

Thoughts in Poetry

L'Envoi

(With deepest apologies to Kipling)

When the last exams have been written,
and the pens are emptied and dried,
When the oldest text books are faded,
and the youngest professor has died,
We shall rest, and faith we shall heed it
—lie down for an aeon or two,
Till the Professor of All Good Students
shall put us to work anew!
And those who got A's shall be happy,
'midst theorems and theses and books,
Discussing the works they accomplished,

the degrees and honors they took;
They shall find real authors to talk with
—Strachey and Hardy and Twain;
They shall read for an age at a sitting,
in a School without failure or pain.
The Professor alone shall praise us,
and He alone shall blame;
But each for the joy of the essay,
and each, in his separate sphere,
Shall see things vastly different
from the way that he saw them here.

Geraldine Doherty.

To a Farmer

I see him at the twilight
Go about his evening chores,
And I watch his swinging lantern
As he enters all the doors.
I count the many trips he makes
From the stauncheons to the stack,
And I drink the pleasant odor
In the forkfuls he brings back.

I hear the mooing of the cows,
The bleating of the sheep,
And the bawling of the little calf
Who'll soon be fast asleep;

The cooing of the pigeons,
The horses stamping feet.
The kittens soft meowing,
And the lambkins tender bleat.

As he goes about his chosen work,
A tune floats through the air,
And the growing darkness tends to hide
The whiteness in his hair.
And I know when he retires
Because he's old and lame,
In his many thoughts and memories
He'll go through his chores again.

Howard Birnie