



1973-11-21

A FROSTY TRAVESTY

[or: Stopping By Chance at the Traffic Appeals Board]

Whose meters these are I think I know.
I don't know if they'd claim them, though;
If they knew the way I curse
To take these pennies from my purse.

My Mustang thinks it odd and queer
Because my class is far from here;
Why should I walk a mile to class
Because "SC's" get spaces last?

An hour gone, I arrive too late;
The officer asks if there's been a mistake.
"Yes, but it wasn't mine, you hear?
Fine the men who put these here!"

"Take them down, dear Appeals Board;
Forgive me my trespass, and I shall yours."
But all the committee was fast asleep,
But all the committee was fast asleep.

A BROWN-NOSE DISCOURSE

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.

1. Very Satisfied.
2. Satisfied.
3. Dissatisfied.
4. Not applicable.

ODE TO HARVEY DUNN

Harvey, oh Harvey, come paint the barn,
The flowered meadow, manure, corn,
And all that's rural--to be consecrated
Within the Art Center we've dedicated.

P.S. I am not on probation for writing this column.