

The chosen one, object of the  
Mohammedan diarists consulted  
His bus schedule and looked for heavenly  
Signs portending the sacrifice.  
Thanksgiving -Yes!- turkeys- he thought  
Easter people marked millenium  
When his birthday felt, and initiated  
The "persona" poems, the ultra  
Intricate toilet training manuals.  
These things heightened the creative  
Energies he well knew, but the  
Natives have never been calmed with  
Thier error being exposed. They only  
Wanted more, the blessing must dispersed  
You know, he couldn't blame them.  
He only whistled public domain  
Ditties now, generic can goods were a  
Cosmic panacea.

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The ornate web of this self induced  
Paranoia mingled in the incense filled  
Space an opiate of the ostracism-belonging  
Complex. "We need obedient dogs recognized",  
Read the memo from the Pharoahs.  
There is no bettle in the spirit world,  
We need not dot the 'i' or cross the 't'.