

* Poetry *

Iron Grip

What is it with white bird
He seems so unhappy
The world was once his
So he thought

He bent everything to his will
And things he did NOT understand
He penned up like chickens
or passed crate judgment of death
NO longer does he have an iron grip
His subjects now look into his affairs
They too are evil over Lords
with the same green reflections -
IN thier eyes

(A Rewrite)