

## **Aroma of Duty**

Easter lilies gladden  
(and teasingly madden)  
the kitchen atmosphere  
as I perform and pay income tax  
duties  
on vocational gettings  
(because everybody  
needs some of what  
I never quite received).

Giftng, I notice,  
pleases the law  
and reduces the obligation.  
"Give and thou shalt deduct."  
As a man receives for himself,  
so must he give to us all.

Around Easter tide we set right  
every least account  
with the mighty US  
and hope no mistake  
will cloud our reputation  
or shrink our havings.

IRS laws embody  
a sprawling neo-Bible,  
rife with moral assumptions  
(teeth implicit and feared)  
about divorce,  
child support,  
medical expenses,  
the rich man's burden--  
tradition all hard-wired.

Inexorably the Old Covenant  
is infiltrating my Easter  
as potted lilies  
perfume my reluctance.

As for Christ, how often  
I am invoking him  
as these tedious tax forms  
dance about under my fragrant lilies!