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Plato's Cabin

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PLATO'S PCABINS

Andrew H. Oerke

The Old Man sat swinging on his throne, swaying
on his back porch in the sky, and waving
his scepter and plastic rattle like a fool.

Clouds thundered appreciation. So He pulled the throttle
of the universe out to full speed, and raving
and ranting like Ophelia, He went winging
east to get west, till He arrived at Twilight's redwoods,
where he camped out for good in his rocking chair, like so,
and dreamt another world into existence,
but realized too late it looked just like the last one.