

## II

earth like a tipsy  
biddy with an old mop punching  
underneath  
conventions exposes

hidden obscenities  
nudging  
into neglected sentiments brings  
to light dusty

heroisms  
and  
finally colliding with the most  
expensive furniture upsets

a  
crucifix which smashes into several  
pieces and is hurriedly picked up and  
thrown on the ash-heap

where  
lies  
what was once the discobolus of  
one

Myron