# Heavy Holy Man

## King Missile

The Heavy Holy Man sits on the hill,
Holding hard wooden ball.
Hears mysteries of the universe unfolding but blocks it all out.
He has one eye pointed toward the sky,
As the other searches over the earth
For dinner.
Without ever once leaving his hill
The Heavy Holy Man has sampled fast food from all over western Europe:
Wimpyburgers from London,
Wonderburgers from Dublin,
And his favorite, Hitburgers from Paris,
Which he ate whenever he had some free time.
This particular day, however,
The Heavy Holy Man travelled to Amsterdam,
To Febo's,
Where he put one and a half guilders in the slot,
Opened the little door,
And pulled out his Feboburger and Febonapkin,
All without ever leaving the hill.
Then the Heavy Holy Man smiled,
His faith reaffirmed once again.
"All the treasures of this, or any other world, are mine for the asking,"
He thought to himself.

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