

Departmental

A carver by a shithouse drain
Ran into a lesser wayne;
True to their canine class
Each sniffed the other's ass,
Saw his business wasn't with such,
Licked off the anal smutch
And was off on his duty run
Hoping he might encounter some
Thing that smelled of treason,
For that was his mutt soul's reason
To sniff out disloyalty
To the Chair or to the King.
A rumor of discontent
Drew the carver on the scent
Of the lecturers' track
Where he hoped to extract
Some treasonable fact
Or names he might report
To his higher-ups at court.
He slavered ~~at~~ with aspiring
To be in at the firing
When the camp's sub ~~x~~ fifty-three
'd be relased from their drudgery.
He'd lick up the shit and fur
In the wake of the mass-a-curr
And win himself another star
from Wos the Gulag Commissar.
Mad blood lust raised his hackles then;
His brain ran amuck in the faculty pen--
The chance to report to Fonkén and King
How he'd bitten the heel of bastard offspring
And shorn the twice-shorn lambs for soite
And driven'm into the jobmarket night.
A carver envious of the sight
Of human beings that walked upright
He saw fat meat afloat in his gravy
If now they could only get rid of Kinneavy
And number among the professional dead
That ass-lickers' scourge James Gledd.
At last to be rid of the imposition
Of having to teach composition!
He trotted past the departmental cages
Kept shut for fear of Great Ones' rages
By the souls within that feared for their ration
Should they let themselves be moved by passion
Or arouse the Commissar's minions
By daring to voice private opinions.
The carver was carried aloft in his vision;
He saw himself be-medaled and ribboned.
He'd even outshinethe worthy bill
An upstart pup not reckoned nill
When it came to sniffing disloyalty
In the campaign for mediocrity.
His dole he felt was good as given--
And thereupon appeared a gribben,
A show mutt trained for fawnin and fibbin,
To come at Wos's call in a minute ,
To stand and weep in the faculty senate
And after the fun to help to bury
The dead that came from the Commissary.
Since the rule is clear to canine kind
On meeting to sniff the other's behind,
Striking their poses the mongrel two
Danced the step that dogs must do
Then ran out to find dead bodies to chew.

You could not call it gentle
But how thoroughly Departmental.

15 March 1985