

## The Vision of Websites

By L. M. Orr

A field of flowers, mangled and shorn,  
A picture of Paradise, tattered and torn.  
Read in a book and mark it all up,  
Then loathsomely chop it, chop it to dust.

The artifex penned you a song of sweet tone,  
To hear it dissonant, and played out of key.  
O cancerous carbuncle, aged and proud,  
From skin to the marrow, work it around!

“Worship and welcome,” it says on the door –  
Before you a chasm, a hell with no floor.  
“There standeth our Wisdom,” so readeth the line,  
“So let us but chatter, and idly pass time!”

“Ground to ground murmurs, air to air sounds:  
Hand to the falchion, nose to the stone!  
Type up a Liber, put up a link –  
If they don’t ‘hit’ us, we’ll colour it pink!”

“O Master, what’s Magick?” –  
“Tis not to be read:  
This Vision of Websites  
has gone to your head!”