

Vanish in the Absence of Virtue

In The Woods...

I spoke so well that evening
I sang so well of light
Wish I may wish I might
Have this wish I wish tonightThe more we sang of wonders
The more we drank our wine
Suddenly a ghost appeared
The clock sang number nineWe spoke from end of table
His majesty, the chief
- You shall take what you deserve
From comfort and reliefThis words combined with manhood
- In alcohole entwined -
Made all the saying into jokes
And good eyes into blindI tried to taste their warfare
- My lips could barely move
When I did as much as I could do
To fit into their grooveBut as it proved impossible
To satisfy their needs
I solved my little problem
And accomplished all my deedsFor I spoke so well that evening
I sang so well that night
Wish I would
Wish I could be swallowed
By your light

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