

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

