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And Upon This Rock

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And Upon This Rock

Cover Page Footnote

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"AND UPON THIS ROCK"

Soundproof ceilings slam the lid over
the bonnets

And potted palms line
the plush spun grass
Where the multitude stands between the
halos

And behold! An empty basket is passed,
the
wall

eats

its

fill

and

up

it

goes

High as a pointy headed steeple tower.
Till you can't walk on the clouds without
getting crosses between your toes.
No more altar rails. But nobody rails.
Hey, why is a pew bigger than a flower?

"COME FLOP WITH ME"

Ain't there a way out, Maudie?
Groves and arbors hum with creation.
Massive and slithery are the stuff-producers,
reeking with Kerosene — nine second to sterility
and counting. Nothing counts but all, Maudie,
and on all counts were the master's user.
How come you don't eat your orange pulp —
just the rind? Eat your heart out
while you're at it, Maudie, and toss me the sponge.
I'll throw it in for two of us, doubt.
And I won't be jingling down the front steps,
and you won't be swishing by potted palms.
But a potted plam is a lush sinner,
and hell Maudie, we got us (without the "we")
and gee, when I pay Sammy's alms next year
For once I'll claim the "all"
So have a ball, Maudie, you look great.
I'll see ya after the kids eat dinner.

B. Ballou

