For Kimura-Sensei:
On Retirement-Graduation

Your silver suits—and hair—I've envied you—
(A headful—like your well-groomed garden, swept!)
Your students must have felt some envy, too,
Marveling at the trim form you have kept
As—over forty years—you've shared your thought
In countless hours, for our benefit.
Your figure blended with the Bard you've taught:
To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.
Those hours that with gentle work did frame
More honors for our much-respected school—
They'll be remembered with your awful name.
Of this we all are sure—Love's not Time's fool.

Then honor's here—your friends and you are one.
Forms—figures—pass, but not the good you've done.

Philip Williams