

## Climax Change

Red fog, night is day, all fogged up! Testing, testing, .... coughing:

First an epistemological question:

“Are you all there?”

Next an ontological question:

“How would you possibly know?” .....

Ah, nobody laughed; that is telling!

I must therefore set the stage: Greece, ancient Greece ....

Erecting a 1000 masts for a 1000 ships, for face value?

Where a few years later

It would have sent them packing, retracting.

No need to fall ... as heel, heel first.

Teeth are at the bedside now, in a glass.

Hope's all gone, just one white pubic hair stuck among the loose incisors.

True, the eyes once had it, Oedipus licks.

Now no need to pluck a lyre you can't hear.

Favorable trade winds will soon take us back to greatness

Such wind is free these days,

No need to waste a daughter.

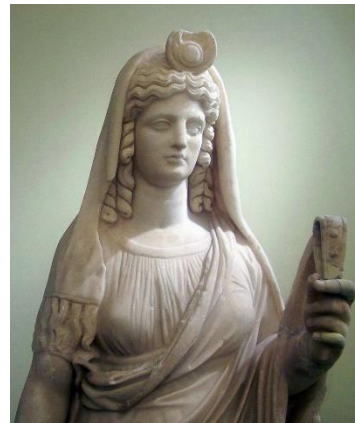
Back to where the helmets are made, drawn from the stone.

Six feet apart, but on the y-axis below, safe now, with honor.

Back to Ma Persephone.

“Oh, hello Mr. Dante,

No, sorry, no Beatrice here, I am afraid.....”



Herb Ranharter, 9/9/2020