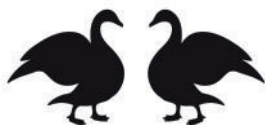


# WILLIAM SEATON

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The woods were full of fragrance as he wrapped  
a few choice peels and shadows, shreds of life,  
to make some juju like the mind's shot-put.  
He hung the parcel under dripping fronds,  
and off a silent hippopotamus  
slid and glided on with radiant wake:  
unlikely as the wish that's fired aloft,  
the hammer of the cocked brain, flashing home.