

Once, I Was King

Once, I was King.

My crown of green cast such a light,
that it could shade the moon and stars;
October clothed it all in gold,
April in whimsical nephrite,
August bedecked it with fair Mars,
with tourmaline December's cold!

My gown was looked upon in awe,
for none could bear the beauty's weight!
My boots trod as lightly as the air –
now they are burdened with the caws
of birds in black foretelling fate;
cometh they are, times of despair!

Once, I had courtrooms, filled with art,
and younglings, serenading Life.
Great gardens flourished for my love,
whom from me none could tell apart,
so dear she was to me, my wife,
to Earth herself, to stars above!

But fire came, and with it Death,
and iron brisk cut down my dear,
and hands of hell reached for my crown,
and squeezed my neck, and ceased my breath,
and laughter quailed before our fear;
and Man took for himself my gown.

Once, I was King – a linden tree,
and Hope seemed easier to find.
Pale is my face now, hard my grave;
my heart is frail, my eyes can't see.
A pencil scribbles burning lines,
a poet makes of me his slave.

I wish no longer to be free,
for in a world, engulfed in Man,
there is no place for Life of old,
nor for a widowed linden tree.
And as I hear these ancient glens
whither, as did my crown of gold –

although I was a king back then –
I merely wish now not to be.

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Naslov dela: Once, I Was King

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