

Let It Go

State Radio

under the parasol, the magistrate sings the madrigal and shields his face
from the man who sells his madness by way of the gun -
outside the manner yard on the crippled street
young girls sell their bodies for bread to eat
stare the corner down and say so we meet again

but somewhere the people rise and break out in song
their voices are carrying them, and I would but the feet on my
souls are
gone from the night they came in

they came in trucks with their iron wrath
driving this country to its dying breath
but it's never enough for the tyrant and his cattle

let it go

and there he sits, the self-crowned-
king, in his bird bath, just rearranging his things
when he hears the songs high over head
he glares at the sky in his disbelief
throws a fit and splashes the bath empty and orders his general
s to aim higher

let it go