

Dictators

In my world, gardens abound everywhere,
and the finest air, which dictators,
for you and me, spare,
but not for themselves,
which is hardly fair.

Tyrants, for all the promises they bear
when courting power (at the time when
care weighs the listeners down)
have no intention to disclose their selfish plans
until fully safe to do as they dare.

Then, when you expect fulfillment,
like the yearning for that icing covered éclair,
instead they seize your hair,
tear off your clothes, leaving you bare
to the elements, and treat you like, not *they*,
but you are the dreaded, wicked tare.

But for all this wounding of spite,
though anger would explode with its scorching
flare, to pay back in kind, I know that this
would only bring despair.

So I retreat to Paradise, unseen,
where, in a little known sedan,
I sit with real contentment. For there
no tyrant rules, and I may bear my heart
at will, everyday, among lilies much too fair
for sight by any eyes except those
who seek a wisdom that is rare.

Brian Coatney/8-5-04