

Madonna, Drifting Into Age

Across a black and midnight sky
The harlequins of heaven danced.
Madonna, drifting into age,
Stood by their euphony entranced

When, from the flickering balustrade,
Prometheus flung a fiery dart;
The trembling virgin was betrayed,
The doors of heaven flew apart.

Within, the sad Madonna saw
The truth that treasonous time forgot:
The consequence of playing whore
In history's vast, insensate plot.

Her shroud of holy virtue slipped,
Her need of human comfort burned;
No saviour came to Eucalypt.
The young messiah had not returned.

The iron height of heaven closed.
Thereafter, she was discontent.
Her faith to apathy disposed;
Her passion, to abandonment.

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