

## ELEANOR ROSS TAYLOR

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### Don't Leave Hungry

Don't leave hungry.  
Take this bird—eat song.  
This wave—drink.

Throw work out the back door  
To bleach his bones.  
Don't *you* do it. Play.

Enter night  
Unpractised on vast scales,  
On idle rests?

No. Lap-up the master's saucer,  
Eat of this bright flesh,  
Drink of this momentary blood.  
All thy sins are teggen away, teggen away.