Hymn of Hate

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Abstract

FIFTH ROUND, fill-in bout, Rainbow Gardens. David Aaron versus Casmir Dublinsky. Erring, goes the bell. “Davey, you got him,” said the trainer. ”Finish it this round.”...
FIFTH ROUND, fill-in bout, Rainbow Gardens. David Aaron versus Casimir Dublinsky.

Brring, goes the bell.

"Davey, you got him," said the trainer. "Finish it this round."

Up on your feet, then across the ring — you Polack louse, I got you. Bounce a little, look like you’ve just started and are good for another eight rounds. He comes out of his corner. Jab a straight left, another, more. Now retreat to the center of the ring, make him follow; get under the big, hot lights right in the center of the ring. Maybe someone big wants a good boy to manage. Who’s better than you — no one. Left, feint with the right, a left hook. Now work on his guts. Feint left, throw a straight right, bend from the knees so it goes between the elbows. Under the heart, good place; grunt, you Polish pig. I’ll kill you if you last the whole fight; I hope you do. I could have finished it last round; your right was down and your shoulder sagged. I’m close for some body work, a left under the ribs and toward the side, a right under the heart. A right that starts from the fist, goes up the back, and makes you feel the jar in your wrist and shoulder. Back off; it’s only the first minute and his eyes are staring. Stand and fight, you drek — try a fold and I’ll catch and foul you. A little more body work, you persecuting blond pig. Some in your kischkiss? You’ll love ’em, no ribs to get in the way. Grunt, you blood-sausage, pork-eating pig; we’ve almost two minutes left. Let go — let me up, will you, you son of filth. Ouch, your forehead in my eye — try my shoulder under your chin. Wait till the referee parts us and you’re done. Now, Polack, we’ll go on the ropes, heh? Two straight lefts, a right cross. We’re there, my Casimir; I can hold you till I’m done — you dirty, jew-baiting, blond swine. Push my brother’s nose in the spokes of a moving bicycle wheel; take this right, slime. Chase us, yelling, run, sheeny, run? Another one or two; one low, one high. Stand up, pig, lean on those ropes — If I can keep hitting you fast enough you won’t fall. On the side of the head and straight
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to the mouth. I won’t want your head or gums tomorrow, Casmir. Take some more—you blond, white, pudding-faced pig. Wait for my brother after school, feel up my sister on the el train? Look at me out of your glazed, blue eyes, pig. You’re not seeing anything, are you? Throw snow balls at my old man and holler kike; through your teeth will come hissing, you Polish slime. Stand, lovely Casmir, only a little to go. Too bad we’re so soon before the main bout; maybe boos for me and cheers for you from a larger crowd would have made a man of you. You’ve fallen, swine. Shall I stand here so they can’t start counting, and hope you get up? No, I’ve a date later on, and there are always other pigs to schlag. Remember me, Casmir, ’cause I’ll never forget you.

— John Fogelson, Ag. Sr.

Dunkirk

When I saw the place, I could not believe 
That men fought and struggled on this lonely beach, 
That whining metal blobs spun through the air 
Instead of bats and swallows chasing their flitting prey.

I could not believe, that through the tall 
Grey windswept grasses, desperate men fled 
To the broad stretching sands and glistening water, 
Where boats in shallows darted like coons at bay.

Though hard believing, fifteen long-gone years ago 
This all took place, and I sit on the cresting sand 
Watching the silent sun go down, nature and I 
Alone. Quiet, I watch her slowly softly work.

Some great hand must have sponged the scarlet 
Sands, and daubed the evening sky with blood 
Painting a night recurring memory 
Over the tranquil, windswept dunes of Dunkirk.