

1969

406-B

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Cover Page Footnote

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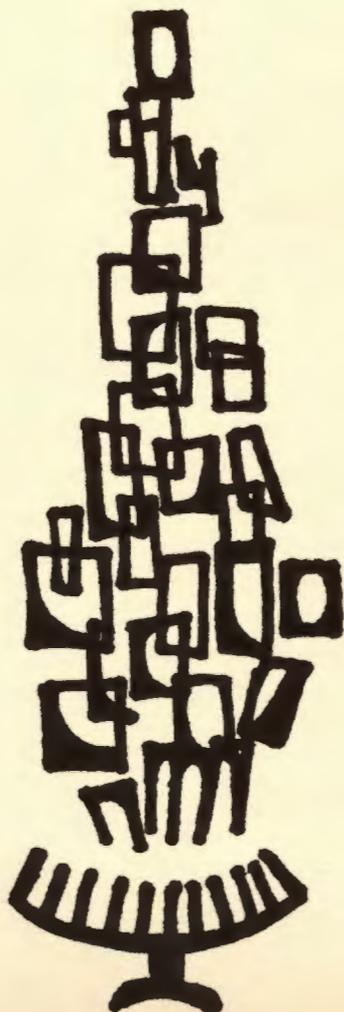
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You moved closer to me in the bed
 and whispered that your feet were cold.
 My hands were warm—So I held you
 And warmed your private kingdom.

I watched you that night
 sleeping,
 smiling,
 dreaming
 Of someone dancing across your mind
 But I knew somehow it wasn't me.

Maybe I should have left then, or told you
 That Love is much more than warming cold feet.
 You were too young to realize it though
 And at least you smiled while you slept

J. Stotz Jr.



It may be affirmed with great truth, that
 there is hardly any human creature past childhood,
 but at one time or other has had some Poetical
 Evacuation, and, no question, was much the better
 for it in his health.

Alexander Pope
Peri Bathous

I second the emotion: each of us has at
 least a little bit of poetry penned up inside
 him, and to spew it forth now and again does
 the world absolutely no harm. The worst that
 can be said of one's effort is that yet another
 bad poem has been added to the burden of
 bad poetry already in existence.

I'm probably the last person in the world
 to be writing a paper on poetry, being
 possessed more of risibility than of sensibility.
 I pay court to the sublime, and have very
 little traffic with the beautiful. And though I
 might not know a good poem when I see it, I
 can usually smell a bad one from a distance of
 three stadia. Not unlike a cancer, a bad poem
 should be labeled quickly so that it can be
 done to death before its creator has a chance
 to fall in love with it. I know, because I've
 doted on many a soggy bit of verse of my
 very own. And speaking of lousy verse, I hope
 sincerely that someone with sense gets to the
 moon first, before some crazy romantic
 arrives and begins composing sonnets on how
 beautiful everything looks in the earthlight.

College poets—hmm. Even weeds grow
 according to the soil supplied. The better the
 soil, the better the weed; the worse the soil,
 the worse the weed. If your soil is growing
 thistle, exclusively, look to it. In other words,
 even a poet should have talent, and that talent
 should be assessed realistically: all the wishful
 thinking in the world will add not a single
 cubit to one's store of talent. In the talent
 department — I'm — decidedly — a
 featherweight—long ago I assured myself that I
 would never expire from either a surfeit or
 dearth of that commodity. If anything kills
 me, it'll be my big mouth.

There is a harmless type of insanity with
 which most college poets are afflicted:
 hearing bells when none are ringing. That is,
 the majority have little or not talent, but their
 savage little egos drive them to the production
 of ever more drivel. Again, no harm comes
 from their doing so, and as Pope says in his
 homely, albeit unpoetic metaphor, they will
 be the better for the purge. The other type of
 insanity is suffered mostly by us critics: we
 fail to hear the bells when an entire carillon is
 at work directly overhead. That is, we do not
 recognize a good poet when he is right in our
 midst. I have yet to find a good college poet,
 but even by the law of probability there must
 be a few in existence.

I daresay, however, the critics are not
 altogether remiss, jaundiced and myopic.
 There are many ways in which college poets
 sin against their talent. In their enthusiasm
 (which is not to be sneered at, by any means)