

yet when the deed was done  
and the behemoth egg was balanced to erupt  
in golden splendor,  
out came the writhin'  
spittin'

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"It's true," moans Abe. "There's a riot at 6th & Summer. You hear me Ike?"

"Yeah, shure." Ike pulls off spectacles, wipes forehead  
"Keep us posted!" Abe shouts into mobile phone, hangs.

Ike carefully notes the time, 2:23 p.m., silently contemplates events, and suddenly notices two distinct images in his spectacles, the left one larger than the right. Images focused, displaced in space. He pauses all deliberation, and notes that his visionaries are exactly that. Focused.

"Abe, look at this!" motions Ike.  
"Fr'crissakes Ike! This ain't the time to play around. We got a problem on our hands. Hold on... yeah? He says the movie crew has left, and now...yeah? They're gonna string up a local yokel! Lissen Ike, we gotta take a disclaimer on all this. Blame it on Leviathan, that's what."