

of laments, "the saddest are those 'it might have been'." Tones harmonize in calm resignation, — "stand alone and think 'till Love and Fame to nothingness do sink." Lost and forgotten humanity sends up its song, — "many a flower was born to blush unseen . . ." There are love songs, "Love me for love's sake. . ."

And so the melody goes on as the parade goes on, the immortal parade whose participants have been drawn from life by

their supersensitive creators to show the rest of us what life really is. How can the spectators around me grumble and become bored? They criticize the evenness of the lines, the costumes, and the formations, but perhaps they haven't heard the music yet.

Poetry? The parade is moving more slowly now, and I am trying to see into the future, but the ranks seem full. Will there be a place in the melody for my song?

MY ATTITUDE TOWARD POEMS

RICHARD OUTCALT

I am not interested in most poems. At one time I disliked poetry to the full extent of my ability, but as I grew up I became aware that to many people, poetry was all right. On careful consideration of this awakening, I decided that there were undoubtedly merits to poetry, but that you had to be in the mood to really get anything out of them. This mood to me seemed to signify a pale thin fellow skipping with gaily outstretched arms and fingers, romping through sunny fields of buttercups chasing gorgeous butterflies, then, tiring of this strenuous exercise, sitting under a tree to contemplate the wonders of poetry. This, I decided, was no substitute for baseball. So I let poems alone.

When I was in the sixth grade, I was exposed to John Masefield's "I Must Go Down to the Sea Again," dramatized with gestures, by our teacher, the assistant principal of the school. I rather liked this, except that I thought she overdid the gestures. She was evidently very sincere in her liking for this poem however, and

transmitted some of her enthusiasm by a kind of radio-telepathy or something to the class. This seems to be the only poem that comes to my mind readily. I don't remember ever being exposed to a poem in high school. Undoubtedly I was, but being as I said, not interested in poems, I quickly forgot them.

Last semester, we (the class) were exposed to narrative poetry. This is not the buttercup type of poetry as I understand it. We read most of the poems required for this course so I need not enumerate them. I particularly liked the one about the three fellows chained in a cave. I was interested in their reactions to such a situation.

I rather liked narrative poetry via Mrs. Wesenberg, but I don't believe she will have much luck with the buttercup-butterfly type this term. The world at present is too matter-of-fact. Imagine me, tripping gaily through a field of whatever the Japanese use for buttercups, happily stabbing Japanese butterflies with my bayonet. No!

TWO POEMS

MARGARET BYRAM

On Discovering a Book of Shelley's Poems

A portion of the feeling that once hallowed Keats
when he kenned the vast unknown
And stood, a Watcher, rapt, alone,
Came to me, a vision, swift, unbearable
In beauty scarcely born.

The joy of fusing with a master's soul,
The searching bliss of first discovery
Swept my mind, and left me tense and free,
A spirit treading the fresh-dewed grass
In early morn.

Muse of an Old Man

Gray day, gold day,
Rays of dimpled sunshine streaking through the
clouds—
Bleak tree, blithe tree,
Delicate web of bare twigs flung against the sky—
Dead love, dear love,
Half-remembered songs that linger in the stars—
There is a light which blends the day into the deeper
blue
And sweet forgetfulness which merges laughter,
pain, and you.