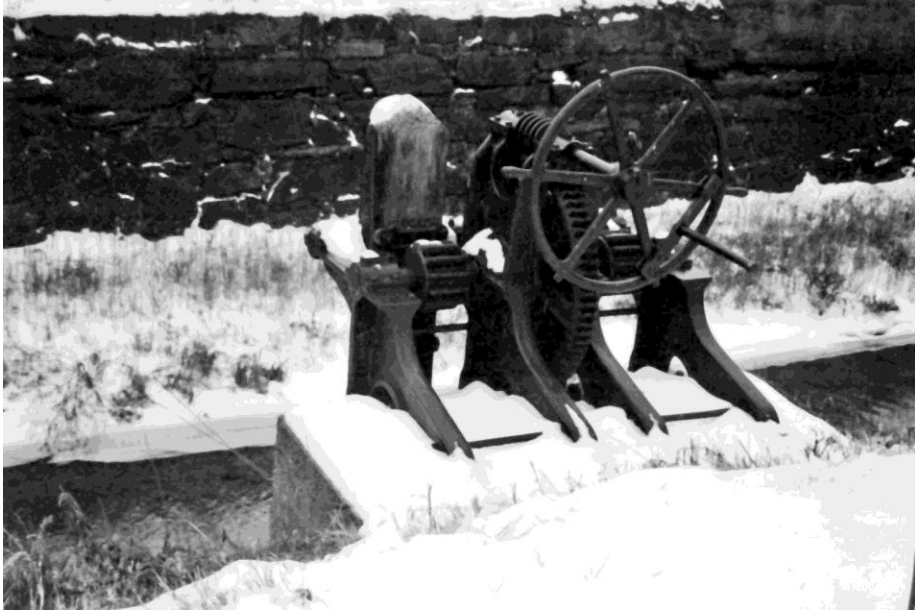


Saturn Dreams

We are lost
in the opaque storms
that embrace humanity.
Our creations shadow us
with black clouds of prophecy.
Our creator's ambiguity
eludes prudent pupils.
Machines and machinery threaten
to rise above and replace us.
This power, however,
Will belong only to man.
In the twilight
of his weakness and cruelty,
a strange, new world will emerge
where automation augments
with whirling winds whispering:
"I was the truth in cosmic nights,
be still wandering traveler
and the answers will cleanse your soul."



Industrial Fossil