

1971

## Sic Transit Gloria Mundi

Ed A. Wurtz  
*St. John Fisher College*

### [How has open access to Fisher Digital Publications benefited you?](#)

Follow this and additional works at: <http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle>

 Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

---

#### Recommended Citation

Wurtz, Ed A. (1971) "Sic Transit Gloria Mundi," *The Angle*: Vol. 1971: Iss. 1, Article 16.  
Available at: <http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1971/iss1/16>

This document is posted at <http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1971/iss1/16> and is brought to you for free and open access by Fisher Digital Publications at St. John Fisher College. For more information, please contact [fisherpub@sjfc.edu](mailto:fisherpub@sjfc.edu).

---

# Sic Transit Gloria Mundi

## **Cover Page Footnote**

Appeared in the issue: 1971.

SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MUNDI

You weep,  
    and wail,  
        and gnash  
            your teeth.

Death has come  
    without a knock  
        or a ring  
            or even an

Invitation.  
The grey ghost of decay  
Has been following you for years.  
You refused to acknowledge him,  
    live with him,  
        lie with him,  
            share for him,  
                and now

He has his revenge.

Ed Wurtz

*Dedicated to the American Indian*

Go,  
Turn your back unto the sun  
And let your shadow  
Fall  
Upon the land  
That has betrayed you.  
Forgotten man,  
Your land is no longer  
Free . . .  
Concrete and steel  
Enslave your sacred ground.  
Look forever away  
From that white man's world,  
But never die.

James A. Reo  
January '71

Listen to the Breezes Rhyme

Listen, listen to the breezes rhyme  
To the echoes  
Of my pensive mind.  
Friends, friends once I knew  
Seems they've gone  
All but save a few.  
Numbers, numbers should not matter  
When leaves fall  
Or friends call  
To share their laughter.  
Problem, problem is no one laughs  
But just stares a cold  
That cuts my soul in half;  
Oh, we're blind and cannot see  
The blazing golden grain  
Before the chaff.  
Let us walk with peace  
And smile a cry of joy  
As we see the love that  
Lives in every  
Man, girl and boy.  
Listen, listen to the breezes rhyme  
To the echoes  
Of your pensive mind.

George Carey