Fredericksburg, Texas   7 February 2025
Roadside analog –   Requires AP-skill

© Strangers in the House
or
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We have awoken this night,
to strangers in the house.
One if by sea, but two had
crawled ashore: such odd beasts,
the hungry kind. We - odd feasts.

So fell some – without any pride.

And some fell for crimson glower.
Some knelt for sweet earthy power.
Some fell from fear of missing out.
Some by rage fell for an age-old Tower,
darkly - whence that child-pout.

So fell some – sold out for high coin.

But it was just an old ragged-lie;
a thousand times we bled it.
It holds no glory. Only a death-tit,
on a tin-cross raised to glory-on-high,
to *steal* our gold, make us cry.

So fell some by remains - Divisor Sum

So the sick have come to heal the sick,
by conscience without shape. By shade
without form; its fear of *Holy* things. Slick
covered faces in a *Miller's Tale* of stings.
We are seized by the two that crawl thick.

So falls now this – this our solemn knell.

Echo Umbrella Romeo
Broken-Arrow to an Ode.
Article-V for us says to bend.
In just days falls Alexander and
Grant. Then the Wall. Then an end.

Awaken now *Ares,* these fools to send.
Years of red-termites have gutted the ports,
the treaties, our Arrow's edge. Lend
your eye East – we, odd feasts. Sold
out - by the strangers in the house.

And so fell a rebellious house.

But two had crawled ashore.
Foxtrot Locust Divisor Sum
A game of chess, lilacs from a stone,
torch-light on strange faces; it comes
hailing the foreign star to glory gone.

And so it fell. London Bridge is falling down.
Falling down, befallen to strangers of a Locust feast.
And fell we from a mad-King to kingly-Mad, the least.
And so fell we by *Divine* recoil and wrath's jolt to Radio-East.
And so fell the final thunder, it said - *Shantih³.*

Key: AI = Locust = feed the dragon - bring up coals from between the turning
wheels of the burning cherubim - scatter over Willows of the Brook. AI = Locust
x 6.02214076. 415 Radio-East. *Trans*: Soph's poetry-rule by scansion-obverse
when AI = Locust.

L.A. Dana – why are you still reading?