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!*