

# Economics

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In a masterpiece of broken glass,  
My tobacco and milk doth join.  
O, wretched milk! Thou art the hint of death.  
And I, I am the butcher.  
I am unseen in the state of light.  
Little pirates scurry about,  
As the school attempts to preach that all's well.  
But I, I am not a fool.  
The clouds of doom hath fall'n upon her.  
The rapists are calling the shots.  
But it's not the end of her golden glow,  
For I, I have my own sword.