

Tilt

"Collect 'em All"

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Angry little patriarch, you sit upon your cardboard
throne, computer =
chip to make you talk, a bad synthetic baritone.
Vengeful one, exacting =
father, you are nothing but a toy, take your leave you
have no power, I =
don't fear your damning voice, bearded one, bellowing
a hollow threat =
take your thunder, take your fire, don't forget your
coronet! Imitation =
potentate, stern expression painted on, mantle made
of cellophane and =
brandishing a rubber wand, consecrated effigy,
thousands of your model =
sold, assembly line divinity with simulated
thunderbolts! You are all =
powerful among the other toys, modeled and painted
and fiercely employed =
with lording over all the plastic action figurines, collect
'em all, and =
melt 'em down with my acetylene.
Submitted by: Mel

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