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Tom Swift in Hell

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TOM SWIFT IN HELL

Timothy Craig

Angels, please bear with me. I created
in my boyhood an accretion of black air
as a substitute for night, but now no such
emergency arises but the damned
intelligent forethought that renders heroes
unnecessary. I produced a chest
containing in itself successively
smaller, very perfect reproductions
of itself down to a point where they became
intangible, a labor which I here
continue with invisible utensils!
I made cigarettes which, smoked, remained the same
length, an electric girl with hair the color
of unpainted model airplanes and with bones
no less delicate. I was never unaware
of a "sphinx-like inscrutability" in my
manservant as his years of bondage drew
to a finish.

Illumined less by insight than by beauty
and tired at last of all my incarnations
(The little they believe in isn't true!),
I had a poker hand so good it hurt,
when all the other players were flat broke.