

13 Omens And One That Does Not Count

Omen number one:

A man shot himself when he found he would have to pay alimony if he divorced his wife for having un-natural sex relations with an overtime parking meter.

Omen number two:

A well known, folk song trio was booed out of existence when they had the misfortune to perform before an audience composed entirely of Folk.

Omen number three:

Pennsylvania Avenue was stolen.

Omen number four:

At noon yesterday the world was found to be flat. By noon today 846,293 people had fallen off the edge.

Omen number five:

A noted female writer, while gathering material for a new book, disturbed a bee hive and was stung 158 times. A very painful death followed.

Omen number seven:

An Alabama preacher climbed the pulpit one Sunday morning and was horrified to find he had absent mindedly donned a white sheet.

Omen number eight:

Mickey Mouse admitted that his three nephews were really his illegitimate children by a certain homosexual duck who shall remain nameless.

Omen number nine:

Ninty-eight per cent of all the people who regularly attend art shows admitted they knew nothing about art and then sat down to spend the rest of their lives looking at an empty goldfish bowl.

Omen number ten:

A Salvation Army band playing on a street corner was changed into a fire hydrant. They immediately gave salvation to a worried bulldog.

Omen number eleven:

Russian scientists developed a process for producing the perfect nerve gas from wheat sold them by the U. S. government.

Omen number twelve:

One man was found to own all of the money in the world. He burnt it all.

Omen number thirteen:

Three hundred and sixty-two people, while zipping their flies or snapping their bras, had an original thought. Not one ran to a church or talking doctor to beg forgiveness.

Omen number fourteen:

Walt Whitman was found to have in his closet, a large puppet whose strings he had cut off. The puppet, on closer examination, was found to be God.

— Richard Beer

Cherry Point, N. C.

A Passionate Discerning

I do not hate your speaking
of everyday. What I hate
is your riddle made crown of
crisis. All your glitter — cold.

I do not hate your body
jerky with the rope attached
cunningly to navel: No!
I hate your gift of guideline
into any clumsy hands.

I do not hate the air that
bears you from mystery to
mystery (ineffable
womb to womb). What I can't stand
is the doldrum breeze that heats
our closed space and my body
with tedium. And nothing.

— Sam Bradley

Honeybrook, Pa.

