

## *The Legend of King Psapho*

“Psapho is God,” the birds were taught  
to say  
Led by a boy disguised in parrot-green,  
And, propaganda dropped by popinjay,  
The race would marvel and the monarch  
preen.

Psapho seems vain, but (blasphemy aside)  
Was little less ingenious than we,  
And shone the tawdriness of common pride  
Till virtue winked from virtuosity.

Our humbler Psaphos know a wiser game:  
The method varies and the birds now fly  
To prove that we and Psapho are the same:  
“Psapho is you and you,” the parrots cry.

This doubtful compliment, though dropped  
by kings,  
(“Psapho is ordinary—so are you”)  
Implies we soar the best by sharing  
wings —  
A thought, which beautiful, is scarcely  
true.

Psapho’s are clipped and we have lost our  
own,  
And thence the irony in which our age  
Locks Psapho fast, who thinks he sees a  
throne,  
Unconscious that he perches in a cage.

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