brought to you by

FOR PSYCHE

Between warped jamb of the screen squeezed in A dull, filament-winged, unsightly night-moth; Which on seeing, was compelled, was impelled, Was briefly bright in my just-struck flame.

WALT IN SUBURBIA

Posies to hoe, Lawns to mow— Putt, putt, putttt. Leaves of Grass, Alas, en masse.

A CAUTION FOR JUST-BORN POETS, BUZZING ACTIVELY

The frantic fly flutters and squirms, as Formaldehyde begins its stings and burns. He never feels the proud mounting-thrust; He is preserved, though the pin will rust.