



The 'Scape of the Core

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To:

Captain Kathryn Janeway

Captain,

It will be in vain to deny that I have some Regard for this Report, as I am writing it for You. Yet You may bear Witness, it is not only to report our Chief Engineer, who has good Sense but bad Humour enough: Her Wrath is not only aimed at Our Ensign's errant unguarded Experiment, but at our Drone. But as it had communicated with the Air of a Rumour, it soon found its Way into your Ear. An imperfect Version having been offered on Breakfast with Neelix, You had the good Nature for my Sake to consent the the Recordation of one more correct: This I was forced to before We had executed half our Repairs, for the Complexity was entirely wanting to complete it.

I know how disagreeable it is to make use of hard Words 'mongst Senior Staff; but 'tis too much the Concern of this Writer to have Reports understood, and particularly by your Rank, that You must give me Leave to explain this unfortunate Incident.

If this Report had as many Graces as there are in Your Person, or in Your Mind, yet I could never hope it should pass 'cross the Ship half so uncensured as You have done. But let its Fallout be what it will, I am happy enough, to have been given the Occasion of assuring You that I am, with the truest esteem, Captain,

Your Most Obedient, Humble Vulcan.

Lt. Cmdr. Tuvok

Canto One

What dual Offence ambitious Causes springs,
What mighty Contests rise from sneaky Things,
My Plea -- This Note to Janeway, Kate! is due;
This, e'en B'Elanna may vouchsafe to view:
Warped is the Subject, but not my Dismay,
That She inspired, and Kes did fan that Day.

Say what strange Motive, Captain, could compel
An Ensign good t' inflame oft-tempered B'El?
Oh say, what'd Se'en of Nine seek to explore,
That'd make our Engineer beat Kim so sore?
In Hacking bold, did Ensign Kim engage,
Thus from half-Klingon burst such mighty Rage?

Bleu thro' th' Injectors shot a plasma Ray,
Foretold those Eyes that looked like eclipsed Day;
Now Yeomen give themselves a Caffeine Break.
The sleepless Lovers, Shifts at Eight, are late:
Thrice rung the Bell, she swatted at the Sound,
And pressed the Pillow 'gainst her Head, Face down.
B'Elanna still his downy Shoulder prest,
Her same tired Tom prolonged the balmy Rest.
Though he had summoned to their rumpled Bed
Th' Alarm Clock that now screeched around her Head.

Fairest of Captains, thou distinguished Care
Of hundred-fifty crewmen in your lair!
If e'er Lieutenants touched thy infant Thought,
Of all Starfleet and Owen Paris taught,
Of Protocol commissioned Off'cers ween:
The Duty Roster, the poor Scheduling,
And Vorik suggests bet' Routes to Power,
And double Shifts for both 'til morning Hour,
Hear and believe! the ship's Importance know,
Nor bound thy narrow Views to those waked slow.
Think not, when that Chief's white hot Breath's abed,
That all her Chief's Duties at once are dead:
Succeeding Ship's Concerns she still thinks on,
For tho' she eats no more, thinks on Rations.
Her Joy in gilded Instr'ments, four or five,
And Love of Billiards, into Sleep survive.
For Engineers aft all their Work retire,
To all their daily Life their Dreams respire:
The Sibs called lusty Delaneys oft game,

So glib, to mention Salamander's Name.
Soft Ensigns to the Manifold glide 'way,
Lunch on Deck Two, takes Neelix's Café.
The Yeoman cursed slinks upward to my Home,
Because of Mischief on B'El's Shift was done.
The petite Chief herself's off to repair
Th' Injector Field in Coolant-misted Air.

Know farther yet, Ocampan fair and chaste
Reject'd Mankind, but our Ship still embraced:
For Kes was freed from mortal Laws, with ease,
Assumes what Postings and still aims to please.
What guards the Reactions of shot Relays,
In Firefights, and Yeomen's sore Mistakes,
Safe from Conversion Levels low, dear Spark;
When B'El's off Kes keeps Voy'ger from go'n dark.

Ensigns there are, too conscious of their Rank,
For Life recorded in my deep File stank,
When Offers are disdained, and Pips denied.
Then bright Ideas soon crowd the vacant Brain;
While Lieutenants and all their Honors gain,
And Duties, Rations, Hol'deck Time are theirs,
And in soft Sounds "Captain" salutes their Ears.
'Tis these that quickly taint an Ensign's Soul,
Teach Lower Decks in Maintenance to mole,
Instruct a hidden Spite for B'El to know,
While their Chief, brazen, flutters at her Beau.

Where Vorik lives, where hellish Cargo thrive,
From lofty Bridge, to Shuttlecraft revived;
The erring Mortals to his office called,
Not deaf but mute, Ensigns excuse it all!
XO adheres, who thy Protection claim,
A Commander, and Chakotay's his name.
Late, as he glanced hard at the Helmboy's Chair,
In the eager Strain of Harry's wayward Stare
He saw, alas! some dread Event impend,
Ere to the Game that Evening would suspend.
But Guide Rocks see not what, or how, or where:
Warned by Elf Kes, oh Engineer beware!
This to disclose was all his Sixth Sense can.
Protect the Core, but most beware of Kim!

COMMed I, Tuvok, when thought she'd slept too long,
Stirred Tom, who waked his Mistress with his Tongue --
"B'Elanna - up! We're on Report - it's true."
Her Eyes first open'd on his Own SO-BLUE;
Cursed, moaned and complained, from her frowning Head,
But Tom our Pilot yanked her from her Bed.

And now, awake, the Uniform's displayed,
The Maquis Pip onto her Collar laid.
First, robed in white, the Sonic Shower roars,
Then with Head still 'sleep, dark Circles are covered.
A heav'nly Image 'hind her then appeared,
To that she bends -- Tom's Coffee is revered.
Th' unwashed Pilot her pass'd to wash his Hide;
Yawning, the make-up wins -- restores her Pride.
Uniform Treasures donn'd at once and there,
The various off'rings of her Rank appear;
For each she nicely tucks into her Smock,
And in her Sleeve the Chip that breaks Auth'Locks.
The Data PADDs and big Pockets unite,
With entry Codes, Evaluations Ripe:
There fil'd the Pips who became B'Ela's Foes --
Now Jeffries Scrubbing adds to all their Woes.
Now groggy Torres stretches out her Arms;
The sips of Java freshens all her Charms,
Repairs her Nerves, awakens the Chief's Grace,
And calls forth practiced Scowls upon her Face;
Sees Helmboy's got sink Water everywhere,
She shakes her Head, gives Tommy dear a Stare;
He drops the Tow'l at her familiar Frown;
Sops up the Mess; she looks him up and down.

Canto Two

Not with more Coffee, in the Corridor
The Lift first opens, assigned to its Floor,
Then issuing forth, drops her at Deck Ele'en,
Launching B'El out to Engineering Heav'n.
Ensigns and Technicians around her roamed,
But ev'ry Eye was fix'd on her alone.
On her smart Smock a sparkling Spanner wore,
Which Shield 'rays missed and Replicators bore.
Her alert Looks, a whip-smart Mind disclose,
Quick as her Eyes and deathly fix'd as Those:
Favours to None, a knowing Smile extends,
Oft she rejects, 'thout Care if she offends.
Bright as the Core, her Eyes the Ensigns strike,
And, like the Core, they pierce thro' All alike.
With nimble Ease, ducks under Consoles wide,
Might hide her Yawns, if B'El's got Faults to hide:
If to her Share some late-Night Business fall,
Ask her 'bout it, and you'll be in the Pall.
This Chief, to preserve Voy'ger's gentle Kind,
Nourished the Core, which sturdy stood behind

In blue-white Haze, the Crown Jewel of the Deck,
With swirling Clouds of Plasma up its Neck.
Plans for this Labyrinth the Chief disdains,
For Transwarp Tests had once been to her Pain.
With harried Maintenance her Staff relay,
Soon slight Anomalies are rendered Prey;
Efficiency is what the Chief ensnares,
Whist never musing up a single Hair.

Th' ambitious Ensign Kim the bright Core spied,
He saw, he wished, and to Theories aspired:
Resolved to win, he tries in ev'ry Way,
By Force to jump Rank, or by Night there play;
For when Success an Ensign's toil attends,
Few doubt that kissing up attained his Ends.

For this, aft Harry rose, he had implored
The same-will'd Se'en, her Nanoprobes adored,
The Chief to sway -- but Shields 'gaist Se'en were raised,
Nine's Plan contrived was good -- Harry gives Praise.
The Chamber Sparks, "I can all Duties do,"
She breathes, "'Tis efficient; we'll follow through."
Kim prostrate falls, and begs with Puppy Eyes,
The Core t' attain and soon to get his Prize:
Seven gave Ear, and granted half his Prayer,
The Rest, she knew, was still up in the Air.

But now secure the Warp Core glowing high,
And thrumming Sounds within the Room don't die,
Smooth flowed the Plasma, gentle Swirls aplay,
B'Elanna smil'd, since her Warp Core's okay.
All but Chako -- With careful Thought opprest,
Th' impending Woe sate heavy on his Breast.
He summoned strait his Mem'ry of Tom's Schemes
To watch a wicked Contest at Sandrine's:
Oft o'er the Pool Table some Bets were breath'd,
That seem'd but Harmless, but did make Chuck seethe.
Once that recall'd, he chose his Rank unfold --
Transparent at best, but Trouble'd be slowed.

Ye Ensigns, Yeomen, to your Chief give Ear,
Lower Decks, those next in Line, bet' hear!
Ye do Repairs and various Tasks assigned,
By your Lieutenant, else to Waste resign'd.
Some in the Jeffries Tubes are off to spray,
Some bask on Plasma Conduits th'rout the Day,
Some coax the Computer to cease to fry,
Else Morrow catch B'Elanna's evil eye.
Carey, unearthed, there at next Shift presides,
To watch their Ways, and Vorik's Actions guide.

This Day, black Omens threat Chakotay Care
That e'er deserved good Captain Janeway's Stare;
His nerves apart, he stalked off to the Hall,
And Kes' constant hints forced to recall,
In Haste Chakotay called to Vorik there,
The Tachyons be that young Vulcan's Care;
The Iso Rods to Carey, he consigned;
Bridgebound, Ivanovich, the CONN is thine;
Do thou, Seven of Nine, tend B'El's Warp Core;
Chakotay knew he needed t'assign More.

He spoke; th' Ensigns from quarters extend,
Some groaning sore, but'd willingly defend
The sectioned Ship, the Consequence to fear;
They take their Posts as Chuckles commandeered;
With rabbit-Hearts the dire Event they wait,
Wond'ring, anxious -- Angered B'El tempts Fate.

Canto Three

Close by Sandrine's, e'er Hol'deck Two's bright Bower,
Marseilles, with Pride is Sweet to Billiard's Flower,
There stands a Pilot of Majestick Frame,
With a cool Grin to watch his fav'rite Game.

Hither the Of'cers and the Chief resort,
To gossip while Tom sets up the Felt Court;
In various 'Talk th' instructive Minutes past,
Who got kicked down to Waste Disposal vast;
One speaks the Glory of Janeway's new 'do,
And one describes the Stench of Grub Meal Stew;
The Doc interprets Motions, Looks and Eyes,
In his big Mouth their Reputations lie.
Beer or a Coke, supply each Pause of Chat,
Then Tango Music, Ogling and all that.

B'Elanna now, whom 'Thirst of Fame invites,
Burns to whip hands down th' Ensign's paltry Swipes;
At Billiards, practiced, B'El foretells Kim's Doom;
And swells her Grin with Conquests to come soon.
Cued off, three Balls the Baskets quickly find,
One band displays the sacred Number Nine.
Cued too, Kim turns to call on one grim Guard,
Efficient in the truer battle Yard.
Seven, yet mindful of the needed Pace,
Tells Kim to play the Game, forget his Face.

The skillful Chief reviews the Balls with Care;
Six in the right Corner! -- The Ball went there.

Now move the Eye to watchful Chakotay,
In Show like Leaders of the ex-Maquis:
Fine Bordeaux first, came from sweet Sandrine's Shelf,
Then Neelix's Ale, unknown to himself;
As many real Tequila, Se'en laid able,
So Chuck swayed, near kissed the verdant Table.

Thus far, two Games to fair B'Elanna yield;
Now to the Ensign Fate inclines the Field.
His cohort Amazon he knows invades,
Th' impenetrable Codes B'Elanna laid.
The Borg's fair Child broke through th' encryption Codes,
And then their Program Trans-2 soon will load:
It boots and Readings Circle thro' her Head,
And Algorithms' cross all Consoles spread.
Now Vorik thinks to ask what's going on,
But Se'en's prepared -- her Logic is dead on.

Harry Kim now has gotten his Update;
Aft slipping away for a Root Beer break.
Thus when returned, he says he has to run,
To check on Things: B'Elanna eas'ly won.

The Commander steps forth; our Kes unseen,
Pulls on his Hand, and mourns his drunken Spleen,
He springs to Vengeance 'nto our Pilot's Space,
But hiccupping, falls on his Tattooed Face.
Sweet Kes, despairing, fills the 'Deck with Cries,
But now to Engineering quick she flies.

Oh thoughtless Ensign! ever blind to Fate,
Too soon to Seven go, too soon elate!
Sudden your Honours shall be Kate's to take,
And cursed be Protocols you did forsake!

Warp Drive, (which makes Lieutenant Torres wise)
Appears before Kim's hopeful, anxious Eyes;
Sent Vapours thro' the Core, and Seven vain,
Spake Strategies, the Transwarp Field to gain.

Ah, cease, rash Youth! desist ere 'tis too late,
Fear the Captain, and think on Seska's Fate!
Or Chakotay, who's transfixt by Kate's Stare:
He's dearly paid for Janeway's kindled Hair.

But when to Treason good Boys bend their Will,
How soon they find Fit Instruments of Ill!
Just then, Se'en of Nine drew with tempting grace,
A Hypospanner from her shining Case;

So Ladies, Spandex bound, assist poor Wights,
Present the Spear, and arm him for the Fight.
He takes the Rod with Thanks and soon extends,
To th' Engine Core upon his Fingers' Ends,
Thus just behind B'Elanna's Charge he spread
The Beam across, as Carey saw with Dread:
Swift to tell All, Joe tells her what he sees,
A Silence o'er the COMM, a indrawn Breeze.
And thrice Joe told her she should be convinced;
Thrice she cursed him, and thrice poor Carey winced.
Just in that Instant, Thomas Paris caught
The known Recesses of B'Elanna's Thought.
Sudden he viewed, in Spite of all her Art
A primal Rage imploding in her Heart.
Well-warned, bemused, he backed up near the Fire,
Resigned to Fate -- His friend would soon expire.

Harry now spreads the glitt'ring Pulse Beam wide
T' enclose the Core with Tac'yon Cor-icide.
E'en then, before B'Elanna's Warp Core blew,
The wretched Kes too fondly in it flew;
Kim urged the Beam, and cut the Sprite in twain
(But Kes-like Substance soon unites again).
The meeting points between Antimatter
Began to churn, could blow them to Batter.

Then flashed the living Lightning from B'El's Eyes
And screamed like Fek'lhr as her dear Core fried.
No louder Shrieks to icy Kate are cast,
When Ensigns or when Gel-Packs breathe their last,
Or Shuttlecraft are smooshed aft Chuckles flies
In Nebulas where Warp Core Fissures lie.

We're getting Home, I knew my Plan'd work fine!
(Young Harry cry'd) The glorious Pip is mine!
What Nine would aid, my Warp Theory was great!

Yet Monuments, like Men submit to Fate:
The Klaxons sounded as the Steam soon poured;
Escaping, Carey called --Eject the Core!
Kim saw his Works of mortal Pride confound,
And threw himself upon the Hallway Ground.
What Wonder then, when they all disappeared,
Beamed to Sandrine's, their greatest Foe revealed.

Canto Four

But deathly Stares the pensive Chief oppressed,
And Klingon Fury laboured in her Breast.
Not Kirk's Scotty in Plasma burned alive,
Nor Chief O'Brien's Cardie Comp revived,
Not eager Geordie robbed of Leah's Kiss,

Nor Data when his Program's gone amiss,
Not Kurak fierce that Beverly thought lied,
Nor e'en herself when for her Post Joe vied,
E'er felt such Rage, Resentment and Despair,
As she, when heard her Core's in vacuumed Air.

For, that sad Moment, when the Crowd withdrew,
And Neelix, wept 'bout low Morale, then flew,
Chakotay, dusky, hid'ous drunken sight,
Did roll over and smooch th' Occampan Spright.
Down on the wooden Floor; she tried to scream,
But Chuck reclined to watch th' unfolding Scene.

An aching Tension thro' the Hol'deck flies,
Bold Kahless rising as her Fists arise;
Dreadful, as Harry's Dreams of Se'en replayed,
Or sickened, like Neelix's Cheese Sickbay'd,
Or bold as Vorik's unwise Choice in Mate,
Or glaring, like when Chuck contradicts Kate.

Safe past the Drone tho' close enough to reach,
A spannered Hand is Proof Kim caused the Breach.
Then thus addressed Carey -- Torres, my Leige!
Who rules the Core and Assignment Duties,
On various Staff please act by various Ways --
B'El, spite of Physick, spared Carey her Gaze.

Kes was quite glad B'El's temper was delayed,
And struggled under Chakotay, and pray'd.
A Nymph, she is, that all his weight disdains,
Yet Tieran in her Subconscious maintains,
But oh! if e'er that Haunt could spoil a Grace,
Or raise a Snarl upon her beauteous Face,
Wear Leather Suits which caused some Cheeks to flame,
Or pick up Weapons, dump Neelix 'thout Shame:
Rose up, and from B'El's Control took Human;
That single Act urged on the Death of Kim.

B'Elanna burns with more than mortal Ire,
And Fierce Kes/Kieran fans the rising Fire --

"Was it for this you took such constant Care
The Warp Core, Rank and Ensigns to repair;
For this your Core in Vacuum Space is bound,
For this you gave up Shore Leave the year 'round?
For this with Paris gave up your warm Bed,
And bravely bore the double Shifts instead?
Gods! shall this worthless Man invade you Lair,
While all the Ensigns laugh, the Captain glare!
It's plain to see this witless Boy is Toast,
And all your Honour for a Pool Game lost!"

Kes said; B'El raged to Paris, pouting sore,
And bids her Beau demand the precious Core:
(Paris, of Amber Pool Cue justly pained,
And nice Conduct that Years past made his Name)
With Mischief's eyes, a grin upon his Lips,
He first the Pool Cue leaned on, touched his Pips,
And thus broke out -- "Harry, what the Devil?
Jeez, damned Transwarp! Before, you'd been so civil!
Phaged Dip! 'Tis Coil Scrubs for your Conduct poor!"
He rapp'd the Cue to add, "Bet' get the Core."

"I thought it'd work," reply'd low Harry then,
"I swear I'll never jump your Rank again.
But by the Core, by Galacite," he moaned,
"This Hand, which won it, tried but to get Home."
He stopped and gave a Shrug, his Hands outspread,
But then a second Pip from his Sleeve fled.

They see! -- The Chief in furious Grief appears,
Her Eyes directing on the Pip dropped there;
On her heaved Bosom touched her clenching Chin,
Which with a huff, she raised so to begin:

"Forever cursed be this detested day.
You snatched my best, my fav'rite Core away!
Happy! ah, ten Times happy I had been,
If Starfleet, you, these eyes had never seen!
'Twas this, my sleepy Omens seemed to tell;
Thrice I this Morn ignored the waking Bell;
The sputt'ring Vorik spoke without invite,
As Joe sate mute -- Oh! Th' Inverter Fields weren't right!
A Dream too warned me of the Threats of Fate,
Yet Honour Day is six Months from this Date.
For the poor Remnants of my slighted Lair,
My Nails shall rend what e'en thy Conscience spares!
Uncored we hang, thy Witless Err yet stands;
Your Neck now tempts these Klingon-gifted Hands!
Oh! hadst thou, Kim, been content to seize
Honours less bright, Departments more your Ease!"

Canto Five

She'd spoke: The shiv'ring Crowd stepped back in Fear,
But Nanoprobes had stopped the Ensign's Ears.
In vain Kes/Kieran with Reproach assails,
For who will fight when shocked B'Elanna fails?
Not half so fixt the Doctor could complain,
Nor Tuvok bor'd or Neelix cheered in vain.
Then Se'en of Nine stepped Forth to save the Man
That she had helped; and thus the Borg began:

"Explain why Engineers are honoured most,
The Captain's Passion and the Bridge Crew's Boast?
Whole deck'd with all that Starfleet Tech affords,
And crusty oft, the Chief's always adored?
Why hoarde your 'Spanners, hog the Iso Chips,
Why bow the Ensigns frightened for their Pips?
How vain are all these Glories, all your Pains,
We fly and fly and ne'er make any Gains.
Irrelevant is all the all the Care you Grace,
Behold the Time, we have no speedy Pace.
Who would not scorn the Chief who can't produce
A Transwarp Field, your Home to get with Use?
To patch, nay stitch up, Voy'ger ev'ry Day,
Gets us nowhere; two Pips for Kim, I say --
For since, alas! frail Talent must decay,
For all you boast, your Tech does fade away,
Since not assimilated, All shall fade,
And she who scorns the Borg, should be replaced.
Should Kim remain, not 'fraid of Pow'r to use,
We'd keep good speed 'till this Quadrant we lose.
And trust me, Chief! Ambition will prevail,
When kissing up and Dreams, and Theories fail!
Duties in vain, bad Ensigns surely roll;
Chiefs strike the Sights but Transwarp gets you Home."

So spoke the Drone, but no Applause ensued;
Tom Paris cringed, B'Elanna called her rude.
To Arms, To Arms! the drunk Chakotay cries,
And swift as Lightning, to Harry B'El flies.
All side in Parties, and begin th' attack;
Pips fly, Drinks tumble, and good Pool Cues Crack;
Lieutenants' and Technicians' Shouts soon rise,
And base and decent Theories mark their Cries.
No Instr'ments same within their Hands are found,
Like Picard fight, their wills to Lecture Sound.

Triumphant Doctor on the Bar's great Height
Clapt his Hands, and sate to view the Fight.
Propt in the dark Corners Ensigns survey
The Growing Debate, or assist the Fray.

While thro' the Press enraged Kes/Kieran flies,
And scatters Chronotons from both her Eyes;
Carey and Vorik perished in the Throng,
One died in Shield Harmonics, oth' Prion.
"A Nitrium Inertial Damp'ning Field!"
Cry'd Meg Delaney, then was forc'd to yield.
A mournful Glance Beau Larson upward cast.
"A Protoplasmic Pulse Beam--" was his Last.
"Seven point four Gigaquads!" Dalby cried,
Whilst Input calculating 'fore he died.

When bold Paris had joked so Seven'd drop,
Harry stepped in; Tom killed him with "All Stop!"
Se'en smiled the see the pesky Ensign slain,
But at her Smile, Harry revived again.

So fierce B'Elanna on Harry then flies,
With more than usual Venom in her Eyes;
Nor feared the Chief her treach'rous Foe to die,
Who sought no more than Insignia to try.
But this Boy floored, less manly Strength endued,
She with one Fuser and a Thumb subdued:
Just where the Breath of Life his Nostrils drew,
Tip-scraped Cue Chalk the wily Torres threw.

Now meet thy Fate! incensed B'Elanna cry'd,
And drew a Calibrator from her Side.

Boast not my Fall (he cry'd) outranking Foe!
Thou hast not 'ere been given Nanoprobes!
Nor think Demotion kills my lofty Mind;
All that I dread is ne'er seeing Se'en's behind!
Rather that still, than left more to survive,
And burn in Janeway's Glare -- and burn alive.

"Restore the Core!" she screams; and all around
"Restore the Core!" the Holo-Grids rebound.
Not blazing Kira in so loud a Strain
Roar'd for Bashir from spouting to refrain.
But see how Kim's ambitious Aims are crossed,
The Chief persists until his Pip is lost!
The Core, obtained with Stealth, and brought Kim Pain;
The Scanners sought with zeal, but sought in vain.
With such a Prize no Alien must be blest,
So B'El decrees! with B'El Kim's can't contest.

Some thought it drifted 'way some three Light Year;

Since things lost of Voy'ger oft end there.
There Shuttlecraft are blown to Bits, aft found
In perfect working Order; 'Craft Bay bound.

But trust our Kes -- she made it upward rise,
Tho' seen by none but th' Engineer's quick Eyes;
(So Kes, ex-Voy'ger, to Subspace withdrew,
To B'Elanna alone confessed in view.)
Into the Deck, it swirled its liquid Air,
And shone its bright blue Light thro' B'Ela's Lair.
No Supernova ever such Hue shone,
As Torres when she knew her Core's come Home.
Ensigns behold it snuggling in its Ties,
And for their Sakes thanked Cochrane there it lies.

So cease, good Chief, to mourn thy escaped Core,
Harry's still ensign; Gossip's turned to Lore;
Destabilized Se'en's Eyeball, Fried her 'Probes:
That draws some mortal Fear of you, I s'pose.
For, after all the Murders of your Eye,
When, if Voy'ger's slain, you too will die;
When that Warp Core's shut down, it someday must,
And the Dilithium Chamber's gone to Rust,
The Core, by my Report, will keep your Fame,
And Starfleet Techs inscribe B'Elanna's Name.



(whew!)

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