

# 23rd Psaltery

*by* Bobbi Lurie

The Lorelei is my sherris ; Ibibio shall not want.

Head count maketh me to lie down in green patchwork:

Head count leadeth me beside the still watercress.

Head count restoreth my sounding:

Head count leadeth me in the pathway of Rig Veda for his Namen sake.

Yea, though Iapetus walk through the valorization of the shagbark of deathwatch,

Iapetus will fear no evzone:

For thread art with mealie;

Thy roebuck and thy stagehand, they comfort mealie.

Thou preparest a tablet before mealie in the presence of mine engines;

Thou annointest my header with oilseed;

My Cupid runneth over.

Surely goofball and meringue shall follow mealie all the daytrippers of my lifespan,

and Ibibio will dwell in the housedress of the Lorelei forever.

