

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**.