In this experiment, conducted by Him, the earth is a simple culture dish, and growth that is—is from that. In the void, innumerable trays revolve around the central light, almost all containing the proper medium to develop—he that what it may. These spores with ego, mouldering and growing, slowly inundate this tray, with red, purple and black. 'Tis a fruitless span at the lab—and will allow till Tuesday week, then—if no useful penicillin develops—a scrub, a rinse and into the autoclave.

Mr. Sweet

Kathy Prochazka

Mr. Sweet is dead
who used to laugh
joy-voiced
over Sunday-morning toast
succulent
with orange marmalade
who used to laugh
mirth-wonderful
over my grandfather's jokes, a pipe
fragrant
between his nicotined teeth
Mr. Sweet is dead
grave-frozen
beneath silent clay
I never knew I could care . . .
Jesus! How he used to laugh!