

Publicerad 2020-05-27 09:56 av the apache kid

Från arkivet

as pistols cut the air like sabers

Some approach the stage
and some claim it
some enter a land
conquer it and then re-name it

The sword is for battle
and the dagger for traitors
who rises to page and
who rises to liege
and on what ambition
do these both feed?

They come to the court
and engage in some
noble sport
history forgets one and
on the other reports

Of deeds and honours
what more
do you think it matters
who earns the glory and
the never ending story
and who limps on home in
shambles and tatters

When then
through the ages it winds
where it becomes a
legend or saga
or of such kind

Is it really of concern
the world still keeps on turning

After all
in the end
your molecules are

buried deep in the earth
or scattered to the winds and
and sky

Beyond
the reach of our
pens and papers
that have acted
as pistols and cut the air
like sabers..

the apache kid

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

Författaren the apache kid med Poeter.se id #22755 innehar upphovsrätten