

## Utopian Society

Rasputina

There once were two utopian societies  
Pavonia, land of the peacocks  
And Swaanendael, valley of the swans  
Both have trade  
Miserably  
There, behind every chair,  
A negro slave  
The blackest of the black!  
Attired in white apron and vest  
Standing ready to attend to each guest  
Such as the corrupt and exotic Governor  
Lord Cornbury, whose custom it was  
To take a daily stroll dressed  
In silk gowns like a fashionable lady

In this he failed  
Miserably  
Lord Cornbury did this, his friends said,  
To demonstrate his resemblance  
To his cousin, Queen Anne  
His impetuosity, however,  
Did not extend to marrying a manor milkmaid  
"Chee!", he left  
Square in shape  
With a hip roof and a belfry in the center