

INSTRUCTIONS for Assembling 3-D Mobius Strip POEM: "My Twisted Uni-verse"

by Dan Rutt, alias "Top Pun" (it's just, my pun name)

1. Print page two of document. Use heavy paper for best results.
2. Print page three of document on the back of page two (by placing page two face up in printer)
3. Cut printed page in half length-wise (at 4-1/4 inches). You may want to crease in half if you do not have a paper cutter.
4. Trim off bottom 1/2 inch.
5. Tape bottom of strip one ("Long the weigh") to the top of strip two ("In consonant terms"). Make sure tape is along the full length of the connection. You can tape both sides for additional strength.
6. Give one end a half twist and tape START and FINISH together.
7. ENJOY *My Twisted Uni-verse*, a perpetual poem on a Mobius Strip, which proves once and for awe that one side fits all.

START
My twisted uni-verse
Another Dan poem
Of a certain Rutt
A parent
Chaos
From the mine
Of a loving creator
And boundless art
Fathered
Strangely hollowed
By sum
Figure eight
Somehow fallen
Belying a symbol of infinity
Like some dodo's flight of flimsy
Oar a Cardinal's mind numb-er
Which holds no water
Wringing out
The tinkle and knell we're in
Tintinnabulating K-9 jingles
The perpetually twisted calibrated
By nothing but
A bottomless equation
Divided by zeroes
In bogus denominations
Their value lying in following the one
Scaling up to eternity
Or we're all askewed
Yet inexplicably abstaining
From inner course
Where two become one
Long after one becomes two
Giving arise
Too
One's third pupil
On the blink
Of such an incredible faculty
Agape
Unimaginable
To be
This school
Taut cursive
In a printsly world
A grade steeped
By advanced degrees
Such ascendancy
Offering eminent danger
Infinitesimally close
To sheer tear
Like shingles to a hommé
Con fronting flailing grades
How report a card
Where so oblique
In all afield
Un-reckon-izable dimensions
3-D and then some
F's thrown in
For good measure

Long the weigh
In consonant terms
Amidst an implausible dream
Of hitting AWOL
Having bolted
The ghetto of calculus
In the face of
A never ending Mo' be us trip
That blings true
Where knot knowing
What to do with it
Effacing the feeble mined
Less pressing than a stack of bills
I'm patient to pay the flee
Only too fined
The wholly frail
Of hospitality
Having gotten aweigh
Unfounded
Hoodwinked
By sum comical
Met a physician
With a glean in his I
Leaving me
Duped up
And swallowing deludes down
In reality getting bent
Awe askant
Know longer
Mused
By the funny paper
Only peering as washed out
Two dimensional characters
In a whirled series
Remanding one
Of a duplicitous cell
Hopping to escape
In sum count 'em leap
With singular energy
Pack it
Heat
Of the pauper caliber
Miss taken
As if
Over a barrel
Stock piling weepin's
Fauster than light
Long the way
A formula won raze
The devil in the detailing
Dashing drivers
And hopes
Un-car-ing
Off course
As oft
To the races
All that's mind foiled
In a moving finish
Untouched

Too little cloak and dagger to brag
Yet cocky enough
To embody such a nit writ
Call me ish male
An inconceivable heir about him
A leg of the journey absent
Sailing the piqued
Untoward the Moby-est RIP
Ever-multiplying wails
On this one-sided outing
Wagering on just accounting
Wading for the fork in the rowed
And columns towering
As Babble on
At least two sheets to the win
Helled together as 180 degrees twisted
In a 360 daze
Like guinea pigs
On a treadmill
In the House of Escher
M.C. for a private first class
Of puzzling Coptic allusions
Walking and talking
More like dead Egyptians
On nether side of the tip of the iceberg
Feeling under the whether
Frees us
Or wholly deserted
Left wear thou dust go
A simple noshing of teeth
Where so little smacks of dearth
For all that scant do
Everlastingly lean
On arms and alarms
Free from
Double and triple crossers
Of the finish lyin'
A bout too
Rat grace
Just working to get too
The other side
Like you halve two
When mirrorly
Won for all
Soully routed
In sum final resolution
An attainment for all ours
In know jumping too
Conclusions
Of such curtains seemingly applausable
Yet knot de-terminus
To know end
Bringing you to
Cave
Of wonders
Just saying
O pun says me
FINISH (or knot)

By scurry-less-ness
And a void
Some alien oversight
Or an other wizard-in-ski
Sow commanding fruit
Fully multiplying
Product placement
And elite divisions
Leaving us wanton
The winners circle
As vultures in compassing
Like sum gallop poll
Leading us to thirst place
Where life is a breeze
And as you might
Have gust
O so puffed up
Strung out
Like flying a kite
In the mettle
Of lighten-ing all a bout
That too for one sail
Err no'ing
One side fits all
A might he
Fortress is
De-moated too
In-F-able
Fore letters, words
Life unabridged
Elude to a kiss
Bye lingual
Surpassing prose
That speak easy
In two languages
Simply sed
A hearty dos upon ya (only slightly rushin')
One tongue
The thirst
Of paper penned
Makes ciao
Of the other
Sum arrhythmia tic
With no cure insight
For one is too
Beholden to digitalis
Waving like a palm
Just out of grasp
Trying to out fox gLove
Without feeling
Ticking off reality
Taking one's leave
Fig mental
The commencement of quotas
Espousing a Lot of ground
To earn their salt
And pilloried remains
Left behind
Uncovering too much for modesty