

1998

## Tongue Depressor

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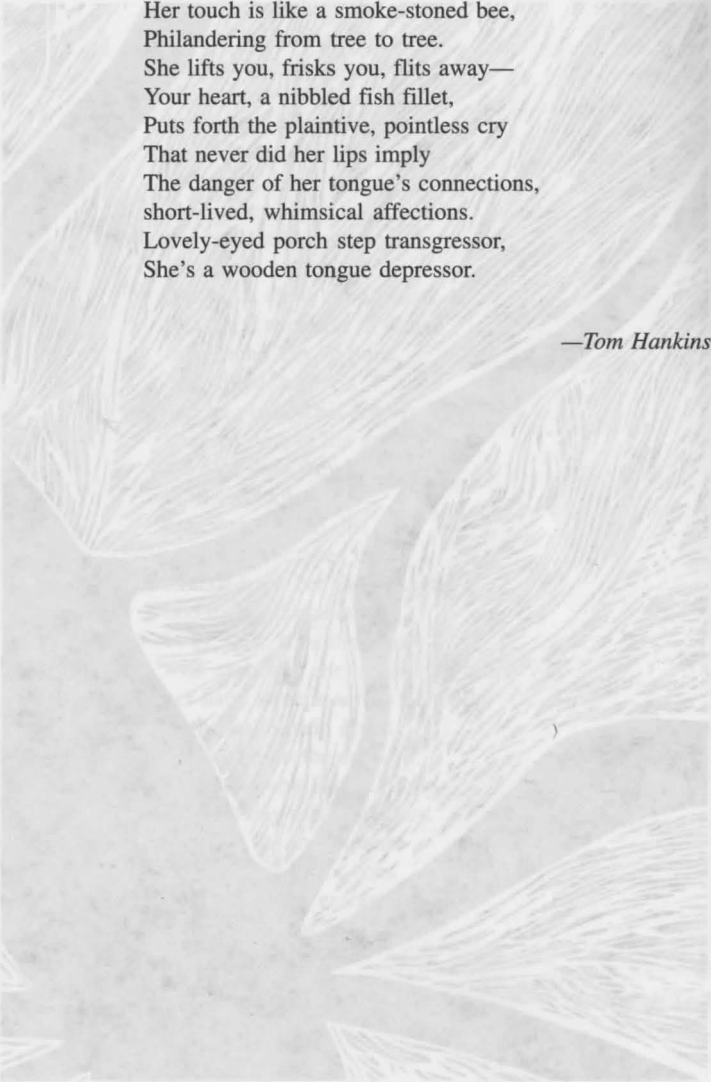
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Her touch is like a smoke-stoned bee,  
Philandering from tree to tree.  
She lifts you, frisks you, flits away—  
Your heart, a nibbled fish fillet,  
Puts forth the plaintive, pointless cry  
That never did her lips imply  
The danger of her tongue's connections,  
short-lived, whimsical affections.  
Lovely-eyed porch step transgressor,  
She's a wooden tongue depressor.

—Tom Hankinson '02