

## XIV

pity this busy monster,manunkind,

not. Progress is a comfortable disease:  
your victim(death and life safely beyond)

plays with the bigness of his littleness  
—electrons deify one razorblade  
into a mountainrange;lenses extend

unwish through curving wherewhen till **unwish**  
returns on its unself.

A world of made

is not a world of born—pity poor flesh

and trees,poor stars and stones,but never this  
fine specimen of hypermagical

ultraomnipotence. We doctors know

a hopeless case if—listen:there's a hell  
of a good universe next door;let's go