

POETS' CORNER

We have good poets but too few -- Phil Horton, Lew Thomas, Chick Doak and several others. So this year you have some repeaters, which is fine, but we'd like some others. You're too modest. Come on, wives and widows -- we need your distaff point of view and talent. Come on, classmates -- search your archives or get creative.

Lew Thomas recovering from illness, has graciously approved of our including his poems gleaned from the Princeton Tiger issues of 1932, when he was a member of the Tiger Editorial Board. We're going to release them one at a time. Don't tune out.

REFLECTIONS ON THE EVILS OF DRINK

I think it would be clever
 To make a kind of lever
 Which would without a moment's hesitation
 Hoist high into the air
 And leave to dangle there,
 The people who would use intoxication
 To get into conditions
 Where all their inhibitions
 And hidden thoughts are aired in conversation,
 And hang out their suppressions
 With gloomy, dark expressions
 And tell about their Great-Aunt-May-fixation.
 The mind, in my opinion,
 Is solely a dominion
 For personal and private exploration;
 I favor introspection
 But view the close inspection
 Of other people's minds with consternation.
 So when my friend is drinking
 I care not what he's thinking
 About his inner soul's strange operation;
 I'd rather he'd be witty
 Or sing a dirty ditty,
 Than tell me all about this cerebation.

Lewis Thomas

PROGRAM

This:
 To open one's petals
 To the beating Son
 And let them wither
 And so die
 That in the wrinkled husk
 A seed may form
 To bloom another season
 In another land.

George Constable 9/18/73

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Sy Morris acted, wrote lyrics and music for the Triangle Club shows all four years at Princeton. Our freshman year he wrote the lyrics for the hit song of "The Golden Dog", 1929-30. Tune by C. C. Austen, Jr. '31.

LIVING ON LOVE

I'm living on love
Singing a song of longing,
Dreaming dreams that all depend on you;
Stars shining above
Know that I wait for someone,
They can reveal just how I feel.
Can't you see I adore you?
I humbly place myself before you.
I'm carried along
Just by the hope that some day,
When you're mine, we'll live on love
Together.

Seymour Morris

NOTES ON BIRD WATCHING

(From the Angelica's log, Inland Waterway, South Carolina, May 2, 1982)

The cormorant with nose in air
Looks up it with an icy stare.
"The world", declares the cormorant,
"Requires a strong deodorant."

Why does the ibis never fail
To alternately flap and sail?
If I could be an ibis chap
I'd always sail and never flap.

Theron L. Marsh

A vulgar fellow is the gull
Both scrappy and loquacious.
The way he decorates your hull
Is highly defecacious.

The osprey is a messy clod
She builds her nest by guess and God
Of jutting sticks, and every stick'll
Make her padded postern prickle.

Mavis C. Marsh

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SONNET

Now I would alone and know no will
But that of wandering brooks, and winds, and flowers,
Nor any time except the sunlight's hours
As told by lengthening shadows on the hill.
But I would know the way the breath of spring
Clings softly to the boughs - a mist of green,
And see, entranced, the quick uncertain sheen
Of sunlight on a windblown lake, and fling
Myself to earth when Twilight, like a nun,
Comes whispering orisons beneath her hood.
Oh I would be apart from men a while
To watch the glowing fingers of the sun
Awake the sleeping shadows in the wood,
And feel their clasp upon my arm - and smile.

P. C. Horton 1930

GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY ODE

The most important choice in life
Is how a man selects his wife.
If marriage lasts for fifty years,
You know the joys outweighed the tears.
The unity five decades bred
Prepared us for the years ahead:
We join this golden celebration
With limitless anticipation.

DuBois S. Morris, Jr.
to Mary Derby Morris May 11, 1990

BLACK CLUSTER

Borborygmic bog.
Big frog; dark demon; siren
Dressed in green and brown.

Melancholy flute.
Siren, demon, frog who sings
Malignant music.

Give me surcease from
This malevolence of dark
Song and siren flute.

Dark suborner of my soul
To live in hell,
Let me live in light.

C. B. Doak

◀ *Ed: This poem is modeled after 16th century Japanese Haiku poetry. Although Japanese poetry has neither rhyme nor meter, haiku poems call for three lines standing alone, with five, seven and five syllables respectively. Haiku, meaning "beginning", is an image begun by the poet, finished by the reader. A million Japanese "poets" play with Haiku today.*