

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—be 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!