

## To Statecraft Embalmed

*Moore, Marianne, 1887-1972*

There is nothing to be said for you. Guard  
Your secret. Conceal it under your "hard  
Plumage," necromancer.

O

Bird, whose "tents" were "awnings of Egyptian  
Yarn," shall Justice' faint, zigzag inscription—

Leaning like a dancer—

Show

The pulse of its once vivid sovereignty?  
You say not, and transmigrating from the

Sarcophagus, you wind

Snow

Silence round us and with moribund talk,  
Half limping and half ladified, you stalk

About. Ibis, we find

No

Virtue in you—alive and yet so dumb.

Discreet behavior is not now the sum

Of statesmanlike good sense.

Though

It were the incarnation of dead grace?

As if a death mask ever could replace

Life's faulty excellence!

Slow

To remark the steep, too strict proportion

Of your throne, you'll see the wrenched distortion

Of suicidal dreams.

Go

Staggering toward itself and with its bill,

Attack its own identity, until

Foe seems friend and friend seems

Foe.