

The Death of Longing

Rome

What relief! To be among men used
To deeper wonders than the waves
Men too proud to mend their ways
What relief! To be among men
Who swore never to stumble
Never to tire, never to waste their
Time by preaching to the choir
But to take this longing
Onto the streets
For that is where dissent
And disloyalty shall meet
For that is where beauty
And necessity shall meet

Now, I have many friends
Like you can't count the wheat
And many are those who shared their
Bread along the river aeeth
And we all shared shelter
Danger and wine too
To join in this
Bloodless birth of hope
For we find neither dignity
Nor comfort in rest like you

And as they threw open
Their orchards
I found you there
Between two rows of tenderness
And two rows of despair
And as they threw open
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And two rows of despair

And now I owe you all
And now I owe you all

Now we are left
Picking up the pieces
Of ideals smothered in pomp
And told to cherish
Whatever lowers and weeps
And blame it on the one
Who rises and leaps
And yet, we shall remain
Among the few
Leaderless men
The only ones to refuse
To become leaders of men
Who are still strangers
To gloating
Who are still strangers
To loathing

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