**The Paper Pool**

Sharp ceiling lights make every shadow three.

My nib’s three shadows float and ghost my lines

from beneath the paper’s surface like those fish

enticed from underneath the water’s glass

to nibble and nuzzle at my feeding hand.

Robert DiNapoli

**Casus Belli**

I bid the world go hang, and it’s told me

*Get lost, kid. No one’s got the least regard*

*for your displays of adolescent pique.*

*For centuries have youths a third your age*

*been waving the same distemper in my face.*

*I’d be a bit embarrassed, to tell the truth*.

‘Get stuffed’, I said. *Get real*, the world replied

and turned its back, as I began to write.

Robert DiNapoli

**The Launch Code:**

**Easy as Pi**

‘Barack, I told Donald the launch code was 3.141592.’

‘That’s enough now, Joe.’

‘I also told him he could change it to 1

if he called a certain telephone number.’

‘[sigh] OK, Joe, which number?’

‘The one for Toys ‘R’ Us. He wrote it down

on the back of his hand.’

‘My man!’

‘Easy as pi!’

Robert DiNapoli