

Skirmishes for Diotima

Rome

Weren't they like skirmishes
In some great war
Our kisses so deep but fleeting
Like vultures digging for lice?
We were led to the soul by way of skirts
Were led to love by way of knives
We valued what war reversed

Season comes round
We break and fall, that's all
Season comes round, we break and fall
Seasons come and go, that's all

She thought me contemptible
No compassion for the fate
Of the little man
Who finds rest only in the contempt
Of the great

And pity moves in funny ways
Let's not try to be witty when the grave
Lies open before us always