

Sleepy Days

By Chris Minton

We raise the goblet and wallow in jest
As we boast of our latest adventures
A bit of interest allows the quest

There is nothing to temper or censure
Our ever-matricidal consumption
We all own Narcissus' debentures

It is folly, a Judge's injunction
About a dry hole we never have known
And *Imagine* was total dysfunction

The picture box is the seed we have sown
It is the universal prescription
Sentient programming we no longer own

Bloodshot eyes will peer through the foundry's haze
And look with regret on these sleepy days