

The Balloon Burst By A Pin

A scientist says: What kind of pin was used? And what was the weight and diameter of the balloon?

A poet says: What I heard and saw was merely the nightmare of an invisible insect, an insect on the verge of a nervous breakdown.

A business man says: I haven't got time for such nonsense; let me out of this place!

A child of four years says: Ha! Ha! Wheeeee!

An old man of ninety says: I have seen this happen before; I enjoy it each time. Ha! Ha! How exciting!

In the meanwhile, a filthy, homeless Foxhound has been standing among these spectators, his hungry eyes roving from one person to another as they spoke and pointed at the balloon. Suddenly, after a heedful pause, the dog leaped to the strips of rubber on the sidewalk, sniffed them cautiously, wagged his tail curiously, and eyed once again the wonder-stricken spectators, then trotted across the street to the next crowd of people.

- - Frederick Jones

Hope, Arkansas

Angels On The Brain

The Angel

that darting, graceful, infinite thing
who is half-child,
part butterfly,
ferocious dove
and likes to sing.

-- Matthew Hochberg

Brooklyn, New York