

T h a n k   Y o u   M r s .   D e a t h

i saw a  
woman  
of such  
proportions  
that  
she  
could  
suckle  
all the  
children  
of  
vietnam

no  
greater breasts  
has any  
man

-- Harry Bell

Copenhagen, Denmark

My Guardian Angel

by Günter Grass

He pours me out:  
the baby with the bath.

I don't like to jump:  
Whoever jumps falls into favor.

No matter how much I resist,  
he calibrates the scales.

If I want to go with my aunt,  
he protects my niece.

If I break windows to bits,  
he deals in putty.

And if I get lost,  
my finder is right there beside me.