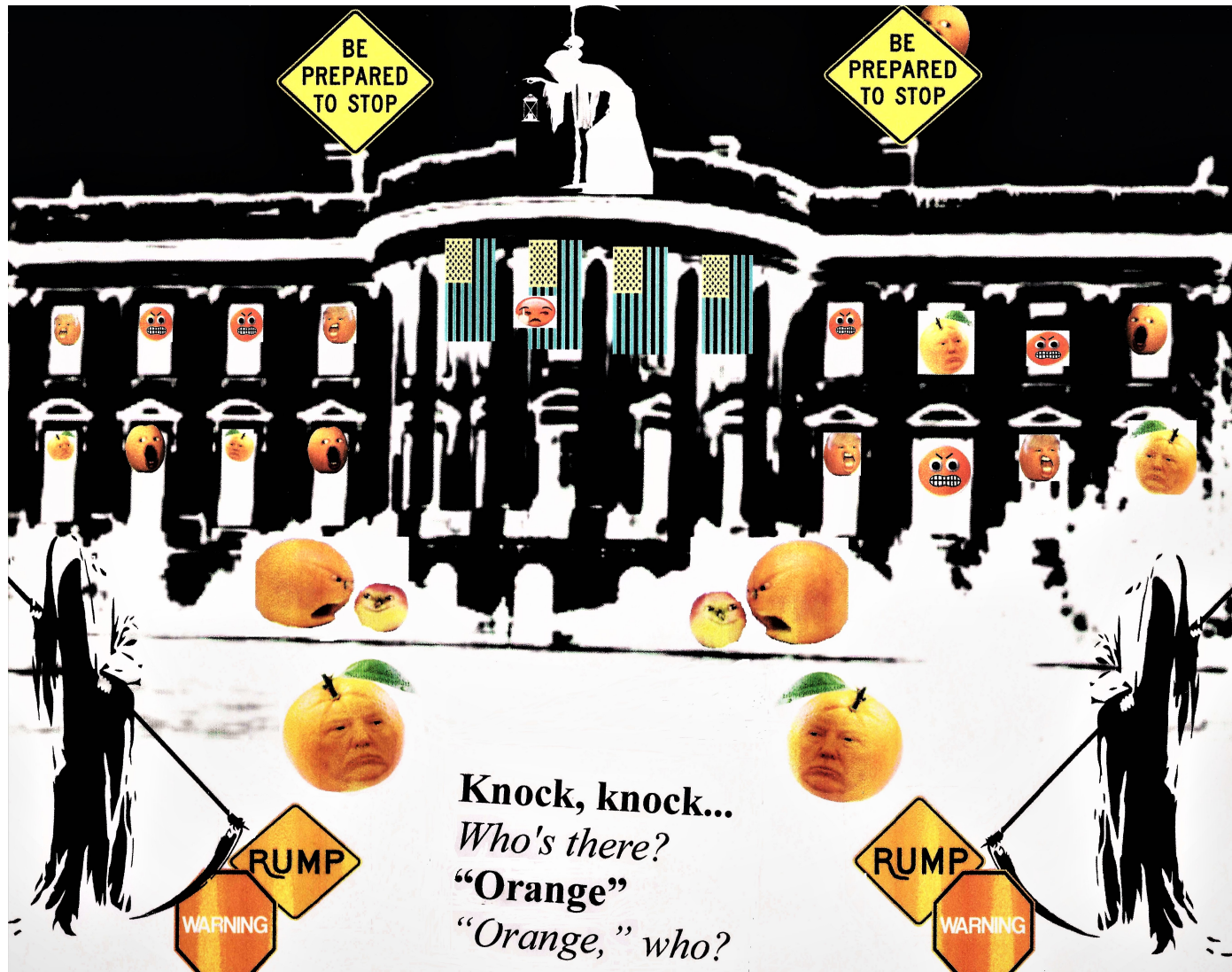


Lindsey Morrison Grant

Who's that Little Old Man?



"Orange you glad I didn't build a wall?" Mixed/Reclaimed/Repurposed Media

Tip of the hat
to the Arrogant Man
whose gut is sustained
and enemies banned
While Life goes a 'meddlin'
with creatures in and out
spoilng his perfect
window-dressed escape route
Arrogant Man is orange and bitter
having lost on his way his Twitter transmitter
Busy the gremlins, doves, and the women
spoilng his plans for making a living
soiling his sheets without even giving
a curtsy, a bow, or at least a kowtow
make one wonder who's watching him now
Arrogant Man, our Orange Knight
Dawn of Despair
Grim Reaper's Delight
Time's coming for you
and History, too
Arrogant Man,
what's an Orange to do?

Second Base

Being the new kid in the schoolyard is tough enough when you're nine, but being a tom-boy excluded daily from the game of kick-ball for an entire lunch-hour recess was a torturous blow. Nevertheless, that's what Diane decided she would do to assert her dominant place in the pecking order... and mine at the bottom. "Can I play, today?" I'd begged in my well-rehearsed, third-born fashion.

Diane's face contorted with disdain at the asking again. "Maybe. Go find something to mark Second Base." Dutifully and with a modicum of hope, I turned and scanned the barren field before me and meandered off. Soon I deemed it a fool's errand and myself simply chumped again. Head to the ground, I saw nothing but dirt and despair as my desperate eyes begged the heavens to provide something, just one thing to prove my worthiness and earn inclusion in The Game. . . and then I saw it. Like manna from heaven, I could play the avenging angel and Diane would experience a "Come to Jesus" moment. I felt the power-surge of a Lorena Bobbitt self-righteous (yet wicked revengeful) scheme coursing through my little fourth-grade body. I leaned down among the dirt-clods and divots to retrieve my gift from the God of the Tormented and Guardian of the Bullied. Placing the treasure behind my back, I returned to Diane at home-plate.

"Well, did you find something for second base?" she mockingly laughed. I simply nodded and smiled. "Give it to me then," she said as he held her demanding hands outstretched. So I did. Into her hands, I place what I had found in the field... my pearl of great price, a sizable pile of dry, white petrified dog-dodo. Diane's scream of terror became a thing of schoolyard legend and I earned unquestioning inclusion in The Game and in The Legend of Heroes for defeating the Scott Farkus of Prescott Elementary.

