You exquisite chunk of mud
Kathleen—just like
any other chunk of mud
—especially in April!
Curl up round their shoes
when they try to step on you,
spoil the polish!
I shall laugh till I am sick
at their amazement.
Do they expect the ground to be
always solid?
Give them the slip then;
let them sit in you;
soil their pants;
teach them a dignity
that is dignity, the dignity
of mud!

        Lie basking in
the sun then—fast asleep!
Even become dust on occasion.