Victory Ballad

lie down
write poetry.

the somnambulant magpie
appears again
crossing the courtyard
in the vingtième

roaming the city
an evacuee
I'm trading my looks
for places to sleep

sleep
a battle
that I can't win
a manic alarm
hey
2:14am

drunk, like a corporal
after some kill
You'd wake me
with a syllable
to get your fill
climb onto me
in my fold-out bed
or command me to yours
in the rain instead.

it's your birthday today
and I don't exist

a slut of a girl
sheared after her tryst
by provincial folk
with provincial fists

and while they shave
I dream
of what they might do
if I told them all
the truth about you.

a naive fable
a bent wish
your crafty kind
will always persist.
a four-taloned medal
for your fearless service
to the breaking of hearts
in the night, where you stumble
taking for yourself
in the dark, unaccountable

and feelingless

like the way you kill the Kudu
for the disembodied prize
daddy's little superstar
sure is on the rise

from nepotism begotten
to rule a bourgeois town
while in annals of the forgotten
as no one I go down.

damn fool for trusting
the way things appeared
what claimed to be simple
has shortened my years

choosing occupation
for elaborate food
and secretive loving
nasty
and good

now I scavenge for stories
and I find you out
in other sad bloodstreams
other dark mouths

a corvid which on carrion tucks
feathers plucked, bald, fucked

and while I'm left to eat myself
no tribunal for you at all
with studied skill you mount
my head
on your gorgeous wall.

Robert James Anderson