

Tom Verlaine, The Revolution

(Verlaine)

The Bastard's Tale.
A classic piece of literature,
If I ever heard one.

Part 1:
A wicked, bitter pretence,
Stumbling round,
No doubt,
Blase
Righteous.
Remember now the year's
1412, or something.
As I searched amongst them
For a valuable gold piece.
Not really,
No, not really.

The Bastard's Tale,
Part 2:
Now remember,
The year is 1714,
And we're enjoying our new inventions,
Whatever those were.
Such is The Bastard's life,
Without apology,
A cursed, pathetic boredom
Altered by death alone.
Death, a giant test,
Transpired
July 30th 1914.
You should have seen us then,
Coupled as we were,
A feverish embrace.
Wow.