

Adjustment

The ill, adjusted, clip  
the pinions of their dreams  
and hold them to the earth.

The well-adjusted idly  
dream and labor tidily  
until they merge with earth.

The nonadjusted blast  
the earth and shape it after  
the templet of their dreams.

— William Newberry

West Haven, Conn.

From the Louse's Nest

A dull tree:

adultery.

In tempera

you paint

intemperately.

"Where are you?"

Indiana,

In Diana.

Occupation: Therapist

(the rapist)

— Susan Forthman

St. Louis, Mo.