

Brian Doerksen**"Miss Shapiro"**

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All the peasants in the squares
At their tables and their chairs
Set to salvage certain numbers
From the wonder of the tundra
And the muses in the gloom
Counting needles in their rooms
On the carpet in the corner
In a kind of secret slumber
While the information rain
Slashed the dirty window pane to the square.

Smoky broads and smoky windows in the square
Come come charmer come on over for the day
Disappearing cocoa forests flash and die
Fortunes crumble all demolished in the bay.

Over forty pointed people
In the perfect pointed steeple
Looked to see the lucky number
Yes the wonder of the tundra
Had come up to fame and fortune
Singing his tune, my tune, your tune
Wooing daughters of the gifted
On the carpets of the courtrooms
While the tickets were expensive
The show was quite relentless in the square.

Smoky broads and smoky windows in the square
Come come charmer come on over for the day
Disappearing cocoa forests flash and die
Fortunes crumble all demolished in the bay

Dalai llama lama puss puss
Stella marls missa nobis
Miss a dinner miss shapiro
Shampoos pot-pot pinkies pampered
Movement hampered like at christmas
Ha-ha isn't life a circus
Round in circles like the archers
Always stiff or always starchy
Yes it's happening and it's fattening

And it's all that we can get into the show.

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