

Rock facisti intone in dark ceremonies singing  
The old Hymn somehow fading out in  
The television minds to gain more control  
By use of new clinical exposes.

The Blues get hymnlike, no glissandoes.  
And play on paper at destroying the world  
You thought so much of yourself, and the  
Seeing yourself in it on prearranged paths  
Where manakins leap forth starkly;  
Opinionated, watching, reopening.