The Razin’

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by
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English 4

Once approaching midnight nearly, eyes all red, seeing unclearly,
Trying to complete my reading (what a senseless stupid chore),
Eyelids heavy, fingers tapping, trying just to keep from napping,
As my strength was slowly sapping (Hawthorne cold and Poe a bore),
"This is meaningless," I uttered, listening to my roommates snore.

Only ninety pages more.

Oh distinctly I engender, how these authors I'd dismember,
Rend each arm and leg asunder just to even up the score.
Slowly I would squeeze the marrow from their bones both thick and narrow,
Ancient tortures I would borrow (using some I should abhor).
Laughing madly would I stretch and nail their hides upon the floor.

Nailed they'd stay for evermore.
As this ghastly endless burden pulled me down with end uncertain,
Drilled me—killed me with a slowness, working to my very core,
I considered ways of cheating, my attention span depleting,
Interest was also fleeting, power to retain was poor.
Once again I checked my watch and noticed it was close to four.

Only forty pages more.

Rhymes provoked my ready anger, speeding pulse foretold the danger,
(I would rather sit and watch that rotten singer Dinah Shore).
Quickly, for my mind was snapping, grabbed a bottle and uncapping,
Poured on ice so cool and crackling, double-shot to help endure,
Gulped it down and scarcely pausing, chased it with a couple more.

Who could like the name Lenore?

Drowsiness was o'er me leering, like a ghostly demon sneering,
Daring me to finish just one page, and then again one more.
Thoughts I had (but none were spoken) that my act was just a token,
Concentration left unbroken, I could finish this and more.
Maybe I could read a chapter, maybe then I'd end this chore.

Only thirty pages more.
Thoughts within my head were churning, that this book I should be burning.
Sure! I should have thought of this, of burning it so long before.
"This" said I, "a worthy act is, and I'm also sure the fact is It'll be much better when in ashes." Flames soon 'gan to roar.
Laughing once again I was, as from the book each page I tore,

Threw them in, and watched them soar.

Early then the following morning, disregarding previous warning,
Through the hall I smugly swaggered, soon to heal my festering sore.
Up the steps I quickly stumbled, yellow slip in fingers fumbled,
(Just another course I'd bumbled), slid the drop-slip 'neath his door.
Three Sixty's dead I thought while leaving, I cannot my acts deplore.

   English courses? Not one more.