

for that sort of thing.  
but he somehow found the time to also  
be a leader of the faculty and a defender  
of the rights of underdogs off-campus  
as well as on.

in the academic senate, i have always  
glanced his way before raising my voice  
yea or nay.

he looks fine, but in a year or two  
he'll be dead.

i'm not a religious person. the only  
immortality in which i firmly believe  
is that we live on in those who have  
learned from us. it's not a new  
insight. it's the point, i suppose,  
of to the lighthouse and of the whole  
jewish religion.

i've learned from my colleague, many have,  
and if anyone he stood up to  
thinks that he or she will have  
an easier time of it from now on,

may they think twice.

HE WAS ALSO MODEST, INTELLIGENT, GENEROUS AND,  
WORST OF ALL, LIKEABLE

i picked up my mail at school today  
for the first time since the winter holidays began  
and it was a good day:

2 poems in one little magazine;  
2 poems in another;  
a couple of poems accepted by a third place;  
and a review published in an academic journal.

i don't have many days like that.

the only problem is  
i was in the same graduate school  
at the same time as the novelist, brian garfield,  
best known perhaps for death wish and hopscotch,  
and on one not particularly noteworthy saturday  
he had six books accepted for publication.  
he already, at twenty-four,  
had twenty-four volumes in print.

we corresponded for a year or two  
and then i fell hopelessly behind,  
not being able to read  
as fast as he could write.

#### HENRIETTA JAMES

speaking to my daughter  
of some people we both know,  
i say, "i can't really make a judgment  
since i only have access to  
one side of the story,"

and she says, "the only thing worse  
than knowing one side of a story  
is knowing both."

#### SHE SMELLS A RAT

she is angry because i am forty-five minutes late  
and because i have been at the same type  
of social gathering as the one at which  
she and i first met.  
she is so suspicious that,  
even after my reassurances,  
she is unresponsive in bed  
and finally admits,  
"you don't smell the same."

after this ridiculous admission, of course,  
she is terribly embarrassed,  
confesses paranoia,  
resumes our lovemaking passionately.

i did, as a matter of fact,  
walk one attractive woman to her car.  
we did discuss some possibilities.  
but we didn't do anything  
that would have altered my aroma.

so my (as dr. johnson would have it) stink  
must have been  
entirely in her  
imagination.