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I am sure that somewhere I left an empty red box on the ground. I know it wasn't full of apples because it just wouldn't have been likely, to leave red apples in a red box, that is. An old man with steel rimmed spectacles, the professor type, who sold balloons was watching me as he rested under the shade tree. I remember a dog urinating on a low, round bush, and there were a few clouds in the sky.

No, the box certainly had nothing in it. It was definitely empty.

Sometimes the stairs are too high. I do not climb them on those days, but, instead, take in a show at the local cinema. The shows never interest me, but it is something to do until the stairs become lower. Once, after climbing the stairs, I discovered I was in the attic. And by the time I arrived at the top it was night-time. Everything was quiet and the city hung far below. That was the night I noticed the hole in the roof and saw the star that dimly shone through the hole.

They fixed the hole eventually, but since then the stairs have never taken me to the attic. But sometimes when it is raining, on Sundays, I go to Aunt Bertha's room. Aunt Bertha, that's the landlady's aunt. From her room I can get an excellent view of the railroad bridge, over which a train often crosses.

No, you couldn't say I live an unhappy life. I have my pleasures. It's just that sometimes, in the night when I cannot sleep, I remember that box, and I am sure it was empty. There would have been absolutely no reason for me to leave apples in it.

-- John Cornillon

Cleveland, Ohio

To a Chicago Poet

That's funny  
Judging by his moustache  
He looks like a poet.

-- Jean Rosenbaum

Santa Fe, New Mexico