

*Editor's  
Choice*

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**CLARK  
WILLAMS**

## AN ELEGANT EVENING ON THE TOWN

We did not die in the airplane crash.  
That's because the pilot was an angel.  
The nose took a turn for the worse  
But it turned around thanks to him I'm not dead.  
I'm glad I'm not dead for I am a pretty man.  
That I am a pretty man there is no doubt.  
But I am not fortunate because I am horrified  
Truly capable of being inordinately horrified.  
Thanks be that there are angels among us  
Who save us from the direst fates  
For example everything that you see at any given moment  
Let me let you in on one secret of this world  
Is potentially to be feared to an exceedingly great degree.  
In illustration of this point I refused to impart  
The entirety of the story of the nearly-fatal plane crash  
In which the gays were following us the entire time  
In a separate airplane of their own devising.  
I know when to speak and when not to speak  
And this I believe to be a time of unusual intimacy  
Therefore I will speak my innermost secret thoughts  
To all who rest within earshot: I shot myself  
But the thing is I pulled the bullet out later  
When I reconsidered. Now that's out of the way,  
Did you wash all the butter and stains out of the tablecloth?  
I think we could potentially have a lovely dinner!  
Because it is such a pleasant evening and I am not bleeding  
Anywhere at all, life is so carefree, I feel like a bunny rabbit  
Excepting my huge moustache which resembles the tusks  
Of a walrus. Let's drop the atomic bomb! When? Tonight--  
Where? Right here--Life is here and it really wants to hop.  
Because tonight we are having, if I am not being too brash  
in saying so--a pleasant evening on the town.