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If you can keep straight you will have no friends but catgut and blossom in season.

--Basil Bunting,

no loot, no
lust to string a catgut
in a banjo

to hoot
or holler into
Nawth Jawja

too effete to
chant "Chattahoochee"
in trochaic feet

all's quiet at
Hut City

the following:

Jonathan Williams