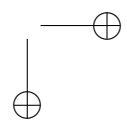
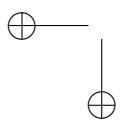
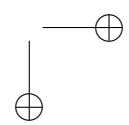
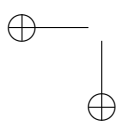
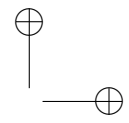
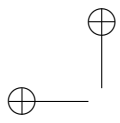
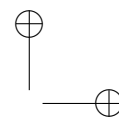


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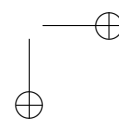
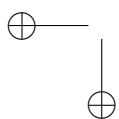


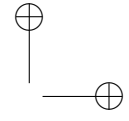
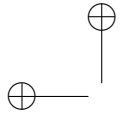


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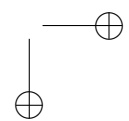
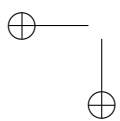
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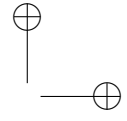
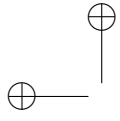
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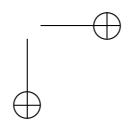
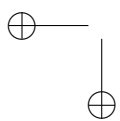


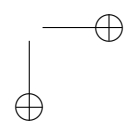
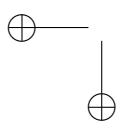
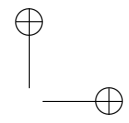
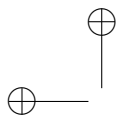
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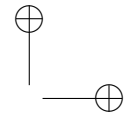
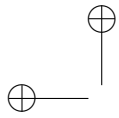




To Tony and his Grandpa, Dante,
For whom my love is far from scanty.



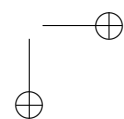
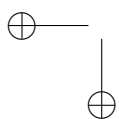


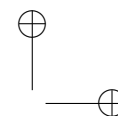
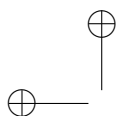


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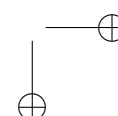
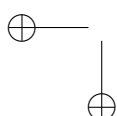
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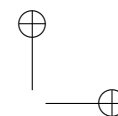
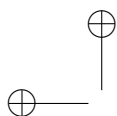
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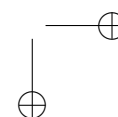
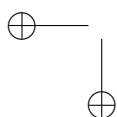
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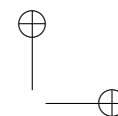
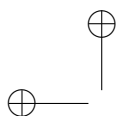
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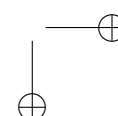
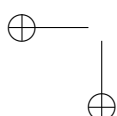


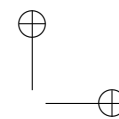
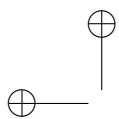


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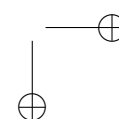
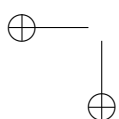
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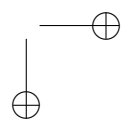
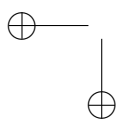
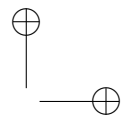
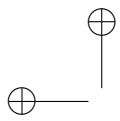
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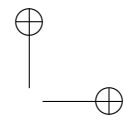
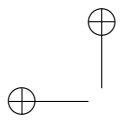




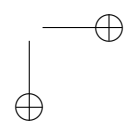
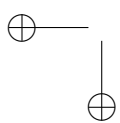
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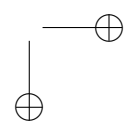
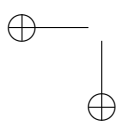
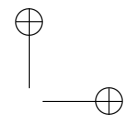
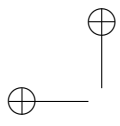


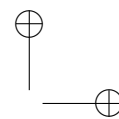
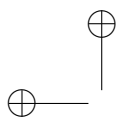




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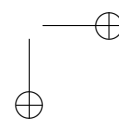
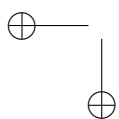


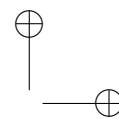
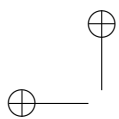




WOMEN ARE FUNNY

Tell me, my lord, that I'm fair as the dawn.
Kiss me with fervor, and not with a yawn.
Tell me you love me. You've told me before.
Tell me again, and then tell me some more.
Not that there's ever a reason to doubt it,
I'm well aware there's no question about it.
Still, I'm a woman, and women are funny...
Ever since Eve we have flourished on honey.



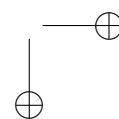
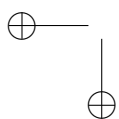


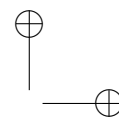
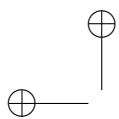
DOWN WITH BLUEBIRDS

When in the dumps, I hate the things
That ordinarily I love.
I loathe the lark that blindly sings;
I hate the bland, blue sky above.

The crocus, sneering on the lawn,
Forsythia about to bloom –
I'd like to see them dead and gone,
Instead of filling life with gloom.

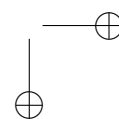
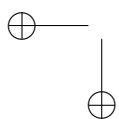
But most of all, I do not care,
While I am droning in my hive,
To hear vivacious chums declare
How great it is to be alive.

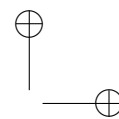
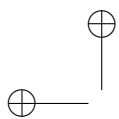




MAXIM SILENCER

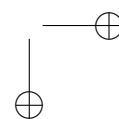
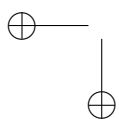
Many's the proverb makes me burn
And leaves me bewildered and in a fix:
Is it really, "Never too late to learn,"
Or, "You just can't teach old dogs new tricks"?

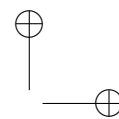
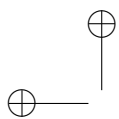




YOU AND ME BOTH!

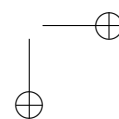
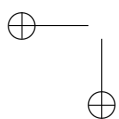
Those safety belts are simply great –
You shouldn't be without them.
Their value is beyond debate,
But here's one thing about them:
They're made for cars that might be wrecked,
But I would like to see
A safety belt that would protect
Pedestrians like me.

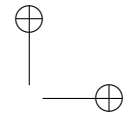
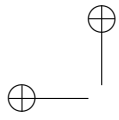




**PARDON ME, MADAM,
BUT YOUR SOUL IS SHOWING**

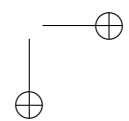
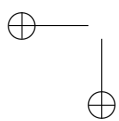
The female who delights to suffer
Makes all her loved ones want to cuff 'er.
By using anguished smiles as barter
This phony, calculating martyr
Strives to exact from all who know her
Attentions that they do not owe her.

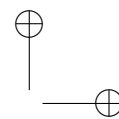
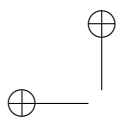




THREE FEET ARE BETTER THAN TWO

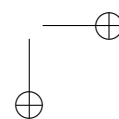
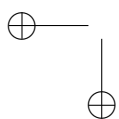
This problem bothered me all night:
Why is a trivet always right?

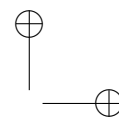
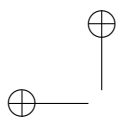




LINES TO A BUDDING POET

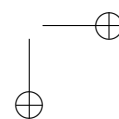
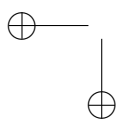
Bear in mind, my little man:
Never let your verses scan.
And acceptance will be sparse
If, by any chance, they parse.
But whatever else you do,
Let it not be said of you
That your poetry makes sense. . . .
That's a criminal offense!

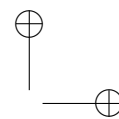
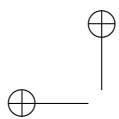




BUSY DAY AT THE OFFICE

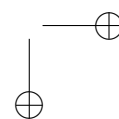
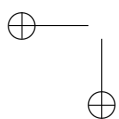
This is a day when I covered no ground.
Just pushed and shuffled my papers around,
Nudged at letters and winced at bills,
Sorting them out into different hills,
Hunted fretfully for a ruler,
Worried the overworked water cooler,
Sharpened pencils and filled my pen,
Then shuffled my papers around again.

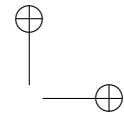
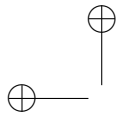




HOUSEWORK MADE EASY

I do the things I like to do
Without delaying till I'm through
With dishes, beds and other chores;
For if I grappled with the bores
That always clamor to be done,
I'd have no time for any fun.





SOUR PUSS

I have a greedy, part-time cat
Who answers to the name of "Scat."

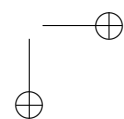
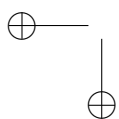
Imperious and bland as Nero,
He thinks he's everybody's hero.

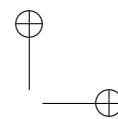
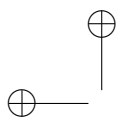
He haughtily accepts my liver,
Nor does he ever thank the giver.

When he is through, he goes next door
And arrogantly dines once more.

He never begs. He just demands,
And obviously understands

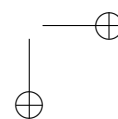
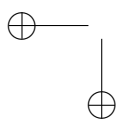
That when he's polished off our food,
It's we who swell with gratitude.

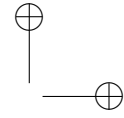
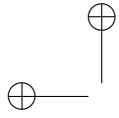




SPELLBOUND

It's true, I do not like to spell,
Nor do I do it very well.
If "handle's" "l e," why not "travle"?
Such mysteries I can't unravle.
There's also "pare" and "pear" and "pair,"
Though which is which, I've ceased to cair.
I master demons such as "guide"
And "guard" with pardonable pruide,
But when it comes to "hear" and "here,"
I can't decide which way to stere.
And then I'm faced with "hair" and "hare"
To plunge me further in despare.
Indeed it seems to me absurd
To grapple with the written wurd –
I'd better throw away my pen
And never, *never* write agen.



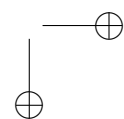
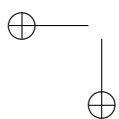


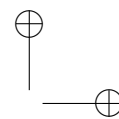
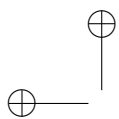
THINGS MY MOTHER NEVER TOLD ME

Brought up in strict, Victorian style,
I'm floundering, and though I smile
A knowing Mona Lisa leer,
When Master Minds attempt to steer
My groping brain, I'm all at sea
When science and technology
And *electronics* are discussed. . .
I'm just a plain, old-fashioned bust.
The very language that they use
Has been distorted to confuse.

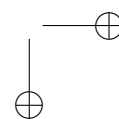
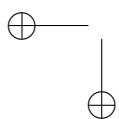
Old words come out in brand-new ways
That leave me in a hopeless daze.
Consider "*dish*" which used to be
A bowl or stew or recipe
Or – girl – I'm up-to-date enough
To know a dish means all that stuff.

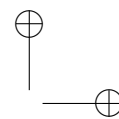
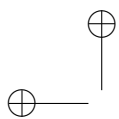
But now, unless you're just a dope,
You'll be aware a telescope,
A huge one, that, revolving, spies
Upon the unsuspecting skies,
Is also called a dish, no matter
What *you* may think of all such patter.
Take *booster*, *capsule*, *Minuteman*
And *cherry-picker*, if you can,





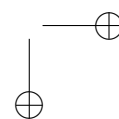
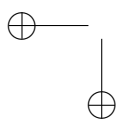
Sidewinder, vehicle, and stage –
Be careful or you'll show your age,
If, inadvertently, you say
You don't know what they mean today.
Take *package, payload, birdie, pad,*
Or *platform...* but why should I add
To such a list? It's clear as mud
The plot is only in the bud.

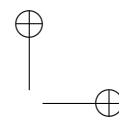
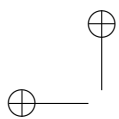




OUT-OF-TOWN PAPERS, PLEASE SKIP

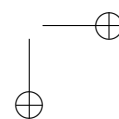
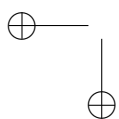
Whene'er my energetic spouse
Departs on business trips, I grouse
But secretly I have my fun,
For when my office day is done
I have no date with pot or pan.
And though I sorely miss my man,
It's nice to rest from rump and roast
And let a tearoom be my host,
Where I can idle hands and feet
The while I'm sighing for my sweet.
Our icebox is a haunted house,
Our nest no port for man or mouse.

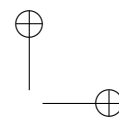
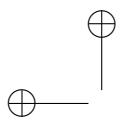




ON THE BALL

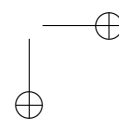
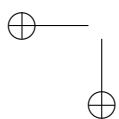
In summer, winter, spring, and fall
There's fascination in the ball.
From infancy until we totter
No other plaything's any hotter.
There's football, basketball, and tennis
And water polo played in Venice.
And though to baseball I am cool,
I'm stuck on golf and Kelly pool.
The mothball likewise has its place –
To skip it would be a disgrace.
And devotees, by millions, play
At marbles, billiards, and croquet.
This giddy world is balled up, too,
And so am I and so are you.

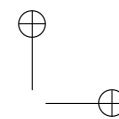
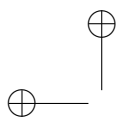




NO WAITING IN LINE

At last I've found a neat café
Where I can get a seat –
It follows, as the night the day,
The food's not fit to eat.





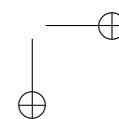
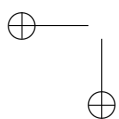
**LINES TO A LONG LINE
OF TRUCK DRIVERS**

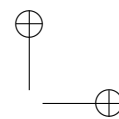
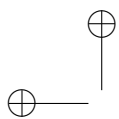
Where the trucks sup, there sup I!
Not for them the half-baked pie.

Drivers who frequent the highways
Know good food. Their ways are my ways.

Not for them the sandwich soggy;
Theirs are standards far from foggy.

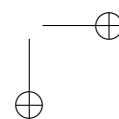
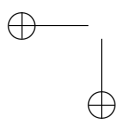
Fragrant coffee, honest stew –
That suits them, and suits me, too.

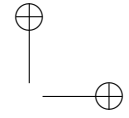
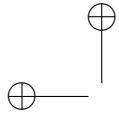




WHY GROW UP?

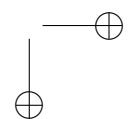
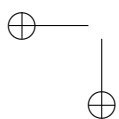
He's a happy adolescent,
Always charming, always pleasant,
With a disposition born and raised in heaven.
He does not feel insecure,
Though friends brand him immature,
Which is nonsense, for he's only forty-seven.

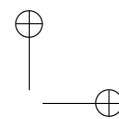
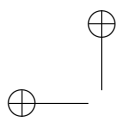




TRANQUILIZER

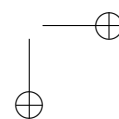
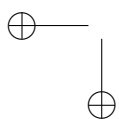
I had a kind of helter-skelter
Thought to build a fall-out shelter,
But when I was induced to scan
The fifteen year installment plan,
My apprehensive nerves grew calm –
I call my cure the Atom Balm.

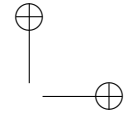
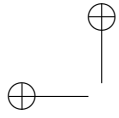




LIVE AND LEARN – WHAT?

Goats' horns,
Cats' claws,
Thistles' thorns,
Give me pause.
Still, I'm one who never learns
That bees sting and fire burns.

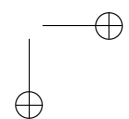
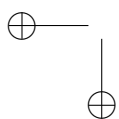


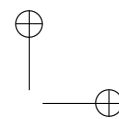
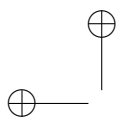


ROUND TRIP

Of school and church fair,
Good ladies, beware!
You'll stir and you'll bake
Your very best cake,
And then for good measure
Contribute a treasure
From cellar or attic
With fervor ecstatic.

Then, sunk with despair,
You'll dash to the fair,
Completely downhearted
To think you have parted
With Aunt Emma's quilt.
Your spirits will wilt
Till, breathless, you eye,
And furtively buy
The quilt and the cake
You couldn't forsake.





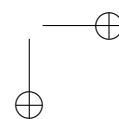
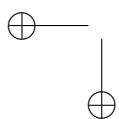
YOUR OBEDIENT SERVANT

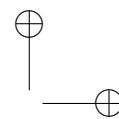
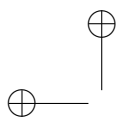
May I be frank this Fall, my sweet,
And say that football is no treat?
I shrink from frozen ears and feet!

And now that television's here,
We can attend with eye and ear
At home, my rugged, genial dear.

What's that you say? You'd rather go,
But I may stay at home. . . . Oh, no!
I'll tag along, come rain or snow.

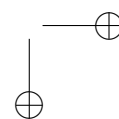
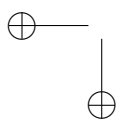
For I with you would rather be
Than snug and dry at home with me.
It must be love, as you can see!

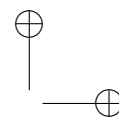
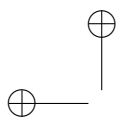




GREEN-EYED

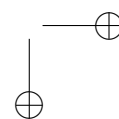
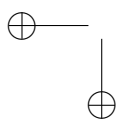
She's one of those women I'm prone to hate –
The seams of her stockings are always straight.
Her nose has never been known to shine.
Her lipstick never fades out like mine.
The curl in her coiffure never fails.
The polish sticks to her fingernails.
My only hope is that late at night
When she's ready for bed, she looks a fright.

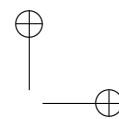
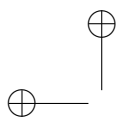




MIXED NUTS

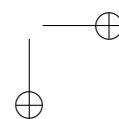
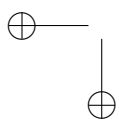
The smoke is thick, the guests are thicker,
Their roving eyes in search of liquor.
There are no chairs in which to sit,
I crave a door through which to flit.
But who am I to fuss and fret
At cocktail party etiquette?
I can't say I was forced to come,
So let's conclude I'm just plain dumb.

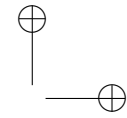
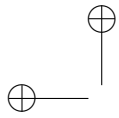




HAPPY BLENDING

Anything you love is a joy *and* a care –
Lilacs in vases, a little girl's hair –
Both you must water, both you must tend.
Home and garden, family and friend –
All that you love are forever needing
Heeding, seeding, weeding, feeding!





SAVING FOR A RAINY DAY

My resolution is emphatic...
Today's the day I'll clean the attic.

To sentiment, I will not yield,
So here I go, emotion steeled.

I'll start out nobly with the worst –
This venerable trunk comes first.

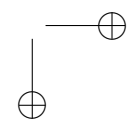
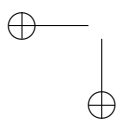
Here's Grandma's treasured Persian shawl –
I thought the Church got that last fall.

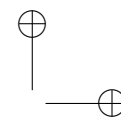
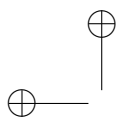
These shabby baby shoes are sweet...
Imagine *them* on Junior's feet!

Nobody else would want this stuff,
And I have had it long enough.

But what to do? I won't consent
To burn it up... I'm not cement.

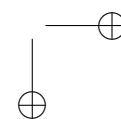
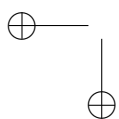
It's fun to look at. Furthermore,
What have I got an attic for?

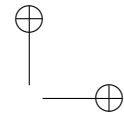
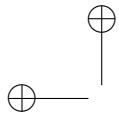




LINES ON A SMALL POTATO

Reflect upon the dinosaur,
A giant that exists no more.
Though brawny when he was alive,
He didn't manage to survive,
Whereas the unimpressive flea
Continues healthy as can be;
So do not whimper that you're small –
Be happy that you're here at all.



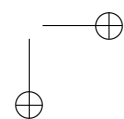
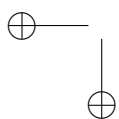


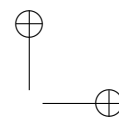
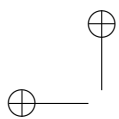
TO A LOCAL SKYLARK

O Window Washer, perching high
Against the heedless Gotham sky,
How *can* you, twenty-five floors up,
Stay tranquil as a buttercup?

Although I'm sitting safe inside,
I am the one who's terrified.
What keeps you, on that lofty sill,
As dauntless as a daffodil?

Might other things make you afraid?
Would you, I wonder, be dismayed,
Were you to juggle words, instead
Of danger for your daily bread?

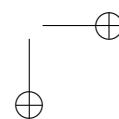
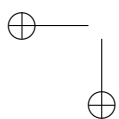


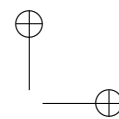
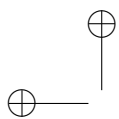


WHY MOTHERS DON'T LEAVE HOME

Why is Mother here to stay?
Mother just can't get away.
Is it cooking, is it sweeping,
Is it passionate housekeeping
That makes Mom, who loves to roam,
Stick so close to home, sweet home?

Frankly, she is out of luck.
Candidly, the Mater's stuck.
Though she would be on the go,
Junior has his license, so
How can she get very far?
Junior's courting in the car.

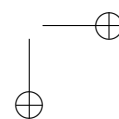
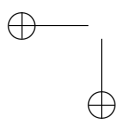


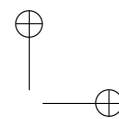
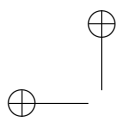


MAKE MINE PLATINUM

Pam Curran has ordered mink slacks for her debut in Rio de Janeiro. — *Fashion note.*

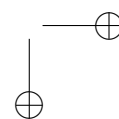
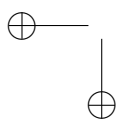
At last, I know my heart's desire. . .
Here's what I hanker to acquire
To keep my spirits in the pink:
Just slacks of plain, old-fashioned mink.

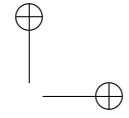
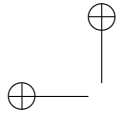




IT'S NOT THE HEAT, IT'S MY NEIGHBORS!

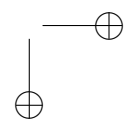
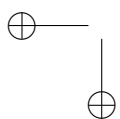
My neighbors' air conditioners roar
And make me vehemently sore.
The sound reminds me that it's hot
And they are cool, while I am not.

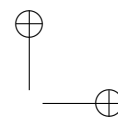
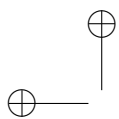




TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING

His faults don't bother me at all;
He's almost always on the ball.
He's rarely wrong; he's never lazy;
His virtues are what drive me crazy.

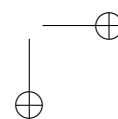
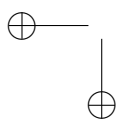


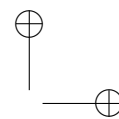
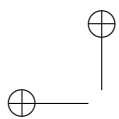


NEW SYMBOL – THE THIMBLE

Babs Paley, in pale blue-gray tweed, started a new fad when she hid a broken finger nail under a tiny gold thimble. —
News item.

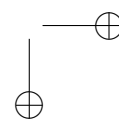
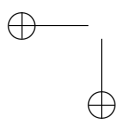
My nails, from toil, are all too short.
But now I, too, can be a sport
And look so chic, I'll daze my friends
By capping all my finger ends
With thimbles. Though they be but pewter,
Some folks may think they're even cuter.

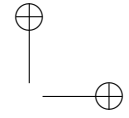
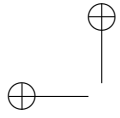




CHEAP THRILL

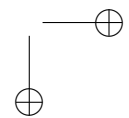
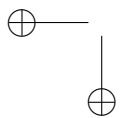
Virtue is its own reward. . .
Maybe *that's* why I'm so bored.

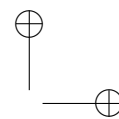
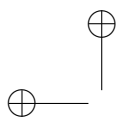




NO FAIR!

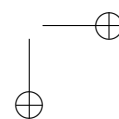
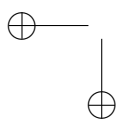
When touring in a foreign clime,
My chums contrive to find the time
To send me pictures that arouse
Sheer envy underneath my blouse,
Each scene is always drenched with sun,
Suggesting warm, romantic fun.
On postal cards, it never rains;
This, frankly, gives me shooting pains.

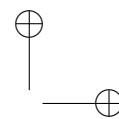
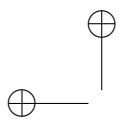




**IN PRAISE OF EAR MUFFS,
REGARDLESS OF THE TEMPERATURE**

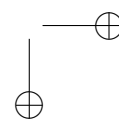
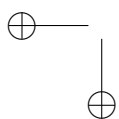
Canned music in department stores
Does *not* alleviate my chores.
And when I go to grocery shops,
The same old racket never stops.
It's such a nuisance and distraction,
I'm stupefied into inaction. . .
I can't remember what I came for –
Is that, I wonder, what they aim for?

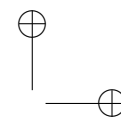
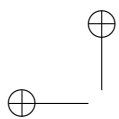




DUTY MAKES ME TIRED

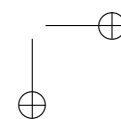
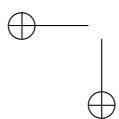
People who always Get Things Done
Have very little time for fun.
They're much too competent for me,
And their superiority,
Which used to make me feel so small,
No longer bothers me at all.
For while they check things off their list,
I'm basking on the boat they missed.

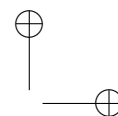
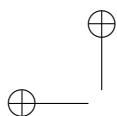




A DILLY DALI

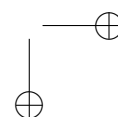
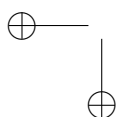
My passport picture is a nifty.
It makes me look both grim and shifty,
Unprepossessing, wan and pale,
As though I had escaped from jail.
The most distressing aspect of it
Is that my closest friends just love it.
It seems they're pleased as they can be
Because it looks so much like me.

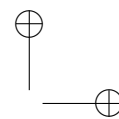
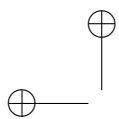




LINES ON PAYING A DOCTOR'S BILL

You say you think the patient may
Survive? Oh happy, happy day!
Here is my check to pay your bill –
I mail it with a right good will.
The medicines you itemize,
Your visits too – they all comprise
Attentive and devoted care.
No longer do I feel despair
For our young invalid. . . . On reading
Your summary entitled, “Feeding
Sick silver maple,” I would say
Your fee is not too much to pay
For such adroit solicitude,
Plus thirty pounds of rich tree food!
Thus do I happily remit,
And hope for many years to sit
And revel in the spangled shade
Cast by our ward before I fade
And leave a healthy maple tree
As monument to you and me.



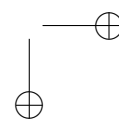
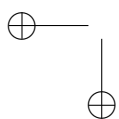


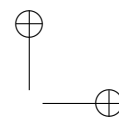
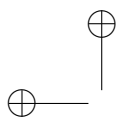
GREAT NEW ALL-PURPOSE ADJECTIVE

A new ball-point at the Five-and-Ten
Is labeled the great "All-Purpose" Pen.

And supermarkets are tempting fatties
With rich "All-Purpose" Potato Patties.

But best of all the "All-Purpose" blah
Is that masterpiece, the "All-Purpose" Bra!



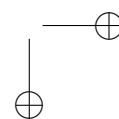
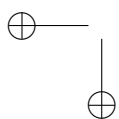


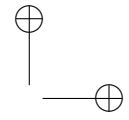
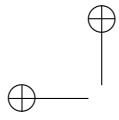
QUICK, EASY RELIEF

By listing the jobs that I ought to be doing –

The hodgepodge of chores on which I am behind –
My conscience, anesthetized, ceases its stewing.

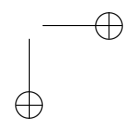
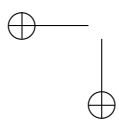
This simple device takes the load off my mind.
For listing my tasks rolls them all into one.
And *that* looks so easy I feel that it's done.

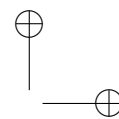
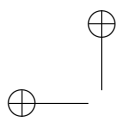




THE MOURNING AFTER

Do you, your very soul, dissect
For fear you've been uncircumspect?
Cheer up! The normal are so few,
They're more abnormal, chum, than you.

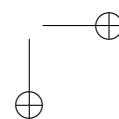
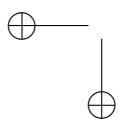


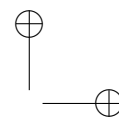
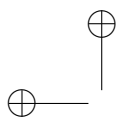


GREAT DATE!

According to the Old Farmer's Almanac, on August 21, 1621,
"One widow, 11 maids were sent from London to cure U.S.
wife shortage."

It must have been a lot of fun
To live in 1621.
Today it comes as quite a shock
To hear about a surplus stock
Of males. . . . Imagine, if you can,
The Era of the Extra Man!

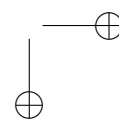
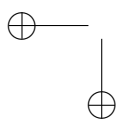


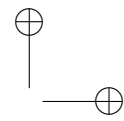
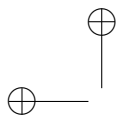


FAMILY TREE

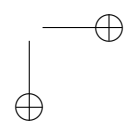
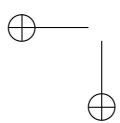
We have not lived our lives in vain. . .
The elm we planted down in Maine
Has flourished. Handsome, tall and strong,
It lifts to God a whispered song.
A symbol of that spark, divine,
That animates your soul and mine.

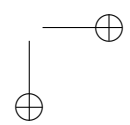
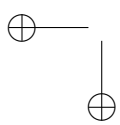
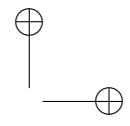
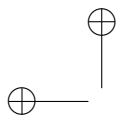
And when I feast my eyes upon
That other miracle, our son,
Who's tall and strong and handsome too,
I'm jubilant for me and you,
And breathe a prayer of thankful joy
For rearing such an elm and boy.

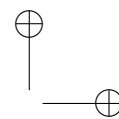
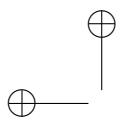




KID STUFF

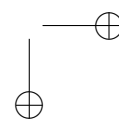
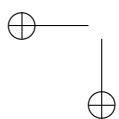


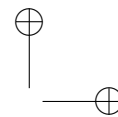
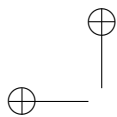




LINES TO A NEW BABE

Though clothes don't make the girl, it's clear
They sure do help her once she's here.





WHY JUNIOR CAN'T SPELL

BUMB DEAL

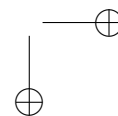
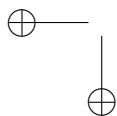
At spelling Junior thinks he's dumb
And he's forever fleeing frumb
Its tentacles, which make him glumb,
Though he's not half so bumb as sumb.
For spelling, he won't beat the drumb
It's not a happy mediumb.

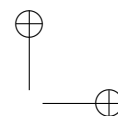
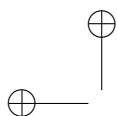
ROX IN MY HEAD

Pets are nice... Had I an ox,
I'd keep him in a roomy box,
And if I had a pair of oxen,
I'd treat them to adjoining boxen.

NOT HARD TO SWALLOW

I wonder what would help my cough...
A cup of coughey *should*.
At least it wouldn't bump me ough,
And it *might* do me gould.





LEAVE US BATTEN DOWN OUR BELFRIES

I dote on cats
And also kittens,
But I loathe rats
And all their rittens.
I feel the same toward bats
And bittens.

COMPANION PEACE

A jug of wine beneath the bough
And milk from yon contented cough
And you beside me makes me glow
Deliciously, from head to tow.

SO THERE! – OR THEIR?

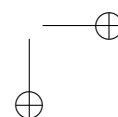
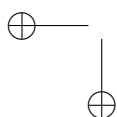
A *pair of pears* I plan to *pare*,
Then brush my *hair* and chase a *hare*.
To steady me to *bear* to *bare*
To *air* the truth my son and *heir*
Must face. . . . No *fair*, this spelling *fare!*

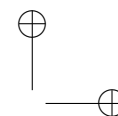
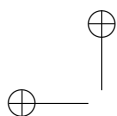
HOMB, SWEET HOMB

I'll comb
My domb
Then romb
To Nomb.

THE HOUSING SHORTAGE

A country mouse
Lives in a house,
But city mice
Are short of hice.





SOB STORY

Today, away from me you fly,
 Though, yesterday, to me you flew,
So now I am disposed to cry,
 Though heretofore I never crew.

ONE FOR THE DENTIST

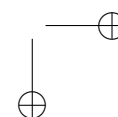
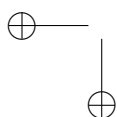
If one bad tooth
Unmans a youth,
Do two bad teeth
Unmen two yeeth?

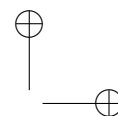
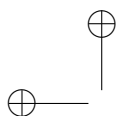
THE POINT IS MOOT

If you say, "Boot,"
Then why not foot?
And on your feet,
You should wear beet.

PEACE, IT'S WONDERFUL!

The birds are singing sweet and low
As gently, down the stream I row. . .
Sweet peace! Why *do* the gods allow
The world to rant and roar and row?

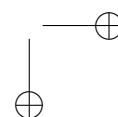
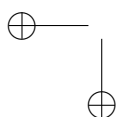


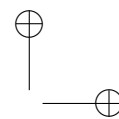
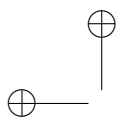


PICNIC

Pack up the sandwiches, pickles and cake,
The salad, the olives, the franks and the steak.
We're off to the woodland, where Nature is calling,
And thrushes are shrilling and beetles are crawling.
Now spread out the dainties on tables and benches,
While into the revels the kiddies throw wrenches –
Small Snooks in the brooklet is already sprawling,
While Junior and Jane are delightedly brawling. . .
The grub tastes so good in the great open spaces,
We're just a collection of great open faces!

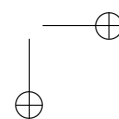
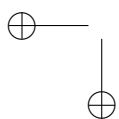
And now come the snapshots, the searching for flowers,
The darkening clouds and the threatening showers.
Let's hurry and pick up our clutter and crusts,
For that's on the list of a barbecue's *musts*.
Now put out the fires and the cigarettes too –
That's one of the things all good picnickers do.
Although we are pooped, and the party is over,
We must leave the scene as we found it – in clover. . .
The start of a picnic's all sweetness and light,
But won't we be happy to get home tonight!

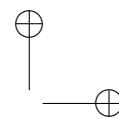
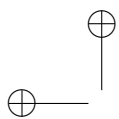




TIME OUT

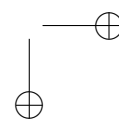
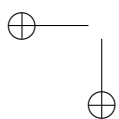
Now school is out and Teacher's free –
I cannot say the same for me!
But this I'll add, sans reservation,
That saint deserves a long vacation.
My lad's a dandy little feller –
In all the world there is no sweller.
I would not change a thing about him,
I really couldn't do without him,
But his vacation, I must say,
Is no maternal holiday!

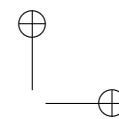
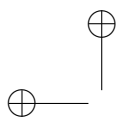




BEACHCOMBER

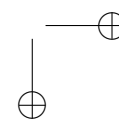
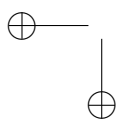
He combs the beach for treasures which
Make grasping four-year-olds feel rich –
A crab, long dead, some seaweed, dried,
A starfish neatly ossified,
A stone, a shell, a sea gull's feather,
Then having piled them all together,
He hands them to his Mom to lug
While he pursues a lightning bug.

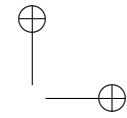
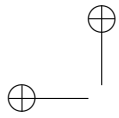




SYMPHONY ON WHEELS

I never knew a tike
Who didn't like a bike.
Its handlebars are slim
But wide enough to trim
With mirrors, sirens, too,
And pinwheels, old and new.
It's better than a horse
For raccoon tails, of course.
It covers lots of ground,
And gets a guy around.
And when he feels like humming,
A bike has spokes for strumming.





CHRISTMAS PAGEANT

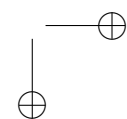
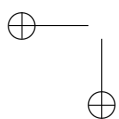
The third-grade angels, two by two,
March in, their cardboard wings askew.

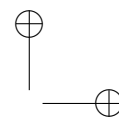
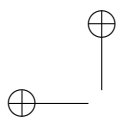
A kindergarten shepherd skips;
A halo from its mooring slips.

The oriental kings, all three,
Wear Momma's costume jewelry,

While spotlights from each ribboned wreath
Accent the braces on their teeth,

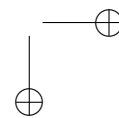
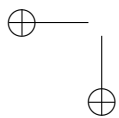
And wise men, from the upper classes,
Look very wise, in horn-rimmed glasses.

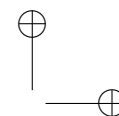
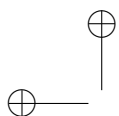




BACK-TO-SCHOOL BLUES

When Junior's underfoot, I wonder
If I can stand his demon thunder.
But when he's back at school, I frown,
Because the silence gets me down.
My heart is spineless as an omelet,
I do so miss my atom bomblet.

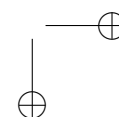
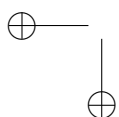


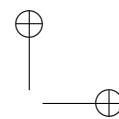
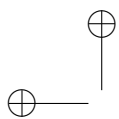


NON-CONFORMIST

He's not group-conscious? So... he's not.
He wasn't even as a tot.
And now that he is ten years old,
I can't see why he must be told
Repeatedly, and yet again,
He *must* play like all boys of ten.

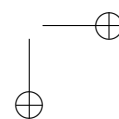
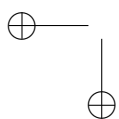
Why should he think their thoughts, I beg –
Perhaps he's Einstein in the egg.
Why *must* a child be in the soup
If he's not wedded to the Group?
There should be room, it seems to me,
For individuality.

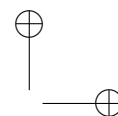
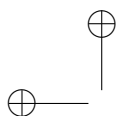




SOCIAL SECURITY

It's dumb to be intelligent;
To be a dope is smart.
Thus, eager teen-age Eve is bent
On acting out the part
Of dummy, so that she will be
Assured of popularity.



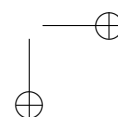
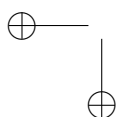


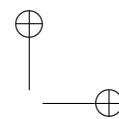
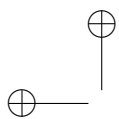
BOY WONDER

My son, a young lad who's not yet in his teens,
Detests chocolate cake, but is partial to greens.
He'd rather sit quietly reading than skate.
To dinner, this paragon never is late.

He goes to bed nights, without being told,
And always is careful not to catch cold.
He's quiet at school, and at home he's a lamb.
He likes toast and muffins without any jam;
He helps dry the dishes, is kind to the cat,
And never behaves like a demon or brat.
He washes his neck and he brushes his teeth –
It's clear he deserves both a medal and wreath.

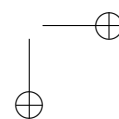
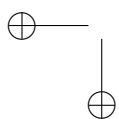
He scorns radio and he hates TV sets;
To do all his lessons he never forgets.
He comes when I call him. What's more, he's not lazy,
And if you believe this, you must be plumb crazy.

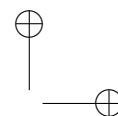
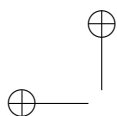




UP AND AT HER

A habit that I note among
My own, and other people's young
Is, that it's Mother whom they bother
At six a.m., and never Father.





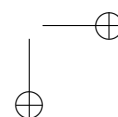
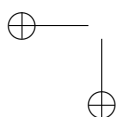
THOSE TOUCHY TEENS

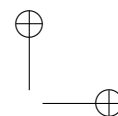
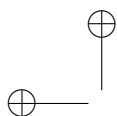
LINES TO A HAS-BEEN

Dear, dated Mom: Remember when
Your little girl was only ten
Or maybe just a trifle older. . .
How you escorted her and told her
Which frocks and shoes and coats and hats
To buy? You went with her, but that's
All over. Now she makes it known
That *all* teen-agers shop alone.

REDUCTIO AD ABSURDUM

Their eating habits are atrocious,
Yet nothing makes them so ferocious
As being scolded when they munch
Between meals, after skipping lunch.
They're "dieting," but it's the rule
To stop for hot dogs after school. . .
You cook a dazzling dinner, then
It's time for dieting again!





PUZZLE

A parent is a fossil
Who's unreasonable too,
Always saying kids must do
Things like getting in by one
So's to spoil the evening's fun.
It's unfathomably grim
Why adults should be so prim!

TO A DISTANT COLLEGE FRESHMAN

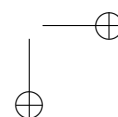
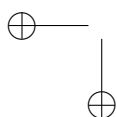
The gas tank doesn't seem to leak,
I haven't filled it in a week.
The phone bill's noticeably small.
The roast beef lasts, and that's not all.
The TV's quiet as a mouse. . .
Would *you* call *this* a tomb or house?
Are *these* bright college days, my boy?
For me they do not teem with joy!

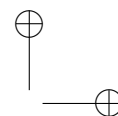
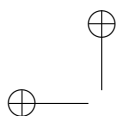
PARADOX

How can teen-agers look so neat
As they go prancing down the street
In trousers creased, or starched dresses,
When they have left their rooms such messes?

COMPLAINT DEPARTMENT

Chicken pox and measles were
Nuisances, but I prefer
Pests for which the doctor's ready
To attacks of Going Steady.





RAW DEAL FOR JUNIOR

He has no private telephone,
Nor yet a car to call his own;
No wonder he is prone to fret.
How underprivileged can you get?

FREE ADMISSION

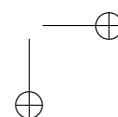
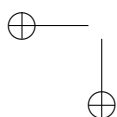
He dotes on meat, despises greens.
This lad, I cannot tame.
Is this because he's in his teens?
Heck, no! I feel the same.

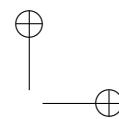
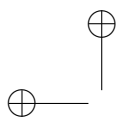
CHANGE OF SCENE

Pray, do not call it a disgrace
When Daughter messes up her face
With clumsy makeup. Also try
Your hardest not to bat an eye
If, suddenly, she isn't flat.
Don't call the wistful child a brat
Because she thinks that falsies are
A way of wishing on a star.

COMPENSATION

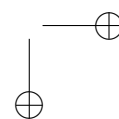
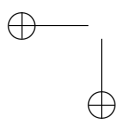
When off to boarding school she goes,
Her parents *do* feel lost and lone,
But here's the sop to ease their woes –
They get a chance to use the phone!

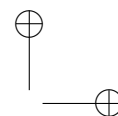
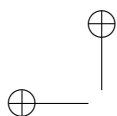




TIME FOR A SWITCH

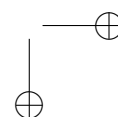
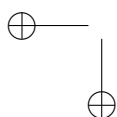
Our Juvenile Delinquents reap
 Their share of headlines, day by day.
And “good” young peoples also keep
 A grip on what reporters say.
We likewise read assorted tons
 Of tales concerning “gifted” teens. . .
I love our daughters and our sons,
 But aren’t there any magazines
Or papers, that could just ignore
 Teen-agers for a little while?
They’re getting to be quite a bore,
 Remaining *constantly* in style.

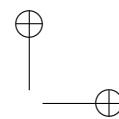
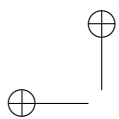




BIRTHDAY PARTY

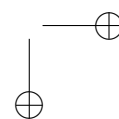
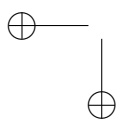
Organdy dresses, all sweetness and light,
Navy-blue Etons with shirts snowy white,
Hair plastered down or excessively curly,
And all of the cherubs on hand bright and early.
Invite them to come at 3:30 but be
Prepared for the deluge along about three.
Tails-on-the-donkey! An obstacle race!
A lollipop hunt – and now look at the place!
Heaven defend us – they're cherubs no more,
But panthers rampaging all over the floor.
Pigtails are pulled with a vigor ecstatic,
Arguments flare with a vengeance emphatic.
Now to the table the savages scurry,
Like jet-propelled planes in one heck of a hurry.
At last they are called for by Mama or Pop,
Just as the hostess is ready to flop.

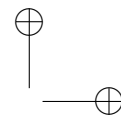
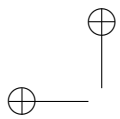




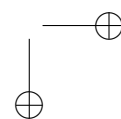
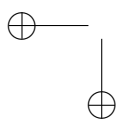
LINES TO BE ENGRAVED ON A LOVING CUP

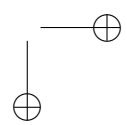
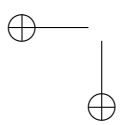
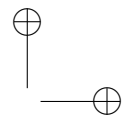
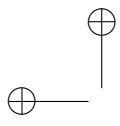
My tadpole's teacher I revere.
I've had my pride and joylet here
At home with chicken pox, tenacious.
I love the lad, but goodness gracious,
How happy I will be to send
Him back to Mother's dearest friend,
That saint, that noblest of God's creatures,
That most incredible of teachers
Who is serene with twenty of them
And even manages to love them!

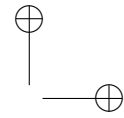
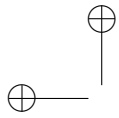




PASSING FANCIES



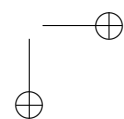
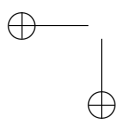


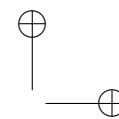
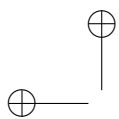


THROUGH A DOWN-EAST WINDOW

When dawn bedecks the maple tree
Outside my window, I can see
The fragile gossamers, alight
With dew, to bid farewell to night.

They'll vanish in the morning sun,
But not before their work is done.
Headstrong, they will not disappear
Until they've made it more than clear
That there's a God, who has a way
Of turning darkness into day.





WINTER SPORT

The weather is perfect for skiing, you say?
It's cold and it's bright and the snow is Grade A.

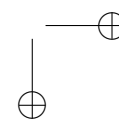
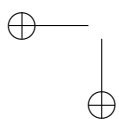
The landscape is lovely, the air is divine.
Well, wax up your skis, chum, but don't molest mine.

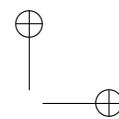
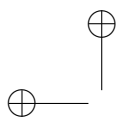
Your stem turns are gorgeous, your herringbone's neat.
You skim from the heights and you land on both feet.

But can you evoke any law that says whether
Or not I must slalom to savor the weather?

I, too, dote on Nature but I must admit
I really don't ski half as well as I sit.

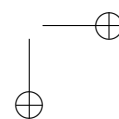
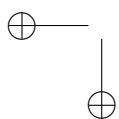
Of all winter sports that I truly admire
The nicest is parking right here by the fire.

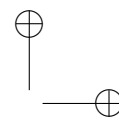
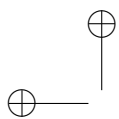




THE IDES OF MARCH

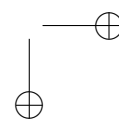
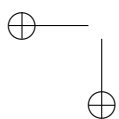
Winter's on the wing.
Soon it will be Spring –
So say bird and poet.
Brother! Don't we know it!
All the signs are clear
At this time of year:
 Runny noses,
 Frozen toeses,
 Aching backs,
 And income tax.

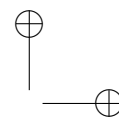
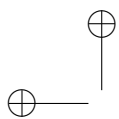




WORM'S-EYE VIEW OF FLOWER SHOW

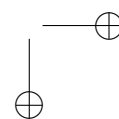
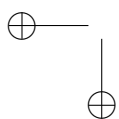
You say *that's* grass? It's much too fine,
Nor does it smell as good as mine
In Maine. The kind we have is springy,
While this looks delicate and clingy,
A little bit too prettified,
A tiny shade too citified
For fun and comfort. . . *Ours* is gay,
And not discouraged by croquet.
And when we sprawl or wrestle on
Our useful, hospitable lawn,
The blades of grass do not complain. . .
We brook no touch-me-nots in Maine.

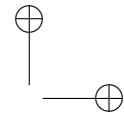
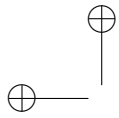




RHAPSODY IN THE RAIN

I love the zoo on a rainy day,
When sensible people stay away.
There's so much space with the crowds not there
That a pastoral scent pervades the air.
The walks are neat, unsullied by litter-bugs;
The breeze is sweet, minus radio jitter-bugs;
Forsythia's sunbursts kindle the scene;
The ransomed grass is a joyous green.
The sea lions frisk and the monkeys chortle
With gibes, deriding the genus mortal.
The cafeteria's nicer, too,
When privately run for me and you.



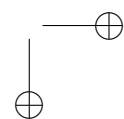
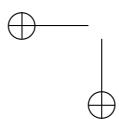


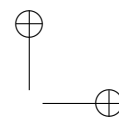
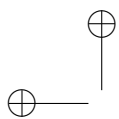
TO A FIELD MOUSE AND HIS FAMILY

O fierce, uncompromising mouse,
We sought to bar you from our house.
What quarter-wits we were to hope
You'd wolf the poison, shun the soap.

Who named you "field mouse," anyway,
When clearly you prefer to stay
In linen closets, where you dine
On curtains that I thought were mine?

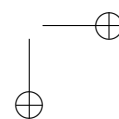
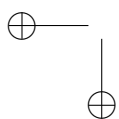
The fringe that once adorned my best
Bath mats, has gone to make your nest!
You doubtless heard me when I squealed,
"The brutes will drive us to the field!"

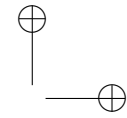
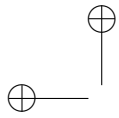




BIRD BRAINS TOGETHER

A robin 'neath the apple tree
Ignores the lordly DC-3
That soars above his farm in Maine.
It rates not even his disdain.
He, too, is in good flying form –
He could take off – his engine's warm,
But though he's well equipped to fly
And has his choice of earth and sky,
It's clear he's where he wants to be,
In which respect he's just like me.



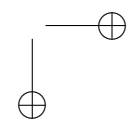
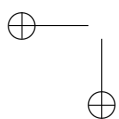


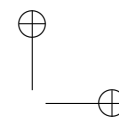
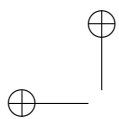
ELEGY ON A CITY CHURCHYARD

The great elm which towered five stories high above the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Transfiguration, known as the Little Church Around the Corner, at Fifth Avenue and Twenty-ninth Street, crashed inward without causing serious damage. — *News item.*

The monumental elm is dead.
No longer will its branches shed
Their friendly shade across the lawn.
And so a faithful friend is gone,
In one unbridled moment, slain,
A victim of the hurricane.

The Little Church Around the Corner,
Bereft, but not the only mourner,
Must know the city shares its grief
For singing bird and fragrant leaf
That fluttered joyously so long
Above the bubbling fountain's song.

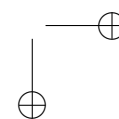
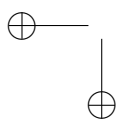


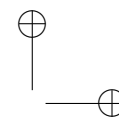
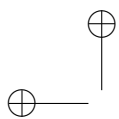


SILVER LININGS

In the lexicon of the Atlantic City Weather Bureau, there will be no more “partly cloudies.” From now on, the term will be “partly sunny.” — *News item.*

To say a thing like “partly cloudy”
Is melancholy, if not rowdy.
That’s how some weather bureaus feel.
Though life is earnest, life is real,
It costs forecasters no more money
To promise weather “partly sunny.”



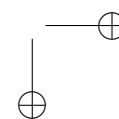
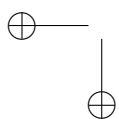


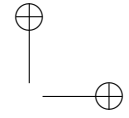
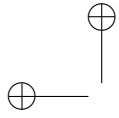
WELCOME, SWEET SPRINGTIME

According to the Old Farmer's Almanac, winter starts December 21st; the sun sets December 20th at 5:14 but stays up till 5:15 December 21st.

Though winter's just started,
This softens the bite:
The sunset comes later
And later each night.

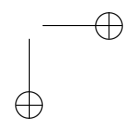
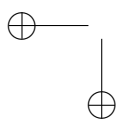
I sing to the sun –
What a pal, what a friend!
To ease the beginning
By hailing the end!

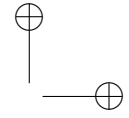
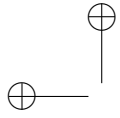




VINEGAR AND MOLASSES

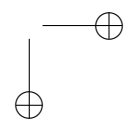
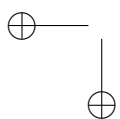
On March the twentieth, I'll sing
A mushy madrigal to Spring,
For that's when Winter gets the sack
(According to the Almanac)
And nature lovers start to gush
While navigating through the slush.

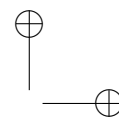
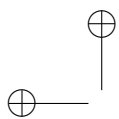




**MARCH WINDS AND/OR
APRIL SHOWERS**

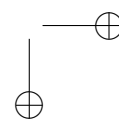
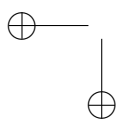
To hurricane weather
My question is curt:
What to hold onto,
My hat or my skirt?

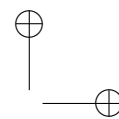
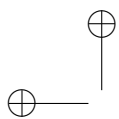




LIGHT NOTE ON A DARK DAY

Today, in Bryant Park, I heard
A reckless, undiscouraged bird.
He struck a note of rugged cheer,
Heart-warming at this time of year,
A valiant overture to Spring.
Don't tell *me* sparrows cannot sing.

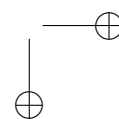
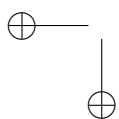


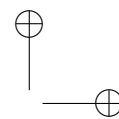
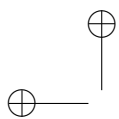


IT MUST BE SPRING!

Elusive Spring is in the bag...
Behold the jonquil and the flag!
Reproach your molars, if they chatter
And meditate on things that matter –
Magnolias, marbles, moth balls, mud,
And maples bursting into bud.

Now that the earth is not so firm,
The robin stalks the wary worm...
And mankind's ready for a lark
As rowboats bloom in Central Park.
So doff your woolies, chums, and sing
You may be chilly, but it's Spring!

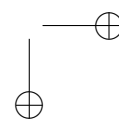
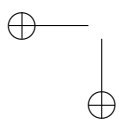


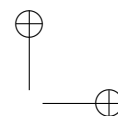
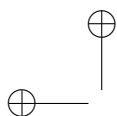


UNBEATABLE

The tree of heav'n defies cement.
Iron gratings by its trunk are bent.
Before it, bricks and mortar knuckle,
While sullen sidewalks heave and buckle.

O green, indomitable tree,
You're what we all would like to be.

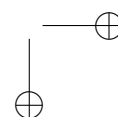
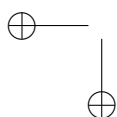


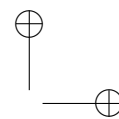
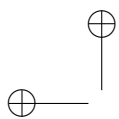


NEW ENGLAND ON THE LIGHT SIDE

New England is a wondrous realm,
Its coast and mountains overwhelm
The eyes and soul, as do its lakes,
Its lobsters and its garden snakes.
Lush lilacs bloom more richly there
(Mosquitoes, too) than anywhere,
While swimming never fails to please
Rash visitors, too numb to freeze.
(No native son has ever been
So addled as to venture in.)

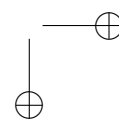
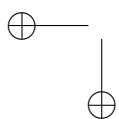
For sudden gales you must be ready,
With clammy fogs you must go steady,
Until one day you wake to see
Such radiance and purity
Of sun and air, you plumb forget
That you were ever cold and wet.
And I predict, if you explore
New England, you'll go back for more
Year in and out, nor ever cease
Until you've bought yourself a piece.

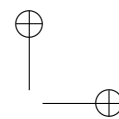
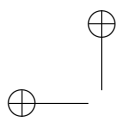




LINES ON TURNING OVER AN OLD LEAF

The sycamores of Murray Hill
Are shedding on my window sill.
Regard this leaf, so wet, so prone,
Yet regal, both in shape and tone.
Beneath it, note the pattern left. . .
I think there is no artist, deft
Enough to conjure a design,
So unmistakably divine.





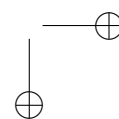
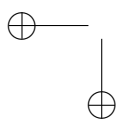
TIME OUT

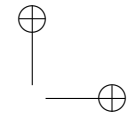
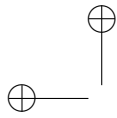
The bathing suits lie, limp and drawn,
Upon the prone, protesting lawn,
Mute evidence the tide has gone.

Despite their colors, rakish, bold,
They all look withered, spent and old,
Like pallid spectres, clammy, cold.

But when the sea comes in once more,
The suits will frolic to the shore,
As they've so often done before.

How changed in looks and spirits then!
They quickly come to life again,
All super-molls and super-men.



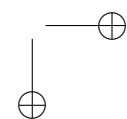
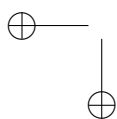


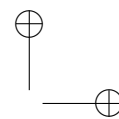
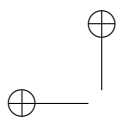
**LINES FROM NO-MAN'S LAND
TO PATER, SAFE IN THE CITY**

The seaside's fresh, the seaside's pretty,
And healthier than is the city.
The sky is blue, the sun is bright,
And we use blankets every night.
But next year, come the holiday,
Suppose *I* work, and let *you* play.

For my "vacation" is replete
With kiddies who delight to eat.
I market, cook, and wash the dishes,
And chaperone the little fishes
At their fandangos in the ocean.
I soothe their sunburned hides with lotion.

I doctor poison oak and bites.
I disentangle scrambled kites,
And watch innumerable mammas
Involved in corresponding dramas.
We love our young, but now and then
We females wish that we were men.

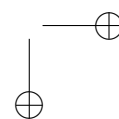
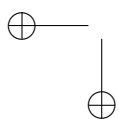


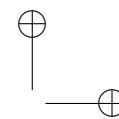
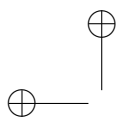


THIS GOES FOR SPARROWS TOO

The common robin I revere
Despite bird-watching snobs, who sneer
And scorn my unabashed delight
At robins, grounded or in flight.

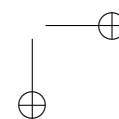
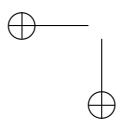
Nor does it bother me one bit
That I am judged a quarter-wit
Because the birds I truly prize
Are those that I can recognize.

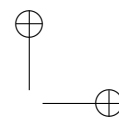
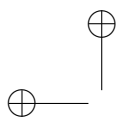




**HEAVEN AND EARTH
ARE FULL OF THY GLORY**

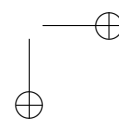
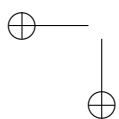
Our modern scientists are smart –
Of atom bombs they've made an art,
But still I hail them with a yawn –
They haven't yet created dawn,
Or stars to shine from heav'n above,
Or children, or the gift of love,
Or autumn crocuses, or sod,
Or any substitute for God.

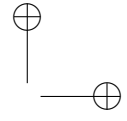
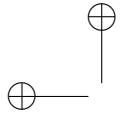




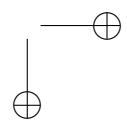
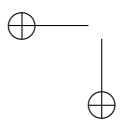
SHINING EXAMPLES OF FALL WEATHER

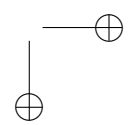
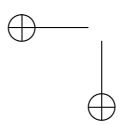
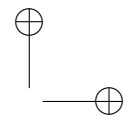
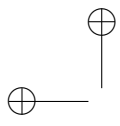
The golden maples in the rain
Illuminate our farm in Maine
So gloriously that I'd be
Convinced it is the sun I see
If I could manage to forget
The trees and I are both all wet.

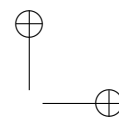
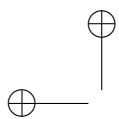




BETTER DAYS

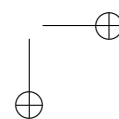
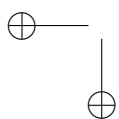


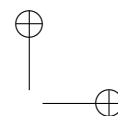
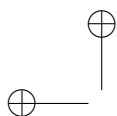




I RESOLVE

Resolutions I don't make
I can't break.
SO I RESOLVE not to make any –
Then I can't break any.





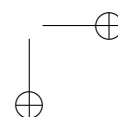
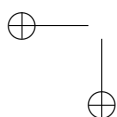
IN CAHOOTS WITH CUPID

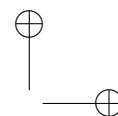
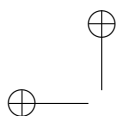
O happy day! O Feb Fourteen!
When Cupid slyly steals the scene
And I can say just what I mean. . .
 To wit: "I love you, one and all!"
 With Valentines, I'm on the ball.
 I can't resist them, large or small.

I buy them in all shapes and sizes,
Adorned with paper-lace surprises
From bows and darts to butterflies.
 I'm strong for doves and sweetheart roses
 (Entrancing to both eyes and noses)
 And cherubs, in disarming poses,

I send them far. I send them wide.
My love, I do not have to hide –
St. Valentine is on my side!
 My missives go to both my brothers,
 My second cousins and their mothers. . .
 The mail box on the corner smothers!

Of course, I don't forget my son,
Despite the fact he's prone to run
When told that he's a honey bun.
 He shies away from greetings, gushy,
 And tells me I must not get mushy
 Or send him salutations, slushy.

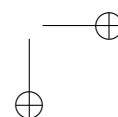
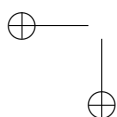


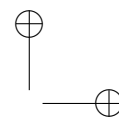
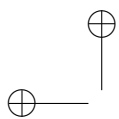


I even send one to my boss,
Although he's almost always cross,
In hopes a smile his face may gloss.
All girlish inhibition ends. . .
I greet both relatives and friends –
My love to one and all extends.

So if you get no card from me,
The reason's very apt to be
You've moved, and must be all at sea.
For on that February date
I do not even hesitate
To love the pals I really hate.

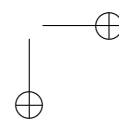
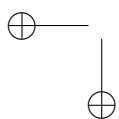
In case you want the simple truth,
I've felt this way since early youth.
And though I may be thought uncouth,
I might as well confess I yearn
To get a thousand in return,
And know my love you do not spurn.

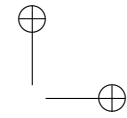
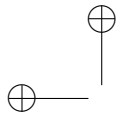




WRITE YOUR CONGRESSMAN!

There ought to be a law, I say,
To make the thirtieth of May
Fall on a Friday or a Monday,
And not on Saturday or Sunday.
That's when it's absolutely bleak;
While in the middle of the week,
It passes with such breathless haste
It's just a tantalizing waste.

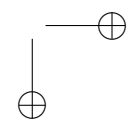
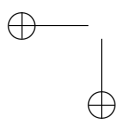


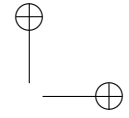
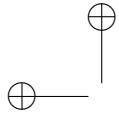


GIVE POP A BREAK

The stumbling block with men's fashions has always been men themselves. They dote on old clothes. — *New York Herald Tribune.*

A man's unable to emote
With joy when he acquires a coat
Or suit, though it may be a gift
Designed to give his heart a lift.
So, if on Father's Day you feel
You'd like to make his senses reel,
Just take the suit he likes the best
And patch the pants and mend the vest.

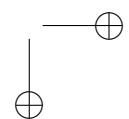
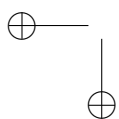


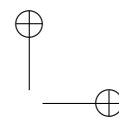
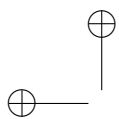


**THE CONDEMNED PRISONERS
ATE A HEARTY MEAL**

Bring on the scrambled eggs and toast,
Then slice the remnants of the roast
For sandwiches. . . . It's Labor Day
Which means we must be on our way
Back to the salt mines, back to town
Where moulting leaves are drab and brown.

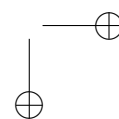
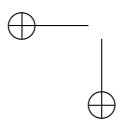
Farewell to elm and evergreen,
To woods and countryside serene.
From limpid air and fragrant grass
We switch to straight monoxide gas,
But even so, I'm not too blue –
I like the sooty city too.

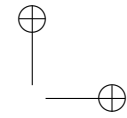
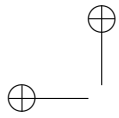




GREETINGS, LABOR DAY

Farewell to glistening beach and sea,
To juniper and cedar tree,
To bobwhite, whippoorwill and frog,
To dew and mildew, rain and fog.
Farewell to poison oak and skunks,
To stubborn stove and bathing trunks.
'Twas nice to come, but this I know –
It's simply heavenly to go.





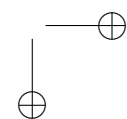
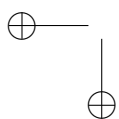
HALLOWE'EN INDIGNATION MEETING

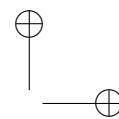
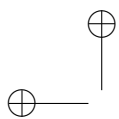
A sulky witch and a surly cat
And a scowly owl and a skeleton sat
With a grouchy ghost and a waspish bat,
And angrily snarled and chewed the fat.

It seems they were all upset and riled
That they couldn't frighten the Modern Child,
Who was much too knowing and much too wild
And considered Hallowe'en spooks too mild.

Said the witch, "They call this the *human* race.
Yet the kiddies inhabit Outer Space;
They bob for comets, and eat ice cream
From flying saucers, to get up steam!"

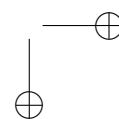
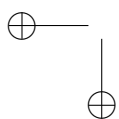
"I'm a shade of my former self," said the skeleton.
"I shiver and shake like so much gelatine,
Indeed I'm a pitiful sight to see –
I'm scarer of *kids* than they are of *me!*"

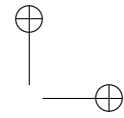
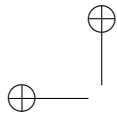




LAMENT FOR HALLOWE'EN

The traffic jam in outer space,
Created by the human race,
Is leaving hardly any room
For spectre's shroud or witch's broom.
The Supernatural today
Is commonplace, and phantoms say,
"There ought to be a law to clean
The heavens up for Hallowe'en."
"Spectres, unite!" they caterwaul,
"Or we will have no night at all!"

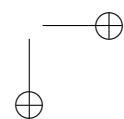
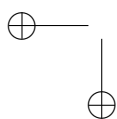


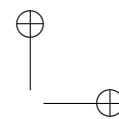
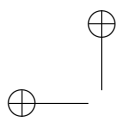


THE BLIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

My love, get ready for a tussle –
Just doff that coat, and flex that muscle.
The Christmas tree you thought was small
Turns out immoderately tall.
Dredge up the ax, if you can find it –
It's in the hat-rack or behind it,
And try to ferret out a saw,
Then grit your teeth and set your jaw,
And lop, until you think the height
Starts looking reasonably right.
Now stand her up, though I've a feeling
She still is going to hit the ceiling...
Too bad! She needs another chunk
Extracted from her stubborn trunk.

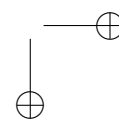
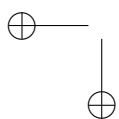
Keep chopping, ax-man, that's the stuff!
Now surely she is short enough...
Tst, tst, you've got her crooked now,
But whittle gently, or I vow,
At risk of seeming somewhat blunt,
She will be nothing but a runt!
Don't get discouraged, dear, and quit
Before you try to make her fit
The stand. Just bring the wrench and pliers –
(I wonder why my lord perspires) –
Now add each angel, star and ball
Before the needles start to fall.

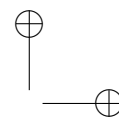
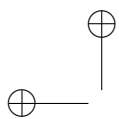




Then drape the tinsel and get through
Ere we collapse, and she does too!

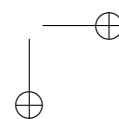
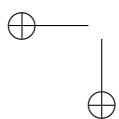
But then, what happens Christmas day
Will many thousand times repay
Our struggles to subdue the tree.
What fun, those squeals of ecstasy
As Snooks rips open gifts like mad
Abetted by his headlong Dad. . .
And by the way, Pop, please explain
Just who's supposed to own that train?

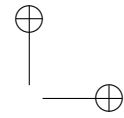
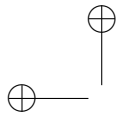




REVENGE IS SWEET

For Christmas I can hardly wait,
Because, upon that happy date,
I'll give the offspring of my chum
A pair of cymbals and a drum
By which I hope to make it clear
How we enjoyed *her* gift last year –
That jolly bugle, which our boy
Considers, still, his pride and joy.





A CARPING CAROL

*“The first day of Christmas
My true love sent to me
A partridge in a pear tree.”*

It’s nice to be remembered, but
I fear my true love is a nut.

*“The second day of Christmas,
My true love sent to me
Two turtle doves, and
A partridge in a pear tree.”*

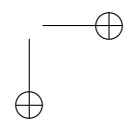
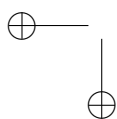
Although ungrateful I appear,
I think my true love’s gifts are queer.

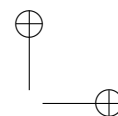
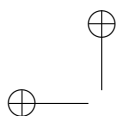
Three hens came next and then, by golly,
Four warblers by the name of “colly.”
“Six geese.” “Seven swans.” “Eight milking maids.”

Right here, my Christmas spirit fades.

To tell the truth I get to griping
At “drummers drumming,” “pipers piping,”
And “lords and ladies, leaping, dancing.”
Such gifts don’t set my heart to prancing.

Why can’t my true love use his head
And send me plain old cash instead?





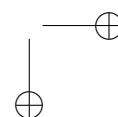
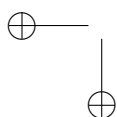
THE POWER AND THE GLORY

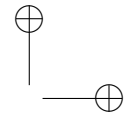
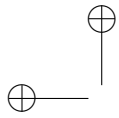
The star, so beautiful and bright,
That led the wise men there that night
To worship at a lowly manger,
Shines now upon a world in danger.

No legend, myth, or fairy story
Could spread such power and such glory
Year in and out. Why doubt Him then,
Small bearer of good will to men?

Why trim a tree on Christmas Eve,
If in our Lord you don't believe?
He died, but will forever live,
Who bred in us this urge to give.

Invite Him into heart and mind;
Like Him, be merciful and kind,
And say a prayer on Christmas Day
For all the world to live His way.





CHRISTMAS IS FOR EVERYONE

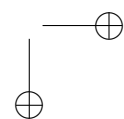
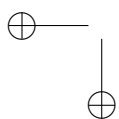
May all God's creatures share the joy
Of Mary, in her little boy. . .

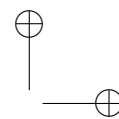
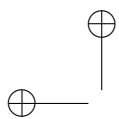
When doubts assail my groping mind,
And God seems too remote to find,
I drop the puzzle, and return
To simple facts a child can learn –

That Jesus Christ, whom I would know,
Was born two thousand years ago,
And that the love and grace He taught
Have so imbued our human thought,
They've proved more powerful than scores
Of persecutions, bombs, and wars.

Since this is true, why doubt or fear,
Because the vision isn't clear?
I must keep seeking, for the fact is
We master nothing, save through practice.

Meanwhile, God let me share the joy
Of Mary, in her little boy.



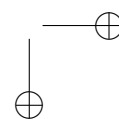
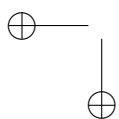


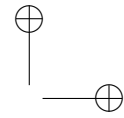
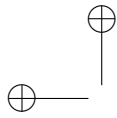
**IF THE TRUTH WERE TOLD
IN THANK-YOU NOTES**

Thanks for the ties my husband hates
And for my son's "beginner's" skates.
He's sorry that you didn't know
He mastered skating long ago.

The "Bedtime" book was dandy too,
A tale familiar through and through.
The mittens also made a hit,
Until we found they didn't fit.

Thanks also for the cocktail tray.
It served us drinks on Christmas Day
And struck a note of right good cheer.
It's what we sent *you* just last year!



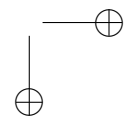
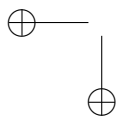


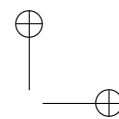
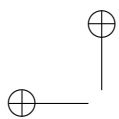
'TIS THE SEASON TO BE JOLLY

I am in love with Christmas Day,
Particularly when it's past –
When balls and stars are packed away,
And I can catch my breath at last.
I shimmer with “good will to men”
From February till November;
The message shines with meaning then,
Much more so than in fierce December,
When both at home and in the stores
I'm stuck with all the Christmas chores.

I list, I shop, I wrap, I mail;
I prod the tinsel from the cellar.
Nor rain, nor snow, nor sleet, nor hail
Can stay my personal propeller.
The Day itself arrives, and then,
As loved ones grab and grin and hoot,
Armed to the teeth with pad and pen,
I grimly strive to list the loot.
For Pop and Snooks it's just plain fun,
But woman's work is never done.

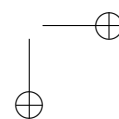
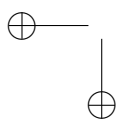
Too soon the tree begins to shed –
That habit gets a housewife's goat –
But most of all, the job I dread
Is writing *every* thank-you note.

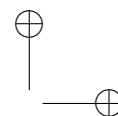
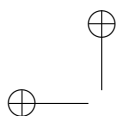




But by the time I've finished, then
I start to think how very jolly
'Twill be when Christmas comes again
And I can deck the halls with holly.
The fact is, I can hardly wait
To start in to anticipate!

But now, entangled fast in tissue,
Enmeshed in ribbons, still I wish you
A Christmas spirited and merry,
Which *I'll* enjoy in February.





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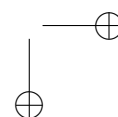
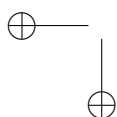
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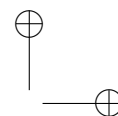
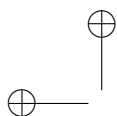
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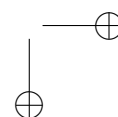
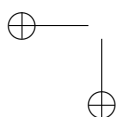
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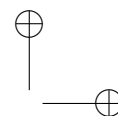
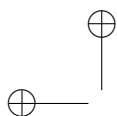
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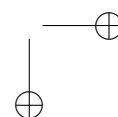
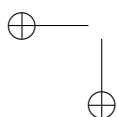
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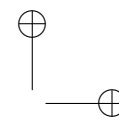
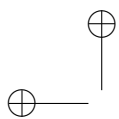
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