

On a Well-Loved Vessel

I have a case, and it is brief,
Ten scores of paper are therein,
And as I riffle through each sheaf,
That to throw out, and this keep in,
I muse upon the sable bag
That small minds for a bomb mistook
(This innocent whereof I brag
Has held no more than pen and book),
A servant which has steadfast stood
'Gainst whirling wind's tempestuous shock
(Well, not quite, but it does more good
To over-praise than slight and mock);
This *objet cher*, I say, has gained
Esteem from friend and foe alike,
For when on wet days it has rained
My things have all been dry; in like
Wise when for classes I've been late
Full easy with it I have run;
While others tumbled to their fate
I sped on, smiling in the sun.
Of this Briefcase on which I gaze
I say (and here's the paeon's end):
This is my Friend, in whose sweet praise
I all my days could gladly spend.

Reuben Thomas

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