

All night, dreamt of the Terrible Shooting—
& who would be next, when even the President
can't be kept safe?
I don't like to think about Death.

■

Clock,
Unwind: be New Year's again—
today Unsuspected, Mac still
a glimpse, curly
black hair in need
of a trim,
bit of a lisp.

Oh, that my face were not
so broad & plain.

Fear, I am dizzy.

God has slacked
his Grip.

■

Rickety Stairs, railings
corded with rags, have
Mercy on me.

(Yet how can Sin be raveled from the Soul?)

Mrs. Beatty has a chipped
tooth. Though my landlady says—
oh, by all accounts, she's—

if only—but, Mabel,
what *other*?

Always,