

ROBERT FROST



MARCH 26 · 1959

A remembrance collection of new
poems by **ROBERT FROST**
now gathered together and printed
for the dinner held in New York in
honor of his eighty-fifth birthday.

THE PROPHET

They say the truth will make you free.
My truth will bind you slave to me—
Which may be what you want to be.

THE POET

It takes all kinds of in and outdoor schooling
To get adapted to my kind of fooling.

THE SAGE

This to the memory of my great friend
Ahmed Bokhari who had me down
from Vermont to view his lump of
purest iron ore at the United Nations
in the room for meditation on
Tools and Weapons.

Nature within her inmost self divides
To trouble men with having to take sides.

THE PREACHER

Forgive O Lord my little jokes on Thee,
And I'll forgive Thy great big one on me.

THE ASTRONOMER

This Outer Space
At least thus far
For all the fuss
Of the populace
Seems more popular
Than populous.

LINES WRITTEN IN DEJECTION ON THE EVE OF SUCCESS

I once had a cow that jumped over the moon,
Not onto the moon but over.
I don't know what made her so lunar a loon:
All she'd been having was clover.

That was back in the days of my God Mother Goose.
But though we are goosier now
And all tanked up with mineral juice,
We haven't caught up with my cow.

THE PHILOSOPHER

Take glass some night for your most distant look
And realize the lavish waste it took
Of the sidereal principle in space
To get it with the puny human race.

MARX AND ENGELS

Them two panacea guys
Getting economics wise,
Did mankind homogenize
So the cream no more could rise.
Am I simply telling lies?
No, they did it in a dream,
On which Stalin rose supreme.
And who said *he* wasn't cream?
Very very very few
At the time of his debut.
Maybe none but me and you.

One hundred and fifty copies of this booklet were made by Henry Holt and Company for the friends of Robert Frost who attended the eighty-fifth birthday celebration at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York. The edition has been designed and printed at The Spiral Press. The wood engraving is by Thomas Nason, originally cut for the title page of *A Boy's Will*, 1934.

