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Man Stood Once...

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Cover Page Footnote

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Moore: Man Stood Once...

care, they uncovered my body, unconscious but still alive, as this testimony bears proof."

Asked Reporter Joe, "Has this incident affected your life in any way?"

Jonathan scratched his white head of hair, more in a gesture of amazement at the naivete of the question than an indication of an inability to answer it. "Well," answered Jonathan with an air reflecting his attitude, "I was once a normal, healthy resident of the seaside town of Kennebunk, Maine. I am now a land-lovin' vegetarian who exhibits claustrophobic tendencies at times and who lives in Bodken, Nevada, a city 500 miles from the nearest waterhole."

Reporter Joe smiled at the last response and watched Jonathan wipe a layer of sweat from his brow. Jonathan told the story with such a degree of sincerity that Reporter Joe found it hard to disbelieve him. Pondered Reporter Joe, "Jonathan . . . Jonah . . . not much difference . . . nah . . . but Bridie . . . a whale! . . . not a chance . . . besides what would the club think . . . nah."

Reporter Joe arose from the bunk and pounded on the padded door for the guards to let him out. Jonathan stayed. Jonathan proceeded to carve a jar which he would put into a glass boat.

"AND THE LORD SPAKE UNTO THE FISH AND IT
VOMITED OUT JONAH UPON DRY LAND."

RICHARD OSTERMAN '59

Man stood once
Yet went to his knees
Willingly enough.
Hands became feet
Feet hands
Brain and buttocks
On a level.

Poor fools we
Wait for eternity,
Live to die to live
Mistakenly.

In time and space
We wait to find
Our heaven
Or our hell
Blessed now
Damned now.

R. MOORE '57