Species Collegius

Anonymous*
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Abstract

He comes with polished face and polished hair, And, indeed, a polished air,...
Species collegius

He comes with polished face and polished hair,
And, indeed, a polished air,
Views the problem with quick alarm,
Projects his hand into the air,
What is it, Doctor? Yes, Doctor,
What do you think, mein Herr?
Was denkst, mein lieber schonstest, Gott leich Herr?
He is quick to see the teacher
On a mission of importance,
Stops before and after class, with knotted brow,
For the answer will certainly bring eternity,
The simple answer must certain save his soul from torment.
Won't you please reply, Doctor,
Will you not say?
The problem solved
With much sawing of the air,
He retreats to his chair, and smiles a little,
Some admire his grades and grit,
Could he be called a hypocrite?

Four stairs

THERE WERE four stairs in all and the whole thing happened in an hour. Each stair had its own part in the story, too. There was a stair for each part of the story, a stair for each quarter hour, and a quarter hour for each part. Everything was complete and just right. Everything fit in real nice. Henry thought of these things as the men walked up his pa’s dusty driveway toward him. He waited for them there on the stairs, letting the sun soak into him and make him warm and sleepy. He scratched an arc in the dust with his foot and waited. He was sitting on the fourth stair. The last one.

It all started just an hour before. Henry sat on the top