In Composition

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Abstract

Oh come, insipid muse, and lend your aid To my reluctant pen, that I may end Quickly this tiresome task, a chore to jade A far more willing heart than I do lend To it. We two must find that moment’s pause In time when did beget Mediocrity On plain Anonymity the formal cause Of my poor diatribe—child Apathy. With him, save callous fate, had ended all, But on a common afternoon did find In dandelion fields of early fall Innocuity our Apathy. His mind She did confound, and on that simple ground Began, though neither cared, the progeny Proliferous that now has spread all round To afflict mankind with their passivity.
In Composition

(A Day's Amusement)

by Paul H. Kratoska

Distributed Studies, Jr.

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To my reluctant pen, that I may end
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Innocuity our Apathy. His mind
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Began, though neither cared, the progeny
Proliferous that now has spread all round
To afflict mankind with their passivity.

"Come, come, my muse, I bid you stay awake!
Do garb in finest style my errant thought;
Indeed, the verse you've done could scarcely make
Your reputation, but would pass for naught."

The dandies and the fops of the reign and time
Of Elizabeth with talent waged their wars;
While through the Age of Victoria the line
Produced the world's most glorious prigs and bores.
Sad to say their kind persists today,
And cursed am I to know the epitome;
Of all the traits they principally display,
None bears them with such grace and ease as he.
"Ah, muse, you're tired; do rest a little while
And I will carry on as best I can.
We've yet to pass o'er many weary mile
Of verse before we've carried out our plan."

The image that he builds so carefully
Has not a whit of originality;
Publicly he preserves propriety,
But can't for his life avoid monotony.
Evil proposals merit his refusal,
But *Playboy* photos get his close perusal;
Thus he observes society's sanctions and checks
And gets his kicks by means of vicarious sex.
In any realm of thought he has opinions,
Though it lie far beyond his mind's dominions
He thinks his knowledge and experience fit—
His lack of wisdom shows his lack of wit;
Scorning to wear good taste's fair diadem
He's cautious to praise and careless to condemn.
The truth? I've heard it said he doesn't care;
It's simply that he's blithely unaware.
He styles his smiles . . .

What's this? "Awake, oh muse,
And see the wretched verse I do produce!
'Tis doggerel I've writ while you have slept,
The rhyming trite and meter quite inept.
Awake, I say, oh muse! I'm disappointed
That I am writing verse that's so disjointed.
Return to me with lines grandiloquent
That I may end with rhymes more elegant.
These couplets spew about such doggerel
That poetasters soon will have their fill."

"Then fly with me to fair Parnassus heights
Where fragrant winds caress fair Venus' bower,
And we will lose this ode in wondrous sights
In the gentle land of nature's fairest flower.
The sun-drenched isles will give us ease,
Their glories to my mind will be a balm
As I soar with thee across the restive seas
To that land where there is found eternal calm."