

*Audi Alteram Partem*

Unwinding its concentric crawl,  
a needle scrapes your epiderm,  
methodically as the firm's  
unnumbered patents foolproof all.

Pay the price. Prolong the search  
for, right or wrong, what pleases us.  
Listen; the patriarch of Uz  
is singing in the Temple church.

JOHN GRAY.

*A YOKE OF OXEN*

**B**Y my lord's command  
Bidden to the feast—  
Do I understand?  
Prat'st of oxen? Beast!

Go thy ways, ill guest!  
Still, the table grieves  
That it is not drest  
With thy precious beeves.

*(From Crashaw.)*

JOHN O'CONNOR,