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Saint Goliardus

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SAINT GOLIARDUS

(A jingle for the generation just tasting blood)

1

In the newness of our years
grow the archetypal fears
 quite historic;
we meet them as our fathers did
wishing we were safely hid,
 as sophomoric.

2

Ares now is on the field
blood on helicopters yield
 bloody showers;
and in their little thatched state
the huddled hamlets associate
 with no flowers.

3

On the college campus plain
young men with epaulettes train
 in gory courses;
cerberus barks with happy tongue
to see the ambiguous young
 rule potent forces.

4

Among the arts and sciences
scurry modern appliances,
 anxious to run;
and nerves the slaves of pills,
distillate of many thrills,
 handle a gun.

5

The obvious transmutation
of every generation
 is pathological;
our grandfathers knew the truth
Hiroshima was a cinch:
 is prophetic.

6

In the wings a substitute act:
 Goliardus, dipsomanica,
 is all aglow;
 the times are ever achanging,
 possibilities arranging
 from high to low.

7

He conjures his cups in adoration,
post vinum venus: gratification,
 tract fro the times;
 red wine flows as Lethe, deeply,
 and one may forget unsightly
 amoral crimes.

8

The old man offers de gustibus,
 in his lusciously purple juice,
 lulling metaphor:
 of pampered eagles flying high
 in America's free blue sky
 where it's better for

9

One to live high as no frugal
 before the militant bugal
 recalls Achilles,
 who played upon that sandy plain
 to earn fighting insane
 but lovely filles.

10

Thus with jolly sail, in our cups,
 we steer the years' downs and ups
 and levities;
 but too with blear eye and sullen,
 we mantis like pray for a lull in,
 these travesties.

William C. Barnwell
 First Prize Poetry