Utopian Society

Rasputina

There once were two utopian societies
Pavonia, land of the peacocks
And Swaanendael, valley of the swans
Both have failed
Miserably
There, behind every chair,
A negro slave
The blackest of the black!
Attired in white apron and vest
Standing ready to attend to each guest
Such as the corrupt and exotic Governor
Lord Cornbury, whose custom it was
To take a daily stroll dressed
In silk gowns like a fashionable lady
In this he failed
Miserably
Lord Cornbury did this, his friends said,
To demonstrate his resemblance
To his cousin, Queen Anne
His impetuousity, however,
Did not extend to marrying a manor milkmaid
"Chee!", he left
Square in shape
With a hip roof and a belfry in the center

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