

COFFIN WILL CURE WHAT AILS YOU

Richard Moore

Eventually one wearies
of sex and the World Series,
of dreaming for a city's
cantankerous committees.
Enough of pro and con.
Let go. Stop hanging on.

Thus, weary of the world,
of getting goosed and girled,
he speaks: "Grave man that you be,
it's yours. Climb in it, booby."

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