

11-4-80

Where do all the bean sprout folk
Go now in the reality stark
White enamel of the three watt
Fifty cubic foot frig? We are
Picking stroke-me-nots for the
Freudian vegetarians while
Helpless neighborhood peasants chorus
Cheers negating the dark cycles of
The programmed dream. Sparks of
Freedom from the animal-man
Sentences are thier only craving,
But the bean sprout folks read Federal
Memorandum revealing actual
Future, a worse fear for them than
The double A fuel dragsters, the
Nitro cranked bellow droning
Away from them.
Far away from the institutions
Manhattan and London regroup
Contemplating the vision of gold rings
Panoramic and monolithic, so many
Turns of the idle jet, yea on the
Accelerator pump; all the while
Fearing a driver, or realizing
The potential of his machine - the martyr.