

### Three Portraits of Cereal Killers

#### 1. Circle makers

In dead of night they steal—who knows?  
Soft from starships or on tip-toes?  
To leave a sign or play a trick?  
To teach the wise or gull the thick?  
With ray guns or with planks of wood?—  
To break their necks before they should  
And leave thousands of unripe dead  
And feed them tales who expected bread.

#### 2. Breakfast brands

The box's gaudy sides belie  
The dust-dry lumps within  
It most definitely does not do  
What they say on the tin  
Was it for this dull mockery  
That we got out of bed?  
As healthy as it claims to be  
It's definitely dead.

#### 3. Hades

Doomed by his dark dominion of the dead  
Never to feel a woman's loving touch—  
O hard fate! even for a god too much—  
He dared violent trickery instead.  
When she by hunger past endurance tried  
Yielded and ate, part of his heart for love  
Died too to save the rest; meanwhile, above,  
Alone and desolate her mother cried.

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