

LIFE IN LETTERS

Drape yourself U-shaped
to ease a stomachache.

Stand like a Y
to praise the sky.

O is my mouth
when talk goes south.

Snakes slither soft as S
on their way to rest.

X marks the eyes
of one who dies.

I'm not sure if you
are permitted to shape a Q.

But all must be I,
however painfully dry.