

Miracle Drug

A.C. Newman

He was tied to the bed with a miracle drug in one hand,
In the other, a great lost novel that,
I understand, was returned with a stamp
That said "Thank you for your interest, young man."

While preparing his soul for a perilous slide into crime,
He had decided that he would err on this side of divine,
Being told this was wise,
That there'd be payback with interest in due time
So why all the history now?

He was tied to a job selling miracle drugs from his home,
At his door every morning, a trophy arrived with the dawn,
With the following inscribed:
"We've followed you with interest for some time."
So why all the history now?
He was tied to the bed with a miracle drug in one hand.