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Obliged by foolish pride to eat the dust  
Of madness. As our fine crowns fall to rust,  
We curse as blindness what our fools call tears.  
As Edmund we engorge the gluttonous storm;  
We fix ourselves to burst upon the break  
And fall of order, seeking to unmake  
The pricks that kick against our natural form.  
Cordelia, our love, is hid within  
Our wild heart, and holds our banished light,  
That for her exile all we see is night.  
We stumble, broken, toward the truth we’d win.  
Within the play our thrice-drawn self will fight -  
And at the last, which self shall claim Its right?

by Cameron Wood