

# The Revolution

Tom Verlaine

The Bastard's Tale.  
A classic piece of literature,  
If I ever heard one.

A wicked, bitter pretense,  
Stumbling round,  
No doubt,  
Blase

Righteous.  
Remember now the year's  
1412, or something.  
As I searched amongst them  
For a valuable gold piece.  
Not really,  
No, not really.

The Bastard's Tale,

Now remember,  
The year is 1714,  
And we're enjoying our new inventions,  
Whatever those were.  
Such is The Bastard's life,  
Without apology,  
A cursed, pathetic boredom  
Altered by death alone.  
Death, a giant test,  
Transpired  
July 30th 1914.  
You should have seen us then,  
Coupled as we were,  
A feverish embrace.  
Wow.