

"I care nothing for spiritualism. So far as I am concerned, I am done with it. I will say this, I regard it as one of the very greatest curses that the world has ever known Spiritualism is a humbug from beginning to end."—Catherine Fox Jencken, October 10, 1888.

TO HIM WHO IS IMPRESSED THAT HE IS HE

Helen Sue Iseley

There is no groove of tenderness recessed in his being.
His sensitivities are colder than metal,
For even little, hard nails will swing
In a given magnetic field. But his petals
Of spirit open only for his enormity
Floating above a sea of chaff; none will ever
Bruise his ego, for he is afraid of conformity
Unless he is boss and the sheep eat his clover.
He hoes the roots of rights, especially his own,
And takes little tastes of evil, as he chooses.
He will spit in your face if you mention his buried bone
Of surrealism made human. His roses
Mean you could die in a pool of blood-splatter.
He stems his way through such inconsequential matter.