

The Man Who Would Be King – July 2019

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July 2019

Oh the man who would be king--

He was the one

(Lost everything.)

The wounds go deep,

And the promises we said we'd keep

Lay tattered,

By the phone, that never rings.

(There's a body prone
At the foot of the stairs.)

We never thought we'd be alone,

But the fires rage through us--

Purifying, and then cool.

Fools we were -- for hoping,

Trusting in our coping,

But fail at the crucial moment.

(Falling, falling,)

Said the man who would be king.

Falling for you my dear.

Seduction is hard to resist--

That fatal kiss

That brings tears to your eyes?

And to our surprise,

We ended up alone--

Pressing our faces against glass,

A window to the past--

We grasp at smoke

And ghosts.

The ghost of you is all I have,

Haunted to eternity--

(At least

We're not alone,

Like the body prone,

At the foot of the stairs.)

His riches

Couldn't fix the broken home.

And money was a poor wife,

But pain means we're alive--

Not numb, not lost?

We're purified--

And terrified!

Though we think we might break,

It's just a fake ending--

The beginning, you might say.

When you wake up in a delirium,

And realise it was all a dream,

You are redeemed.

You see that there is so much more--

Reaching, grasping--

One day you'll leave,

But for now,

Just wait and see.

Count your money,

Wait in the dark,

Abandon the human heart?

No--

Run headlong through the hurt,

The blood and spit,

And guts and tears.

Don't halt, don't wait, don't falter...

We'll hate to fail in this last hurdle!

Lost in Saturn's rings, forever.

The space dust that holds us

Raises us up.

Do you feel it?

He was Icarus,

Flew too close to the sun,

And now he has lost everyone.

Chosen to suffer,

Chosen to hurt,

To burn himself on the flames

That burn so bright,

So alluring.

But fate will smile on him again.

She will smile,

One day again.

Who is she again?

Not love, that fickle mistress;

But hope, your wife.

Childhood friends outgrown,

Like leaves from a tree

Piling into mulch.

The phoenix is born from mud,

The ashes of a life once lived,

The bloody corpse of memories

Stalking us in our dreams.

Fly, fly, she said.

There's no other way,

But you will be beautiful

(And there is dignity in sadness)

And hope in darkness.

But until orphans reign in castles,

We have a long way to go.

Until we worship evil--

Fear is at the heart of love.

Until we forgive the man who would be king,

We'll always be searching

For answers that are clenched

Here in my hand.

Take a look and see...

It's our little secret.

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