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*Renewal*

**As pistols cut the air like sabres**

Some approach the stage  
and some claim it  
some enter a land  
conquer it and then re-name it

The sword is for battle  
and the dagger for traitors  
who rises to page and  
who rises to liege  
and on what ambition  
do these both feed?

They come to the court  
and engage in some  
noble sport  
history forgets one and  
on the other reports

Of deeds and honours  
what more  
do you think it matters  
who earns the glory and  
the never ending story  
and who limps on home in  
shambles and tatters

When then  
through the ages it winds  
where it becomes a  
legend or saga  
or of such kind

Is it really of concern  
the world still keeps on turning

After all  
in the end  
your molecules are

buried deep in the earth  
or scattered to the winds and  
and sky

Beyond  
the reach of our  
pens and papers  
that have acted  
as pistols and cut the air  
like sabres...

the apache kid

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Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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