

angel Jack aloft
its holy perch as crooked
as its rivals' necks

elevated grief
weeping giants on horseback
heaven drops their wares

brave be our people
beware the gold intruder
his frail, fissured throne

scythe through arms of vice
guide neighbours blind and shallow
to pauper's arrow

such
empty
glory

to take
us all to
market
force
fed by

robed lords

into rains of fruit and coin

we barter the dregs

they sought out Hermes
conveyed his peaceful lies
sounds of lute and lyre

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commercial cancer feeds
smiling down on the beaten
pox and bellies clean

a dagger's welcome

Born of trade, kind of spirit

spearing mouths of babes

queen of
vaunted
abstracts

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and with them your crowns