

*Dottie and the Plymouth Rocks*

Now it's dark, and our imagining is easier.  
The single bulb is burning  
in the chicken house.  
Don't touch that wire. Electricity will seize

hold of you, Dottie; the current will seize  
hold and melt the metal  
buttons off your blouse.  
Now it's dark: imagining is easier.

If there's a lion in the chicken house, it's sire  
of our trouble then; *Detroit Edison*  
cannot roust  
the beast. An agency is coming out to seize

the stove. The rooster's wild, with rapier-  
like spurs. Please, don't try  
to corner him! Use  
common sense; then, imagining is easier.

The hens are brooding on glass eggs: four-year  
hens: They're all laid out.  
Such ammonia would unhouse  
the lion's roar, but it's immune to seizures.

The lion hasn't any lungs. This bare wire  
lion. This bad ground lion. This meter counting  
up bad debts: Imagining  
this dark is easy,  
the lion eating hens, glass, light, everything it sees.