

# Master of His Craft

*by* Charlie

A bet began, ten-dollar pot,  
Hemingway wrote to win the lot,  
The shortest work your soul to mourn:  
“For sale, baby shoes, never worn.”  
And win he did, to much acclaim,  
His fellow writers praised his name,  
Except one man, whose dev’lish pen  
Could chill the souls of all good men.  
At day’s last light the writers found  
A broken board upon the ground,  
Stained in soot and ash and smoke,  
Two words in blood upon it wrote.  
A look of shock crossed all their eyes,  
As they envisioned their demise,  
In Lovecraft’s name the board was signed.  
“Niggers everywhere”, underlined.