

Covidiad

I, the fatal fugitive, the ghostling prince, have come
to curb the rasp of struggling winds on unsuspecting shores.
From all my defiled temples, my spoiled palladium,
vengeful gods have brought their doom: debate and death and war.

The gods made me diaspora, dispersed on curling seas:
from land to land, each coast embraced; and where my banners fly
each breath speaks my name with dust and gasps my legacy
all throughout the carcass towns: in silent shrouds, now lie.

I came upon a blustery isle, a land of monstrous lords.
Agog with baffled honour and with dire counsel employed,
they left defences unprepared. Their clapped-out words afford
nothing but a pyrrhic throne, another ruined Troy.

Their sybil, confused in prophecy, on whom the fates depend,
will ensure that my odyssey and my empire does not end.