

Samuel Hazo

ACADEMIA SUPREMIA ANEMIA

The chairperson says, "We're not  
teaching students to sit and read  
poems under the trees."

Shakespeare

tells him, prithee, to shut up.

The students cheer for Shakespeare.

"Deconstruct constructions now,"  
proclaims the critic.

Wordsworth

warns, "We murder to dissect."

To prove his point, he separates  
one tulip into stamen, petals,  
stem and roots, then shows us  
not the whole that once exceeded  
all its parts but one dead tulip.

The chancellor exhorts the faculty  
to "total quality performance  
with every class computerized."

Socrates sleeps through his speech  
while Christ's too busy arguing  
the sacred once of everyone  
to hear a word.

Since both  
lack terminal degrees, they teach  
remedial courses as substitutes  
or adjuncts at less than minimum  
wage.

Enter the Director  
of Athletics.

He's proud of victories  
but says without conviction  
that losses are "part of the game."

Emerson suggests he read

again his essay on compensation.  
The DA says, "I know  
that compensation is important,  
but money isn't everything."  
Emerson comments no further.  
The class president urges  
the graduates to be successful people.  
"Successful people," whispers the class clown,  
"or truly successful as people?"  
The President, on whom this subtlety  
is lost, ignores the coment.  
Three millionaires, one socialite  
alumna and a talk show host  
are honored with degrees and hoods.  
The alumna speaks of loyalty  
and leads the students in the Alma  
Mater.  
No one knows the words.  
By the time she stops, Montaigne  
has long since left, followed  
by Dante, Catherine de Medici,  
Pascal, Euripides, Mark Twain  
and some who feign acute  
dyspepsia or urinary urgency.

## AT CHURCHILL'S GRAVE

Call it the battleship of tombstones,  
but amply deserved, all things  
considered.

After the blunder  
at Gallipoli, he turned to soldiering  
and politics and warned of Hitler  
in the interbellum.

No one  
listened but Hitler himself.  
He balked at bantering with Bevan,  
fearing Bevan's Welsh wizardry  
in argument.

Later he wangled  
Stalin's armies to the cause  
in spite of Eisenhower, Roosevelt  
and Charles de Gualle.

Still later  
came that business with the iron  
curtain and his hopes for Europe.  
No small achievement for a man  
more portly than most who smoked  
cigars, wrote English prose  
so lucidly he won the Nobel  
Prize for Literature and painted  
watercolors in the country when the voters  
turned him out.

After he died,  
his widow Clementine, refusing  
all largesse, would sell them,  
one by one, in order to subsist.  
Call him a commoner with more  
than common attributes.

"One  
of our better sort," the usher said  
before rain smeared all  
the carvings on the Bladon tomb

10 Janus Head

except for  
CHURCHILL  
over  
Winston Leonard Speancer  
and the dates.