

## POEM, OR BEAUTY HURTS MR. VINAL

take it from me kiddo  
believe me  
my country, 'tis of

you, land of the Cluett  
Shirt Boston Garter and Spearmint  
Girl With The Wrigley Eyes (of you  
land of the Arrow Ide  
and Earl &  
Wilson  
Collars) of you i  
sing: land of Abraham Lincoln and Lydia E. Pinkham,  
land above all of Just Add Hot Water And Serve—  
from every B.V.D.

let freedom ring

amen. i do however protest, anent the un-  
-spontaneous and otherwise scented merde which  
greet one (Everywhere Why) as divine poesy per  
that and this radically defunct periodical. i would

suggest that certain ideas gestures  
rhymes, like Gillette Razor Blades  
having been used and reused  
to the mystical moment of dullness emphatically are  
Not To Be Resharpened. (Case in point

if we are to believe these gently O sweetly  
melancholy trillers amid the thrillers  
these crepuscular violinists among my and your  
skyscrapers—Helen & Cleopatra were Just Too Lovely,  
The Snail's On The Thorn enter Morn and God's  
In His and so forth

do you get me?) according  
to such supposedly indigenous  
throstles Art is O World O Life  
a formula: example, Turn Your Shirttails Into  
Drawers and If It Isn't An Eastman It Isn't A  
Kodak therefore my friends let  
us now sing each and all fortissimo A-  
mer