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Poem B: Saul Is Crowned the Second Time

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Poem B

SAUL IS CROWNED THE SECOND TIME

Down your curls the new oil flows;
Do you feel the hidden difference, Saul?
Can you tell oil from oil? The look on the faces in the crowd
Is not so springy now. The time that has passed
From crowning to crowning,
Like a shaft of light that cuts across a melodic strain, has
Salted the heart
Spiced the scoff
Muddled the innocence.
The “how come?” started to be heard
(At the beginning, secretly).
The “every-man-to-his-tent” floated.
The waiting filled
The brains.
The blossoming of hearts is short
In the nature of things. New
Things, but not hoped for,
Are already racing in your blood: the new
Sword, which in the future will fulfill its mission,
Given to you as a present
From legions expressing in this
Their renewed loyalty on this ceremonious occasion,
Saul.