

THE MODERNS

Whenever college profs get quizzical
Re certain poets metaphysical,
I always shrink;
But sometimes think
Along this line:
That Gertrude Stein
Snickers,
As in her grave she turns,
And Eliot (Thomas Stearns)
Sits by himself and laughs at night
Till dawn's first light,
Quite long and loud enough
At us, who try to read their stuff.

—J. E. TRAINOR '49

THE DREAMER

Wandering, gypsy-like, his soul soars beyond the barren room.
To glide-journey through worlds of imagery at sunny noon.

Earthly reality flashes scenes of eye-met wordly view
The thinker-dreamer pierces cloud-lines shading the blue.

Autum whispers he hears from the rustling, wind swept trees:
"Man shall fade as the narcissus fades, be desolate as these leaves."

With spring-waking he roams the sprouting fields hearing on the
way:
"Man will rise as the Christ-God rose and flourish in nightless day."

Happiness lies within his heart, his dreams the channel of his joy,
His guide-in-journey, the First-Dreamer, as a ship's guide the
bobbing buoy.

Day time joys fade with the sunset, and darkest night turns to day,
But the dreamer's dreams, thoughts and visions shine in eternity.

—GEORGE KEEFE '51