

## **Emperor's New Clothes**

The dilemma of speaking one's mind  
is that doing so would enlighten those  
who would otherwise most deserve the torment of wondering  
yet who are least prone to wonder and are most inclined to presume

So one can only hope to foster any inkling of doubt  
that may swim upstream the tide of anxiety born of ego  
to spawn some realization

And each time the Emperor lurches forward from recline  
to delight in the notion of wielding such a spell  
Exclaiming 'Poof! I'm invisible!'

One may entertain the Court with a tap dance on the meniscus of supposed  
suspension of disbelief  
as though the Emperor has in fact disappeared at will before our eyes  
Mirroring his own astonishment so as not to disturb the surface tension of  
this fragile prison  
and rather ensuring it remain sealed in keeping with the wishes of his  
Highness

But in service of the Kingdom also venturing to cast an indirect wink  
Setting an oblique window into those walls that a Subject may turn their  
gaze elsewhere  
Abandoning witness to the performance altogether

Until the day when he who bellows of invisibility  
surrounded only by his own echoes  
nods to an empty court, prophecy fulfilled, spell unbroken  
and begins to wish for illumination  
and imagines a window  
Recalls a wink  
and begins to wonder

