

Publicerad 2015-02-14 04:03 av Wumbulu

the first title fight

the bell rings

with flexed muscles and a weapons-grade will
civilization takes its first tentative steps
into the ring of the fertile crescent

from willing loins a dynasty is founded
from the receding mists of disorder
an empire takes shape
palace, barracks and ziggurat
unholy trinity side by side

shields and spears
the disciplined phalanx
Saragon's claw

in the corner
the grovelling cut-man
and an arrogant theocracy
who claim supernatural authority

warrior kings extend their power
from Egypt to Ethiopia
from Zagros to the Taurus mountains
from the Persian Gulf to the Mediterranean Sea
Sumer, champion of the world

but there is strife in paradise
Agga falls to Mesanepada
Mesanepada falls to Gilgamesh
who's self aggrandisement is epic
(the Muhammed Ali of the ancient world)

the best rounds are far behind
Mesilim, King of Kish rules internal decline
while on the borders enemies abound
moving in with ferocious intent

assault after punishing assault
the muscles become rubbery

the will loses direction

the bell has ceased to ring

now it's tolling

time and trouble crave their tribute

Ur falls to the Elamites

Ibbi-Sin's decadent luxury

exchanged for a damp and dreary cell

in the distance waiting to be born

a new champion

hungry for the title

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

Författaren Wumbulu med Poeter.se id #34330 innehar upphovsrätten