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## Frank

D. L. Newsome  
*Western Michigan University*

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TO THEE, O PLOT UPON THE EARTH  
THE PLOT THAT CLAIMS US BY OUR BIRTH  
but who labors, country, you or we?  
and should YOU not then sing to me?

sing a song of freedom of life liberty  
and the various pursuits.  
or better yet tell a story: the times of the  
tom tom paine, jefferson, in  
modern dress . . .

without a lid what can it hold?  
this pot that harbors fool's gold?  
it holds the thoughts of time gone by  
holds them, for the men who die

we didn't worry, or we did,  
about the pot without a lid  
or what it held, or what's the use  
of living living's sad abuse?

but did we worry, did we not,  
there still remains: the lidless pot

Frank . . .

. . . D. L. Newsome

Frank's a man  
Who  
Plods  
Along  
Body, mind opposed.  
One near sleeping seems  
While other  
Laughs!  
Not loud;  
With crinkle-thinking eyes.