

and his elbows flapped as the wind ruffled his thin shirt, his worn black shirt.

Granny leaned against the door and sighed. Her thin hand moved slowly to her cheek and wiped away the wetness there. Her brows were somewhat pinched, somewhat arched. Her face was taut. She turned and walked slowly down the hall, her bent figure casting a dim but definite shadow. Then she reached out and turned the last light off.

A Tip

to members of the literary profession

by Piet Hein

Those
who can write
have a
lot to
learn from those
bright
enough
not to.