

“Neat” as a Word of Approbation

The languor of the word “neat” settled like sun
In a meadow, warming the green and the shimmer
Of water along the depressions that were dimmer
Under the gloss of spring. But the word was a sin,
According to Cambridge or Windsor and Opinion
Outstanding and honorific, like the height of summer
Under Apollo. But Dionysus, as a western minion,
Came off and down the wall, diagnosing that comer
Like Freud. And he talked with a drawl like kin
Of scalawag Billy or Jesse and rounded opinion in,
In a blind black as a mourner for exiles
Either east or west, Confederate or Union,
But certainly harsh with his weapon of smiles,
Oh, howdy.

—Clinton F. Larson