At the Broom

George Schenk*
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Abstract

Boards, boards, everywhere- he shoves over Boards, boards, everywhere his stubbled straws
Among cluttered glass and lab-stained smells...
At the Broom

Boards, boards, everywhere — he shoves over
Boards, boards, everywhere his stubbled straws
Among cluttered glass and lab-stained smells,

Pauses to recite about his daughter
to Chemprof — more interested in water —
Who ignores the Tides that will rust him

Like the Old Man at the broom.

He tugs to realize a meeting of twin barrels,
Dumps trivial themes and hasty notes
In the dusty grimness of long-ago geology.

The freshman — dead in fossil mechnations —
Does not hear daughter’s latest fascinations,
Unconscious to petrifying Tides that have come

To the Old Man at the broom.

Pushing cranium cobwebs from the desk,
Putting parents’ pouts in a pile
In the cerebrum’s ivory castle, The Dean,
Brow wrinkled over faculties of the faculty,
Misses daughter’s latest date — a rarity.

His Tides are almost in — as they have washed

Over the Old Man at the broom.

— George Schenk, S. Grad.