

## THE LAST PLACE

Where they were, for them was dull forgetful,  
possessed none of the loop-trajectories  
careless childhood in free association  
and experimental yard and field,  
they were told, learn so much.

Those small accomplishments,  
by better than adolescent hygienes threatened never to be forgot,  
never loosened, by they “that never grew up, that always need Papa.”  
Says the philosopher, “the trouble is the boys who always need Papa,  
they’re the violent ones, they have the guns...” and position throughout,  
with never a progression to social helps, adult,  
that know the place of protect, instruct, with wholeness found.

Ever surly, big deals smiled in the offing.  
They had moons to mine and asteroids to strip and that weight bring in.  
Distant outer lights attentions swirl, they admire.  
Lies fed themselves and grew sate.  
Faux-knowledge and poor math theory,  
foundering understanding,  
kept the ‘innocent’ destruction up,  
and ease of listen and go-along was in continue.

But I’m told they never did find that last place to stand  
in a great grass naked, breathing real air,  
having given the gibbons their trees, as few of them went to their needs  
to stay the human flood of disaster business related.