

Dali's Last Hurrah*

What frosty land is this?

How was its fate decided?

Coal-black mountains loom;

Glassy pools reflect their huge, queer forms.

A bird-like woman searches slowly through the trees;

Flocks of trembling sparrows cluster about blood-red barns.

I feel the flashing claws of chalk-white terror rip at my breath.

My courage fails.

A furious, hoarse voice whispers from the inky shadows,

“He knew his duty. We cannot be afraid.”

Fighting a fog of sudden nightmare visions—

Savage lambs,

Fork-tongued horses,

Sleek otters, subtle as jazz—

I struggle to recall the verse drama of old—

My heart turns to ice.

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All About Foxes*

1. The quick brown fox took four small sips of strong coffee.
2. Oh boy, Kathy! Father is mad as hell! Why did you lie?
You're not even sorry.
3. Carry these cheeses to the train before it's too late!
4. That fluffy little kitten *slashed* the cotton sofa apart! And now her poor paw is hurt!
5. Do you fear death, fair one?
6. Cut the flow! Now! The bathroom is flooding! Get the bags!
7. Where will you go, do you think, when the earth turns cold? Will you walk north?
8. Hurry it up! Sheesh. Does anybody take *pride* in their work anymore?
9. Two students planted big fir trees all around the zoo.
10. The abbot liked to fish without a lure.

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