The sparrow sings its song of love
as it drops shit onto a lower perched dove.
   Is this terrible?
   Is it unbearable?
Why, of course not . . .
We are continuously shot down
   by strangers
   whom we once called
   "brother."

"Luke" 69

PASSING THE BUCK

"She was made for me,
   She was made for me."
Sung young Adam in all his glee.

One plus one equals one;
Then Cain raised it to three.

Alas, then Adam fell, you see;
And sung this tune off-key:
"Thou, Lord, thou givest this woman;
And she put the bite on me!"

Noreen Sippola