

Ossifications

After several weeks you may observe
That insects trapped upon the window ledge
Become brittle, petrify to shells,
And may be blown like dust.
The remains of holiday rockets
Also retire to anonymity
As quickly as the retina forgets.
Then, there are clams and mussels
Lodged in the wet sand's skeleton
With every shrug of the sea.
Observe, too, by rocks where feathers lie,
The gull so quickly turned to stone
That over itself its cry calls on.

-- Myron Levoy

A Human Interest Story

One day the Devil rode through
town on a train.
No one knew it, but all the
dogs in town
Howled at once. An eerie sound
it was.
The editor of The News wrote
an amusing
Never surmising squib about it
in the paper
That evening -- in the final
edition.

-- M. K. Book

Lincoln, Nebr.