


*Tribute cont'd from pg. 9*

good choice as the person to be implicated as the killer. No one would miss him. He had the most to gain, for not only did he rid himself of Agnes, but everyone knew that Agnes had saved a considerable nest egg over the years, and Charlie could now get his hands on it. He had the motive and the means. Hands steady, a clear liquid was poured into an amber whisky bottle. The label on the container from which the liquid was being poured read "Poison - Ethyl Alcohol", printed with a felt marker. The cap was replaced on the whisky bottle, then the excise stamp was carefully re-attached. A cloth was passed over the outside of the whisky bottle, polishing the glass to an untouched sheen. Still held in the cloth, the bottle was slipped into a brown paper bag. The bottle of clear liquid, marked so boldly as poison, was replaced neatly on the shelf with other bottles equally neatly labelled. It was ready. Wouldn't be long now.

Watch next issue of the  
"Mirror" for Chap. 8 of "Truly  
a Floral Tribute",



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## Poets' Corner

### Anti Climax

The clear cut outline of the buildings fall  
Seemed full of knives that cut against the face:  
An awful night among the unhoused poor!  
The boy was tattered; both his hands were  
thrust

For show of warmth within his pocket holes,  
Where pockets had not been for many a day.  
One trouser leg was long enough to hide  
The naked flesh, but one, in mockery  
A world too short, tho' he was monstrous small,  
Left bare and red his knees - a cruel thing!  
Then swelled my selfish heart with tenderness,  
And pity for the waif: to think of one  
So young, so seemingly helpless, homeless,  
too,

Breasting the night, a-shiver with the cold!  
Gaining a little, soon I passed him by,  
My fingers reaching for a silver coin  
To make him happier, if only for  
An hour, when - i marvelled as I heard --  
His mouth was puckered up in cheery wise,  
And in the very teeth of fortune's frown  
He whistled loud a scrap of some gay tune!  
And i must know that all my ready tears  
Fell on a mood more merry than mine own.  
--Richard E. Burton

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