

## COMPLAINT OF THE IGNORANT WIZARD

Whoever gave me magic told me lies.  
This laying on of hands works otherwise.

Every whirling part of me is warm,  
Yet I come down on here like a snowstorm.

I speak the word that might unlock the rock  
But hard upon that word my two jaws lock.

My sleeping power, gathering to leap,  
Leaps tooth and claw into a deeper sleep.

The love potion I slyly pour for one  
Is by another seized and swallowed down.

I learned the speech of birds. Now every tree  
Screams out to me a baleful prophecy.

Into a statue's lungs I breathe my own.  
Sighing, it fills me with a sigh of stone.

My answer to the riddle bears with it  
A greater riddle and more desperate.

All all runs wild, all wild and uncontrolled:  
A toad hops from my mouth instead of gold.