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## TWO POEMS

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### I. CHANSON

"I"

said Mr. M. as we crossed the street together  
"am compelled to reject this  
poem..."

At that moment a terrific detonation interrupted his  
dictum

and Mr. M. soared into space astride  
the lid of a  
man-hole

The last I saw of him he was miles high  
trying to climb off  
in suchwise did Mr. M. ride into Heaven.  
Hallelujah!

### II. THE METAPHYSICAL FLY

What do you spread for God, O Fourth  
And mounting solid cropped out with air?  
Suppose you know nothing or only  
Friction somewhere?

Shrill dream of cross-cut altitudes!

Rose bulged to a white fleck

As eagerly stands your hair.

Reduce. Why not go back. Be ONE.

It is done.

Speck

WALTER S. HANKEL

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\*In a series of delicious experiments I discovered that certain thoracic and kinaesthetic sensations in the common housefly project its tendency to subtraction regressively toward the mathematical point. In the higher animals, it appears, the process is reversed.