

Making to the car on
Kilbourn St. by the lake
another small

and furtive came up the
hill and was stabbed
by trained magicians
it fell a circle rooted
bush whose remains
we examined and
magic dirt bush

The last behemoth
developed below the hill
reared it's head
over the Art Center
occluding our view of
it, the monster
leaped at the hill
trying to mount , still not
to our car at it's feet we ran
to flee, to motor out, but
father lost his
raincoat and ran back
to retrieve it, whether
in discretion or lack
of we'll never know
we are safe in our walls now