

## Descendants Of Smith

Roy Harper

He woke up in a crashing din  
Half in a dream he grabbed his sword  
They smashed the door down and rushed in  
"What the Hell" was his last word  
He staggered out into the snow  
And left a stain that didn't go  
Until it was found in four million and three  
By descendants of Smith  
His snuff box and his shoulder pack  
Were sold in 'Antiquarian'  
Someone else's bric-a-brac  
A taste of times long since bygone  
The stain was sinking in a vice  
Two feet deep in solid ice  
Until it was found in four million and three  
By descendants of Smith  
His blood was put in their machine  
Which reproduced him at great speed  
Engineered a female gene  
And put them in a room to breed  
With esperanto anecdotes  
Resuscitated microdots  
The descendant of Smith  
Ran a colony of centaurs  
Roamed a zoo with mastodon  
And never knew of his mentors