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## Chaplet

Lincoln Fitzell

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## CHAPLET

For Hardy, when the wind was raw,  
 Man's tragic dignity was law,  
 And Fate his frown at Gods aloof.  
 We stand dishonored by no grave,  
 Whose mettle rings to Housman's stave,  
 Or flashes bright at Kipling's proof.

To James, who made rough manners kind,  
 And Yeats, who honored lofty mind,  
 We life a glass of beaded crown.  
 To Robinson, Time's village guest,  
 And earthy root, we pour the best  
 Deep forest ale in Shadow town.

LINCOLN FITZELL

## SONNET EGOISTICAL

I watched the gardener grub out the squash vine.  
 Ten, twenty, thirty little frogs jumped out,  
 Colored incredibly, dressed for a rout—  
 Brown, green, yellow in all shades combine

To distinguish these gay fellows, who possibly align  
 Themselves in parties and know what they're about  
 In uniform or camouflage—all out  
 To talk or fight for a symbol or a sign.

Next morning they are huddled in a leafless plat—  
 Each brown as earth—Soviet or prison camp?  
 I wouldn't know. For man the vines are down—

Religion, history, culture—mouldy and damp.  
 What gardener will plant tradition in what town?  
 What seeds or cuttings use? Let's argue that.

MARY GRAHAM LUND