

A Portrait Of The Artist As A Young Man of Twenty-One

*My life is like the pennies
in a child's piggy bank
saved for a year that comes
too late
& is too old*

*My days stretch before me
& behind me
like a string of old priests
with softly folded hands
& soiled robes*

*Tomorrow looks in through my window:
one old man
with the snout of Durante
& Walter Winchell's eyes.
I am too bored to
draw the shade.*

-- Robert Lowry

A Bit Of Blue

*Pardon the conductor
excuse the engineer
this train's bound for heaven
(hell's a bit too dear).
Pardon these two sisters
pardon Anne and Tony too
And to a nut named Bobbie
please, bring back a bit of blue.*

-- Robert Lowry