The angel foresees, is moved, but you aloof
Will not move to a music beyond your sphere
Nor pity your private star as inferior, silent;
You wait, strung, the full sounding of grief.

If only Who chose so well had chose other,
The womb prolific, the eyes public for tears,
Bearing children and loss as usual traffic;
I could not hurt you then. Forgive me, mother.

Thomas Carlyle, speaking of Bobbie Burns, once wrote that "a poet without love were a physical and metaphysical impossibility." Roy Marz's work as teacher and writer reinforces the point. He is a rare spirit, our poet long in residence at Butler, for whom the esthetic experience was and is indeed a "form of contemplation, a loving attention to" the qualities of things, whether remote or under foot and overlooked. His poems are part of the memorable creations of the loving human spirit.

May 1976

TO KATHY

Richard Ringley

Better never tell her that
the funny man in the blue hat
smoking Winston cigarettes
is reading The Bible
looking for loopholes
trying to slip through
Heaven with a sack of rum.
Passport stamped by the church constabulary
only cost me four "Hail Mary's."
Better yet
There are no duties.