

## RESPONSE TO XANADU

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And from the pit I saw the keep  
That that mad poet glimpsed in sleep  
Its banners flying in the air  
And glass that shone with solar glare

Would that I could enter there  
And be among the great and fair  
And see the world with joyous eyes  
And laugh in merry company

But in the shadow of the dome  
I looked upon my humble home  
With growing rage, with vile contempt  
And lived in gravest temperament

'Twas the shadow 'd I resent!  
Twere the walls of golden brick!  
That Kublai Khan took for his keep  
Whilst my shack stood so desolate

Yet as I looked upon the stone  
A beam of light did pierce a cloud  
And there within my small abode  
I saw a glimmer on the ground

I stooped to see what made the light  
And there in cobblestone beheld  
That in the masonry there lay  
The shine of minerals aplenty

And now I saw the keep was gone  
The land stretched on in sullen treachery  
And cradled a sea of stony homes  
Inhabited by others much like me

We stared up at that vacant place  
Where once the oft desired stood  
And in that moment I did glean  
That Xanadu was just a dream