

October 13 1975

Each night imprisoned on a raft of stones  
That settles to the deepest cloudy silt  
To sleep among the ocean softened bones  
I watch the sharpest crystal tendons wilt  
With eyes so dead that unrepentant day  
Finds only sunken tombs where once were tears  
Exhausted legions stumble to obey  
Their fallen captain, limp with deep sea fears

In this dark age where dreams like empires fall  
To ruin and decay beneath my sleep  
I tremble as the hands write on the wall  
Salt water rises in the dungeon keep  
Old heroes kneel as vassals to the least  
Of evils as the sun drops in the east