

David Bridie "The Last Great Magician"

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The Last Great Magician waves his final sparkler
Seven times seven times into the grave
Neath cracks of sheet lightning, the red sky rolls
Forever,
The family and followers all gather around
Calm down your troubles, lay down with me
Mulukuwasi, good witch of the sea
The dead man's last party, loud stories and ceremony
They dance on his embers, they drink to his soul

It's delightful, disgraceful, exhibition of reverence
Seven times seven times into the grave
His feet soft and dusty, fine spasms of dancing,
By the wide man with red eyes, teeth crooked as match
Sticks
And he mightn't look much but he's as wise as the
lizard,
The owl and the fire

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