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## Decorum

Myron H. Broomell

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## DECORUM

The Armenian woman who is my wife's good friend  
 Acts frightened when I come into the room,  
 As if I might be a Turk, or a demon, or the Last End  
 Personified in a house-jacket to prove her doom.

Yet every night on the other side of the wall  
 That divides our tenements, but not in all,  
 So that some sound and intimacy is carried,  
 We hear the low voices of men to whom she is not  
                   married.

## THE PRANK

Among these mountains dwell the elves of old,  
 And in their caverns gnomes as well do dwell.  
 Tales of their shape and line I once was told.  
 But was made swear that I would never tell.

There went three picnickers to share a lunch  
 Of wine air-warm and chicken choice and cold.  
 Within the hills they heard the saplings crunch  
 And the rocks slide; some little pebbles rolled

Quietly from the gravel bank upright  
 Behind them where they sat beside a stream.  
 The two men stared, with each his guilt in sight;  
 The only woman fetched a soundless scream.

Impending from athwart both north and south  
 Hung the bent cliffs, improper to misdeem.  
 The three stood hidden from the canyon-mouth,  
 And mutually clear as in a dream.

MYRON H. BROOMELL