

JA: a villanelle

Hand on your hip you're looking at me  
You draw from your hair a tiara, a legend  
While I, my heart is drawn out to sea

Still : someone's fate you make from tea leaves  
Wrapped up in terry clothe, in a bundle to send  
Hand on your hip you're looking to me

Lightning, a tempest you bring to me  
Though over not a cauldron but some book you're bent  
While I, my heart is drawn out to sea

I could not stare at you, could naught but kneel  
Your sword drawn, you leant down to caress my head  
Hand on your hip you're looking at me

When touched I was knighted but not worthy  
You cherished something and put grief in its stead  
And I, my heart is drawn out to sea

Look in legend for Icarus' journey  
Every man is like He, when his stength is spent  
Hand on your hip you stare out at me  
While I, my heart is drawn out to see

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A villanelle:

f.'allingdown, down, down, running away  
The statues of antiquity 'vorn down to sand  
Just waiting for apocalypse day

Graven images on knees to pray  
Worshiping each other, not gods, never Man  
Falling down, d0lm, down, running a'vay

Washed through lead pipes, some dead, .Bome.irate  
The brutal mob: together they try to stand  
Just ,vating for apocalypse day.

"Father!", they callout; "Mother!", they say  
They feel forsaken; David not reaching God's hand  
Falling down, d0lm, d0lm, carried away

Living a life 'vth nothing to sate  
Another man is each souls brother to tend  
Anxious for the apocalypse day

The modern mob: just another page  
in a history trying to find its .mm end  
Falling down, down, down, running away  
Just waiting for apocalypse day