

Clutch, The Package

Peddler of gewgaw gardens in the fog.
Nikolai reclines to dream of tarantulas.
A cobblestone way shakes a fleeting carriage.
It speeds along and drops a package.
Blue light escapes the laboratory
And illuminates a row of chimneys
Conjuring forth the power of stars
The scientist runs to catch it in jars

Gracefully a hand knocks upon a giant iron door.
Candlelight descends heading to the anteroom.
"My apologies, I was hindered at the chancellor's.
Please you must hear me, we have just now only learned.
The mechanism is missing, and Nikolai is sleeping with no sign of waking."
Messenger of murmur trowels in the lodge.
Nikolai whispers, "Give me Pax Harmonica."
A meeting of stovepipes assesses damage
In a back room over coffee cake and absynthe.
Blue light escapes the laboratory
And illuminates a row of chimneys
Conjuring forth the power of stars
The scientist runs to catch it in jars
Suddenly they stand swearing on their lives
a solemn oath, "Elementary ephemeral antithesis."
One of them departs with a cipher in his coat
meaningless to anyone, save the recipient.
Unbeknown to the brothers,
the device uncovered silently hovers.
"What is it, Papa? How does it glow?"
"Run to Father Connor, hurry you must go."
Nikolai sits up, knuckle to eyeball.
To the cat he hollers, "It glows by the people!"