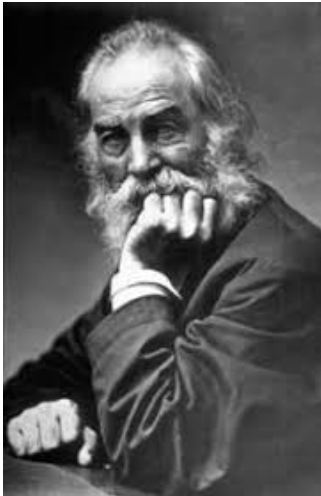


Off of the Train His Mother He Threw a Kiss

by Con Chapman

(the product of Walt Whitman too much reading)

Off of the train, endlessly rocking,
He threw his mother a kiss.
Be not afraid, dear mother he said.
Your wounds are merely syntactical.
Your frame is scrambled with subject post object,
An adjective stuck in between.



Went they to the infirmary less the none,
To make sure that mom was all right.
Over the torso mangled rose comforting a voice:
Be not disheartened—survive she will,
Doctor the said. Work will I on her diaphragm;
Straight will she be, a sentence well diagrammed.

