

## *On Saying Goodbye to my Room in Chancellor Day Hall*

by **F.R. SCOTT**

Rude and rough men are invading my sanctuary.  
They are carting away all my books and papers.  
My pictures are stacked in an ugly pile in the corner.  
    There is murder in my cathedral.

The precious files, filled with yesterday's writing,  
The letters from friends long dead, the irreplaceable evidence  
Of battles now over, or worse, still in full combat —  
    Where are they going? How shall I find them again?

Miserable vandals, stuffing me into your cartons,  
This is a functioning office, all things are in order,  
Or in that better disorder born of long usage.  
    I alone can command it.

I alone know the secret thoughts in these cabinets,  
And how the letters relate to the pamphlets in boxes.  
I alone know the significance of underlinings  
    On the pages read closely.

You scatter these sources abroad, and who shall use them?  
Oh, I am told, they will have a small place in some basement.  
Gladly some alien shelves in a distant library  
    Will give them safe shelter.

But will there be pictures of J.S. Woodsworth and Coldwell  
Above the Supreme Court Reports? The Universal Declaration  
Of Human Rights, will it be found hanging  
    Near the left-wing manifestos?

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And where are the corners to hold all the intimate objects  
Gathered over the rich, the incredible years?  
The sprig of cedar, the segment of Boulder Dam cable,  
The heads of Buddha and Dante, the concretions, the arrowheads,  
Where, where will they be?

Or the clock that was taken from my 1923 air-cooled Franklin?  
The cardboard Padlock, a gift from awakened students?  
The Oxford oar, the Whitefield Quebec, the Lorcini?  
These cry out my history.

These are cells to my brain, a part of my total.  
Each filament thought feeds them into the process  
By which we pursue the absolute truth that eludes us.  
They shared my decisions.

Now they are going, and I stand again on new frontiers.  
Forgive this moment of weakness, this backward perspective.  
Old baggage, I wish you goodbye and good housing.  
I strip for more climbing.