

“The Hat of Miss Magee”

I saw Miss Magee walking down the road
wearing a hat the size and shape of a Brazil nut.
The clouds hovered, the houses stood,
and Miss Magee looked passionate.

The next day, as she walked the mile to church,
her hat appeared to be a bulging envelope.
The crickets murmured, “cha cha cha,”
and Miss Magee waved, smiling and biting her lip.

On Monday I took a stroll around the block
and saw Miss Magee walking over yonder.
Her hat was indecipherable, a black
shape without boundaries, and wonderful.

And later I went walking. I saw Miss Magee:
how rakishly she wore each passing hour!
Dragonflies and bats veered overhead
and Miss Magee shivered in the evening air.

The following afternoon I took a turn
and spotted Miss Magee: strapped onto her head
was Mr. Bellyache, from Outoftown.
I didn't wave, for she appeared distracted.

And the other day, you'll never guess whom I saw:
Miss Magee. This time she wore
nothing but the state of Massachusetts.
It was charming if just a bit small for her.

Early this morning, I walked through the meadow.
The starlings glittered, the chicory bloomed, and I suppose
that more than the world is the hat of Miss Magee
trembling about her eyebrows.