Campanile Sketches

James Wickliff*
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Abstract

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What do you watch,
You solitary old hag of the campus?
You sit there on your masonry haunches,
Digesting time in your geared guts,
Punctuating each bite from a loaf of life
With a gluttonous burp every quarter hour.

Do you watch and wait
For the fresh loaves
That are carelessly tossed to you every Spring?
Or do you merely chew
On your corner of Eternity?

* * *

The campanile
Raises her spinsterly head
Haughtily above the beauty of the trees,
And with silent critical eyes,
Chaperones the activities below —
Shaking her chimed curls in negation,
She measures off schedules and lives.

* * *

I hear it, outside with the wind,
Beat its chimed fists
Against the unbreakable pane of night,
Intermittently
Trying to shatter the silent darkness,
But merely ruffling the sash,
As it doles out to the quaking hours
Their portions of time.

—James Wickliff, Sci. Sr.