

I V

of all the blessings which to man
 kind progress doth impart
 one stands supreme i mean the an
 imal without a heart.

Huge this collective pseudobeast
 (sans either pain or joy)
 does nothing except preexist
 its hoi in its polloi

and if sometimes he's prodded forth
 to exercise her vote
 (or made by threats of something worth
 than death to change their coat

—which something as you'll never guess
 in fifty thousand years
 equals the quote and unquote loss
 of liberty my dears—

or even is compelled to fight
 itself from tame to teem)
 still doth our hero contemplate
 in raptures of undream

that strictly(and how)scienti
 fic land of supernod
 where freedom is compulsory
 and only man is god.

Without a heart the animal
 is very very kind
 so kind it wouldn't like a soul
 and couldn't use a mind