

The rest of the Wagnerian sopranos
Shun and dread that shaft of
Gladdening light creating phenomenal
Flirtations edging down the slopes.
"They are all cold men down
In the valley, they left us for the
Idol. Yet the righteous, my lover,
Is catching sparks even now", they cry

.

It is our only goal to
Impugn the chosen one, and
Refute his refutations the
Maxim templed in the flame
Of negation into blinding truth.
These words were blazened on the
Steps to the sanctus sanctorum
The professor tread returning home.
They called him "Preparation H breath"
Behind his back, he
Handed out the 'A's, collected \$200.00
A day, and definitely did not pass GO.
As long as he got the \$200.00a day
He'd be "hemorrhoid Face" and "dildo brain"
Never be told to "get the Freud out of here",
And have his words on the steps
Inlaid in gold, this was the
Clock works of his machine.