

### 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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