



# Lazarus is the Reason

e e e c g g g g a c d c e...d c g.  
 People in the alleyway are watching empty streets go by,  
 e e e c g g g g a c c d c a g.  
 Thinking of another day when margins melted from the sky.  
 d d d e d c a b b c b d .  
 Hydrants overflow into scattered flower beds  
 d d d e d c b b c b d .  
 Diminishing the water given to the dead  
 e d c c c a g .  
 In their all-consuming fire.  
 a c d c a g e d c .  
 But Lazarus in the Choir of Angels  
 d d d e d c c a b b c b d .  
 Doesn't really want to watch the Rich Man in his thirst.

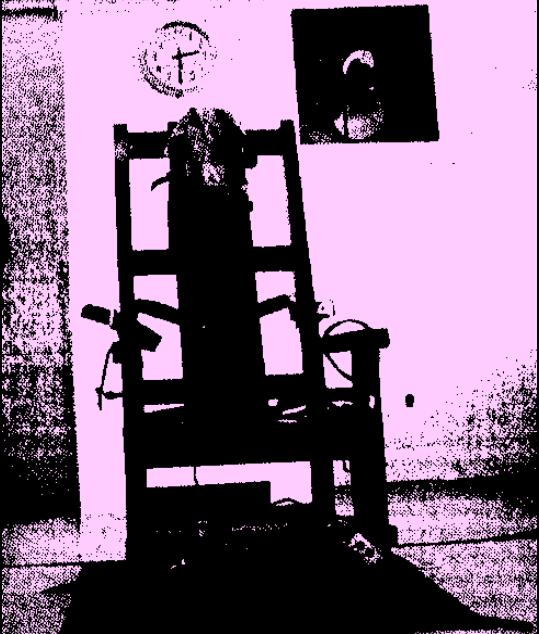
Out on the street, a black rib cage of a dog  
 Paces to and fro through a white centerline fog.  
 Inside the cage a canary suicide  
 Has people in the alley selling tickets on the side.  
 Weeping, wailing, gnashing their teeth,  
 Stampeding down the aisle,  
 They're fighting for the center seats  
 —The side seats aren't in style.

The black dog bows out to the Emperor's new suit of clothes.  
 In the alley voting booths all the May polls are closed  
 And tallied by majority consent.  
 The Presidential Body is draped in peppermint.  
 Children and sad poets all wonder what the leper meant.  
 He begged for crumbs of bread  
 But took gold coins instead.

Over the hydrant throne the Rich Man's deathly, muffled moan  
 Descends like a dove to crown Imperial Love  
 Which also is a rich and thirsty shell  
 Decreeing, "Let the flowers all go to hell!  
 "First things must come first.  
 "Irrigate the well-heeled thirst  
 "Anyhow—tears, blood and sweat  
 "Are only dirty water in the scientific set."

So Lazarus in the Fascist Choir of armband wearing, angelic power  
 Gets his way. After all.  
 Newton's Law of the Apple's Fall  
 Is but a science of darkly pacing dogs  
 Lapping dirty water from the leper's open sores,  
 Barking at the shadows in the alley by the stores  
 Where the dirty water's sold in jugs of finest gold  
 And every one is marked with a poet's quivering cross.

In the teeming alleyway, the holder of the center seat,  
 Who weeped and wailed and gnashed his teeth  
 Discovers how the trick is treat.  
 His Samson head is shaved so smooth, removing every hair,  
 To fit the copper crown all Fools' Kings must wear.  
 The electric chair is wired and tapped  
 —The crown fits very nice!  
 Lazarus pulls the gleaming switch  
 To send him screaming into Paradise.



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