Where the Hominids Do Love:

Where the hominids do love,

Is that ancient land whereof

Heat burns and wind cools

And there are no written rules.

Every man of society,

Can every other man see,

The chief is known by name

And involved in every game.

The rattling of bones

Are their anthemic tones,

And their canopy up high

Is the simple star-lit sky.

There, god is just a thought,

Justice can’t be bought,

And exploration is tradition

In this monoethnic coalition.

There is a sweet satisfaction

In having just one faction,

For they dance and laugh as one

Beneath the mango sun.