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Four Poems

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Four Poems

Abstract

Individual poem titles: Whales Are Small, The Sale, If Nine, Opinion.

Cover Page Footnote

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Lunch bags are circus fat men out of work
 No one listens to a drunken sparrow
 If I had a ball-point retractor
 I'd sell it to the milk man for three pounds, two shillings,
 eightpence, seven bob, fourteen quid.

OPINION

john morreall

WHALES ARE SMALL

Whales are small green broccoli factories
 Buses can fly if they want to
 Someday Millard Fillmore will rule again
 And let the seagulls have a vote.

IF NINE

If nine were the largest number
 I would chop off my left thumb
 If those stupid llamas would pay their debts
 They wouldn't give camels a bad name.

THE SALE

They're having a sale on money today
 What a bargain that will be
 You can buy a dollar for ninety-eight cents
 Plus tax.