

Stranded  
In a life in which your struggle for acceptance  
Is a never-ending chore,  
Upbraided  
For your actions past and present and rewarded for the ideas  
Of the future's bright open door.  
The henchman  
Is the human analogue of the suffering multitudes  
Who like good dogs sit and lick for their reward.  
So what good advice have I got for you  
To insure against your likely metamorphosis into this reprobate  
?  
Don't be a henchman,  
Stand on your laurels,  
Do what no one else does and praise the good of other men  
For good man's sake.  
And when everyone else in the world follows your lead  
(Although a cold day in hell it will surely be)  
That's when the entire world shall live in harmony.