

Dir Full Regalia I Swim Commencement's Sea
~~29 May, 1963~~

In full regalia I swim commencement's sea.
The speaker's syntax could have come from Troeltsch.
A thousand angry eyes would turn on me
Should I drop a careless penny or ^{lose} ~~make~~ a belch.

An air of unreality pervades the cavernous hall.
The stoney faces stare like death into the void
While I project my deadness toward them all,
Each wondering how he might have better been employed.

O Thou who dost through limitation call
Reminding me to hearken to my finitude,
Grant me some patience, large or small,
Before I come unglued amid this wordy plenitude.

I now am reassured. For soon the hour will end.
These are my friends, not denizens of hell.
Besides my boney seat will later mend.
But I am still conscious of the way we smell.

(29 May, 1963)

