

7-23-80

The machine gleams before you  
Bright as the imagination that  
Created it,

Huxley feared the greasy cast  
Iron and smell of burning lube  
Oil,

The machine gleams before you  
Bright as the perpetual motion in

A light sculpture, clean and  
Powerful much more beauty than

The system of pure artist's imagination:

Hanotaux and Witte scared poor

Aldous too, you can't have your

Future and beat them too,

The scary question of how do you

Keep them down on the farm? - -

The question must arise.

I believe we liked riding the  
British deby service bubble all  
The time mostly because we didn't  
Notice it: just like a damn  
Shell game until you notice the  
Necessary ramifications crushing peoples,  
Whole tribes; I don't mean the lost nation  
Of the red man, I mean today! Not until you