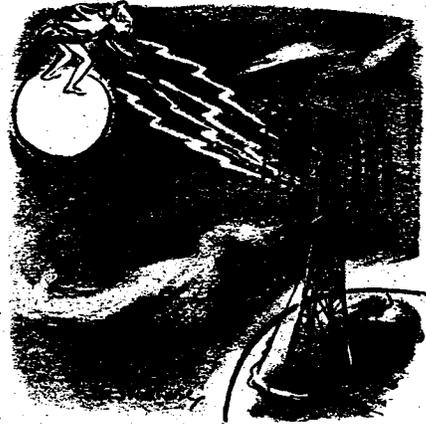


Protest to the Moon



Diana, huntress, lovely maiden,
Sometime symbol of the moon,
Was it wise to break your silence
Just to voice a high-pitched croon?

Echoing that nasal noise
(Pictured as a harsh gyration),
Vindicated radar—but
Didn't help your reputation.

You, who were a silver queen,
Proud, majestic and sedate,
Sounded tinny. Does it mean
You are merely silverplate?

Be the huntress, not the hunted.
Let them find out nothing more.
Speak not when you're spoken to.
Don't assist the Signal Corps!

Ruth Sulzberger.