

3-9-81
cover

Dealing eith the Matriarchy

Our hero died on the rask in
Peanut butter county in the year of the
D.J. a certain conjunction of Zen
Citizen and electronic Cristian
and Home Learned Faith.
Sensible and existential a lacst breath
A good lock and he was gone, gone
At last forever and always gone
His soul skipped the trip over the
Mount of no imagination as he
Expired to always of spring summer days

He egged on the new electronic gentry before
The devise chatised the rock facisti, those
Factional freudian meanies we all know.
As a ch ld the man was the sort you
Would instantly drag surreptitiously to the
Principal's office. He had a fault the
Teachers preached against to halt his naughty
Ego. Reaching to adolescence he reformed
From books and ungossipy private
Freedom endefined in standard operating procedures
Of standard operating metaphysical morality
Compassing herein a primordial civilazationship
Of man.

The first encounter with a jealous matriarch
Was at a seance when a pouty baby uttered disgusted
Come on commentary as he mentioned to frien