

# She Wears Glasses To Bed

*Charles Klein*

She would live with a congregation  
of cats if she wasn't allergic.  
She used to read a lot more  
but the light finally affected her  
so now she wears coke bottles with contacts  
and saves for a big magnifying glass.  
Aunt Hanna taught her to knit so even though  
her dresses have seen better days  
she has some outlandish sweaters  
students have yet to laugh at.  
Style had never been her strong point.  
Although she can't add two numbers together  
she can recite Euripides in clarinet tones  
and knows Prince Hamlet personally.  
Her cousin from upper state wishes  
she would move to a safer building  
and even has a man, finally, for her.  
She told him, ". . . but she has a wonderful personality."  
But anywhere else is too far from the museums  
and her other catacombs.  
Across the street they sell the New York Times  
and she enjoys correcting the cross words.  
She's heard Merv Griffin has a lovely voice  
but he's on far too late for her.  
She's gone by 7 o'clock  
having eaten her cold salmon and watered the cactus  
and fallen asleep with Thoreau.