
Here's to Poetry, From the Sublime to the Whimsical!

**From the *Cathedral Times*
by the Very Reverend Samuel G. Candler,
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My apologies to George Herbert, one of my heroes, and whose feast day we remember this Saturday; but I must remember "poetry" this week by remembering the light verse of Ogden Nash. It so happens that the following poem includes another love of mine, which is music. Here's to poetry, in whatever form; and here's to all musicians and their families who mutually and mercifully endure the practice years!

Piano Tuner, Untune Me That Tune

I regret that before people can be reformed they have to be sinners,
And that before you have pianists in the family you have to have
beginners.
When it comes to beginners' music
I am not enthusiastic.
When listening to something called "An Evening in My Doll
house," or "Buzz, Buzz, said the Bee to the Clover,"
Why I'd like just once to hear it played all the way through, instead
of that hard part near the end over and over.
Have you noticed about little fingers?
When they hit a sour note, they linger.
And another thing about little fingers, they are always strawberry-
jammed or cranberry-jellied-y,
And "Chopsticks" is their favorite melody,
And if there is one man who I hope his dentist was a sadist and all
his teeth were brittle ones,
It is he who invented "Chopsticks" for the little ones.
My good wishes are less than frugal
For him who started the little ones going boogie-woogal,
But for him who started the little ones picking out "Chopsticks" on
the ivories,
Well I wish him a thousand harems of a thousand wives apiece,
and a thousand little ones by each wife, and each little one
playing "Chopsticks" twenty-four hours a day in all the nurseries
of all his harems, wiveries.

Thank you Ogden Nash! (I agree with everything except the boogie-woogal.)

Sam Candler signature



The Very Rev. Sam Candler

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