



Miss Lillian Miller

MORE VERS LIBRE

Strident cries smote the dank night
air,

Rasping with the misery of a thou-
sand lost souls!

It was hideous;

It was cruel;

It was weird;

It was awful;

It was unbearable;

It was horrid—

It was the limit.

It was a last year's record

Played with a dull needle.