

Nabuchadnosor

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Senseless the eyes: the brow bereft of sense.
Hunger is on the throne of pride; and naught
Fills the gray battlefield of ancient thought,
The market places of intelligence,
Save need and greed; whose royal words incense
The jealous God of Israel is distraught.
No jewels in the casket nobly wrought.
The shrine is grand; the god is ravished thence.

On clawing hands and hardened knees the King
Exists, no more; is it a little thing?
King Demos, hear my parable! We pass,
We poets, see you grovel at our feet,
Despise our love, and tender flesh, and wheat,
Clamour for lust, and carrion, and grass.