

The Argonaut's Theme

-for Miriam Jamieson

Wireless days, *Good Rowing!* days, and days when the spaceship lands,
the beings look almost like us and come in peace;
popular science days of lab-coated boffins with their utilitarian facts;
and the acme days of what just had to be high art:
painters in smudged smocks and clear, warm sopranos
who could be Auntie Pat or Auntie Iris in their crisp, floral frocks;
of course we were snobs and knew things couldn't be otherwise
(you'd only to hear the laconic wing commander's
Roger, over and out to realize how hawk-nosed trim
he must be, though ever the wag under pressure);
oh yes those really-mean-it days when smart kids had to know things:
weren't we the last generation to rote-learn 'Recessional' let alone sing it?
being prepared for the 21st century when we'd hardly arrived in the 20th,
such muddleheaded days *Adventure Ho! Argonauts row...row...row!*