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## The "Inspected by 84" Ticket

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### **Cover Page Footnote**

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# The "Inspected by 84" Ticket

I am an "Inspected by 84" O.K. shirt  
Don't just throw me away with those pins and plastic  
84 works hard and barely supports a home  
Just stop what you're doing and say hello to him!  
He looked at me on an assembly line  
I remember because he inspected me quickly  
He was trying to get in a quick smoke  
His teeth are yellow from smoking too much  
I'm not O.K. but that's all right  
He really couldn't have cared less  
I heard him talking to 83  
Mrs. 84's new baby just died  
They couldn't afford it anyway  
84 isn't very happy today, and 83 doesn't listen so well  
Don't just throw that "Inspected by 84" ticket away  
So easily  
How often does 84 say hello to you?  
So easily?

JIM HYDE

## Chi verra vorra

My parched lips raw;  
Your cooling spring  
    Phlegethon\* to me.  
With fever song my fauns prick your ear  
    Your heart not so.  
    Once loving touch cold and limp.  
The chill can find no warmth  
    In your gray hearth.  
I search a way;  
    You leave me blind.  
Time, the rushing torrent,  
Rivers 'tween us.

D. CALLAHAN

\*Phlegethon—the river of fire in the underworld.  
It is refreshing in appearance, but is burning to the taste.