

## Uncle Walt

*Other Days*

**B**ACKWARD, turn backward, oh time,  
in thy flight, feed me on gruel again,  
just for tonight; I am so wearied of  
restaurant steaks, vitrified doughnuts and  
vulcanized cakes, oysters that sleep in a  
watery bath, butter as strong as Goliath of  
Gath; weary of paying for what I can't eat,  
chewing up rubber and calling it meat.  
Backward, turn backward, for weary I am!  
Give me a whack at my grandmother's jam;  
let me drink milk that has never been skim-  
med, let me eat butter whose hair has been  
trimmed; let me but once have an old-  
fashioned pie, then I'll be willing to curl  
up and die; I have been eating iron filings  
for years—is it a wonder I'm melting in  
tears?