

## 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