

The Curiousesest Seesaw of them All

Ah, the illustrious lights of our ever-illustrious times;
Ah, the busy little bees whispering in our elephantine ears
here and there and everywhere:
the songs of power, the rising towers,
the chiefest outrages of our times.

Yea, Verily, yea, they sing our
rising songs and stats,
our stately diplomats
and eternal plaintive ditties:
“ah, but this and that.”
“Ah, but also that and this.”

Such it is; such it is;
tis the curiousesest seesaw of them all.

Today an unforgivable smirk says
(It says everything in the world, it does)
“I shall sit idly by and
Tempt and tease, tease
and tempt and tempt.”

We sayest in return:

He and she: “No, nay, and nevermore,
Say it isn’t so, say it ain’t so!”

She and he: “By electronic uvulas,
by giga-belly buttons incongruous,
what an unmitigated outrage, that.”

The boggled of us,
the curiousesest seasaw of them all.

Truly, these are the giga-bellies;

they glorify the seesaw,
upside, downside.

The boggled of them.

For
no it ain't so,
No, nay, nevermore for
the whole tip-to-tip
atom-meet-atom
thing of us is all upside, downside
with all philosiphication
and useless contemplation with our ears like elephants
and the love of popularization and fickle sycophants,
and piles of other things sitting idly
on this tip-to-tip seesaw
stretching its long beam
across this all blue-green strip that is.

Tis the curiousiousest seesaw of them all.