

*Poem B*

**SAUL IS CROWNED THE SECOND TIME**

Down your curls the new oil flows;  
Do you feel the hidden difference, Saul?  
Can you tell oil from oil? The look on the faces in the crowd  
Is not so springy now. The time that has passed  
From crowning to crowning,  
Like a shaft of light that cuts across a melodic strain, has  
Salted the heart  
Spiced the scoff  
Muddled the innocence.  
The “how come?” started to be heard  
(At the beginning, secretly).  
The “every-man-to-his-tent” floated.  
The waiting filled  
The brains.  
The blossoming of hearts is short  
In the nature of things. New  
Things, but not hoped for,  
Are already racing in your blood: the new  
Sword, which in the future will fulfill its mission,  
Given to you as a present  
From legions expressing in this  
Their renewed loyalty on this ceremonious occasion,  
Saul.