I Dreamt that I Dwelt in Faux-Marbe Halls

Utopia eternally delayed in coming,
We shall have always possibilities of slumming,

Whose pleasures, let's be honest, have a firmer grounding
Than castles in the air with happy surfs surrounding.

It is no time to gloat a little, thinking over
One's years of youth and patience, when a bed of clover

Seemed out of reach; and if not Hindu nails as bedding,
The prospect of a period of heavy sledding .

So, Mendicant down on your luck, Hispanic Hooker,
Old Thief, Sick Junkie, for the ever smug onlooker

You are his proof of status. Spectacle, assurance,
Forewarning, you, as we, are two sides of endurance.

For any spectacle there is a mob of Romans,
As Leftists have their sacrificial Willy Lomans.

Let us enjoy our little hour of sneers at vassals.
The welfare state will soon enough reduce our castles.