Ode
by Prof. W. C. Greene

Here it is! Kids! Peel your sophisticated eye and dig! The neat look, the forward look. Tomorrow! It's arrived!
Out of the pretty nearly everywhere. It's flown in on the old honk airways. Spread its tail and stuck out its flat feet and skidded to a stop in this dirty basin of learning.

Been plunged down in the Great Court with a dollar bill from Mama and five books from Dad and instructions about getting its laundry done. It's been marked "primes" by the brain-cutters at Pimentos.

Here it is! Brought down! Hands have been laid on it by Rath Thresher, Herb Pollack, and Brother Hatsumatsu. Jay's smiled on it. Kay's smiled on it. Jack's smiled on it. Freddie's smiled on it.

Juniors reached up and straightened its P.S. 219 commencement tie.

Here it is! How's it with us? They say it is breathing!

It's been out in old Norm's Dad's house, cleaned up the older, dogmints, and peanut butter sandwiches, and not talked because it had reached its last syllable.

It's puzzled two thin harmonizers in Walker, been disturbed by a burning hand from Bosnia, tried to read through a Bartok concerto by a guy with a very high B.

It's had its chest X-ray, cleft just the nose-trimmers, eye-probers, ear-tweakers and head-chippers, emersed the Viking, and immured Ahi! into a very small warm bottle.

It's shuffled up the dust of all our yesterdays, and got it all over grandfather's cast-iron.

It's learned about life from Focus and those other head-shrinkers, embraced the Thing, eye-probers, ear-tweakers and head-chippers.

It's hopped off of Paris and thought deep thoughts looking at Ebony.

It's bought its symbolic sword from Kaufel and Tazer, plucked down Mama's buck for a Coop card, and decided tomorrow's shirt will show the dirt anyhow.

Here it is! Listen! And you can hear the stars in its not-yet sky going Miss, me, pa, stella,

It's tomorrow, the forward look. Here it is! It's with us! They say it is breathing!

It's here! It's here! It will be here!

Feel the carolina of thermodynamics? Or get that old bear-dance dynamism from election to Born Can't? It's here! It will be here! If it goes bad, Bill Speer will save it. It's here! It will be here! It's here! It will be here!

Is it tomorrow without a character? Can it polish up its professional pride with Lestoil?

It's here! It's here! It will be here! It's here! It will be here! It will be here! It will be here! It's here! It will be here!

Here it is! It's here! It's here! It will be here! It will be here! It will be here!

It's here! It's with us! They say it is breathing!

It's tomorrow, the forward look. Here it is! It's here! It's here! It will be here! It will be here! It will be here!

Ode is, after all, a tribute to the student financier. (Your name is imprinted on each check.)

Or what can we do to fit it for a capsule?

The Tech?