden flock
Of rainbows' ends and goldNow tales Prince Rupert's peacock brings
Of walls and trumpets thousand fold
Prophets chained for burning masks
And reels of dreams unrolled

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