

It

Five ten fifteen twenty
hickory dickory tock
tick tock thirty

thirtyfive forty the
clock struck fortyfive
fifty here comes

the bogey man all
dressed in black if
you don't watch it

he'll stab you in
the back fiftyfive
sixty sixtyfive

seventy here comes
a chopper to chop
off your head he'll

grind your bones to
make his bread seventy-
five eighty here

he comes ready or
eightyfive ninety
ninetyfive not.

Maxim 27

If I were
you

it would
in short be

a phenomenon
most difficult

to explain
to my wife.

NO

more of
me to give
you

must not
forget the
recoil of

the heart
for what is
overdrawn

must once
come back
again in

as the
shade snaps
back

into it-
self
until it

once there
stops simply
stops dead.

— J. D. Whitney

Detroit, Michigan