

Godwin

Brooke Waggoner

Like a lion in the dead
In the dead of deepest night
You sprawl out peacefully
Beneath the glowing spheres of light

Like a feathered, feathered swan
On top of gliding glass
You move with perfect ease
Among bleeding grass

Like a dog gone astray
In the middle of the wake
You pretend to be a part
Of the shuffle of the day

I can't stand who I am
A villain with a plan
Cloaked in robes
Made of many friends
Yet I remain in a one man land

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