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In Memoriam. Unfinished. For Robert Barlow

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IN MEMORIAM. UNFINISHED. FOR ROBERT BARLOW

This anthropologist had learned
Mayan and Náhuatl,
and had a good theory
of Mexican Culture growth
disproved by now by new diggings.
He had a white horse as a gag,
servants who fought with knives,
and taught at a tourist school
in Mexico, D.F..
I didn't like him much
but he was a human being,
gave easy tests,
and did not kill more
than he had to, so I'm sad
he died instead of his
accuser: a student said he was
a fairy and got expelled.
He had a nervous breakdown
and flew to Yucatán
where the folk seem mild
away from violence
in love. It was
his crisis of maturity
but he muffed it, saying
to his father's fathers' sperm,
"this is the end of the line:
all out," there, where the priests,
he said, would ring
cathedral bells at midnight
to wake their Indians to love
away from suicide in conquest.
With his round glasses
and two buck teeth
he looked like the glyph
for the day 'Two Rabbit,'
but was strong on action.
Later, some of his verse
came out in *Poetry*, set
in the smaller type because
it was unfinished like the life,
the works, and these regards.

Alan Dugan