

JA: a villanelle

Hand on your hip you're looking at me
You draw from your hair a tiara, a legend
While I, my heart is drawn out to sea

Still : someone's fate you make from tea leaves
Wrapped up in terry clothe, in a bundle to send
Hand on your hip you're looking to me

Lightning, a tempest you bring to me
Though over not a cauldron but some book you're bent
While I, my heart is drawn out to sea

I could not stare at you, could naught but kneel
Your sword drawn, you leant down to caress my head
Hand on your hip you're looking at me

When touched I was knighted but not worthy
You cherished something and put grief in its stead
And I, my heart is drawn out to sea

Look in legend for Icarus' journey
Every man is like He, when his stength is spent
Hand on your hip you stare out at me
While I, my heart is drawn out to see

A villanelle:

f.'allingdown, down, down, running away
The statues of antiquity 'vorn down to sand
Just waiting for apocalypse day

Graven images on knees to pray
Worshiping each other, not gods, never Man
Falling down, d0lm, down, running a'vay

Washed through lead pipes, some dead, .Bome.irate
The brutal mob: together they try to stand
Just ,vating for apocalypse day.

"Father!", they callout; "Mother!", they say
They feel forsaken; David not reaching God's hand
Falling down, d0lm, d0lm, carried away

Living a life 'vth nothing to sate
Another man is each souls brother to tend
Anxious for the apocalypse day

The modern mob: just another page
in a history trying to find its .mm end
Falling down, down, down, running away
Just waiting for apocalypse day