

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM

FRANCE you remember, Dominic,
adjusted an accursed thing
until it made a dead man sing.
A queer, unnecessary trick.

Caruso marred the cosy night
until we bravely sued for peace
to stretch our limbs again at ease
and listen to the storm outside.

The patient world revolving since,
obedient to the charted speed,
has brought to us the humble need
of what when younger made us wince.

We cannot be ubiquitous;
nor longer yet suppress the wish
for past or absent gibberish;
to let a jackass sing to us.

Do you refuse to be entranced
by some enchanted violin,
to seem to hear the waters dream,
to hear the notes a satyr danced,

because of scruples vaguely born
of griefs against united states,
and mechanisms dislocate,
and precious matter spoiled and torn?

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Unwinding its concentric crawl,
a needle scrapes your epiderm,
methodically as the firm's
unnumbered patents foolproof all.

Pay the price. Prolong the search
for, right or wrong, what pleases us.
Listen; the patriarch of Uz
is singing in the Temple church.

JOHN GRAY.

A YOKE OF OXEN

BY my lord's command
Bidden to the feast—
Do I understand?
Prat'st of oxen? Beast!

Go thy ways, ill guest!
Still, the table grieves
That it is not drest
With thy precious beeves.

(From Crashaw.)

JOHN O'CONNOR,