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The Sibyl Speaks of The House of Wolves

And there swims a Black Death in these
corridors of blood, in this house of

lowering suns. A plague of rats suckling
teats of wolves, ships of fleas sailing the

scalps of its brood, making them food.
Four-legged sinners, Devil-hewn grins,

the wolves are no uncrowned fools. They
take few prisoners, and eat their young.

But of us who shared her bed with that
ale-blooded King, tri-phallus fiend?

Angel of Babylon, Saint to philistines,
she bore three men, and drowned their

King this Savage Sovereign, Queen of
Sheets. Matriarch of Madness. And for

each Princess she leaves a tower or a keep.
And awaits each son, a war of thieves. A

fatal feud for this blood-hungry brood.