

## Worm

*No matter what I thought,  
warm at the core a worm,  
thoughtless, kept eating up  
the orb of form.*

*Something desired the sap  
that siphoned through the stem  
and pumped the apple plump.  
It sucked my syllogism.*

*After worming in  
-- it left a needled hole --  
something small began  
slyly to grow.*

*What sweet interior  
-- rounded with red --  
on which a creeping creature,  
fattening, fed.*

*Still the form remained  
perfect as before --  
a thought that just contained  
the worm or error.*

-- Harold Witt

*Orinda, California*