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Box Mangle

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BOX MANGLE

The cloned doctor fiddled with his mouth
organ, getting the pitch just right.

That boy Brick sailed over the fence
like a feather, or a lithe triplejumper.

You spoke once of the dangers of fly
spit, but how some day we might harness it.

Preludious bliss had its day in the sun
then wilted leaving us in this flimsy night.