

Collect for Mr. Dickey

Last time I pulled a bow  
I hit six sutures above  
my right eye (stop)

Only fighters I fly  
are those "Roll Yer Leg Over"  
Mustangs (stop)

I'm not old enough  
to seduce my students  
yet (stop)

Drinking, though, suits me  
fine and like you, makes  
me too shine (stop)

Your taxes'll pay my bills  
for a year with a chubby green  
bonus besides (stop)

Means (stop)

All we have in common  
(besides booze)  
is language

which is why  
I make you this  
poem

instead of a  
bomb  
(stop)

World, Flesh, Devil

Caught  
in this blue jar  
that butterfly

went mad,  
beating his yellow wings  
to dust.

All  
the sweetest blossoms  
of this green earth

could not  
save him, nor  
would they try.

-- W. S. Doxey

Carrollton, GA