



The Marketeer

No one need fear the Marketeer,
Who changes forms and roles.
They form each month, each hour, each year
A commune plural and never clear.

The Marketeer will e'er exchange,
Objects for objects, dear.
Dollars to gifts, he runs the range;
She cultivates worlds, many and strange.

If you should speak with her on the phone
Or them in black coat arranged,
Please don't assume what you have known,
Rather ask them politely about their zone.