

## **ODE to ANN (BASSETT), '51 from Skip Drezner, '52**

Broken barn, splintered bench, candy smell of fresh cut hay.  
Two tawny youths soured full of day.  
“I learned the Mother English Queen she died today.  
A demise of time, stole her way.”

We walk on grass sticky thick,  
Your hand it holds a book.  
A book of thought, a book of Lawson's literature,  
No it be of Lannon's arithmetic. And no room for me.

Let us contemplate a lively tale  
Something of my former hail.  
And sure to stimulate,  
Our time to be sharing mates.

Yes, yes we go,  
To the piping by the wall.  
Faster speed like a dynamo, and see the Tulips of Mueller's land,  
Bring your books of Doc and Julian.

Oh, the bore, please more of Dicken's Edwin Drood,  
No more Stonewall Jackson, and John Bell Hood.  
Chickamunga, Emancipation Proclamation.  
Let us kiss and play our affiliation.

More and more I do declare,  
Met Ovid and Amoretti's love.  
Of test tubes or the coach or Stormy's beau,  
Hark, hear loud the laser sharp.

The sharpen point of Latin voice,  
Omnia vincit amor.  
By mentor Robert Shaw  
Whose rep I do adore. Died of vengeance swift and raw.

Dear Ann, do not forget Bill Orrick  
Or Jake. The one who discovered us by the lake.  
Please hold a space to sit by you  
So together we can be schooled by GOD'S create.

by Skip Drezner, '52  
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