

Man

A Lilliputian walked my hand.
He said I'd see the faults of man;
How they did argue and digress,
How politics they always stress.
He knew I viewed things from above;
Yet all their faults I could not love.

A Brobdingnag then picked me up,
And nearly crushed me in his glove.
His mighty steps soon made me gasp;
His pity by his greed surpassed.
He knew I sensed his coarse idea;
A freak I was in his galleria.

No sooner free, an island spied me
And took me up to scorn and chide me.
Its people thought me quite uncivil.
All but abstraction to them was trivial.
Volumes of facts they had in store
But to interpret them was a bore.

I finally landed near a horse
Who frowned on me and gave discourse.
Who said a "Yahoo" I resembled,
A type of man who feared and trembled,
A kind of man with little sense,
A jolly fool quite in a trance.

Can these things be I asked myself?
Then searched for Swift upon my shelf.

—Sally Lou Bell

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Master of the House

Octavia Landers

C lancy became a member of our family almost three years ago. Deceptively enough, he appeared to be a sedate little puppy at the age of six weeks, a round, pudgy, black and tan Doberman pinscher of impressive lineage, was presented to our daughter, Jody, as a Christmas gift. Her