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A Satire on Man

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A Satire on Man

Man.
Tiny mind, a single window paneed with mirror, slams quarters into cigarette machines and rods into cylinders. Everything fits. Nothing is too big for his mind.

Man.
Batters his way into your life with no affection to lubricate his force. Beer in one hand, vaseline in the other, he conquers what he can't understand. A sucker for the touchdown, he pants "did you come?"

Man.
Mistakes loneliness for lust. Wears the bulge in his pants like a crown of laurel. Deliverer of women—bread and wine.

Man.
Hold his mirror, massage his pride. The less he sees, the more we prosper.

--Sudy Olsen

Inspired by Alexander Pope's "To a Lady: Of the Characters of Women":

"Nothing so true as what you once let fall, 'Most women have no characters at all.'"

11. 1-2.