Ancestral Voices
Or, a vision in a nightmare.

by Ben Nagy

This high-capacity, weaponized poem has been withheld from this international edition, as it may inspire new exploits and is thus a controlled export.\footnote{Look up Wassenaar Arrangement, \textit{intrusion software}, \textit{control lists}, and \textit{controlled items}. If it helps develop, generate, or automate exploits, it’s now an export-controlled item. Kind of like strong cryptography was in 1990s.}
For studies of the human form lead first to nudes and then to porn and thence to moral turpitude thus risqué "art" should be eschewed And while we neither draw nor paint it's clear we must control the taint unsanctioned inspiration brings illicit loft to raptor's wing

The shadow of the dome of pleasure floated midway on the waves; where was heard the mingled measure from the fountain and the caves.

Of course true art must not be banned but regulated, measured, planned taught wisely by trustworthy schools so art may serve the good of all no more shall martial songs be sung no seditious ditties hummed no rousing slogans shall be scrawled defiance sprayed on courthouse walls and close your eyes with holy dread for he on honey-dew hath fed, but the poets, we fear, will not understand they will twist our good words and mock our sound plans we can never control their pernicious wordplay so, quietly must they be

And drunk the milk of Paradise.

Sent Away

Through wood and dale the sacred river ran, then reached the caverns measureless to man, and sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean.