After an Interview on the Tomorrow Show (or, On the Divinization of Man)

Mark Osing*
to be the one that made sure it did. It'd be a lot of work, but, hell, he could do it—work never scared him before. That homeplace'd fit right in. Them three farms together—in—a workin' unit. ‘‘Jim, we can’t let that place of John’s, the homeplace, be sold. We got to keep it in the family. I’ll keep in touch with John and let you know how things are going.’’

Jim seemed relieved. He nodded and leaned back in his chair. They sat together on the porch a little longer. ‘‘W.L., I must be heading home. It was good to talk.’’ Jim went to tell their mother good-bye.

W.L. sat in the quiet of the front porch, head in his hands, staring at the floor.

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*by Mark Osing*

**English 2**

The song of the spheres is under assault but the attacker is a mere plastic iconoclastic Mrs. M. M. O’Hare (five college degrees) decrees her abused rights (while bruising rites). Yet what faith! More in herself than a lot of theists have in God. O the Ultimate Icon Man! But anyway, at least she has faith in something.

p.s. Help! I’m being held prisoner on a global pantheon with 4.5 billion gods.