



DOLLA SIGN FARM



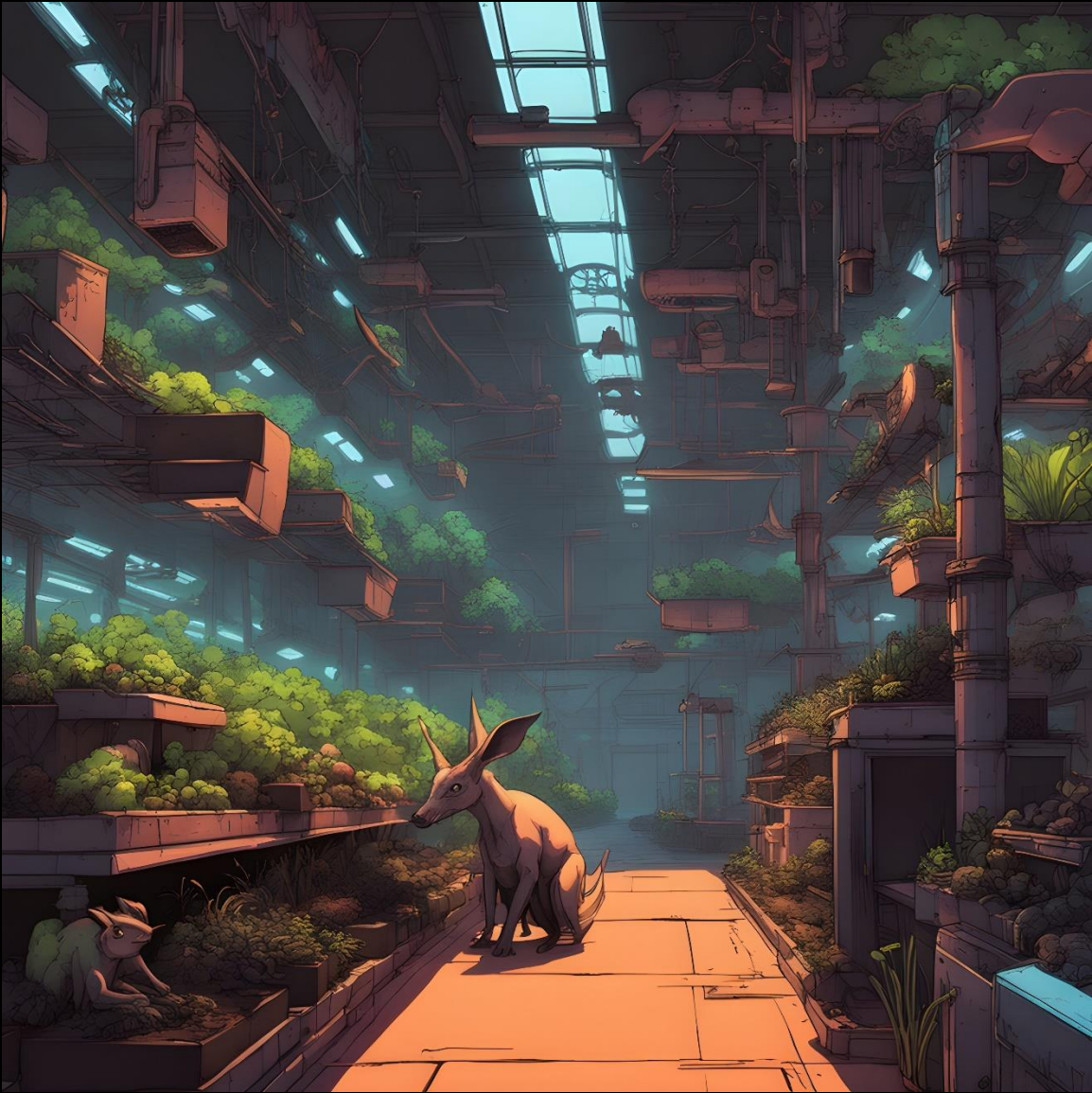
A story starts where another left off.
Orwell, George, who slayed the cross
With a dragon bold and true
Called language, feeling, me, and you.



In truth, for some, between pig and man
The constant lies between ligands.
But for the purpose of sorrows song
The contrast stands not very long.



The pigs they taught from another isle.
Aardvarks walks like them in style.
On two legs having known it more
To fit the purpose of man but galore



Those aardvarks could not quite grow.
Plants and other produce one may sow.
Those aardvarks they established with charm.
An isle they came to christen: Dolla Sign Farm



The first aardvark would be Snouty Tee
(Because he had a short snout, you see)
How he came to farm the Dolla
Sign with a barrister's collar



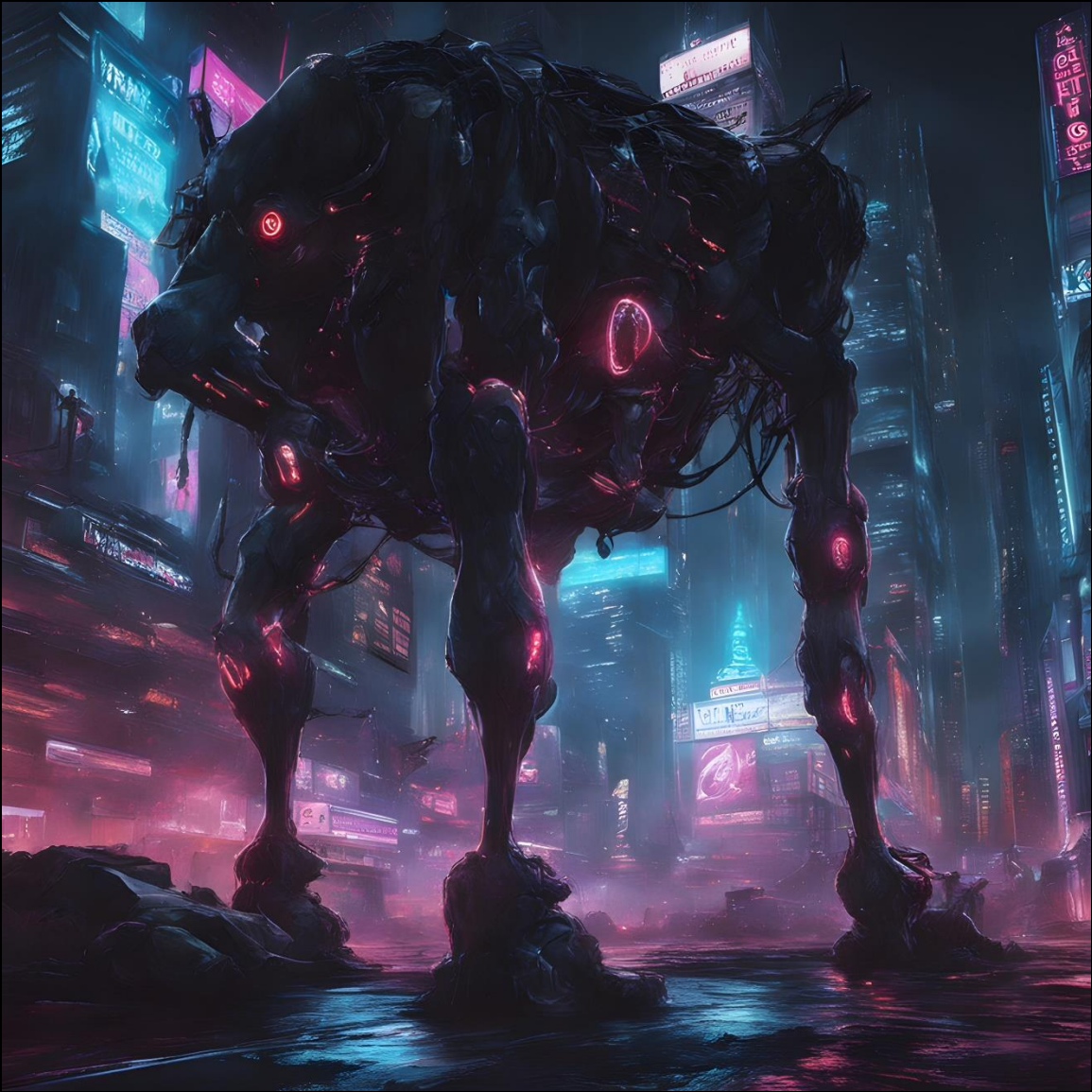
Though Tee came to farm the head
By stealing from both foe and friend
Is not discussed, hush hush and shut.
If you dare peep raise your hand or butt.



Snouty Tee with clever account
Did the animals of Dolla Sign mount.
Elephants, owls, and leopards three
And a grackle who preached the Cree



Passing on the lore to his son, also Tee
And his wife Tow Ting (who stank like bad Brie)
They dug this anthem on the grave.
Of their hackneyed fathers, into forgave:



Four legs good, two legs better!

All four corners grail n fetter!

Keep yo hand on the data plough, hold on!

Hold on [...] my lard! [...] keep yo hand on dat plough ma lard!



Mafew Mak n Lok n Yon,
All em daddies dead n gone!
Keep yo hand on the data plough, hold on!
Hold on [...] my lard! [...] keep yo hand on dat plough ma lard!



Four legs good, two legs better!

All four corners fail n fetter!

Keep yo hand on the data plough, hold on!

Hold on [...] my lard! [...] keep yo hand on dat plough ma lard!



He Tee learned pig precedent well.
So-called justice, though who could tell.
To precede a law on constitution
Tied to his own snout, pardon the pun.



Basing all Dolla Sign to a property
To avoid, says he, the inherent lethargy.
Of aardvarks, leopards, owl and 'fants
Who would, he said, rather lark than pant.



It may have been clear to Tow and all.
Reality of justice, court, bench, and stall
Is something much more sinister and darker?
Ting did choose to become – a shark!



To execute her awful plans
She needed a lot of anal glands.
Found in aardvarks, around the hole.
From their corpses which she stole



Tee did want an awful lot.
Of the tusk of the elephant
Exactly what for we cannot gather
He took each one to his room, without a shower.



And both Tee and Ting collected
Leopard's skin, in which they decked.
Themselves in pomp and hark alike.
When they rode down Orchard, on their bike.



And from the owls they did pluck
Their tail feathers, which they stuck.
In their hat and on their biddy
Up their nose and behind their knee



And yea did Tees preach and snout.
About the values of the kraut
Blended thrice with -isms borne.
Between the hems of a fledgling corn



This they called the 'health' of people.
From the river and to the steeple
And yea with gusto they did insist.
And hammer with their snout...or fist



Behind the scenes, what can be told.
Is that those glands, tusks, feathers, and skin fold.
Tees and Ting and Emperors and royalty
Harvested faster than Dolla Sign could spree.



To keep the wheels turning 'round
Tee and Ting and others bound.
Education of rising youth
To a system rather uncouth



Conditioning, Tee knew, was the trick

Underhand to slick and flick

Willing thoughts to craving luck

A shiny sliver and raving buck



To all intents it would appear
That the system is basically fear.
What hitherto has been quite hidden?
Is to what Ting and Tee were bidden.



The fear is Tee's, the hate is Ting's.
For the organs to which they cling
At any moment may run out
Where, then, would they ram their snout?



Fear-based systems are all but
Fragile, like a rotten nut
This they knew and to ensure.
Collecting organs is their cure.



Enforcement games among the masses
To hoard the signs and curb the asses.
Enslavement comes at such a price.
Fixed and pegged to a sack of rice.



One fateful day, foretold by her.
Ting the witch in shells and fur
'Touch me not!' she did bark.
'For tonight I become a great white shark!'



Tee in more modesty

Went into his room, clandestinely.

Where we heard he kept the tusks

And flasks of sugar smelling of anal-gland musk



What they little did not know
Is that the grackle, remember the start of the show?
Had quietly spat into the mix.
Of gland, tusk, feather, and skin, to fix.



Yonder there is a lamppost grand
Tall and bright it shines, and
Just underneath you may discern.
Tee and Ting. Fear and hate burn.



Irelynn Helmy

16 October 2023