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WORDS FOR A NEIGHBORING SONG AT A FEATHERING NEST

Grinstead's comb is red as a turkey's
Although he and it are fifty-three,
And still he wants to marry his mommy
Although he has tried it twice and again
When all men know from the age of ten
True mommies are scarce as the teeth of a hen.

But sing, for once, that Fate can be bested.
Miss Nell O'Dell, chicken-breasted,
Moves next door to Mr. Grinstead
Loathing love and her music pupils.
Gather albumen and yolk and shell,
Ring all doorbells. All is well.

Hollis Summers