

## *Truth & Beauty*

Joined at the hip ever since Keats  
opened his big yap, Truth & Beauty  
decide to go their separate ways.

They stroll down to the Greyhound  
station together. One bus has yellow  
stripes and a fat driver with a cigar.  
The other is dark and facing west  
like Whistler's mother.

"Cold out," says Truth. And Beauty,  
in a fur-lined hooded jacket with  
matching cuffs, replies, "Not really."