

News is one of the best. It is  
so good that it brings back  
nightmarish nights  
spent awaiting at the  
birth of news, the Minnesota Daily.

THE VILLIAGE DAILY

Worn linotype machines are clicking fast  
And there's a pungent smell of printer's ink  
About this ancient shop; and plates of zinc  
And dingy placards on the wall long cast.  
Below, the presses grind the paper past  
And feel quick cool metallic slaps and drink  
The stone smooth inks that on bare papers clink  
With spank, spank, spank, and heavier clouts at last.

The daily villiage papare goes to press  
While all the people lie asleep in bed.  
The mechanism trains a flinty eye  
On what the world forever has to stress  
And every night it sets in rigid lead  
Those who are born, who marry, and who die.

PEDAGOGUE

You vouchsafe platitude and utter fact  
About this gayly spinning world we trod,  
About your Plato, Pindar, Zeus and God  
In erudition empty and abstract,  
As if your innermost fine thoughts reach  
To make you teach of root and worm and sod,  
Why men walk on this dark dismembered clod,  
How people weighty businesses contract.

Richard,  
sometimes  
your rhyming  
makes me  
frantic.

one of the least  
admirable

You do it all with such a slavish art  
And in your fine grand manner make review  
Of fabulous high truths quite positive;  
Your padded dogmas play a shallow part!  
I fancy that the porrest student knew  
More when he guessed that all is relative.

DISILLUSION

My fire leaves only ashes in the grate  
For it has spent itself with jovial cry;  
The snowmen that we made to satisfy  
Young boyhood passions all commemorate  
Things vanished that we gloried to create.  
The teddy bears we used to play with lie  
Deep in the attic and they signify  
(Sawdust-realities, -inanimate.) Life sawdust-real, illusion incar-  
nate.

Then came the rude day heaped on our spry years  
That said, "There isn't any Santa Claus;"  
No less the later hurt when questions put  
Brought forth, "No God through ages perseveres."  
How soothing in the night, forgetting Cause,  
To feel the new snow crunching under foot.

Not at all bad, except  
that the last two lines  
make one wonder why  
it was all written.

