

## Werner the Kaiser

lays giant plans out across the expanse of his desk,  
rumbles in deep, mountain tones, too big for his chair,  
heavy arms loose, his utterances weighty  
yet clear; bright rivers for his troops' hushed wonderment.

A moustache grim as Prussian forests  
bristles gunpowder and myth, sparks  
like a pipe puffed by a fire, it stoked  
by servants loyal and true, their master greatly

lost in concern for the wide world he bestrides.  
The bear in his breast stirs. Hands that would pound  
earthquakes of territorial wrath fumble instead  
with the telephone, its petty peasant-buttons

designed for the meek, the hapless, the insignificant!  
Where is the scrawny neck he can wring!?  
Later, in council with others, he dozes,  
the hum of detail too much, the small chair

an offence, his standing in the team too neutral,  
too egalitarian, too tamed. That we spy  
his lolling, gentle snore, and giggle like girls,  
is just another nothing. This world is not for him,

not its facts, not its rude informality, not its small dream.  
One day he scratches at his head's boyish curls  
with mighty fingers, rises, and leaves, his second wife  
and brace of daughters left to fend alone, as he,

free at last, massively bewildered,  
hides himself away in some quiet corner  
and frowns down to eternity.