***Two Pieces***

**1. *Recitative***

 When

 he,

The great Robespierre— I mean

when I, the great **ROBESPIERRE** mounted

the slippery scaffold with a

shattered jaw, I bellowed

in noble anguish for **MA PATRIE.** I died

like a sacrificial bull

after years of playing

the homicidal **SAINT.** Why,

you ask?Citizens,

it was **VIRTUE** that made me

vicious.

Despite my **COURAGE** what a botch

I made of my

Roman  **REPUBLIC** suicide.

But you, you rabble, how you spoiled

your **MILLENNIAL** chance!

So close to the final harvest

of skulls, consummating purge

and the feast of **LIBERTY** but your weakness

kept getting in the way. The only thing

standing between **EQUALITY** and the people

is people. I painlessly pruned

the vineyards of **FRATERNITY** to yield prosperity,

justice— offerings to

the goddess **REASON.** Is *this* my reward?

 **CITIZENS:**

I exit *sans tête* but not intestate.

**2. *Duet***

*Stalin's poetry isn't too bad.*

 *It mainly consists of verses*

 *in a romantic-pastoral vein…*

 —John O’Hehir

 \* \* \*

 *Adolf Hitler's stint as a jobbing*

 *painter has always been rather*

*overshadowed by his*

*subsequent career in politics.*

 —Ben Hoyle

 With violets I sit

 the breeze is fragrant and I think

 The meadow is in flower in my bunker

 Let your homeland Listen!

 be happy with The Valkyries they are

 your work pounding at my door!

 Yes for I I can see that I was

 am a poet wrong about some things

 but they are truer than words There were things

 those explosions I might have done differently

 on the outskirts Ach, hindsight is so easy

 in the streets All I can do

 shaking the walls on reflection is curse

 Stalin my people’s weakness

 and destruction coming and the Jews, the Jews!

in the night.