

## Ashur Acha Iddina

There was a king once, and  
He was  
So scared, that breathing

Through his teeth  
He killed  
The men in the throne room  
And in the passageway, and then  
The men who were standing in  
The temple, fingertips to their god.

The one who has all the power  
Has nothing to fear,  
So he clearly didn't have all the power.  
Indeed, sources tell us

The poor bastard could feel gentle  
Thunder scattering  
The anxious little bones  
In his feet for lots,  
As foundation stones he'd watched wedding mortar  
Solved and dissolved down  
Away in the darkness. Then, then now, again he'd loathe

*Ashur Acha Iddina would loathe*

His skin of sweat even after he'd set  
Block of limestone  
Between himself and the world  
After block after block. And no  
Matter how  
Tightly he twisted  
His fingers, bleeding swollen into  
Bloodshed, he would hold onto his sceptre and feel  
Its shattering written on his  
Viscera, there. For  
What is our history  
But millennia stretched to dry across the axiom  
You can't control everything,  
Piled year, after  
Year, after year.