

## Anagram (for Mongo)

Rush

There's a snake coming out of the darkness  
Parade from paradise  
End the need for Eden  
Chase the dreams of merchandise

There is tic and toc in atomic  
Leaders make a deal  
The cosmic is largely comic  
A con they couldn't conceal

There is no safe seat at the feast  
Take your best stab at the beast  
The night is turning thin  
The saint is turning to sin

Raise the art to resistance  
Danger dare to be grand  
Pride reduced to humble pie  
Diamonds down to sand

Take heart from earth and weather  
The brightness of new birth  
Take heart from the harvest  
Shave the harvest from the earth

Reasoning is partly insane  
Image just an eyeless game  
The night is turning thin  
The saint is turning to sin

Miracles will have their claimers  
More will bow to Rome  
He and she are in the house  
But there's only me at home

Rose is a rose of splendor  
Posed to respond in the end  
Lonely things like nights,  
I find, end finer with a friend

I hear in the rate of her heart  
A tear in the heat of the art

The night turns thin  
The saint turns to sin