



### *A Sonnet*

What a menagerie reflects her role!  
A capsule of chaos, handy on the whole,  
Records of romance, gleanings of a goal,  
Pins and a powderpuff to pat her soul.  
What would she do without the scarlet stick  
That straightens her smile, or the tiny trick  
That pencils her personality on, slick!  
Character can't be counted on, quite so quick.

Find me the formula a female fills.  
A cup of confusion, plus a pinch of pills?  
Perfume from Paris packed in unpaid bills?  
The size of a suitcase, a front that can face behind,  
Look at a lady's purse and you will find  
The orderly mirror of madness of her mind.