We Can Only Try

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Abstract

I think I’ll go insane tonight. You come too. We’; find a place of prism light And real dew...
We Can Only Try

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I

THINK I'll go insane tonight.

You come too.
We'll find a place of prism light
And real dew.
We will swing on nothings nowhere
Beside wrong
And later on we'll go where
Right is long.
We won't remember how it was
Or where it was
Or what it does.
We'll sing and run
And live on sun;
Be like thunder underdone.
We'll cease to crease our trousers —
We'll never be on time.
We'll spit on college rousers
We'll suck on sour lime.
We'll bite our paragraphs in two
And chew them into bits.
We'll wield our power of wits
With fits
Of un-hooked words
Flung at birds
Passing in review.

We'll be where they can't reach us
Though they touch us everyday.
And when they try to teach us
They will curtain us away.
We won't be where we can be
We can't be where we are.
Under water giggling
At the wriggling
Glare we are.
Sliding under mountains
Gliding over fountains
Skirting
Flirting
Shaking
Quaking.

Screaming!

For even this dream will fail . . .
Reality will stalk us quietly
Til we are trapped
Into dying
For our lives.

— M. J. Miles, Sc. ’58

Self-Denial

He wanted to be an artist,
    but thought he hadn't art enough.
He wanted to be a man of Science,
    but thought he wasn't smart enough.
He wanted to be a generous friend,
    but thought he hadn't gold enough.
He wanted to be a soldier,
    but thought he wasn't bold enough.
He wanted to be a man of God,
    but thought he wasn't high enough.
He wanted to be so many things,
    but didn't want to try enough.

— Tom Irish, Sc. ’58