

## **A Bloody King**

*Adut Loi Akok*

I would rather befriend  
the grave than to live by  
The grace of a bloody king

He tries to rule the world.  
Gold on his right hand,  
Diamond on the left.  
He's a man made of ornaments.  
On his head is a dazzling crown.  
He thinks he is a black god  
Staring like a wild lion, ready to devour  
every artist in the Kingdom  
(To thunder, whose poems  
scream bloody murder)  
Is he a lion, wolf, or jackal?  
Why is he so thirsty to turn  
thousands of poets into guards?

In order to turn thousands  
of elegies into praiseful odes  
Masking foul deeds and making  
Angels weep.  
For this case,

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grave than to live by  
The grace of a bloody king.