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## Lady: Bug

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### Abstract

Tired of buzzing humdrum, she gaped.

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# Lady: Bug

—after folk song, “I Knew an Old Lady”

by James E. Fowler

Tired of buzzing  
humdrum,  
she gaped.

The day grew  
notable.

But not complete.

As a chaser,  
she yawned up  
a rappeling spider.

The plot thickened,  
grew knotty.

Feathered feeling  
seemed desirable.

All a-flutter,  
her heart pled  
its age.

And living alone,  
she feared the cat’s  
outlasting her.



Hours afterward,  
she kept to  
her vanity,  
grooming placidly.

A social impulse  
turned her mind  
to dog.

Friendship is  
imperative,  
she decided.

Love came  
wagging.

If only it  
(mere, per se)  
had not seemed  
fatuous.

She needed that  
slit of ornery  
in a goat's eye.

Butting cleared  
the head  
but clabbered  
the milk.

Sweet milk,  
sweet teats.



Plenty for  
baby and  
the famished.

Bessie shambled.  
She burped.  
Indigestion.

Mother mammal  
glow followed.

She felt . . .  
penultimate.

Nothing for it  
but manly  
neigh.  
Jaw unhinged,

she hung  
an apple from  
her uvula.  
Nice horsey.

Altogether,  
in the hole  
she cut a  
capacious figure.