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Armand

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Armand

Lauren Maurer

Fervent prayer in an earthen cell
While pious monks die quietly.
“Forgive, O Lord, my vanity!
For, what is this, compared to Hell?”

My Shepherd’s faith is artistry.
Nailed on a cross, a dying waif
Has not my Master’s love or faith!
He canonizes beauty.

Raging fire leaves not a trace
Of all whom I have cherished,
And in the blaze, my Lord is perished.
I have lost all faith.

As Andrei, I knew devotion; as Amadeo, I knew love.
Now, whilst I know nothing, the young ones know Armand...