

NOW DEATH IS KING

(To Sacco and Vanzetti)

Now death is king and death's cadets
are seated in the high places
let honest men look to their souls
for we are fallen on evil days.

When justice owns herself a whore
and panderers sit upon the bench
and shepherds of our youth by day
turn death's procurers in the dark
let honest men look to their souls.

Let us look to our souls I say
and cast the ghastly reckoning
of all our sloth and heart's decay
for we are fallen on evil days.

Not theirs the cross were crucified
nor yet Pilat's or Pharisees';
in the calculus of God
Christ and Judas cancel out

In one apocalyptic flash
that we the quick may live to see
how death is king and his cadets
are seated in the high places.

Oh, honest men look to your souls
treasure the shame and agony
and note how from our stagnant depths
has sprung the common enemy
now we are fallen on evil days.

—*Edwin Seaver*