

The "NEWTON" and the "SHAKESPEARE"
Are leaving port today,
And I must choose between the two
Before they sail away.

The spring is done in London-town,
The days are no longer free,
And I have lingered over-long,
'tis time to go to sea.

The ships set sail at midday,
An hour's left to choose,
I wander to the Abbey,
For Newton's grave to muse.

The stones are neat and orderly,
Like numbers in a row,
Yet are like lyrics in a poem,
And still I do not know.

Newton's stone is finely carved,
Such precision is an art,
The carver: he had Newton's mind,
And also Shakespeare's heart.

Both worthy men, both worthy lives,
The choice is hard to do,
The "NEWTON" and the "SHAKESPEARE",
Alas that they are two!

Yet it is late, the choice remains,
And I've lingered over-long,
I wonder as the Church-bell tolls:
Is it clock? Or is it song?

The bell has tolled, 'tis time to choose,
And now the choosing's done,
The "SHAKESPEARE" is not wholly lost
If I choose the other one.

For Newton's stone is both of these,
The two are not alone,
And laws and definitions
Have a poetry of their own.

My choice is made, my heart is light,
I know I shall not balk,
I leave a flower for Shakespeare's sake,
And dash to "NEWTON"'s dock.

By Stephen Moore

Nothing Lives Forever

She sleeps on a chair,
Waiting for me to come home.
Her faded hair glistens in the dim light
And I can see and hear her
Slow deep breathing,
Purring in contented relaxation.

Her head is cocked at the side
Of the headrest,
Where her closed eyelids twitch
As she dreams
Of some long ago or futuristic incident.
She sighs in her restful sleep
And rearranges her once slender body
To a more comfortable position.

Her nails long, scratches
At some itching spot
And she relaxes once more.

Memories of when
We were both younger
Flood my mind.
The merriments of games
That we had played together,
The trying moments
When she had been my only confidante,
The moments that I had cried
With her, for her, and rejoiced with her.

A tear creeps slowly
From the corner of my eye
And I brush it away
As most men do,
Angrily.
I bend and kiss her aged head
And realize that she won't always be here.
Just like cats,
Mothers often die.

Sentimental Jerk

DON'T MISS THE TRAIN!

Grad Class goes
to Montreal May 1st

For details see...
Grad Office - Sub room 30

