He stands as if chiseled
From a tree
In a uniform of embers,
Tipped with a golden glow.
Strands of snow
Dance around
Chin and clavicle.
Polished and painted,
The natural pattern
Now unknown,
The big black boots march
To the Little Drummer Boy.
Armed with teeth, short
Sword and lever:
Blockade that street!
Commandeer that dream!
Chew and chomp
The Ten Commandments.
The vultures in his head,
Pry the meat
Off the bones of
God, if he saunters
Into sight.
Perched on a
Golden pedestal,
With a gaze of a robotic falcon eye,
Big brother, or just little men.