

Impression of J. Temperance

The Fall

Hate wide for dog breeder
in the town of purport
A never seen dog breeder
This is the tale of his replica.

Name was J. Temperance
Only two did not hate him
Because peasants fear local indifference
Pet shop and the vet, Cameron.

One night vet is called out
from his overpaid leisure
To Temperance household, delivered ran out
and phoned his wife in terror.

The next bit is hard to relate.
The new born thing hard to describe
Like a rat that's been trapped inside
A warehouse base, near a city tide
Brown sockets, purple eyes
And fed with rubbish from disposal barges brown and covered

No changeling,
as the birth was witnessed.
Only one person could do this:
"Yes" said Cameron
"and the thing was in the
impression of J. Temperance."

His hideous replica.
Scrutinize the little monster
Disappeared through the door
His hideous replica