

# Godwin

Brooke Waggoner

Like a lion in the dead  
In the dead of deepest night  
You sprawl out peacefully  
Beneath the glowing spheres of light

Like a feathered, feathered swan  
On top of gliding glass  
You move with perfect ease  
Among bleeding grass

Like a dog gone astray  
In the middle of the wake  
You pretend to be a part  
Of the shuffle of the day

I can't stand who I am  
A villain with a plan  
Cloaked in robes  
Made of many friends  
Yet I remain in a one man land

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