

(I)

Oh, pity the labourer, pity the clerk.
Pity whoever is lacking
a living vocation, pursuit manifest
as clear as our hero is tracking.

(II)

Since first time in his adolescence,
amid 'Wicked' and 'Amazing, man',
he pledged his whole life to devote
the depths of this subworld to scan.
He boldly goes into the uncharted,
a ground-breaking pioneer seduced
by the states which he maps and journals,
the dazes by compounds induced.

(III)

And the drugs he continued ingesting,
and the man he was withered to dust,
but he kept on his mission to bring us
that one knowledge that he thinks we lust.
Once, the tablets beloved of the youthfuls,
to the law-abiding forbidden,
he hourly took, in pursuit of
a Mecca ever-stubbornly hidden.
Though his bodily fluids turned against him
he escaped with his life but this time,
arrested and lost in a whirlpool,
it's doubtful if out he will climb.

(IV)

Police are all rather clueless:
he's not making sense one iota.
They rush him to an all-night department
in their yellow and blue chequered motor.
As he comes by, he knows something's dodgy,
though something of which he could boast.
But the medic delivers the feared line:
"My son, but your liver is toast!"
As he's wheeled for the grim operation
He curses, and curses, and cusses,
but he secretly treasures the chance
to try anaesthetic gases.