

# FACULTY POETRY

## Sister Pinoke

Her name's Pinoke,  
she's got a nose like a vent,  
bum, bum, bum, bum.  
she blows her nose in a  
circus tent.  
bum, bum, bum, bum.  
If you don't duck,  
you're out of luck.  
Oh, what a schnoz she's got!

—Gordon Aubrecht

*(Author's Note: I sort of chanted it to a tune, which is why the bum, bum, bum, bum;  
tenth grade, I would have been 16. She taught us geometry. That is embarrassing!)*

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## The man whose face was the face of a clock

The man whose face was the face of a clock,  
Whose every step was a tickety-tock.  
The magazine he read was Time,  
But he didn't know what was in Life.

—Bob Klips (*Class of '68*)

I hate myself  
for ruining my health.

And I hate myself for loving too deeply...  
for thinking about why we were blessed with pain.

My mask is strong and made of glass.

I hate myself for breaking.

—Anonymous

*(Author's Note: From 1993 or so. I can guess at the context, but don't recall exactly. I think I was dating a "bad boy" I was drawn to and having trouble coming to terms with myself. Is this anonymous? Although my mask is still strong and made of glass....oh well.)*

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## Fall Fears

With Fall comes what, I wonder.  
I do not know at all.  
Of yellow leaves and naked trees,  
Fear, it comes with Fall.

Fear of life just ending,  
Or Fear of prolonged sleep.  
Fear that people kill for fun.  
And fear that Death will reap.

And then I stop and wonder:  
Do only I fear Fall?  
The answer comes to me just then:  
This fear, it haunts us all.

—Ben McCorkle

*(Author's Note: This was written way back in seventh grade. Back when I was a morose little ragamuffin. For some odd reason, I've committed this poem to memory, so it takes up space that might otherwise be used for remembering much better verse written by a real poet.)*

# My Country

My country is the place to be.  
People will die for my country.  
There are so many things to see.  
I would never leave my country.  
Some people go out into war.  
Proud to serve our country and die.  
Even when eagles do not soar.  
Our flag flies proudly in the sky!

—Nikole Patson

*(Author's Note: This was written for a 6th grade poetry anthology assignment. In addition to writing our own poems, the assignment required us to collect poems based on several categories, of which patriotism was one. I suspect that partially explains the motivation behind this jingoistic masterpiece.)*