

KING TACITUT

King Tacitut, who antedated Moses,
Is never seen in more than two set poses.
Up from the Delta to the Cataract,
Tacitut was the name, and that's a fact.

He ate alone. (To mention it was treason.)
His annual bath brought on the planting season.
He donned a set of whiskers when desirous
Of playing, to his Isis-queen, Osiris.

No whit cared he for obvious defects
In his administration. Architects
Would sit for days in this receiving-room,
Discussing the appointments of his tomb.

Rain was a travelers tale. The sun would keep
Shining, and when it set he went to sleep.
He never walked; to get his legs apart
Baffled contemporary sculptors' art.

One of those nasty medieval winters
They fed his mummy to the fire in splinters.

THE END OF POLITICS

My tour of Washington, physical place,
Wholly convinced my mind that all of this
Will vanish, for any stone on any stone
Will be unset, every building must fall down.

Jerusalem is one holiness over clans.
Rome throws an arch to span all citizens.
We must not palter, our debates concern
What shall be left when everything is gone.

THE MAN BY THE CELLAR DOOR

They call me the super,
Propped at this cellar door,
In a detachable-collar shirt
With the collar detached.

Folded, it steadies
 A table leg, but I
 Cannot bring my legs even,
 I am with whiskey drunken.

They have stricken my name
 Down at the Heraldic College
 On their rule that no gentleman
 Ever needs a shave.

My furnace is out,
 I am a hundred years old.
 For my numerous small crimes
 I am slack in suing pardon.

THE OTHER SIDE

To the magistracy of waters
 Icarus: "Your judgment
 Is altogether just,
 Being altogether of yourself.

But you saw only what you saw,
 The faltering outside moment,
 The fluttering fall.
 I would do it again."

MINOR MASTER

Palicaducci kept the most of magic
 In a trunk at home. He travelled on the train
 Reading, impervious to hints of tragic
 Histories in women's faces. Once, his brain
 Project hóuris, but the sweating drummer
 Took Tums and swallowed. Never one to meet
 Or part, our hero spent the rest of summer
 On ice, disgusted, past an asphalt street.

Locution bothered him. The Grail of Fury
 Would fill, and that was it. He held his luck,
 Scarcely in bowing distance of a jury.
 His friends were few. They pestered him to chuck
 The whole damned show. Suspenders never fit him;
 He lived and lived and lived, till serpents bit him.

SCIENTIFIC OBSERVATION

On a park bench, for reading without glare,
I try to hurry a cloud toward the sun.

At the beach, desiring a tan,
I wish the cloud to move quickly away.

Discriminable difference in my attitude;
None in the clouds. I call this **Black's Effect**.