

## An Old Monk's View

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Do not go beyond the manicured walls after dark, my son.  
In the bush are crazed goars who may or not may not love you.  
They come with no humps and hitches, emerging in the night,  
Giggling and glaring for prey.  
And they will bear you away  
To secret crevices in distant mountains,  
Slap you gaily on their semen-sotted hearths  
With their sticky paws and moan, "Meat! Meat!"  
Lean back on their haunches and yowl to the full black moon,  
Bowing, drain the sap dry from your thighs,  
Bleat with passionate joy from dripping lips,  
Cry, "I etaercorp! I etaercorp!"  
To their gut's desire, bleat and bleat

Until they fall asleep.

They rise when hungry,

Or the need calls

To quench their thirst again.

In the day, they collect outside the gates and beg for bread

And knock against our Empire's walls with battered heads.