

## ROBERT NYE

### *A Word to the Wise, from Oscar*

—At the height of his fame, Oscar Wilde turned down  
a dinner invitation from the Thirteen Club.

The thirteen members of the Thirteen Club  
Sit down to dine each Friday the Thirteenth.  
They work their way through thirteen courses served  
By thirteen cross-eyed waiters garbed in green,  
Then rise and smash the mirrors. They are young  
And scoff at superstition, yet in this  
They pay too much attention to the thing  
They say they most despise.

If you are asked,  
Decline all invitations to their feast.  
Thank them of course for honouring you, but  
Point out your presence would disfigure them.  
Oh yes, and don't forget, in signing off:  
Tell them your lucky number is thirteen.

### *Flights*

I could step off this hill as easy as spit  
And hang in the wind and rise up with it  
And over the valley fly for a bit.

I was never a bird but in my breast-bone  
A bird's heart beats sometimes when I am alone.  
Whatever it is, it is not my own.

Whatever it is, it is not my own heart  
But it bears me up speechless until I'm a part  
Of the way of the wind, with a wild bird's art.