

# Madonna, Drifting Into Age

Across a black and midnight sky  
The harlequins of heaven danced.  
Madonna, drifting into age,  
Stood by their euphony entranced

When, from the flickering balustrade,  
Prometheus flung a fiery dart;  
The trembling virgin was betrayed,  
The doors of heaven flew apart.

Within, the sad Madonna saw  
The truth that treasonous time forgot:  
The consequence of playing whore  
In history's vast, insensate plot.

Her shroud of holy virtue slipped,  
Her need of human comfort burned;  
No saviour came to Eucalypt.  
The young messiah had not returned.

The iron height of heaven closed.  
Thereafter, she was discontent.  
Her faith to apathy disposed;  
Her passion, to abandonment.

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