

the torso of opera

impediment all is impediment
as inclination bows
beneath this weight
here the sun explodes
here the garden erupts
a prince of peace is killed
from the brothel to the stage
the wintry hopelessness
of kings and paupers
grapple for the grail of love
heroic lives dissolve in failure
impudence succeeds
arise and fall the watchword
of our stars
and it is us
as we come late to see
stumbling from our seats
into the strandian air