

FLAKES OF CORN.

(A Cereal Story)

HE sat opposite me.  
AT the breakfast table.  
AND I could tell.  
BY the face untanned.  
BY sun or wind.  
THAT he was.  
A New One.  
OR.  
IF I wanted further.  
PROOF his actions.  
WOULD have supplied.  
SAME because.  
HE waited.  
FOR the butter.  
AND he passed.  
THE milk.  
OR failing.  
ALL this.  
THE space where.  
HIS bowl of Cornflakes.  
SHOULD have been.  
WAS a dead giveaway.  
AND I felt sorry.  
FOR him because.  
BY this time the.  
MILK was all.  
GONE and I knew.  
VERY well what had.  
HAPPENED so I.

LOOKED down the.  
TABLE and surenuff.  
THERE was his.  
BOWL of Cornflakes.  
SIDE-tracked in front.  
OF one of those.  
Fellows that do.  
HAPPEN now and.  
AGAIN.  
AND right there I.  
THOUGHT of what.  
BRET Harte said.  
ABOUT the heathen.  
CHINEE and his.  
WAYS peculiar and.  
I'LL say that.  
NO Wun Lung that.  
EVER manicured a.  
SHIRT in a Hand.  
LAUNDRY is more.  
PECULIAR than the.  
BIRD who takes.  
TWO bowls of.  
WHAT ever it may be.  
AND lets the other.  
FELLOW go.  
WITHOUT.

I thank you!