

# The Lights At Nero's Party

## After The Sirens

How vaguely we eschew complicity with You,  
it's always run-arounds, excuses  
and words we bind to nooses  
just to sullenly let swing  
the best of arbitrary things,  
like, do we care about the poor?  
Oh yes, but we support the king. And we're starving for the slaughter.  
A man gives up his daughter  
and the walls that keep us safe aren't saving anyone.  
Didn't You say  
to risk everything? And we're left dieting for more  
and then we're burning on the tor  
that flanks an emperor's affair.  
We've hardly sacrificed before  
so in manic heavenward stare  
let the confession from our lungs  
that as our bodies torch the air  
to the fanfare and the drums,  
amid drunken wild acclaim,  
we have the urge to scream Your name.  
and without hesitance or shame  
affirm our place among the burning.  
And our bodies break, confirming  
our inability to remain  
without an object for our yearning. Our inability, our inability.

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