

## June...

... fold your tents like Arabs ...  
and softly steal away ...

*Some take their leave with weeping  
Others with nonchalant pose  
But Joe saunters out of the picture  
Gleefully thumbing his nose ...  
From the Lyrics of Little Joe.*

■ June ... freshmen strutting about like bantams ... seniors ...  
turning in keys ... emptying lockers ... then ... finis ... finis  
... to the tune of six highballs ... handclasps ... congratulations  
... Graduation Announcements paying dividends ... belt buck-  
les ... corsages ...

■ June ... one last refrain ... interfraternity sing ... then ... All  
Aboard! ... for Gallipolis ... Kansas City ... Hyde Park ...

I will take my books and go now  
and play not sad guitars  
I will hitch my horses to the moon  
And spit among the stars ...  
Oh, break your maudlin violins  
And hang your crepe away  
Birth and dying are as one  
So let your trombones play ...  
I'll wander to the sunrise  
And peer across the years  
The sky is so enchanting  
So spoil it not with tears ...