

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!