

PHILOSOPHER

HEROS, AGAPENOR, not bad, first,
who truly to men honour brings.
High sky battue. Variance to analyze.
Bliss insists the moistened air –
a system of gate and lock
that lift, deflate as times go
and leisure wing –
are help by fresh sun on herb canvas.
All else a penury.

Thinking long, mast collect; heave hard
you've mentor-mention about imprisoned anguish
that lopes lack, fills herds with:
"From others will help come to our existence,"
when such things barely exist.
Trail loose the battogues of reason, welcome!

Devote smiles and simper,
mass times acceleration equals force;
cold rest acquits singularly.
Excursions notice tumbled from nidus, exhaustion heats;
and in the table of thalamic definitions
slave is rundown by *enslaved*; *blackmail* and *blackball*
are from under Victorian and earlier sheet come;
burrowing for references someone must go for meetings
where our love went;
and the best teachers have always been student.

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Notes: HEROS...Hero; more than mere man. Shower of kindness to fellow men.

Battue: beating the brush to flush game. Holp: past of help. Mast: fruit
of forest trees. Thalamus: p/o the brain – integrates sensory information.