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The Hyena

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EPITAPH

I died; and what is worse
 I lived from day to day on bus transfers.
 Relict is the token fare
 I bribed the way from there to here.
 Would that I had hopped the line
 That had not got me here on time.
 Would that I had railed and cursed
 The wisecracking motormen of my hearse,
 The passengers who read my passing on
 In True Detectives and the Morning Sun,
 The monoxides that I inhaled
 To sleep me to my stop at Carbondale.

—MARVIN SOLOMON

THE HYENA

"Joe Miller," call me — I am full of laughs!
 Ask why I cross the road, I'll say, To reach
 The chicken side! Ask who the woman with
 Me is, I'll answer, It's your wife! I search
 The circus for the clown in every man.
 I prowl the Africa of every moon.
 I plunk the diamond-hard xylophone
 To cacophonous marrows of its tune.
 I ghost-wrote Mencken, Rabelais, and Pope.
 I was Cervantes' Rosinante hack.
 O, traveling salesman, never give up hope!
 O, farmer's daughter, feed the chickens, milk,

Pour slops, but never fear! He'll find your bed!
 My tongue-in-cheek will pillow-up your head!

—MARVIN SOLOMON