

Poems for Elaine Orr, 1918-19

I

let us suspect, chérie, this not very big
box completely mysterious, on whose shut
lid in large letters but neatly is
inscribed "Immortality". And not
go too near it, however people brag
of the wonderful things inside
which are altogether too good to miss—
but we'll go by, together, giving it a wide
berth. Silently. Making our feet
think. Holding our breath—
if we look at it we will want to touch it.
And we mustn't because (something tells me)
ever so very carefully if we
begin to handle it

out jumps Jack Death