

Folded, it steadies  
A table leg, but I  
Cannot bring my legs even,  
I am with whiskey drunken.

They have stricken my name  
Down at the Heraldic College  
On their rule that no gentleman  
Ever needs a shave.

My furnace is out,  
I am a hundred years old.  
For my numerous small crimes  
I am slack in suing pardon.

#### THE OTHER SIDE

To the magistracy of waters  
Icarus: "Your judgment  
Is altogether just,  
Being altogether of yourself.

But you saw only what you saw,  
The faltering outside moment,  
The fluttering fall.  
I would do it again."

#### MINOR MASTER

Palicaducci kept the most of magic  
In a trunk at home. He travelled on the train  
Reading, impervious to hints of tragic  
Histories in women's faces. Once, his brain  
Project h  ris, but the sweating drummer  
Took Turns and swallowed. Never one to meet  
Or part, our hero spent the rest of summer  
On ice, disgusted, past an asphalt street.

Locution bothered him. The Grail of Fury  
Would fill, and that was it. He held his luck,  
Scarcely in bowing distance of a jury.  
His friends were few. They pestered him to chuck  
The whole damned show. Suspenders never fit him;  
He lived and lived and lived, till serpents bit him.

## SCIENTIFIC OBSERVATION

On a park bench, for reading without glare,  
I try to hurry a cloud toward the sun.

At the beach, desiring a tan,  
I wish the cloud to move quickly away.

Discriminable difference in my attitude;  
None in the clouds. I call this **Black's Effect**.