

3-9-81  
cover

dealing with the matriarchy

Our hero died on the rack in  
Peanut butter county in the year of the  
D.J. a certain conjunction of Zen  
Citizen and electronic Christian  
and Home Learned Faith.

Sensible and existential a last breath  
A good look 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 chastised the rock facisti. Those  
Factional Freudian meanies we all know.  
As a child 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 ungossiyy private conversation  
Freedom undefined in standard operating procedures  
Of standard operating metaphysical morality  
Compassing herein a primordial civilazationship

The first encounter with a jealous matriarch  
Was a seance when a pouty baby uttered disgusted  
Come on commentary as he mentioned to a friend he  
Thought he'd like to body guard millionaires on European  
Trips for a living.