It isn't generally known
How clever you are.
I know you aren't appreciated.
The body hunted for something good to eat
But the food had all been eaten by the others.
They laughed together carelessly outside the kitchen.
The body hid in the pantry near the refrigerator.
After a while it laughed, too.
It listened to all the jokes and it laughed.

SHOTGUN WEDDING

The bride is not yet married to the groom. Caught in the last pose of a matron's dream, She is a father's nightmare of illusion. Trailing ribbons of gauzy particles, The bridegroom's chariot Exhorts the maidenly throngs In fireworks, explosions! They approach the zenith Rowing the air like a pair of swans With blood-red eyes. In snowy plumage, restive, With folded wings They tender themselves, ready to leap And spread their fans to the showy entrances. The musical anguish and anti-joy Rumble in earth like thunder of fissures; Warning too late of the descent Into the anxious fingers and mouths Of the hungry tribe.

Ruth Stone

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