

Lady
Metamorphosis

IN woman, what a gentle joy we find!
Serenity, to soothe life's surging seas!
A quiet rock, 'gainst gale or skittish breeze!
And yet, for transformation she's designed –
Especially when she comes in more than threes.

For then, hear metamorphosis resound,
As quiet quits and chatter flows at will.
Scatched-glass Babel squeals and shrieks until
She'll squawk like chalk on blackboard, and the sound
Appals. O Lord, why was she made so shrill?
