

Scientist

Richard Dawson

I am come straight from the palace
Through the toadsong to your step
At the behest of the king
With a gift for your temple
I have lugged this strange contraption
Over many a hoary dale
Unbar the gate! Take me to the house
Of your so-called priest... blasphemer!

"We do not require the use of your abandon
We have our own seeing-device, powered by waste
It no longer recognises words or numbers
Words or numbers"

As a fellow citizen of reason
I strongly suggest you reconsider your position
Otherwise you may face truly dire consequences
The instalment of this modern wonder
Is for your own benefit
Down will rain boiling tar on your rooves, if you refuse

"We have long-
since in a vision fled into the nameless foothills
Somewhere fire cannot live - a secret dome
Enclosing a whole world made anew
World made anew
World made anew"