

LAUREL HEAD 2

Jack Kirkpatrick and Warren Lewis

Yo, Laurel Head!
What kind of pot are you?
Made of mud and clay and sand,
A son of a beach are you.
Too tall for posies
Too wide to squat on
Too deep for veggies
Too high to piss in
Rough to the touch
Too big to handle
Fill you with water,
You'd prob'ly tip over.
Thick-lipped, long-nosed,
Your hair all leaf-twined:
Laurel's for poets and runners,
Not for potters and gard'ners.
Standing there, then,
Silent and watching:
You gaze and we gaze,
But we laugh with good feeling.
We see you, Laurel Head:
"Earthman to earthman, come in!"

