

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.