

POETS' CORNER

AVOCET REDUX

Behold the noble avocet, a bird of stately carriage,
They bob and weave and strut about anticipating marriage.
With blueish legs and reddish neck they stalk the waters gently,
Sweeping the shallows all around with bills that are upbently.
Recurvirostridae's their name, but they are not for that to blame.
And when with man's approach they scatter,
Trying to see what is the matter,
They fly about with noisy babble
Like many ladies playing scrabble.
Long long ago in days of yore
They came and nested on the shore.
But then, maybe from enervation,
There came a time of decimation.
To western sloughs they flew, abandoning the ocean.
For many years they shunned the east
And in the west made ample feast
On creepy crawlies in the waters.
But now, rejoice, they have returned.
Should you desire to have a look
Just hurry down to Bombay Hook!

C. B. Doak

TO A FRIEND AT COMMENCEMENT

So you have finished now and you have gone;
And you may never more come back again
To see, with aching throat, the April rain,
Like silver on the leaves, like haloes on
The gleaming lights that sadly glow upon
The night, as pale wan faces that remain
From some vague dream to haunt, with quiet pain,
The dreamer and will not depart anon.
But I return ...
Since memory will not die,
And these things live in me 'till I am dead,
I'll go to some remembered place and lie
Upon the ground, recalling things we said.
And there will rise in me a poignant cry
For friends that stay behind or go ahead.

Philip C. Horton

MEMORY TRAINING

Editor: The piece on Memory by Josh Billings in this issue ends with the admonition that we can "keep the neurological pathways in the brain polished and active by frequent use". Memory Training is a poem in American Haiku style giving examples of how to follow Josh's advice and that of the New Jersey Neurological Institute on how to retain and improve the memory function.

Brief cheap verse lesson
Best advice from Doctor Josh:
Use mem'ry, by gosh!

Careful what you eat
Balanced diet can't be beat—
Vitamins are neat.

Do something, walk, cook,
Volunteer or read a book
Boredom's a no no.

Study something new
Language, genealogy.
Even work will do.

Prance—learn to square dance.
So with graceful affluxion
Move by instruction.

We say you should write.
Your Newsletter line, you'll find
Stimulates your mind.

Learn music—the strain
Helps the right side of the brain.
Blow—oxygen flow.

Have a go at bridge
And beat the chumps taking their lumps—
Forgot to count trumps.

Discard crutches and suches.
Add, subtract and multiply—
Machines stultify.

Accent positive—
Avoid folks who criticize
And who scepticize.

Tell Doc all you use:
Beta blockers, pills and booze.
Robbin' your noggin?

Now you'll get it when
I say with Josh once again
Use what? Oh, yes—your mem.

Curly Marsh

EVENING ON THE BARN TERRACE

Transported from the bustling city streets—the concrete gray;
The man-made structures, sharp-edged stone and steel and glittering glass
Into this vale of greenery and sunset glow at close of day—
The rustling leaves, the birds, the gurgling stream and velvet grass.
Sit and absorb the God-created beauty of this scene;
And let the shapes and shades of bush and tree reshape your view,
Renew your spirit and erase the tensions that have been,
In grateful recognition of the bounties life has lavished you.

Dubois S. Morris, Jr.

DANCE OF THE VITAMINS

Be sure to take your vitamins every, every day,
They will make you healthier in every, every way.
Take your beta-carotene, balanced B and E.
Don't forget Omega-3, basic pantothen and C.
Swallow some selenium, potassium and garlic,
Don't forget calcium, magnesium and zinc.
They will boost your appetite quicker than you think.
When you're feeling down and low,
Dose up on some lecithin and ginko Balabo.
If you wake up in the morning feeling kind of mean,
Take some folic acid and two glucosamine;
And some arko-lesterol and copper,
Bio-flavanoid and niacin, and biotin I think.
If you follow this prescription morning, noon and night,
In seven days, unfailingly, you will feel all right.

(If you don't—call the doctor)

C.B.Doak

LINES TO A KNITTING WIFE

I've talked in vain while crickets
Kept up their ceaseless drone
And I've nearly picked up rickets
At a rattling window's moan.
I've cursed at many a taxi
As it blared forth thru the nights
And I've shuddered as some waxy
Drunks expounded on their rights.
I've done all this in silence
Cause my temper's tame and mild.
I've never yet done violence
Tho' my blood within ran wild.
But darling hear me now I pray
To the bloody end I'll go
If again to me you say
"Just wait 'til I end this row."

Bud Wilson