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## from The Anatomy Of Melon Collie "The Munificent Seven"

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**Cover Page Footnote**

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*from*

**THE ANATOMY OF MELON COLLIE**  
**"The Munificent Seven"**

Sing to us, enlightening Muse  
Of devoted scholars in tennis shoes.  
Of men who promote thought and learning,  
Creating a thirst; an uncontrollable yearning  
    In minds not too discerning.

Views, Muse, in us enkindle —  
Of educators' efforts that ne'er dwindle.  
Of seven bards of the "Tribe of Ben"  
Nobly reviewing the great works of pen  
    By men of vast ken.

Each one is a cosmos, micro by size,  
In a macro that honors the wealthy and wise.  
Knights of the word, viscounts of pages,  
Barons of thought, actors on stages —  
    They relay the ages.

Their leader, their Jonson, their Donne, their Pope,  
Is a cleric — a bonnie lad of literary scope.  
A mystagogue in kilts — a humanistic man,  
Flexing his elbows as fast as he can,  
    Like classical Pan.

Their invincible Romantic, their Victorian squire —  
A spoonful of coffee or death by fire.  
This religious aims at Chesterton's view  
While walking the road to Xanadu,  
    Yet opium is not his clue.

Their minstrel has wit, so pithy, so Swift;  
The Wendellian voice is his God-given gift.  
"Fascinating material", of which "there is much",  
Would harrow thy soul and tingle thy touch  
    With glee, very much!

Their Ribaldian cynic, both novel and wry,  
Alludes to the purple, picaresque, and high.  
His subjective scope, from Fielding to "scheesch",  
Mythic in content, punning in reach,  
No more doth he teach.

Their poet, their sophie, this slim statured soul,  
Aback of his whale he rides toward his shoal.  
From fire and brimstone to the earthy and gay ---  
From Huck on the river to the red-letter'd 'A'  
His course wends aweigh.

Their linguist and critic, oft candid and dry ---  
Of usage and syntax, of Chaucer and Frye.  
By Arnold and Eliot, by Johnson and Yeats,  
He guides young scholars to baccalaureate gates;  
The rest, to their fates.

The last of the Seven, an actor could be;  
His last name may fool you, no citrns fruit he.  
Discussing the playwrights, from Marlowe to Will,  
This young scholar gives the Shakespearean pill;  
The rest, we kill.

The distaff, of which we know nothing about,  
We'll leave her alone like a good eagle scout.  
Although the temptation to jibe has been great,  
Whoever did hear of "The Munificent Eight"?  
Thus, we abate.

The gamut's been run and now that we're through,  
We'd like to give thanks to this mighty crew,  
For taking these jibes like drops in a pool.  
Please reccomend us to graduate school.  
Exit, the fool!

*bob de maria*

*tom proietti*