

A Cycle

Men I Trust

Dreaming of enhanced feelings
Words with no loss of meaning
Known limits shall give away
Fresh apples that won't decay
Breathing craft and will

Sun pursues eternal extols
Rotating spheres, shifting poles
Deposed kings and queens
Against new competing machines
Standing marveled... in awe

Massive tides carefully smooth domains
Nature reveals itself to mankind again
Cirrhosis removed from patient men
Who dare... come back flesh and bone
To reclaim the world as their own