FOR PSYCHE

Between warped jamb of the screen
squeezed in
A dull, filament-winged, unsightly
night-moth;
Which on seeing, was compelled, was
impelled,
Was briefly bright in my just-struck
flame.

WALT IN SUBURBIA

Posies to hoe,
Lawns to mow—
Putt, putt, puttttt.
Leaves of Grass,
Alas, en masse.

A CAUTION FOR JUST-BORN POETS, BUZZING ACTIVELY

The frantic fly flutters and squirms, as
Formaldehyde begins its stings and burns.
He never feels the proud mounting-thrust;
He is preserved, though the pin will rust.