

Ferments 1962  
H. Santomaso

Fermenting, fermenting  
a brew.

...

How could things be as mugged up?

...

Just look around, see what we find:  
a recession, turmoiled  
Highjacking mugged up  
In fuel without oil  
Of professors twisted in minds  
As a president's lies  
A world that scarcity casts  
Sighs of starvation

...

What do we find?  
Maybe heaven, paradise.

...

"The calm of the soft times  
Fermenting, fermenting  
The stew  
In the muddle with splittings of paint



END 11/20/74  
H. S. Santomaso