

To the proposition that after their stone cottage winters  
they might have to join the clergy in saving art from the masses  
bought up sold out dumbed down into good soldier material  
by nation-states doing what they're told is good for business,  
forgetting as best they could the desire of the man for the woman  
the desire of the woman for the desire of the man though  
agreed that a real heaven must glorify carnal love,  
both more drawn to the bardic than to the leprechaun poets  
excepting always the music from under the hill where the rainbow ends

Coming to grips with phantoms and echoes of arcane philosophy,  
boning up on spectres apparitions daemonic systems,  
wrestling with decadent angels of continental idealisms,  
summoning the ghosts of oriental nobility  
to cross in their masks wing to wing to the keening of the pipes  
disembodied images passing silently as thought  
through lunar phases replicated in Minnaloushe's eyes,  
*CONfound it* objected the king of the cats with more than a bit  
of stage Oirish *in moi counthry the Church IS Babbitt.*