

"We need to catch this Oberstein,
Who signs his secret ads COMPLETE.
We'll get him back to England, yet,
And nab him when he lands-Toot sweet!"

"Shall we meet him at water's edge
And grab him at the FIRST, my boss?"
"Such trash! Such SECOND! Not at all!
We'll lure him into Charing Cross."

The beast was caged; his SECOND there,
Deep in the dark and FIRST morass.
But if it's loose and roams the land,
And you're in ALL-your ass is grass.

A POEM

J. JAMES MANCUSO
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THE MONTH OF SILVER ORANGES

I knew a boy with a terrible lisp
Who *mithpronounth*ed word*th* more than *onth*.
Though some called him will-o-the-wisp,
At least he could rhyme words with month.

His mother was most overbearing
And really we'd all had our fill of 'er.
Her presence was dark and unwanted,
Like a tarnish on very fine silver.

They lived up in Southern New Hampshire.
Was it Troy or Fitzwilliam or Rindge?
Near Rhododendron State Park
Where blossoms were pink, red and orange.