

Thou Might Be Feuerwerks

By Russ Davidson

Ye once did thinketh,
how doth thou create
thy fires of monster
he wilt breathe irate.

Once ravag'd and feared
no longer a threat
thus L. pyrophorus
we study instead,

A lizard of desert
thought to descend
from dragons of ages
we try to contend.

Miss Virginia Y.
technician of ours
do attend lizard raise
thy stomach of fires.

Ductus of Kwentsch
enlarg'd like a pear,
brown fat co'ers it
but please do take care,

For temperatures hast raiseth
stimulation of nerves
sympathetic in organ
lizard lusting her curves.

For methane is form'd
in stomach of beast
bleching the gas
steam at thy least.

Black bile bubbling
arous'd we doth fear
avoiding its gaze
avoiding its sneer.

Asbestos - protector
o ne'er wilt burn
thou tender'st of nostrils
bestrew us to learn.

So blood let with leeches
anatomy doth tell
the structure and function
of which we know nil.

I ts last single huff
a glance at Miss Young
writhing and seething
til death overcome.

However we know
from the stories of East
'tis the last remaining species
thy last single beast.

So it too is extinct
like dragons of lore
our research improvable
from now e'er more.

Draconian measures
our research severe.
Our errors abate
our hopeless career...