

On a soap box in the park.  
And then the desperate years loomed  
Too long for her you know, time  
Made a mistake, she had the  
Clout and her tickle burned out.  
She had the secs with cognac  
In the library before a crackling fir.

We marvel with a justly widened  
Vision at these points of light,  
Unity at time of creation spread  
Around us now a thinking part  
More than merely watching a completion,  
It should shine and sparkle  
And fill your heart and name  
Itself uniquely to you, your knowing  
Fumbling for a label, a cause, or  
Reason unjust for your moment.  
Mount a truest track made reasonable  
By wise men or die a death of  
Satisfying religion or seek a purgatory  
Of steaming sloganeering.

(When I saw you I said to  
Myself when I saw you I  
Thought I stepped in a file of  
Doggy do, You must realize a complement