

(Untitled)

As his eyes followed, through the sights, the young
Intelligent, good humored head, the smile
Surrounded with smiles, he must have felt his own
Power to end, with a motion of his finger,
The union that he somehow had no share in,
He must have felt that he could change the world
Simply by moving his finger.

.....

Now, when man's power is final
We are grateful to the governors of the world
To be alive-- somehow, we are still alive.
But we have been grateful to the most powerful
Man in the world, for more: public power, private virtues...

.....

Lines of a poem about President
Kennedy for the Sat. Eve. Post
that Randall Jarrell found
impossible to finish.

1963

