

Theorized on Olympus naively, on  
Invisible hands parting and gathering the clouds,  
And the heat came and  
Relented long unnaturally, the good  
Sheep survived as reward, the crumbs  
Scattered by the invisible hand.  
The man with the old men's words  
Lived long enough to see the cycles and  
Hear the words impose thier reality  
To the cycles, and sought some who  
Could see the cycles, and sought some who  
Could see the movie, and a few did.  
They had thier own truths and told  
Him we are not sheep and the movie  
Looks like this. He heard them and  
Exposed the Queen's imposed supposition,  
They heard him and turned thier  
Backs and grovelled in witty sophisms.  
Pleasing the Queen and the jesters who  
Fed them the new form of thier ideals  
And pulled the food from thier larders  
And fed them the beauty of death.

He went back to the old men and  
Could not find them, the old men  
Had been removed from the world  
By the Queen her jester's hegemony  
Had turned all into sheep. He