

## Only A Few Little Things Are In The Way

I am proud to announce that the millennium is at hand.

After giving the matter much thought, I have decided that only details remain to be cleared away before we can all live happily ever after.

A few little things like the relations between parents and children, his children, her children, their children, brothers and sisters, brothers and brothers, sisters and sisters, neighbors, friends, lovers, strangers, old people and young people, haves and have-nots, wants and don't cares, joiners and solitaries, tipplers and tee-totalers, laborers and loafers, city dwellers and country dwellers, liberals and conservatives, radicals and reactionaries, moslems and christians and jews and buddhists and manicheans and pagans, black and white, yellow and black, white and yellow, light brown, medium green, husbands and wives, aunts, uncles, cousins, in-laws, ex-in-laws, outlaws, people who own cats, dogs and canaries, people who can't stand cats, dogs and canaries-----

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A few little things to decide about like sex and money and the cooling down of the sun and leisure time and liquor and traffic and cancer and repair men and sinus trouble and women who rush at your contented ash tray with silent butlers and disarmament and smog and which tv show to watch and outer space and overweight, water pollution, population, automation, education, wisdom teeth and motivational research, capital punishment, the aged, the under-aged, the closing college door and nuclear war, language barriers, t.b. carriers, teen-age marriers, to commute or not to commute, or whether it is nobler in the mind to forget the whole darn thing-----

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Blanks are provided in case I've forgotten a few  
little things. Please feel free to fill them in.  
You see, it still doesn't run to more than a  
page or two. It won't be long now.

-- Phyllis Onstott Arone

### Wake

Because he had lived, for years, on the vague  
Periphery of their close but scattered lives  
Who gather to mourn this dim untimely day,

They thought of him always gowned in hospital white,  
Cutting past muscles into the thick of sickness,  
Improving human meat with a cold knife.

They had forgotten the Doctor's rag-time wit,  
The way his elephant's ass could blunder through sexy  
Minuets and bring on belly hugging fits

That left them weak. But now a sly bequest  
Emanates from his famous deadpan, poised  
Among flowers, looking as though it must soon infect

The room with snorts and giggles. Nicknames he coined  
Are returned to currency as family treasures  
And laughter cascades brightly as champagne  
Over antiseptic odors, mountainous clay.

-- George Amabile

Rome, Italy