

So Ernie stole a toaster from a store and ran all the way home.

"Hello, Ernie!" came a voice.

"Who are you?" asked Ernie in alarm.

"I'm your brain, Ernie."

"What do you want?"

"Make me some toast."

The Big Immense Pig

Who could but wonder at the magical giant pig that came down our street last week? This large pig of enormous proteins came along amid the laffing and gladdis of child-rums and housewharves. All the childring danced around, labbing, shrouding, and song and danced around the magical giant pig. The burgomouser gave this huge animarl a great award to the applesauce of all and Sunday who turned out for the apparents of our wondrous piggie. The pig made for great Merrymount, but what a mess it made of our street!

-- John Currier

Gloucester, MA

the woman bent-at knee

she lit three pans upon the stove,
she stirred them with three spoons,
she poured three kinds of catfood
in three deep green bowls.

and then she did not cut her throat,
she did not cut her wrists,
she did not cut red tape
or even her astrologer's appointment.

no, not she,
the woman bent-at-knee.