

## THE MASOCHIST

Raphael desires no help from his many detractors. Are they his doctors — or the lash-men sent here to flagellate him longer? His whips torture him — the Masochist.

Would kin cloak him with their horror, when his clothes cover stripped pain? He covers his wounds. Would they prefer to stand him naked in the wind while they design loose-fitting capes?

They would sew, too, a cap for him to fit his crown. They would take down his trousers in their curious peep at his unease . . . and their own warped mien would betray their interest.

One can graft an interest on-to such stock. We shall see each wear a flower of choice in the bedrooms and the seed will choke down sewers after their satisfaction. Each

shall sire similar sons and daughters, where they err; or cover their errors as design for life — the accepted pattern. But oh, how the flesh chafes as they raise such get!