

Absolutely Not for Profit

by Ben Nardolilli

Napoleon's ghost tells me there are plenty
Of consolation prizes, just look around
And find the Elba of your dreams

I laugh and mention Helena, he frowns
And comes back with an Imperial Guard,
This is the way I will rally you, he says

After some courtesy laughs, I lead them
On a chase searching for the nearest steppe
Where I can let winter take over

Connecting with the dead I never knew
While both of us managed to be alive,
It is the only long distance call I make now