

**Build Soil**  
***A political pastoral***

Why Tityrus! But you've forgotten me.  
I'm Meliboeus the potato man,  
The one you had the talk wit  
Hi, you remember,  
Here on this very campus years ago.  
Hard times have struck me and I'm on the move.  
I've had to give my interval farm up  
For interest, and I've bought a mountain farm  
For nothing down, all-out-doors of a place,  
All woods and pasture only fit for sheep.  
But sheep is what I'm going  
into next.  
I'm done forever with potato crops  
At thirty cents a bushel. Give me sheep.  
I know wool's down to seven cents a pound.  
But I don't calculate to sell my wool.  
I didn't my potatoes. I consumed them.  
I'll dress up in sheep's clothing and eat sheep.  
The Muse takes care of you. You live by writing  
Your poems on a farm and call that farming.  
Oh I don't blame you. I say take life easy.  
I should myself, only I don't know how.  
But have some pity on us who have to work.  
Why don't you use your talents as a writer  
To advertise our farms to city buyers,  
Or else write something to improve food prices.  
Get in a poem toward the next election.  
Oh Meliboeus, I have half a mind  
To take a writing hand in politics.  
Before now poetry has taken notice  
Of wars, and what are wars but politics  
Transformed from chronic to acute and bloody?  
I may be wrong, but Tityrus to me  
The times seem revolutionary bad.