Banderlog

they sit
like sages
saying sooth
while all around
their castles crumble
treasures won
in Alexandria and Athens
squandered
on the pleasures
of a day
a stick, a twig
a hank of hair
their solemn
judgments merit
yet screams and death
and torments
whirl
without a thought or care
these learned few
the shadowed ones
they haunt
the steps
where Caesar fell
and mimic mighty deeds