















Woe The Unicorn

Through the ead behrens
of centures of hours,
amidst ignorant and scorn,
again and again a creature appears,
Out of the mist,

rides the unicorn!
In the fragile light
of a quarter moon,
in the mantle of fog
on a calm-damp morn,
at the end of a rainbow
and into a beam,
hence the unicorn!

To labor and dreamers,
in portents of peace,
a new world awaits to be born,
A vision of hope
must not be dimmed.
Come! Woe the unicorn!



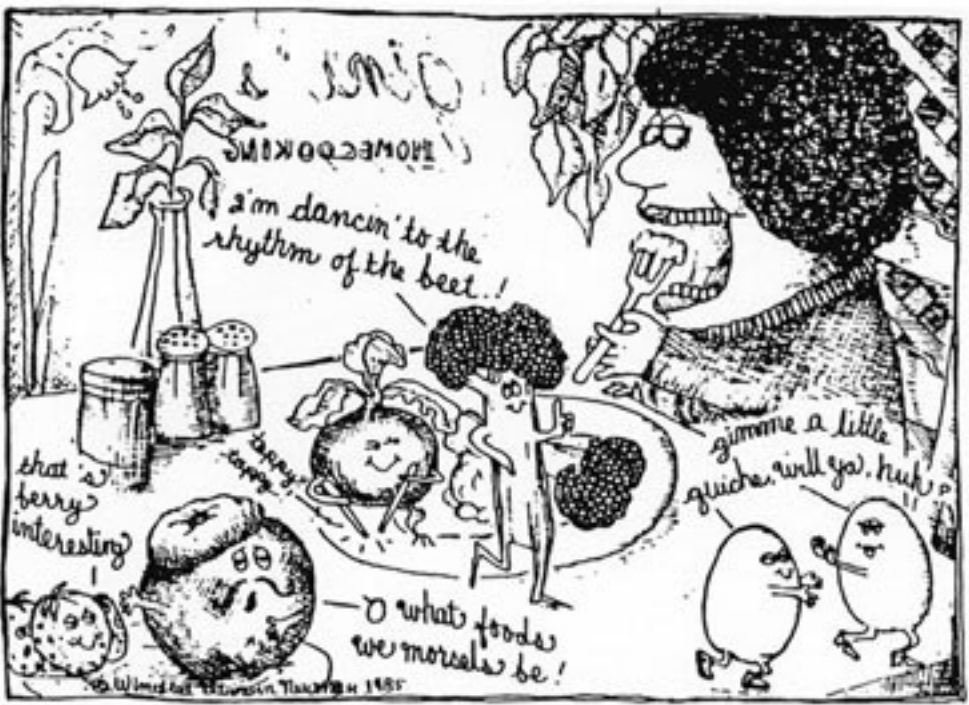












THOMAS BOKING

I'm dancin' to the rhythm of the beet!

gimme a little quiche, will ya, huh?

What foods we morsels be!

that's pretty interesting!