

Senses until you cry two dimensional
Descriptions while the masters
Coveted wit,
Or acquiring the outside world
The mechanism of these recorded
Millenia studied freedom in Alexander, Lafayette,
Carnotm Hamilton, and Liebniz
and cried with a metaphoric monkey
Wrench before the mechanism;
Reason two is that you fabricated the
Parody on the surface, manufactured
The flattering simile to prove the
Salesman right, that reality is
Not an ugly phantasm; you
Witted a stroke of fantasy into
The story, your maxim hailing
The living sun god and palatable
To the masses;
The mechanism glows at last for
You an easily assumable incorporable
Limb; You invested in the hazy
Golden umbra gazing righteous on
The cricket fields, the polo ponies;
And lost to alcohol, the capsule, and
The pipe, the stokers putting
You to bed with ringing praise,
Thundering acclamations of your perceptions.