

Descendants Of Smith

Roy Harper

He woke up in a crashing din
Half in a dream he grabbed his sword
They smashed the door down and rushed in
"What the Hell" was his last word
He staggered out into the snow
And left a stain that didn't go
Until it was found in four million and three
By descendants of Smith
His snuff box and his shoulder pack
Were sold in 'Antiquarian'
Someone else's bric-a-brac
A taste of times long since bygone
The stain was sinking in a vice
Two feet deep in solid ice
Until it was found in four million and three
By descendants of Smith
His blood was put in their machine
Which reproduced him at great speed
Engineered a female gene
And put them in a room to breed
With esperanto anecdotes
Resuscitated microdots
The descendant of Smith
Ran a colony of centaurs
Roamed a zoo with mastodon
And never knew of his mentors