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Understanding

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Understanding

They told us "grow up, you'll Understand - then, ha ha"
one day they died; i am now watching for what my
creations predicted with ha ha
and have few centuries before i die.

Walk, walk, the strangers talk;
you are and are not and it is strange...
and the wind wrote words of chalk
of tomorrow's change...

We are wanderers today, sing
there are strange watchers in the world of late -
portends the sign, i am I - king
and call it fate.

Walking in the darkened worlds, the ground quaked
and we spring easily - yet it is fall
and thirst goes unslaked
as the gods know all.

Understanding is death, know
you who are the finalists and such -
where it is meet that the gods go
there are no followers: death is not much.