

## **Theatre Of Tragedy**

### **"And When He Falleth"**

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"Be my kin free fro carnal sin,  
Bridle the toughts of thy Master."  
"There hath past away a glore fro the Earth;  
A glore that in the hearts and minds of men,  
Men demented - blindfolded by light,  
Nourisheth as weed in their well-groom'd garths."  
"Might, I too was blindfolded 'ere,  
Tho' years have master'd me  
A masque of this to fashion:  
Seer blest, thou best philosopher!"  
"The quality of mercy and absolution,  
Whence cometh such qualities?  
Build thy self a mirror in which  
Solely wanton images of thy  
desire appear!"  
"'Tis the Divine Comedy -  
The fool and the mocking court:  
Fool, kneel now, and ring thy bells!:  
We hold the Earth fro Heaven away."  
"'Tis the Divine Tragedy -  
The fool and the mocking court:  
Fool, kneel now, and ring thy bells!:  
Make  
us guffaw at thy futile follies,  
Yet for our blunders - Oh, in shame;  
Earth beareth no balm for mistakes -  
We hold the Earth fro Hell away."  
"Believe? In a deity long dead? -  
I would rather be a pagan suckled in creeds outworn;  
With fearytales fill'd up in head:  
Thoughts of the Book stillborn."  
"Shadow of annoyance -  
Ne'er come hither!  
...And when he falleth, He falleth like Lucifer,  
Ne'er to ascend again..."

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