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