

Dead Right; or, a Majority of One

by Harry Brown

—for Ben

I know well enough that Aesop's wise.

That haste makes waste I drank with my mother's milk,

Along with her granite omniscience

"Familiarity breeds contempt" and its ilk.

I agree that Henry by his lake

Zipped fast as any train through Concord—

That Emily sped on her estate

(Though late she would not cross her father's ground).

But wisdom, Aesop's or other, is never forever.

I learned to question yesterday

When driving to class I passed three travelers:

Two shells crawled our fabulist's way;

One lay a lumpy yellow, brown, and red mosaic—

An attack of fact.