

From a Senior

And so, my friend, you ask me to sing
A song of the years and all that they bring?
A song of work finished, a song of deeds done,
Of hopes undiminished, of victories won?

Of course, I know all the tricks of the trade,
All rhymings and rhythms, and how they are made,
And it's simple enough, and easy to say
The usual thing in the usual way.

To talk of great futures, of a "glorious past,"
Of life just beginning, of "friendships that last,"
To lull you to sleep with a song of content—
Of "progress" and "learning" and "school days well spent."

All this I could tell you, and many things more—
(The poet's well-stocked with a limitless store)—
But if in a word, I should blatantly say,
"It is done. What about it? Well be on your way!"

I don't know the future, and what good would it do?
And the world isn't waiting for me or for you;
And things we once held in highest esteem
Are now half-forgotten—a yester-night's dream.

Your past and your future, it's quite safe to guess
Are somewhat of a wonder, and more of a mess,
And between you and me it's quite well understood,
You're not always so happy, nor always so good.

The years will bring pleasures as well as their pains,
But why build air castles, or mourn their remains.
What response would you make, if all this I should say?
"It is done; what about it? Well, be on your way!"