

## 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