

As the new men grab the  
Capturable sparks and hold them  
To thier breasts and smell the  
Beneficial ions pulling the gas deep into  
Thier over weary lungs.

The warlords in the bank regroup  
And send emissaries to bring the  
Idol of the new man back to earth  
To reprize thier control and  
The mightiest of thier warriors die  
Approaching the harmonious ring like  
Evil spirits struck by an amulet.  
The new men catch sparks.

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On the hill overlooking the metaphysical  
Dance the princess moans  
Putting on Mrs. Cleaver's clothes.  
She suffered birthpangs from  
"The Chicago Cold", and lived in  
Fear of being severely verbally punished  
By Ronald Coleman, if she could just kiss the  
Forbidden outlaw poet.  
One phone call to Mr. Cope would  
Cure it all and her devotion to  
Whirlpool emotions and clear heady vorticism

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