

## Oberon's Complaint

All boys were promised me, but Titania's whim frustrated my will.  
The blessings I bring need the world's division  
into orderly two-by-two columns and the predictable  
end to the play with marriage feast, passionate songs,  
yearning for once satisfied.

Gentles, cut the strings binding us.  
Your wars jolt me as I cross the stage. You embrace the end of time.  
I withhold my blessing until you move onto other plays. Mine will  
continue wherever two by twos join mingling  
their fates. Build your own stages  
where kings trod declaiming  
your logic of "I need more cows, I need the most cows."

Your plays end with deaths offending and disturbing.  
Heads fall. Souls shrink. The desire to prevail  
overcomes even the love of possession.

When you hear my grief it will sound like angry birds wailing,  
protecting their nests, afraid  
of a thing stranger than the fierce winds of winter.