

IV  
The Farmland  
and the Forest's Edge

*"The mob is the mother of tyrants"*

-DIOGENES

2 4 8 11  
5

JULY 31ST 2015 BLUE MOON

N S E W

*(Four cardinal points*

*Four walls, corners of the earth, etc)*





**I** "THERE ARE TWO PILLARS PIED...THAT HIKED A TRAIL  
OF APPELLATIONS BACK ...WHERE JUNE NOW STOOD ONE  
FOOT ON THE GRASS AND ONE ON THE TARMAC..."

**2** "Come let us sow our dowered soil,  
draw harrowed audience!"

**3** "...they crowd only by force of vote  
...And force is violence..."

**4** "They just want shelter;  
some have never known a home..."

**5** "But to even learn  
you must endanger  
what you already "know."

**6** "Look... when I'm inside those wuthered heights,  
I must play the part,  
**7** But when you hear me speak as them,  
don't lose heart;

**8** ...Just a while, until we earn our own keep!"

"They guard the way..."

"but soon we'll hold every key!

**9**...O They laud your pen!"

"...til when it threatens just how they pay the bills..."

**10** When "truth's" not common cause  
all "dialogue" ...it's just a war of wills.



**11** .... and that trail's cleared with Abel's tears,  
Remus-Wounded-Knee on Apalachee loam..."

"...O I loathe it too, June..  
We'll amend it soon... for now feign along."

**12** "...To fawn amens,  
Annona render  
-with fealty unto state...?"

"...They'll vest us Aegis  
'tis how love may age us grey!

Toe the line.  
...and with fingers crossed kiss the ring?  
Feign a bow...  
...and at night we'll howl proudly!"

**13** "But they're like crabs around our feet  
who think us weak when we don't trade in sand..."

**14** their eyes aren't real in their sight  
unless the light of many eyes holds them exalted.

**15** No guards here tend the locks  
-the lot self regulates-  
**16** renown's a treat they gain in curating their cage..."



**I7** "THAT YEAR PASSED... THE CORN, CUT GRASS, AND  
SALTY SMOKE...

**18** ...SHE'D TAKE HIM IN WHERE JOHN OF LIEGES SENS-  
ES DULLED -WHERE "HE OF SEDGE AND BEE" PRETENDS  
HIS HONEY COMES FROM A DEAD BULL."

**19** "You tried to dress me up...  
present me at a ball...  
but my "savage manor" made 'em gibe and jeer  
in snickered protocol.

**20** My parents taught me to  
befriend the lowly and the weak,  
But that sycophantic lot plots I ought  
earn the favor of their elite?!

**21** He said long ago: "Boyo,  
may freedom burn in you a reckless wrawl!"  
that part of me won't ever change,  
or make its home  
inside of shame or wall!

**22** Vassal fame; decorating leashes;  
Slaves enslave in a mana-bread and circus!

**23** Born unto a stage  
they hone the cadence of a joke  
...but don't know why they're laughing.  
Their "god of Noble Lie:"  
vox populi, fears sovereign eyes  
... but how can Love burn where fire's frightening?



**24** For a plot of land you'd clip your claws  
-feign civil pedigree, file down your teeth...  
...The "Queen of Open Wood,"  
pride-of-the-pack, danced manic moon?

**25** ...Now you beg for treats, and beg to speak  
in portrait seats in public ballyhoo?

**26** Panopticon-domesticated... Paint the locks?  
Let fame of state-and-title shave your mane?

**27** ...but I can't hide my claws!"