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So It May Be

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The parents scream: the three R's, but we lost too many games this year.

The University moans: new methods, research, while sending the 112 class tests to be graded by IBM.

The students sulk, but they come through: that is, they live, they breed, they die.

(The little wheel turns within the big wheel, and there is nothing else to do.)

Chorus:

We don't know, but at least we know we don't know.

We confer and refer and defer.

(But the wind puffs through the basement, and there are cracks in the floor.)

The frontier is settled and there must be a change.

But our hands are tied;

Don't blame us: we are cold, we are hungry.

It's not our fault.

Blame the tribe across the river—

They have a green color.

Jobs were poor this year.

Blame the people on the other side of the hill—

They are purple people.

R. FOCO

So It May Be

Death may be a door closed tight
Barred against a day or night;
A breathless void, a lightless dream,
A mindless thought, an ending scheme.

Or . . .

Death may be a pass-through sphere
With life's death key to enter there;
A vacuumed state, a dreamless light,
An ending quest, a conquered plight.