

Williams Dar

"This Was Pompeii"

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I am thinking about the woman in a century of peace,
On a bright mosaic she is washing on her knees,
And she looks up at the black sky beyond the mountain
tall,
She says, "Oh good, the rain is finally going to fall
today."
This was Pompeii.

And everyone has memories of the night that melted
stone,
The neighbor's nightgown, the screaming on the
phone,
And the tired man at the station says, "We can't tell
who's alive,
All we ever know is that the tourists survive."
Tra la, tra la," they say, they say,
"Let's Go Pompeii."

And I think about Pompeii when I feel the end is near,
Just before the rain and every time you disappear,
And I think about a teacup, suspended and half-
served,
And all the scholars know is that it's perfectly
preserved.
"Oh, oh," that's all, they say,
"This was Pompeii."

And as for my own kingdom, not a table leg was
charred,
I simply lost my kingdom 'cause I held it much too hard.
Once I had a sadness, the sadness turned to trust,
The trust turned into ashes and to lawyers and dust,
A century, a day,
This was Pompeii.

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