

There once was a person named Schorr,
Who thought that she'd been here before.
So she called up a clerk
And without too much work
Got a file on the Schorrs of yore.
While reading the file in her parlor,
She discovered another Schorr, Collier,
Whose identity it said
could be easily had
Through a letter, enclosed with one dollar.
She mailed the letter on the twelfth,
Put the file away on a shelf,
And was greatly relieved
When she later received
The letter, addressed to herself.

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unpublished correspondence with artist and writer Collier Schorr.