

## “Neat” as a Word of Approbation

The languor of the word “neat” settled like sun  
In a meadow, warming the green and the shimmer  
Of water along the depressions that were dimmer  
Under the gloss of spring. But the word was a sin,  
According to Cambridge or Windsor and Opinion  
Outstanding and honorific, like the height of summer  
Under Apollo. But Dionysus, as a western minion,  
Came off and down the wall, diagnosing that comer  
Like Freud. And he talked with a drawl like kin  
Of scalawag Billy or Jesse and rounded opinion in,  
In a blind black as a mourner for exiles  
Either east or west, Confederate or Union,  
But certainly harsh with his weapon of smiles,  
Oh, howdy.

—Clinton F. Larson