

### III

here is little Effie's head  
whose brains are made of gingerbread  
when the judgment day comes  
God will find six crumbs

stooping by the coffinlid  
waiting for something to rise  
as the other somethings did—  
you imagine His surprise

bellowing through the general noise  
Where is Effie who was dead?  
—to God in a tiny voice,  
i am may the first crumb said

whereupon its fellow five  
crumbs chuckled as if they were alive  
and number two took up the song,  
might i'm called and did no wrong

cried the third crumb,i am should  
and this is my little sister could  
with our big brother who is would  
don't punish us for we were good;

and the last crumb with some shame  
whispered unto God,my name  
is must and with the others i've  
been Effie who isn't alive

just imagine it I say  
God amid a monstrous din  
watch your step and follow me  
stooping by Effie's little,in

(want a match or can you see?)  
which the six subjunctive crumbs  
twitch like mutilated thumbs:  
picture His peering biggest whey

coloured face on which a frown  
puzzles,but I know the way—  
(nervously Whose eyes approve  
the blessed while His ears are crammed