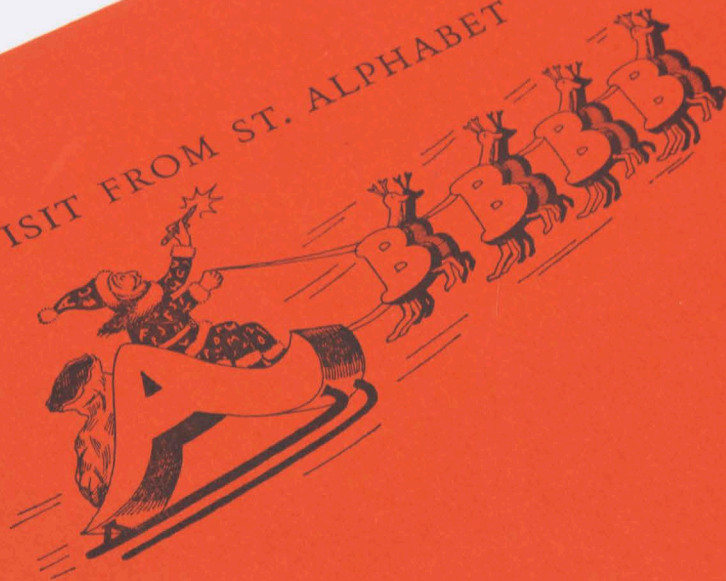


A VISIT FROM ST. ALPHABET



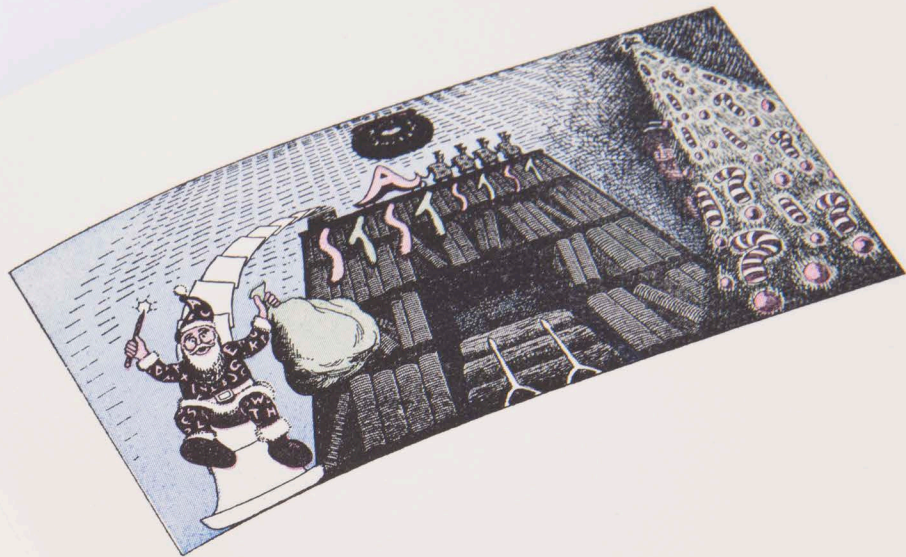
12.1985

for my dear Jan  
who gives letters  
of all kinds...  
+ whom I love,  
Gloraine





He was dressed all in A's from his B's to his C's,  
And his D's were all tarnished with F's and G's;  
A bundle of E's he had flung on his H,  
And he looked like a poem just opening its page.  
His I's, how they twinkled! his J's, how merry;  
His K's were like roses, his L like a cherry;  
His droll little M was drawn up like a bow,  
And the N on his chin was as white as the O.



He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,  
And filled all the pages; then turned with a jerk,  
And laying his pencil aside of his nose,  
And giving a nod, up the pages he rose.  
He sprang to his A, to his B's gave a C,  
And away they all flew like the down of a Z;  
But I read in the sky, ere he wrote out of sight,  
"Happy Alphabet to all, and to all a good write!"



'Twas the night before X, when all through the Y  
Not a letter was stirring, not even an I;  
The S's were hung by the T's with care  
In the hopes that St. Alphabet soon would be there;  
The Z's were nestled all snug in their beds,  
While visions of W's danced in their heads;  
And U in your kerchief, and I in my cap,  
Had just settled our words for a long writer's nap,—

