

# Poem: "An Old-Fashioned Song"

By John Hollander '50CC, '52GSAS

Fall 2013

No more walks in the wood:  
The trees have all been cut  
Down, and where once they stood  
Not even a wagon rut  
Appears along the path  
Low brush is taking over.

No more walks in the wood;  
This is the aftermath  
Of afternoons in the clover  
Fields where we once made love  
Then wandered home together  
Where the trees arched above,  
Where we made our own weather  
When branches were the sky.  
Now they are gone for good,  
And you, for ill, and I  
Am only a passer-by.

We and the trees and the way  
Back from the fields of play  
Lasted as long as we could.  
No more walks in the wood.

— *John Hollander*

*Poet and critic John Hollander '50CC, '52GSAS, known as much for his humor as his*

*technical mastery, died on August 17.*

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