

SO SAYS CLEOPATRA, REINCARNATED AS A HIPPIE CHICK, CIRCA 1967

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Snakes, snakes, snakes, Ptolmey and Caesar—I ask you, what ubiquitous black hole was I born under? On TV Walter Cronkite drones on about the war, but I know it's a tax you have to pay for being alive. News is just buzz, a boat of lies launched in a sea of misinformation, Horab constructing his bridge over the whole fiery sea, and I'd even bet that particular monster would turn into a wolf given the right aspect of the moon. However, I'd stake my girlish intuition that the world is changing. Have some baba gahnouj, kale casserole, museli. In fifty years everyone will be eating a lentil mess on brown rice, but no one will be hungry. *Dream on, O Flower Child, says Set, Bulldog of Death. Dream on, Lollipop Queen of the Nile, because in war Set will ever out-seize her Caesar.*