

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.