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Poem

Jeannine Dobbs

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I'd always dreamed, of swans.
A pair of white two's on a pond
Half the size of my estate;

So when my husband brought the ducks home
For the swamp he'd tried to fill and couldn't,
I said, why not?

But about August the swamp
Ran out on us,
Left muck and old
Leaves like feathers.

And one was dead all right
But the other one, the one the dog
Didn't get through with—
Although everything was askew
And flapping,
That one—it was only humane—
So I got the hatchet and I
the blood, I got
I hacked
It. and I blood
and hacked
hacked.

and that
is why not.