

Dr. Cope was well pleased with the
Ballerina and pointed to the doors of
Reentry. He screamed, "Jump in Omega,
They can't kick you there." The slap
Of quiet, the trickle of the floodgates of
Emotion cut off, the drought on the
Freudian planes, affixed his patient
Three dimensionally. She screamed for
The doctor like a just whelped bitched
Protecting her litter, never understanding
How the doctor worked the valve.
Dr. Cope played the game without
Playing the rules, they were imprinted
On his mind like a school boy's
Tribolite fossil into stone, the doctor's
Latest deployment was a Barinf's Bank
"Get off first" game played by literary
Spies. He dropped dog biscuits to blind
Children practicing tempered metre, dipping
Greedy ladles in the fountain. His
Progeny were hot and burned in adolescent
Passion into political causes preaching
Controlled genocide and standing room only.
His ballerina was off the track since
She sent the golden monolith of ring
To the copyright office. She craved to
Burn righteous in the shadow of