from The Anatomy Of Melon Collie "The Munificent Seven"

Bob DeMaria
St. John Fisher College

Thomas P. Proietti
St. John Fisher College

Follow this and additional works at: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle

How has open access to Fisher Digital Publications benefited you?

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1967/iss1/12

This document is posted at https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1967/iss1/12 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.
from The Anatomy Of Melon Collie "The Munificent Seven"

Cover Page Footnote
Appeared in the issue: Volume 12, Number 1, Autumn Winter 1966-67.

This poem is available in The Angle: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1967/iss1/12
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 sophic, 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 awaigh.

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 citrus 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 recommend us to graduate school.
Exit, the fool!

bob de maria

tom proietti