

## Food, Money, & Sex

I don't know anyone who  
can make salads with so deft a hand,  
with whatever's handy for dressing,  
like me; almost a crime so easy!  
The whatever-it-is bites the tongue  
like vinegar, sugar, salt (now you know)  
Hold! not so easy — like a perfect  
marriage!

Good ingredients, true, cost money &  
cause work for all; but buying  
the best isn't so pat either, because  
of the limited distribution — so you've  
got to scratch however  
you slice it.

On this tetrahedral evening, the astral  
dongs ring out before in a horror aghast  
the sun burns the sea (don't O  
creepy sun, old cheese, come back up,  
old bone!) Glorious sun do  
something, do! sight sound  
abounds with ringing, bang crash down  
at last night day.

HUGH MILLER