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East Texas Wild Life

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Cowardice

The pattern has been
   Fear and flight
At the first sight
   Of the Ugly or Evil.

I have been no comfort
   In trouble, to anyone—
Not even my son—
   The unforgivable sin,

For which no tears atone;
   The burden of age,
Which no prayers lighten
   Or assuage.

East Texas Wild Life

I
Roaches I dislike
   For the arrogance
Of their stance,

But more, I suspect
   From fear and respect
For their power of endurance.

Entomologists say
   They are not as old
As the earth, but nearly,
And here they will stay
    When the human race
Has long passed away.

II
Moths have depleted my wardrobe,
    And, unlike other bugs
Have eaten my rugs.

What mercy do they merit
    Who work such mischief
In secret?

III
As for ants, the small
    Sugar ants, I mean—
I fear I may have ingested
    A bit of that infinitesimal
Protein, unseen.

"BEHIND THIS MORTAL BONE"

My life is over
    And my days are done.
It is my turn—
    My time has come.

Adelaide Crapsey said,
    "I weave my shroud
But no one knows."
    I add: "Nor cares

What one wears—
    To drape the skeleton,
Cover the bone—
    We die alone."