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TO ROUALT'S "THE OLD KING"

BY WILLIAM BENNETT

My king, my bearded patriarch,
Your abdication (long recorded)
Is yet a present fallacy;
As crown jewels under dull indoor light
Wait centuries for tourist tears
To clot the dusty glass.

What did you do to warrant such a fall,
That orphans should be year round crippled
 in February streets,
Allow the many to usurp the fortune of a few,
And, by the way, your wife is working
 in the five and dime.

Yes,
The mob riots conservatively in the suburbs,
Waiting through this warm winter
For a damp spring to muddy the back yard.
No one can do anything too much,
Or nothing, too little.

God, which we in affirmation yet deny,
We wait like nervous sheep to feel the knife.