

1964

Intelligentsia

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Mud-like darkness guzzled down to sounds of drums, guitars, and voices blarring overhead we sit. In sweaters and stretch type pants like fresh scrubbed babes with cigarettes and pipes we talk of whom we saw with who and L. B. J. and Civil Rights. Like Mynah birds in gilded cage our voices joined to display our common thought. Alas Minerva, let loose the owl. Her flutter will not be detected.

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They stand, they sit in front of us like Buddha on settee, telling tales of power held, nodding wisely like a Plato, all approving of their course. These educated, learned men, who point their finger to the well worn path, play at God, their word supreme. Back to earth ye noble sages. Spark the spark to light the flame. Out with "I" and in with "Us" for that you're being paid.

Peter A. Sysyn