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The Rat King

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The Rat King
Moose Hogeland

They look upon their subjects, a sea
Of tangled creatures dancing in forced synchronicity.
This royal ball will be defined by
The multitude of memories left behind.
As evening cycles from night then to
day, they falter in their vital movement,
Their aching feet ready to rest from the eternal merriment.
Too tired to keep dancing and moving, they take
Their leave and stumble to rest, finally arriving to
Their private chamber, picturesque in their disheveled mess.

The rotting sewers, a court of high renown, the
Home of vermin, a royal army of rats and roaches.
A roiling ball of bodies writhing in pain, unable to
Get free, unable to rest, they dance to survive.
The Rat King, foregoing the comforts of
Sleep, drink, and food for the eternal dance,
Until they never dance again, picturesque in their deathbed.

They look upon their desiccated subjects, a tangled
Mess of tails, blood, and fur. They
Delegate, document, and dissect the
creatures. The court is dismantled, untangled and
Cleaned. The grotesque, knotted tails are
Preserved in time to
Remind those who come long after
Of the royal ball of the rat king.