

**Three Clerihews**

George Gordon, Lord Byron,  
Had a stomach of iron,  
He composed while quaffing wine.  
A claret glass saw through the line.

J. M. Synge  
Was that rare thing,  
A Protestant without a horse.  
He was an artist too, of course.

Edmund C. Bentley  
Although he took life gently,  
Gave his middle name to verse.  
It's like a limerick, but worse.

—*Timothy Brownlow*

**Disappointment**

The face, fleshless as a ballerina's, turns away.  
Her hair has been oiled with primitive attention.  
Pulled back, it exposes earrings, fat and gold.  
This shadow waxes her cheeks: orange tulip leaves.

Naked, Christine lifts the weight of her hair.  
Her feet are mottled, hard and damp with cold.  
A length of back is displayed with sly grace.  
Indifference is a gift. She hopes you're watching.

Father says he'd kill for her. She thinks he should,  
though his mute, scraping fingers must never touch.  
Christine dances, bends, takes the shape of a bird.  
It's a ritual to demand she be taken for granted.

—*M. T. Kelly*