

Collect for Mr. Dickey

Last time I pulled a bow
I hit six sutures above
my right eye (stop)

Only fighters I fly
are those "Roll Yer Leg Over"
Mustangs (stop)

I'm not old enough
to seduce my students
yet (stop)

Drinking, though, suits me
fine and like you, makes
me too shine (stop)

Your taxes'll pay my bills
for a year with a chubby green
bonus besides (stop)

Means (stop)

All we have in common
(besides booze)
is language

which is why
I make you this
poem

instead of a
bomb
(stop)

World, Flesh, Devil

Caught
in this blue jar
that butterfly

went mad,
beating his yellow wings
to dust.

All
the sweetest blossoms
of this green earth

could not
save him, nor
would they try.

-- W. S. Doxey

Carrollton, GA