

## Veneria

# "King Of The World Of Ideas"

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Masochistic at night and omnipotent by day  
the tyrannical child king of a neutral country  
whose arsenal only serves to palliate  
the brigades who stand firm by a frontier of glass  
whose court ball consists of threefold blindfold  
dewlap dancers who rave by their sacrificial strass

all contributions gratefully retrieved  
they don't have to be seen to be believed  
the walls of this palace are paper thin  
get close enough to write and you'll listen in  
but there's bugs on the walls  
planted from within

king of the world  
suicidal god of his own microcosmos  
where all black holes are filled  
and no bangs are big  
'cept the one that brought him there  
that pushes him away  
king of the world of ideas

it all goes by so fast  
nothing that slips past  
and if it does slow down  
stars would gather 'round and vaporise the ground  
his body will be noise  
and his mind be sound

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