

And resolved to evangelize to the single
Souls he met and greater still resolved
The Queen and King must die in the dust of
The atomized image of their power,
And with the jesters need die
And with the messengers and troubadors
The lying anal infantilism they fed the sheep
Necessarily would die with them all.
The people he met formed less than the meniscus
And physically killing the Queen was impossible
Breeding a new one too easy,
He needed to search the sheep and jesters
That served unwittingly and he balked
At the messiah he needed to be, and
Correctly shuddered knowing no one needed
To believe him, but only believe the words
Of the old men, the dusty cowboys.

He looked everywhere for people who saw
His movie, the mechanics of power like
Thunderheads rubbing each other before
The storm, arranging themselves
Until their rain manifested wet sheep.
But most of them only felt the rain
And ran off to security from discomfort
In to their stalls. The sheep saw only the
Torrent and reacted with the herd posture
And came out with the sun and